

GAY 50¢

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Number 88

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES SAY "KILL GAYS"

San Francisco, Calif. — A Jehovah's Witness periodical may face criminal charges, possible suppression, or arrest of its vendors on grounds that the publication incites violence against homosexuals.

The threatened action follows numerous acts of violence that have resulted in injuries to persons and property after inflammatory articles appeared in the New York-based publication, *Awake*.

Gay liberationist Don Jackson has asked the Federal government to intervene. In a letter to the United States Attorney, he wrote:

Sir:
Awake magazine has four times published articles advocating the murder of all homosexuals. Homosexuals should be "put to death," says the April 21 Awake.

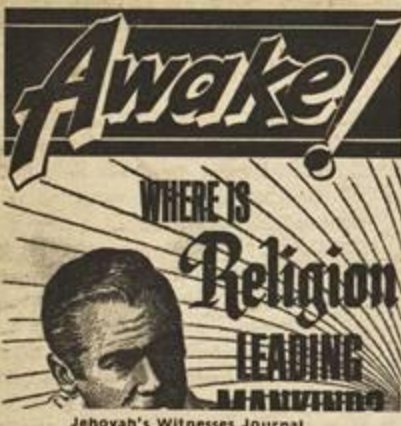
I ask that you suppress the publication in accordance with the Civil Rights Act of 1965, which prohibits the advocacy of genocide.

Further, I ask you to bring draft evasion charges against all members of the Jehovah's Witness sect which claim to be conscientious objectors. They have falsely claimed exemption from the draft on the grounds that their religion forbids killing. Their own official publication bears witness to the untruthfulness of their claim to religious-based sanctions against killing.

Don Jackson



Gay Switchboard depends on donations of services and cash. (Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)



Jackson criticized the periodical in articles that were published in the *Los Angeles Free Press* and the *Bay Area Reporter* in San Francisco. The story was picked up by Earth News Service, which is distributed to 300 radio stations in the U.S. and 60 in Canada. The news agency, which also services 13 newspapers, received a response from Gary McLaughlin of the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, the group which publishes *Awake*.

"All of the publications of Jehovah's Witnesses indicate that it is wrong to practice homosexuality, based upon God's word recorded in the Bible," the spokesman stated. "Jehovah's Witnesses, however, do not advocate genocide of any group of people... We, therefore, have no interest in the death of any homosexual other than at the hand of God."

Jackson counters that "*Awake* preaches that God moves through the minds and hands of humans. Consequently, numerous acts of violence causing serious injuries to persons and property have resulted." He noted that the periodical has published such statements as "God says homosexuals are deserving of death,"

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CALL GAY SWITCHBOARD 924-4036

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. — New to town or going out of town and want to know where the bars are, what they're like, which one is your type of turf? Want to find out about local gay groups, apartments for rent, available jobs, rides-to-share? Need a referral to a barber, a travel agent, a doctor, lawyer, therapist, a religious counselor or an electrician? Have a personal problem and need someone to talk to about it? Two volunteers are waiting to help you every night between 6:00 and midnight at GAY SWITCHBOARD 924-4036.

"Gay Switchboard will be one year old in November," explains Bud O'Malley, one of the eight voting members of a collective which oversees the operation. "It really started last November in a bedroom in East Village, which was kind of homey but it almost broke up a happy marriage and they moved it to here last January."

The Switchboard now shares quarters with the Gay Men's Health Collective and the Lesbian Switchboard (741-2610) in a West Village basement headquarters just off Seventh Avenue. The exact address is not publicized as a security precaution and to discourage the general public from dropping by. The volunteers who work in three-hour shifts (6-9 or 9-12) log 150 to 200 calls a night.

An analysis of several thousand calls received in one 30-day period showed a breakdown as follows: 26% consisted of questions on gay bars, baths, etc.; 10% asked about gay organizations; 11% concerned referrals to dances and picnics; 8% were from lesbians; and the remaining 45% were from people coming out, seeking referrals to clinics and private doctors, inquiries about jobs and counseling services.

"Gay Switchboard relies on donations," O'Malley elaborated. "The rent is due on the 10th of the month and the phone bill is due on the 19th. At least it is always the 19th when the phone company wants to shut off the phones. It's always a minor crisis around here between the 10th and the 19th."

"We're always behind. If the phone bill is \$60, usually they'll take \$40 as a payment on account. The bill is now \$42 in arrears. We owe people over \$100 that they've loaned us to help us keep going. Our monthly expenses never exceed \$200."

O'Malley says that although the Switchboard has had to relinquish its \$12

weekly ad in the *Village Voice* Bulletin Board, it is as busy as ever.

"We try to put all our effort into the phones," he explains. "We have trouble keeping things up to date here. We just don't have the manpower to make an effort beyond the switchboard itself, like running a dance or something."

During the September crisis, members of Gay Switchboard went to gay groups seeking money. A hat was passed at the GAA meeting in the Firehouse and that got \$17; Gay Alliance of Brooklyn (GAB) gave \$25; Bronx United Gays sent in their regular \$10 monthly contribution. The previous month, a plea to the coffee hour of the Church of the Beloved Disciple brought in \$40.

Outgoing calls were shut off for four days in September. As an economy measure, volunteers working the phones are asked to pay one dime for every outgoing call they make. This brings in one or two needed dollars weekly.

"We've only had one suicide call," O'Malley notes, "but a lot of people call when they're having a bad time. Gay Counseling and Identity House close at ten o'clock and we really get busier then."

"The *Voice* ads do make a difference. We get more traffic. But even since we've had to cut down on those, we have a lot of gay youth from New Jersey and Long Island calling in. Many of them see our number, write it down and carry it for weeks before using it."

"Our problem is that while more and more people call, we just haven't been getting enough contributions. We never ask people to send in a donation unless they somehow suggest it themselves. You just don't put a price tag on this kind of thing."

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LAW STUDENTS ORGANIZE

Buffalo, N.Y. — On September 29, the University of Buffalo Law School Student Bar Association was given notice of the formation of Gay Law Students. The SBA approved the organization for purposes of considering its budget request, however it postponed for a week approval of the GLS.

GLS Chairman, Bob Brosius, a junior at Buffalo Law School, stated that the organization is small, but growing. He pointed out that the organization's main purpose is to raise the consciousness of all law students so that they can work together in an atmosphere of mutual respect.

The organization had its beginning on September 15th at a social party called by Brosius. GLS will seek to establish liaison and possibly affiliation with the Gay Law Students Association in Glendale, California.

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

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

BY JERRY FITZPATRICK
Because many of your letters have asked how I rate the bars in this column, I shall attempt to tell you. I try to be objective, but let's face it, we are all human and have our own favorites. I realize that what turns me off or on may not do the same for somebody else. If I find a bar pulling any kind of rip-off, I'll let you know immediately. Otherwise, I'll attempt to give you as complete a listing as I possibly can.

WEST VILLAGE
Bon Solr, 40 W. 8th St. (475-9859). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin. Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV.
Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/ some GM.
Carr'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. (989-8530). New management has ruined this place. (My opinion.) Chuck is still hanging in but I don't know how much longer he'll be able to. I guess some GM.

Cave, Bank & Washington Sts. Young leather crowd. Crusty, GM.
Danny's, 129 Christopher St. (929-9321). Getting an immense FAST. Getting a very gay-looking crowd of guys and dolls. Try it. GM, GF.
Danny's in the Hideaway Motel, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Larry and Kevin will let you have a good time. Say hello to Woody. GM.
Danny's Sheridan Square, 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Buddy the Body is on duty. Marvin and Peter, nights. Jody will make sure that you enjoy. GM.
Detaney's, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905). Good food. Joey and Martyn will take excellent care of you. Int.

Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some Int.
Finale, 46 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems despite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say hello to Jamie and Philip. GM/Int.
Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.
Four Eleves, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.
Friday's, 130 Hudson St. (255-9741). My old friend. Ted, has re-opened with food. Good food at reasonable prices, breakfast 100 6 a.m. Go and say hello. GM.
Gas Station, 70 Grove St. (242-1408). J.L. has taken over this disco. He's got Sy, June and Jiggs thrown in on weekends. GM.
Geebagg, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Dancing to great sounds. Shows during the week. Younger crowd. GM.
Horn of Plenty, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Delicious food and they have their liquor license. Int.

Jules Verne, W. 10th St. Jason's place and Jack is there. Fantastic time and food. Int.
Julius', 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.
Kallers, 284 West St. Granddad of the leather bar. Keeping up with the times. Pool and some hungry prospects. GM.
Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't encourage GMs. Kookie looks like a poor man's Fazzia. GF.
Limelight, 91 7th Ave. So. (255-9379). Newest disco entry. They did a nice job in the decor. Emmy, beautiful Joey, Bob and Jack are on hand. Looks like a winner. GM.
Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). A lot of fun. John Michel at the helm. Bobby Spin for cocktails and Mickey during the night. GM, GF.
Mama's Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Joe is honcho here even if Mona doesn't think so. He makes the room. He's adding Betty and John's superb food. GM.
Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Say hello to Ed. GM.
One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). One of my favorites for lunch with Frank. My favorite, Bill, and Peter take over at night. Food is reasonably priced and quite good. GM/GF/INT.
Paula's, Greenwich Ave. and 7th Ave. So. The food is very good. Chris and Elaine tend bar while Paula supervises. GF, GM.

Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild mixture of folks, crusty. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.
Reelhouse, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). The IN bar in the Village. Jammed any night of the week. Go and have a good time. GM.
Sammy's Potty, E. 15th St. near 5th Ave. (675-9840). Opulent piano bar. Leah is your host. GM.
Spika, 120 11th Ave. (20th St.). Humpty Chelsea studs come from the Eagle and relax here. GM.
Ter, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Shack shop, crusty afternoons; find out what's hap-

pening all over the Village. GM/Int.
Turnover, 105 W. 13th St. I haven't been here. It's a dance palace and has the incredible Stella behind the bar. I suppose GM.
West Beach, Christopher St. If you are like me and like saloons once in a while, this is it. Wild assortment of people. Int.

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES
Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (675-3283). Mr. Clean must work here. Dynamite people in an opulent setting. You'll find someone here. Confidential VD tests Thursdays, 5-9 p.m. Half price for students. GM.
Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Townrats. McSorley's Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very crusty when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. Int.
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). A wild mixture of everything and baby, the prices are 5TTFP. Int.
St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM.

GRAMERCY & MURRAY HILL
Beau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). Very good food, reasonably priced, served by some of the best looking waiters in the city. Romantic atmosphere. Crusty bar. Say hello to Thom and Jack on nights, and Chuck and Gene days. GM. Betty's Cerner, 696 6th Ave. (929-9571). New at press time. I'll let you know.
Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM.
Our Place, 381 3rd Ave. (686-9726). Norma has a neighborhood goer. My "baby" Greg is behind the bar with Artie. GM.
Pal Joey, 550 3rd Ave. bet. 36th & 37th Sts. (689-9670). Brand new. I haven't been there yet. 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 not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hassle the management of yourself. This is for leather people only. GM.
Gladys', 53 W. 19th St. If the girls are anything like Holly, Dee and Maria—Go! GF.
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.
Spika, 120 11th Ave. (20th St.) Humpty studs come here to relax and groov. GM.

SOUTH
Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, 99 Woodlee St. Get there early for the Sat. dance. Marvel at the CABARET every other Fri. Lesbian dance last Fri. of the month. FANTASTIC!!! 7th Ave. IRT to Houston/8th Ave. IND (A/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D/F/B) to Broadway/Lafayette; 6th (RR) to Duff/Lex. Ave. IRT to Spring. GO AND HAVE A BALL AND YOU MIGHT FIND A FEW OTHER THINGS OUT.

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—4p.m.-9p.m. GM.
Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4644). Dancing on one floor, piano bar on the top floor. Have a cocktail with the beautiful Oon. GM.
Charlie's Also, 1154 1st Ave. (355-8663). Brand new and, I feel, it's a comer. Pussy is at the helm with my favorite, Joey, and astrologer Bobby Blake behind the bar.
Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. roof as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch? GM.
Lib, 305 E. 43rd St. (Le 2-9290). The ensemble players—Jerry, Ellie, Lois and Jim, along with Gretchen and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF.
Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Kind of closely but fun. Good food at a good price. Int.
Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town, and the oldest. Still drawing the same, Maria and Bobby at the bar. Shows during the week. GM.
Sauna Baths, 300 W. 54th 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 what your appetite. GM.

Singles, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). 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, along with Bill Irwin, and cutie-pie Kathy will make this place go. GM.
Tribulation, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Very friendly neighborhood bar. Your host is Ken Winters. Crusty and dancing. GM.
Walter's Apartment, 1068 2nd Ave. (56th St., 371-3374). Just opened and it promises to be hit. The decor makes you feel as if you're in a penthouse overlooking Manhattan. Check it out. GM.
Yakon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has given it a new image. Young and vital. Dancing. GM.

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN
Better Days, 316 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM.
why. GM.
B. Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beauties. Good time. Eric tends to the libations. Brothers and Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). Most of the sisters have left but some of the brothers are worth checking out. GM/some GF.
Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St. (265-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboys." Some of them look as if they missed the last round-up. GM.
Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9369). They asked J.P.H. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.
Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsy, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.
Leading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe 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 of frolic and swimming pool that gets its share of "skinny dipping." It sounds too good to be true. I'll let you know more. GM.
GAY CINEMA
David, 236 W. 53rd St.
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 8th & 7th Ave.
Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.
Park-Miller, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & W'way (BR 9-3970)
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

UPPER EAST SIDE
Alibi, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). My favorite M.L. Gwen Saunders, will be sure that you have a ball. Monday night is "nostalgia night." Wednesday they have an act called Popturpie. It's dancing and a gas. GM, GF.
Cabaret, 1436 3rd Ave. (744-9873). Artie's new place. Michael is doing the cooking. Ralph's the maître d'. Small dining room makes it advisable to call for reservations. There will be shows in the larger back room. GM/GF.
Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-4614). Drop in during the day and say hello to Mother Rice. Crowded dinner hour. Billy and Harry are on the bar. Your hosts: Ralph and Lou. GM, some GF.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Will always be crusty. Judy officiates. Daryl, Jerry and my Sam are on the stick while George is on vacation. GM.
Jack & Blue at Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). New management has brought Harry Dennis back to take care of the bar. Dining in the rear, cruising in the front. GM, some 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 sensational entertainment of Johnny Savoy, Judy Sexton and George Sardi.

UPPER WEST SIDE
Patsy's Patsy, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar under the direction of the incredible "Gypsy." Good drinks dispensed by Ralph. Crusty and nice. GM.
Pier's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (81st & 82nd, 734-9305). Yours truly can be found here standing in for Tony Black Mon-Wed. Come in and say hello. We'll have some laughs. Dancing, crusty. GM.
Playboy, 1608 2nd Ave. (744-9658). New at press time. I'll let you know.

Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. One of the "humblest" bartenders in town, Wally. Another good reason is Roger. Ricky is on the door. Crusty as ever. GM.
UPPER WEST SIDE
Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th St. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of W'way. (750-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students 1/2-price with I.D. cards. GM.
Pizzardi 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
Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GMtd
Gold Rak, 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 Intermix, 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. (625-8844). 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.
Man'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.
Piano Bar, 103 Montague St. Just found this one. Kitty Kelly is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM.

QUEENS
Betty Ross Room, 73-13 37th Road, Jackson Heights (429-8605). Pleasant, friendly people. Sean Sullivan, along with Ed and Jim, will see that you have sufficient liquid, nourishment. GM/some GF.
Sambro, 253-32 Northern Blvd. Owned by the people who had Zero's. Haven't been here yet but it sounds nice if you're in the neighborhood. GM.
Trysting Place, 120-31 83rd Ave., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Crusty dancer with a balcony from which to play Romeo if you're so inclined. Say hello to Fran and Danny. GF, GM.
What A Dump, 75-57 Roosevelt Ave. Crusty people in a crusty setting. Gay owned which is a big plus. Say hello to Don, Vinnie, Chet and Teddy. GM.

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Pizzardi 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.

(continued on page 16)

The Editors Speak

GAY GOES INTO THE VOTING BOOTH

As American citizens we have a vital stake in what becomes of our nation. Its commitment to civil liberties and social justice affects each of us personally more than many may realize, and the erosion of such commitments, engineered by authoritarian constructionists of the sort now called "The Nixon Administration," can quickly erase many of the steps we have made as a minority toward the establishment of new and freer lifestyles.

The editors of GAY, long familiar with the anti-sexual, anti-homosexual, anti-civil libertarian, secretive and paranoid acts and statements of Richard M. Nixon and his running mate, Spiro Agnew, are pleased to put this newspaper's endorsement on the side of George McGovern and Sargent Shriver.

It is difficult for us to accept, as Americans, that the picture of our countrymen, emerging in today's polls, is a correct one. Is it true that Americans are not concerned with the ruthless bombing of a tiny Asian nation? Is it true that we are, as a people, unconcerned by the corruption in high levels of government and are willing to accept such corruption as inevitable? Is it true that Americans are no longer concerned with those who suffer social inequities and injustices? Is it true that the rich and powerful control our consciences, and that they will make us believe, through the manipulation of media, that we must not be willing to divide their hoarded wealth with those less fortunate? Is it true that Americans are willing to accept Spiro Agnew as Richard Nixon's replacement in the event of his death?

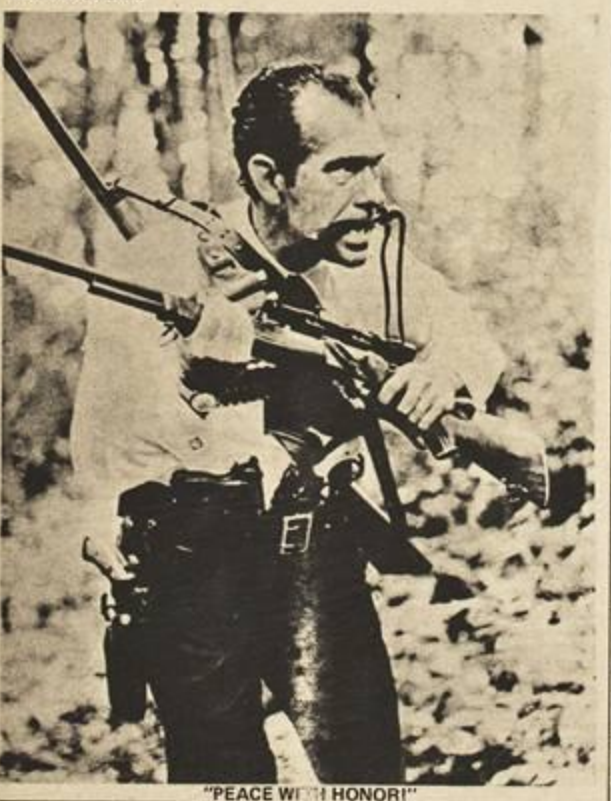
Perhaps George McGovern may lose, as the polls predict. Perhaps it is inevitable that a majority will vote for Richard M. Nixon. But we will have the privilege of casting our vote against Nixon and against the values, attitudes and phobias which he incarnates. George McGovern, it is true, may not have been successful in creating a strong personal image during the last three months of strenuous campaigning, but we are certain at least that the trends he represents, the freedoms and liberties he envisions for all Americans, the homosexually-inclined masses included, are broad and expansive in a way that matches our vision of an America in which we can have faith.

Perhaps it is only a small minority—this embryo America—25 per cent, maybe, or 30 per cent. But those who are vigilant about freedom are always a minority. The point is this: we must stand up at the polls—whether McGovern wins or not—and let those in power know that there are millions of citizens who zealously guard our nation's civil libertarian heritage. With a large well-informed voting bloc of this sort, those manipulators now in power will be more cautious when they attempt to tamper with our constitutional rights, on which they have already cast their an-retentive disdain.



BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

MY MOST PERSONAL COLUMN: FOUR BY FOUR: Almost five years ago, I met the most beautiful man in the world. Although I was supposed to be back in California, I stayed in New York. I still don't know how it happened, but in two months' time this beautiful man and I were sharing a two-bedroom apartment with a friend. I was in ecstasy! I'd never known so much happiness. Two months ago I met the most beautiful man/child in the world. I was supposed to go back to New York. I was willing to stay in Florida. I still don't know how it happened but in two months time we are sharing a two-bedroom apartment with a friend. I am in ecstasy! I've never known such happiness. Four years ago, my beautiful man and I were living on Lexington Ave. and 28th St. Four years later my man/child and I are living in the same neighborhood. Four years ago I thought that I knew who I was. Four years ago, my beautiful man and I shared the excitement of his first vote. Four years later I know who I am. Four years later my beautiful man/child and I are sharing the excitement of his first vote. Four years ago, my beautiful man decided that I thought too much about others and not enough about myself. Almost four years ago, my beautiful man left me. Four years later, my man/child decided that I cared about everyone else, and loved me for it. Four years later my man/child came to me. Four years ago, I was saddled with the most beautiful man in the world who felt that I was something in his eyes, and I could not deviate from that "something." I had to perform in that capacity and not desire more. Four years later I am blessed by my man/child who feels that I am many things and wants to experiment to find all



"PEACE WITH HONOR!"

COUNSELING NEWSLETTER TO BE PUBLISHED

BY ERIK LARSSON
Midwest Correspondent

Minneapolis, Minn.—A national gay newsletter prepared especially for psychologists and social workers will be published in Minneapolis, with a printing of 4,000 to 8,000 copies slated for the first edition due about October 1st.

Editors will be John Preston and Cindy Hanson, the 26-year-old co-directors of Gay Community Services, Minneapolis. Preston is the founder of Gay House Community Center at 216 Ridge-wood Avenue. Ms. Hanson was administrator at Gay House from last December until August 1st.

Both are deeply interested in counseling gay people, and did plenty of it at the church-funded Gay House.

"Our goal is to make the newsletter a bulletin board, about where gay counseling is being done, where gays counseling gays are getting funded, what kind of support is given from established social and mental-health agencies," Preston said.

"We also want to focus on new research—especially positive stuff, but we want to cover everything, even the negative research, from a 'know-your-enemy' angle."

The first several issues will be mailed as free samples to psychiatrists, teachers and students in mental health, and the staffs of mental-health and social-work agencies.

Subscriptions cost \$6 a year, but printing and mailing costs are being underwritten by a private source. The mailing address is Box 3592, Upper Nicollet Station, Minneapolis, Minn. 55403.

The newsletter is one of the first major efforts of Gay Community Services, which was awarded \$5,000 from the National Institute of Mental Health in December 1971. The check did not arrive until mid-August, and only after months of red tape and thick documents Preston had to prepare. He credited the County Mental Health Clinic in St. Paul with giving invaluable free assistance in preparing the federal documents.

The federal grant, announced through the U.S. Public Health Service as one of eight experimental projects aimed at youth—and screened by a panel of eight young people in Washington, D.C.—is believed to be the first federal support ever given to a gay agency working in the gay community.

It provides \$200 monthly stipends for both Preston and Ms. Hanson. She succeeds Jean Fortier, a county juvenile worker in Minneapolis who was to be Preston's partner until the red tape mushroomed.

Gay Community Services will concentrate on long-term counseling of gays—supplementing the crisis counseling offered by phone at Gay House—and at educating professionals and the general public about the gay scene. Strong support ties have already been established with the County Mental Health Clinics in both Minneapolis and St. Paul. Preston, a former seminary student, is also developing relations with Protestant churches and church social agencies.

At the outset, counseling will be done at established social agencies in the Twin Cities, with offices next to the University of Minnesota campus in Minneapolis at an Episcopalian student center.

GAY

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THE PERSONAL OR THE ACTIVE LIFE?

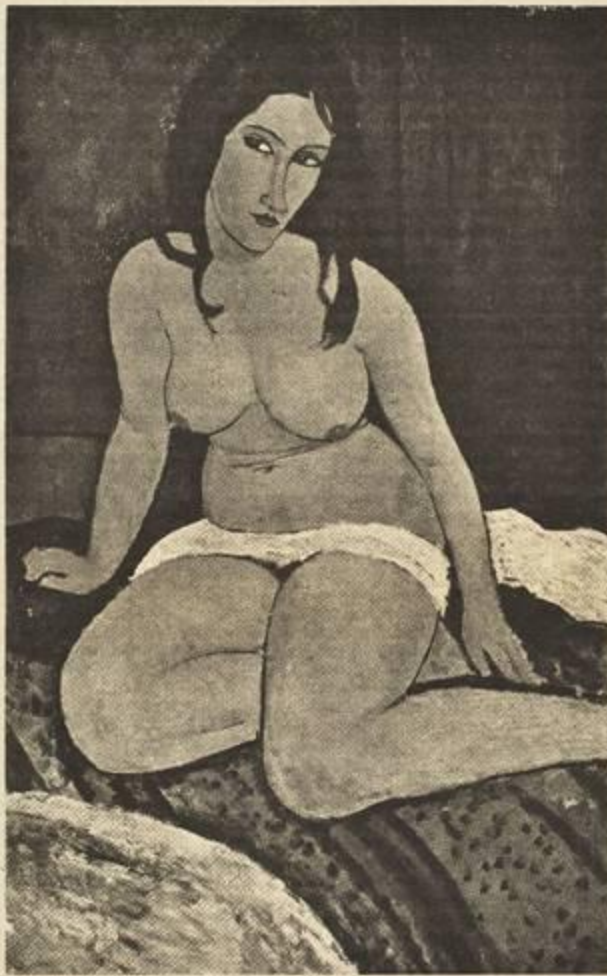
BY KATHY BRAUN

I've received comment about my last column that I'm being counter-revolutionary to suggest that the active life for women is less desirable than the personal one, that women have been forced to lead a purely personal life for too long. I don't disagree with this at all actually. I mean to draw the contrast between a personal and a public life rather than a personal and an active life. To women, it is so obvious that activity has been denied them that it just about goes without saying. Here on our camping trip, in the wilds of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, we're looked at askance because we're two women alone. The idea of women doing anything in the outside world without men is so extraordinary to rural people that we're assumed to be prostitutes or something fishy. It is insulting of course, knowing that if we were two men alone, nothing at all would be thought of it.

But I am protesting publicness, not activity, living one's life for rewards outside oneself. Our world is considered to have changed markedly dating from WWII but I think radio changed our lives and our minds as much as ever did the bomb. Radio, movies and the emergence of huge cities have all conspired to produce that famous 20th century loss of identity among the general population. People by the millions, in this country at least, yearn to be movie stars, world savers, public figures and think of the personal life as secondary, a failure somehow, women's sphere. It is only this that is my point—that the personal life is undervalued in our society by both men and women and this is a great sadness.

Apropos of this, I'm still looking forward to a defense of femeness by some brave gay men who don't feel the need to prove that they're as butch as any man and are proud of their grace, delicacy and attention to love—the personal life.

Oh dear, I'm not saying it right. Like I said last week, this is something I've been trying to get together in words for a long time and I see I'm still not together. See, see, I don't only mean Up the Personal Life, although I mean that too. It's more than that. I guess it's related to the Yin principle. You know, the Chinese concept of Yin and Yang, where Yin represents the passive, the negative force in life and Yang the active, the positive. So that for instance it's Yin to be contemplative and Yang to be active. Like that. We suffer in America from too much Yang, valuing the active, the powerful, the go-get-'em type of life and person. It's interesting to see that one of the country's biggest internal problems these days is drug addiction, a drug life being about the most Yin thing there is. Pity the poor dope addict, friends, he is reviled, despised, decried from front page to back and yet poor fellow, what he is actually doing that is so laudable? The crime of dope addiction is predicated supposedly on the destructiveness of dope but after all, a person's life is his own, isn't it, to do or do away with as he chooses. And in any case the drug addict destroys only himself while the polluting war-mongering industrialists kill us all, in the millions. No, I don't think its destructiveness is what really bothers Americans about dope—our way of life is



so obviously destructive that this aspect stands out as just a red herring. And the question of addicts raising the crime rate to get money for stuff is absurd too since that would be greatly solved by legalizing it. No, I think the real issue, the real thorn in people's sides about dope addicts, is the Yin-ness of it all. There he sits, or she, doped up, passive, lost to dreams and reveries, not out there running around, making steam, doing something. It's un-American, not to say un-Godly in terms of our Judeo-Christian God who is always running around himself punishing sins or listening to prayers, or doing something. Ah well, do you begin to get my message, folks? What I was trying to say last time about women? That they are seen as the inferior sex even by themselves and the reason for their inferiority is that they don't do enough.

Ennyway. Now that that's said, what more can I tell ya? This time lag between writing and printing once more interferes. There you sit six weeks from now in mid-October activity and here I sit at the end of summer, totally relaxed, very Yin, surrounded by a lot of sky, a lot of water,

and acquires the status that crafts enjoy now—that is, something nice to do. And to replace the niche that art holds, we have mind shows. No more the necessity for writing or painting or playing an instrument. Thursday night—tune into John Lennon's mind as he sits in his living room, thinking. Friday—for you horror fans—tune into R. Nixon or N. Rockefeller's brain. Saturday—tune into the mind of someone locked in isolation in Bellevue, doomed by our present structure to "craziness" but in a new world, a valuable source of original imagination.

Not only is this the answer to boredom, to loneliness, but it brings about world peace and social order because (1) everyone's real motives are instantly exposed, which can only be helpful to the forces of Good and harmful to those of Evil; and (2) life becomes so much richer, more interesting, fascinating you might say, that everyone rushes around to solve poverty, disease, war, etc. so that the brave new world may be better and more peacefully enjoyed without these awful anti-social distractions.

You say that this removes the dear unknown as in ah sweet mystery of, but I say phooey, what we know already is still a mystery and I imagine will remain so forever.

Person whose mind I'm most looking forward to seeing: Gore Vidal. Isn't he a pussy, friends?

Ennyway, ennyway, ennyway. Life outside of nyny is sure different. We were sitting around the fire with Ann and Marlene last week and we heard someone approaching. "It's a cop!" said Marlene. "Quick, hide the grass!" Rush, rush, don't spill it, quick get it hidden, he's here. "Good evening, girls." A short pudgy man appears before us wearing the uniform of the Park Service. "Good evening," we say. "How's it going?" he says. "Oh just fine," we say. "We've had a beautiful day, haven't we?" he says. "Oh yes," we say, knowing that he didn't walk through the woods to chat about the weather. "I hate to tell you this girls," he says, "but ground fires aren't permitted here. Danger of forest fires. You'll have to put it out. I hate to have to tell you."

Relieved, we mutter, "Oh that's all right, we understand. Fire and all that." We put it out, he chats a while longer and leaves. We all react similarly—with surprise and delight. In NY of course (if there were such a thing as camp fires, which probably would make the whole place more bearable anyway), the cop would've come over and shouted "Get that fire out!" Right? Here in the country, the dehumanization we suffer in the city becomes even more apparent by comparison. No matter what business people have with you here, they treat you as a person first, a human being rather than an object, and always have the time to exchange pleasantries before stating their business.

Ennyway, girls, it's been a marvelous vacation. We've gone riding, played tennis, swum, fished (didn't catch a thing), gone to the drive-in, hiked, hung around, got bitten by the bugs, watched all the animals and this morning we went clam-digging. With great success. We ate them all at one sitting—12 dozen clams. That's one gross, friends. And let me tell you it was indeed gross. I hope I never see another clam again as long as I live. Bye.

BY VITO RUSSO

Every year at this time I feel sorry for all the unfortunate who don't live in New York City. In spite of its drawbacks, this is still the best place in the world to be alive, well and gay. True, with so much to offer, there's a lot of garbage around but with the competition being what it is, the stuff that's good is really tops. What other city has Broadway, warming up for a new season or the New York Film Festival or all-night showings of *War and Peace* at the Waverly or Jill Johnston (well, I said there was a lot of garbage around!)? Plus, now that the summer slump is over, the GAA dances are hotter than ever, people are having parties again, new films are opening and the bars are filling up like the bottom of an hourglass (no heaviness intended). You can watch the leaves turn color in Central Park (from any position you like), take a stroll down Fifth Avenue and cruise the Fall fashions, bicycle up to the Cloisters, ride the Staten Island Ferry at 2 a.m. or visit the Promenade in Brooklyn Heights. That's about as far as anyone should get from Manhattan without a passport.

The first screening of the New York Film Festival was held last week. The film was Eric Rohmer's *Chloe in the Afternoon*. I think it's important to say a little about it because at a time when we are fighting for new freedom, Rohmer is glorifying the old way and the old values. *Chloe*... is his fourth feature film in a cycle that began in 1962 with two 16mm shorts followed by *La Collectionneuse* in 1967, *My Night at Maude's* in 1969 and *Claire's Knee* in 1970. They are, according to Rohmer, "Moral tales," love stories which deal always with the central theme of temptation mastered. In the case of *Chloe in the Afternoon*, a married businessman contemplates an affair with a young woman, wavers and decides against it. Nothing actually happens between them, he just considers it. When you're dealing with Eric Rohmer, however, the considerations of his characters are quite fascinating. He quite masterfully deals with their reasons for doing things rather than what is actually done. The film is charming, lovely to look at and quite cold. The sensibility of it, of all his films, is akin to an ad for a chastity belt. He is making a pitch for a product no longer marketable in the real world: fidelity. His characters constantly speak of "cheating" on each other or "sin" in connection with love. *Chloe*... is an anti-love story placing fidelity above happiness. It is a very limited vision. See it if you will, but I warn you, you may emerge with the feeling that somebody just tried to sell you an Edsel.

Speaking of love stories, another man's vision of love is coming back to town in rather unusual surroundings. Fred Halsted's *L.A. Plays Itself*, which caused quite a stir in gay lib circles here a while back, is being planned for a Tuesday night Cineprobe at the Museum of Modern Art. The day is projected for mid-Winter, probably around February, and if you think it caused quite a stir around the GAA Firehouse, wait until the little old ladies get a load of the parting of the Red Sea. These are the people who shook their fists at the screen at a recent showing of *Trash* and yelled, "This is Art?" I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Old Ken Russell is back again with a new film called *Savage Messiah*. I liked *Women in Love* very much (until I read D.H. Lawrence's version) but lately he's begun to wear a little. First of all, his so-called



The cast of "The Bitches"

innovative efforts in defining sexuality are beginning to sound more and more like closet innuendo. It's getting to be like an interview in *After Dark* magazine. You know the entertainer is gay, they know the entertainer is gay, the entertainer knows he's gay but they can't bring themselves to say it. And I can still hear a few thousand well-placed gays saying "But why do they have to say it if we all know?" Because our love dares speak its name these days, gang, that's why. *Savage Messiah* is based on the short life of Henri Gaudier-Brezka, French sculptor, and Sophie Brezka, the woman he met in Paris in his eighteenth year. According to the film, their relationship, though filled with fire and music, was purely platonic. They lived together, took each other's names, were brother and sister to the rest of the world, and inspired each other to greatness. The two references to homosexuality in the film are put-downs. Once, when Henri cavorts around his studio, Sophie yells "Stop it—people will think you're a pansy." "So what?" he screams, "people expect it of artists." Later in an artists' gathering, the conversation centers around whether expressionism is reflective of homosexuality in an artist. I wonder if jazz is reflective of Blackness in a musician? I must say that Dorothy Tutin's performance as Sophie is truly magnificent and should be seen but I'm frankly tired of paying money to be insulted. That goes for those cracks about all Lesbians being sad, unsmiling creatures in *Butterflies Are Free*, too.

Perhaps it's just wishful thinking but TV seems to be growing up before film. References to "gay people" as a legitimate minority have turned up no less than four times last week on *All in the Family*, *Bridget and Bernie* and believe it or not, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. There will be a Special this year called *Future Shock*, based on the book, with two sequences showing GAA picketing the Board of Education and Troy Perry marrying two men on the West Coast. Also, word is out about a new series in which a young man discovers that his

father, played by Hal Holbrook, is gay. All signs point toward a gay series in the near future. Like as not, we'll wind up with a gay *Julia*, but we've certainly come a hell of a long way in only a few years. And, hell, if we don't like it we'll just dust off our old picket signs and go to work!

The Bitches by Eduardo Corbe at Repertory VII is an all-gay version of Claire Booth Luce's *The Women*. When the Lesbian Liberation Committee complained about the film *The Women* being shown at the Firehouse, I argued that it was a fine, funny film with a place in film history, and deserved to be seen. I still believe that. Just as I believe I would be justified in showing *The Boys in the Band* to kick off a discussion on Hollywood treatment of gays on film. I have learned something from *The Bitches*, though. *The Women* was filmed in 1939 with a 1939 sensibility. This is 1972. Hopefully we have learned something about misrepresentation and pain. Admittedly, there are aspects of caricature which are genuinely funny; as long as everybody is in on the joke. At Repertory VII, however, there are straight people yucking it up at what, to them, is a real slice of gay life.

As you probably know, the story concerns a group of women who break up their best friend's marriage in the name of loyalty; biting, kicking and scratching all the way. It's not until the little lamb grows some claws of her own that she gets her husband back. This has been translated to gay people with all the obvious stops pulled out. The action takes place at a boutique, a bathhouse and a Fire Island bar. Norma Shearer becomes the nice-guy whose actor-lover is fooling around with a macho-hustler type (Joan Crawford). The performances are really quite good, especially when the fur begins to fly. Kevin McKinney is a superb Scarlett O'Hara on roller skates, Raimundo Hidalgo does a really tremendous Carmen Miranda and Tim Flack personifies evil in the Rosalind Russell part. The problem is that the bad grossly outweighs the good. It's really pretty defeating to watch gay

people playing caricatures of women (which we're all supposed to be, by the way). A friend suggested that perhaps casting straight men in such parts would be interesting. I wonder who would laugh? Also, the play is incredibly racist. The hustler type is blackmailed at the end because he was photographed in a skin magazine with a black man referred to in one scene as a "jungle bunny." The implication is not that he has been unfaithful to the actor, but that he has defiled their relationship by sleeping with a "chocolate baby"—another charming epithet tossed across the footlights. It's not easy to think of laughing when you're so uncomfortable and embarrassed for your own people that you want to crawl under a chair. I am tired of hearing about how all gays are bitchy queens, I resent being represented as something I'm not, especially to a public that has enough misinformation already, and I can't set my people back a whole generation for the sake of a few laughs. Enough!

Meanwhile, back on Wooster Street, the word is that the GAA Cabaret is still the best show in town. The Fall season opened with a bang Friday night and promises the best in entertainment this side of the Jersey Turnpike. The performers were sure, proud and tremendously gifted. They sang and joked with a burning fervor that lit the place up with their desire to love. Jim Whiting and Merrill sang a duet of Joani Mitchell's "Circle Game" that rocked the house. Trish Brumbough's rendition of Dylan's "Tomorrow Is Not Such a Long Time" caused pandemonium. We have to support these artists. As folk-singer Paul Wagner (a damn good singer, by the way) pointed out, these people who are open about their sexuality in the entertainment world deserve our support and encouragement. People like David Bowie, who has the courage to be himself and fight to stay that way and Craig Dudley, an actor constantly fighting for better roles for gay actors. There aren't too many of them now but more and more is being done to further the cause of individual liberation and understanding between gay people and straight people. This winter, New York's first openly gay/straight integrated club will open on the site of the old Haven in Sheridan Square. When We Win, according to owners Lon Lowry, Phil Eberle and Steve Krotz, will be the first effort to combine theatre, cabaret and films under one roof. There will be no alcohol, just sandwiches and exotic teas and coffees. The place will also be open Sunday afternoons to any community group for forums free of charge. A promising note is the title of the first production—*Boy Meets Boy*. They expect to operate by December.

Still Shots: The Lesbian Liberation Committee at GAA will present *Gertrude Stein: When This You See, Remember Me*, an excellent film, on October 29th at the GAA Firehouse. I hope they're letting men in this time... The Arts Committee of GAA is presenting four All-Night Film Festivals over the coming months. The kickoff is a horror marathon on November 3rd at 8 p.m.... Casting has begun for the film version of James Kirkwood's *Good Times/Bad Times* with Richard Thomas (*Last Summer*) being considered for the role of Peter... Bette Midler, going over big now at Mr. Kelly's in Chicago, was asked to play *The Palace*. Her album (*she swears*) will be out this month... Someone told me that there was a two-hour debate at a recent meeting of the National Organization for Women over Jill Johnston's motion that all male children be killed at birth... Have a nice day!

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JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES SAY "KILL GAYS"

(continued from page 1)

and "God says homosexuals should be put to death."

The most serious violence occurred at United Episcopal Church in Los Angeles, where a youth was stabbed, bags of human excrement were thrown at worshippers and Jesus Freaks trashed church property. "The idiot was coming through the hall waving a large steak knife, and a bag of shit was in his hand," recalled eyewitness Rev. John Simmons. "I tried to trip him with my foot, but he kicked me in the shin and dropped the knife toward my stomach. I dodged, and he screamed 'Queer motherfucker!'" Parishioners were beaten, including a woman cleric visiting from Minneapolis, and the altar was smashed. A suspect in the case, who was subsequently released, turned out to be the son of a Huntington Beach police captain. It was the third time in two months that the church had been attacked by terrorists.

Some of the Jesus Freaks involved had previously visited the Gay Community Service Center and had attended a Gay-In at Griffith Park in Los Angeles. During the Christopher Street West-Los Angeles parade, marchers were harassed by Jesus Freaks from beginning to end. At least two of the attackers have been reportedly seen at Gay demonstrations or meetings in Bakersfield, San Francisco, San Jose, Washington, D.C., and New York.

Some of the same Jesus Freaks were seen at the Gay demonstration in Miami Beach during the Democratic national convention, including the stabbing suspect. Law enforcement personnel refused to make an arrest.

In San Francisco, Jackson said that persons "have been so incited to mayhem that they have run through the streets with clubs, assaulting gay bar patrons and persons walking the streets." He cited the example of a familiar figure on downtown streets who calls himself "John the Baptist." Two individuals reported to police that they had been physically assaulted. "John the Baptist" had, according to eyewitnesses in the area, hit several persons and ran while screaming a paraphrase from *Azusa*, "God said to kill all homosexuals." He was taken to Northeast Mental Health Center but was released within a few hours. Other persons have paraded through the streets bearing picket signs quoting *Azusa* as saying "God says homosexuals are deserving of death."

Jackson has asked that the Watchtower Society "cease and desist from publishing inflammatory statements that are likely to incite violence." Otherwise, he plans to request that the New York City police department bring criminal charges against the staff of *Azusa*, and file a complaint with the San Francisco police department seeking the arrest of vendors selling the magazine on charges of criminal conspiracy and inciting violence. He told GAY that he has not yet received a reply from the U.S. Attorney.

Azusa cited Romans 1 and Leviticus 18 as the source of its quotes. Jackson said that "the Book of Romans is not the word of God, but is a statement of opinions by Paul of Tarsus." The first chapter mentions numerous vices that are "deserving of death," in Paul's opinion. The list includes greed, malice, depravity, men leaving the natural use of women for the use of men, envy, treachery, spite, slander, rudeness, arrogance, boastfulness, disobedience to parents, etc. "The vast majority of mankind, including most Jehovah's Witnesses, are addicted to one or more of these many vices," noted Jackson. "*Azusa* has never said that business-

men are deserving of death because of greed, not that disobedient children or rude taxi drivers should be offed." He added that Paul was not speaking of homosexuals because for male homosexuals the use of women is not natural. Jackson noted that Paul stated "It is good for a man not to touch a woman."

McLaughlin said that "Jehovah's Witnesses do not interpret the Bible, either for themselves or anyone else, but merely take the written word of God and apply it to their own lives." Jackson countered that the alleged quotes are not found anywhere in the Bible. "They were fabricated by *Azusa*."

As for Leviticus, "God is not the author," reminded Jackson. "It is merely the Jewish criminal code. It provides criminal penalties for such things as eating pork, duck, shrimp, and horse meat, and such absurdities as 'If an oxen fall into a hole it shall be put to death.' The same penalty is provided for contractors who build houses that fall in." Jackson went on to cite examples that Jesus Christ himself repudiated Leviticus on several occasions. The ancient Jews, added Jackson, did not interpret Leviticus 18 to mean homosexuality. "In fact, homosexuality was widespread, respectable, and approved. Even kings had male lovers—such as David and Jonathan."

"*Azusa* has attributed statements to God which He did not make," concluded Jackson. "God feels very strongly about such falsehoods—so strongly that the last thing He ever said warns against putting words in His mouth," Jackson said in citing the last chapter in the Bible, Revelations 22.

ACTIVISTS ZAP TAXI COMMISSIONER

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York, N.Y. — What happens when one of Mayor Lindsay's commissioners requires a homosexual applicant for a hack license to present proof from a "certified psychiatrist" that he's fit to drive a cab?

Why, you invite the commissioner to undergo a psychoanalysis of his own. That's strictly according to the mayor's directive of February 8, 1972, in which John V. Lindsay ruled that city agencies may not make distinctions according to sexual orientation. If a homosexual who wants to supplement his income by driving a cab has to be psychoanalyzed, then surely Michael J. Lazar, the Taxi and Limousine Commissioner, ought to be placed on the couch just as readily.

"For some reason he declined treatment," Peter Fisher, author of *The Gay Mystique*, commented when the zap was over. It began two hours earlier, at 12:30 on September 25, when Mr. Fisher, bearded and brawny, and tall, muscular Harry Weitzer carried a rather skimpy lavender couch into the commissioner's office so that the necessary treatment could proceed without undue delay.

Armed with forms and incontrovertible documents straight from the stationery department of the nearest five-and-ten, they managed to walk by the lobby guard, into the freight elevator, and past the office receptionist. "We have to get this to Commissioner Lazar," they brusquely told anyone who presumed to inquire as to their business, and soon found themselves being courteously and hastily ushered into Mr. Lazar's inner office. They were followed by seven other members of the Gay Activists Alliance of New York, all dressed in neat, starched white coats, with clipboards, pads, and all the paraphernalia of their temporarily assumed profession. They refused to leave until the commissioner would undergo the necessary cure, or until he would rescind his original order.

That order occurred after Geoffrey Swearingen told his hack-commission ex-



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aminers that he was classified 4-F by Selective Service because he was a homosexual.

On September 1, Mr. Swearingen received a printed form letter from the Taxi and Limousine Commission, in which the following were made necessary conditions for his hack license: "4. Letter from a certified psychiatrist indicating present condition and diagnosis. 5. Statement that applicant is not presently under medication and will not take medication impairing driving ability. 6. Agreement that applicant, if accepted, will be seen by a certified psychiatrist twice yearly." Appended to condition no. 4 were the typewritten stipulations, "... and capability to drive a taxi-cab 8 to 12 hours daily. Current evaluation by a certified psychiatrist, diagnosis, prognosis." The letter was (continued on page 10)



"It never occurs to them (psychiatrists) that they are sniping at a human (homosexual) relationship, as rich and full as their own love relationships, and in some cases richer. If it did, they would understand what they were tampering with, and would see their position realistically, as usually that of shooting a popgun at a battleship."

... Dr. George Weinberg, Society and the Healthy Homosexual

DOWN WITH PSYCHIATRIC MUMBO JUMBO

Dr. Lawrence Hattorer "cures" homosexuality with the help of his tape recorder.

A REVOLT AGAINST WITCHDOCTORS

BY VICKI RICHMAN

Government has the power of happiness and personal comfort over us, and perhaps of life and death. Yet it is run haphazardly. Any one aggressive and egotistical enough can take power. There are no special qualifications to limit the electorate. Any rich, glib and scheming rabble-rouser can seduce their votes.

Wouldn't the public welfare be protected, therefore, by an American Association of Political Analysts? Membership could be open to anyone passing the admission test after achieving a doctor's degree in political science and serving at least two years as a clerk to a government official. The Constitution and elections would become obsolete, since the AAPA would have sole authority to specify the nature and duties of political offices and to appoint its own members to fill them. In order to keep scientific government in permanent service to the people, the AAPA would forcibly restrict the activities of whoever interfered with the correct administration of the public welfare.

I suppose everyone has debated this proposal at one time or another. Plato's Republic vs. Orwell's 1984. Utopia or lifeless totalitarianism? Most of us would finally reject this government, although we might momentarily prefer it (with ourselves at the head of the AAPA, naturally) whenever a pet political program

goes down to defeat and we rail over the stupidity of legislators or voters. People who suggest no antecedent for sentences beginning "They should..." doubtlessly have some nameless monolith in mind. But in the long run, the bungling exercise of our free will seems more conducive to our welfare than some scientific edict.

Nevertheless, a group of professionals now have the legal authority to function like the AAPA. They are our psychiatrists, but it may be difficult to believe for those who know them only as wise-cracking chums for rich hypochondriacs willing to pay high fees. When it comes to public welfare, we reject the idea of scientific dictatorship, but for personal welfare, psychiatrists have the power to deny freedom, to administer drugs and any treatment that may occur to them, and to ignore challenges and protests from people who may have differing opinions on how to achieve emotional well-being.

This was how four former mental patients recently summed up the state of psychiatry to me. They were members of Mental Patients' Resistance, the newest and most politically aggressive of three New York groups devoted to the liberation of people who have been confined for psychiatric care. The other two are Mental Patients' Political Liberation Project, which is the oldest and is oriented toward legal action, and Mental Patients' Political Action

Committee, which is a conservative split from the other. My four friends, from whom I received my only information about the other two groups, were especially critical of MPPAC for including psychiatrists as members. Of the three, MPR is the only one that sees psychiatrists as the major oppressor from whom all patients need liberation. Unlike the other two, MPR rejects the idea that anyone needs to be incarcerated for emotional problems, and accuses the medical profession of seeking to maintain absolute domination over those unlucky enough to fall into institutional clutches.

My comparison of psychiatry with an authoritarian government establishment may seem far-fetched to many. After all, government is an area in which many solutions are possible; anyone's voice, no matter how naive, may have something to contribute. But mental health is a matter of undebatable science, which only skillfully trained experts can understand.

But the former patients I talked to refused to concede that modern psychiatry is a science. A scientist must ignore his preconceived notions and investigate his subject with only a detached, nonpersonal desire to understand something new. A psychiatrist, on the other hand, tends to come to predictable conclusions that reinforce his biases and that prolong his ability to dominate other human beings.

"In a period of ten months," Pat, one of the former patients, barely twenty years old, told me, "I saw ten different

psychiatrists, and each one diagnosed a different illness. The last one was the smartest—he listed paranoid, manic-depressive, catatonic, and schizophrenic. He played it smart and wrote down everything he knew." She talked more in frustration than that powerful friend had betrayed her than in reasoned criticism of the profession, but her point was well taken.

Martha Schwartz, who had taught artistic children at Creedmore after having been a mental patient herself, gave her own explanation: "If you walk in with a big snarl—immediately you're manic-depressive. Paranoia is their diagnosis for political, like people who say, 'I know my rights!'" (Or for war protesters, if the psychiatrist happens to be a hawk; the ones who bomb villages are normal.) "There was this one black girl in an all-white school in Queens who was committed because she kept saying, 'I don't think anyone here likes me.'" It's easier to commit one black girl than to make a whole school change its attitude.

And the Dartboard Hypothesis: As explained to me, it claims the existence of a giant dartboard in the doctors' cafeteria. The largest circle is labeled "schizophrenic." There are also circles for "paranoid," "manic-depressive," and so on. Each doctor throws one or more darts depending on the complexity of his case. Off in the corner there's a tiny dot labeled "normal." It is very rare to find a doctor skillful enough to hit it.

When a physicist speaks of quarks or mesons, anyone who knows the definitions and is sufficiently intelligent and prepared can follow the argument. When a psychiatrist speaks of schizophrenia, only he, if he does at all, knows what he's talking about. It means something different to each doctor. Scientists introduce new terms reluctantly, only after careful definition and much proof that the new word specifies something not previously defined. The purpose of scientific language is to make things easier, not more difficult, to understand. But psychiatrists converse only in new words, the longer and more poorly defined the better, as if by making their language as meaningless as possible, they can justify their authority over laymen, who cannot understand what they're talking about. Anyone who has not seen a psychiatric journal for the last few years would have difficulty understanding one today, not because there have been so many new discoveries, but because there are so many new words.

The technique is not new. As Martha says, "Many people want someone to talk to who isn't involved. First they had witch doctors, and then they had the Church, and now they have psychiatrists." Shrinks, like their predecessors who claimed special powers, thus protect their source of income, their ability to dominate others, and their rich supply of case histories for learned dissertations that will establish their reputations. In effect, mental patients are human guinea pigs, since no one knows what is really "wrong" with them, how to "cure" them, or the actual effect of a drug or therapy.

Ted Chabasinsky, a Queens probation officer and a mental patient, during his homeless childhood, said the purpose of psychiatry is to "manufacture mental patients. You're always supposed to think of yourself as sick, not just when you're there. Once a mental patient, always a mental patient. The New York Commissioner of Hygiene wants the power to force former patients to return for check-ups. 'Isn't it terrible,' he told the press, 'that we have no power over them after they're discharged?' Mental institutions are set up not to help people, but to create more mental patients."

Children are especially vulnerable because they can end up in mental hospitals if there's no one to care for them. "There's nowhere else to send them," Ted said from experience. "The psychiatrists get them and turn them into mental patients for life by convincing them they're sick." At the age of sixteen, Martha was told by a shrink that no matter how normal a life she managed to lead, she would always be "different" from other people. Later, as a teacher at Creedmore, she heard a hospital official assure some kids, who wanted to know why they were confined, that "each and every one of you is here because you're sick."

Many psychiatrists have proposed that every schoolchild be given mandatory tests to determine whether mental treatment is needed.

Girls who are too aggressive or boys who are effeminate may be recommended for a "cure" by teachers or misguided parents. Thus, many homosexuals begin their history of mental illness. Once inside the hospital, they're confined with others of their sex, but are labeled deviant if they have love relationships. If they abstain, they're judged lacking in normal sex drive. And if they masturbate, they're guilty of the worst sexual offense.

Women risk commitment if they are foolhardy enough to walk alone at night. Many policemen consider an unescorted female either a prostitute or a nut. At the age of seventeen, Pat was by herself on the Lower East Side after a family argument. She was picked up by a cop who, after determining that she had done nothing illegal, convinced her she should spend the night in Bellevue. A boy would have been ignored by the cop.

In New York any two M.D.'s acting on the complaint of a third party may com-



Dr. Albert Ellis wrote "Homosexuality: Its Causes and Cure."

mit the accused for two months. The third party is usually a close relative, but may also be a judge, a policeman, or another doctor. If a defendant is known to have been committed once, no matter how long ago, judges rarely resist the temptation to make a new commitment complaint, even if he is accused of nothing more than having a joint in his possession. The same defendant without a history of mental illness would get off with perhaps a suspended sentence and a half-hearted reprimand. Few former mental patients, therefore, are willing to come out and reveal themselves.

After two months the patient may be committed again for six months, and so on indefinitely, after a hearing in a special hospital court. The judge weighs the testimony of the psychiatrist, in his starched white jacket with at least three pens in the breast pocket, against that of the patient, clad in a tent-like nightgown and cardboard slippers and drugged with Thorazine, which leaves him unable to talk clearly or to respond alertly. The psychiatrist usually wins.

Shrinks have absolute control over what drugs the patient must take, where he shall be confined, what therapy he must be subjected to, whom he shall talk to. Ordinary physicians are open to challenge about their treatment and must satisfy their patients or be replaced (except in the case of communicable deadly diseases, which also make doctors dictators). However, a psychiatrist, who is free to label his patients as incompetent, becomes a dictator over them, and the one who rebels—by starting a liberation group or writing an article like this—risks having paranoia added to the incomprehensible polysyllables already attached to his name.

Judi Chamberlin, a secretary who was once in an institution and who now lives with Ted, explained, "The psychiatrists are always telling you you're crazy, and if you say you're not, it comes down heavy, but if you say, 'Yeah, I've got a problem,' you're a good patient. If people need help, let them decide how to help themselves."

MPR does not wish to stop the practice of psychiatry, but hopes to strip it of its legal authority, putting it on a par

with other sciences or pseudo-sciences. Specifically they want the relationship of doctor and patient to be strictly voluntary. They want the patient to be able to accept or reject treatment when and where he sees fit, and to be protected against dangerous drugs and electric shock. They complain that the liberal community, far from supporting them, has intervened several times on behalf of mental patients, not to gain their freedom or to prosecute the shrinks, but to win more enforced treatment for the patients.

The group also has consciousness-raising open only to former patients, but Judi says they are not trying to usurp the position of the psychiatrist. "CR isn't therapy. If someone comes to us and says, 'I'm terribly fucked up, and I think you can help me,' he wouldn't work well with us. He has to want to join MPR because he wants to fight back."

As in the gay movement, their biggest problem is getting others to come out. Any unguarded moment of hostility, any untempered emotion, which would be overlooked in most of us, can lead to recommitment if the person is known as a former mental patient. Employers may not discriminate according to age, sex, or race, but questions regarding presence in a mental hospital are on every personnel questionnaire. "Everyone lies," Ted said.

None of the four I spoke to was gay, but they surprised me by eagerly welcoming an article in GAY. They felt that liberation for mental patients paralleled gay liberation and they hoped to recruit homosexuals into MPR, which is restricted only to former mental patients.



Dr. Reuben: "They shove cucumbers up..."

At one point in the discussion, I started gossiping about my neighbor, when his door slammed loudly. Could our paper-thin walls, I wondered in shame, have broadcast my guilty habit to him? "Do you always think people are listening through your walls?" Ted asked with bored gentleness. "Yes," Judi demanded more crisply, "do you always think someone is coming to get you when you hear doors slam?"

I was amused that they had so misunderstood my jest, and I started to explain in all sincerity. Not a word I said reached them. They started mumbling between themselves as if I had been an article of furniture.

"What do you think, Dr. Chamberlin?"

"Definite symptoms. Perhaps another six months of intensive..."

The artful parody they were pulling me into finally became apparent, and I laughed in appreciation.

"What are you giggling about, Vicki," Ted said more sternly than before. "There's nothing to giggle at. Do you often have these fits?" I wasn't giggling, I wanted to tell them, but laughing because I enjoyed their joke. Again I might as well have been speaking to myself.

"Manic-depressive, doctor," Judi whispered. "Very advanced case. Oh, Miss Schwartz," she said louder, "would you send for..."

As their patter became progressively more incomprehensible, I found myself sweating and fidgeting with my tape recorder, which they duly noted. My position was impossible. They had misinterpreted my every word and action, and were now treating me like an imbecile child on whom the slightest display of affection or courtesy would be wasted. There was no reprieve that would not have complicated my discomfort, and silence made me seem more the idiot. If I hadn't kept reminding myself that this was all an elaborate joke at my expense, I might have used any means to get them to pay attention to me.

If they had been doctors and dead serious, I have no doubt where I'd be now. Certainly not with any pointed writing instrument.

Because of modern physics we can explain phenomena that were not understood or even known before. Years ago people died of smallpox or black plague or were crippled by polio; because of modern medicine we no longer fear these diseases. In what way has psychiatry changed our lives? Are we happier? Are there fewer crazies running around than a hundred years ago? Has the level of scholarship been raised now that doctors can drug "hyperactive" schoolchildren into insensibility? If the entire profession were abolished and all mental patients classified as normal, how would society be changed? Were our great-grandfathers really besieged by madmen on every corner because there were no psychiatrists to offer a cure?

A hundred years ago Mark Twain wrote of a twelve-year-old's truant trip down the Mississippi on a raft, and made it a story of heroism, a search for lost values, and unembarrassed love. Today no one could doubt where Huck Finn would end—in the nearest state hospital as the star patient. Psychiatry has indeed affected modern life. It has made us less trusting of our feelings and more suspicious of our friends' attempts at showing their own desires. It has made us ashamed of our differences, and contemptuous of people not afraid of being different. I suppose the Puritans did much the same for their communities, but in Mark Twain's time people were trying to break free of their Puritan past and to begin new traditions out of their personal insights. Instead they fostered psychiatry.

If there were no such thing as paranoia, psychiatrists would make it necessary.

ACTIVISTS ZAP TAXI COMMISSIONER

(continued from page 7)
signed, but not otherwise made rational, by W. Gregg.

Members of the press and GAA supporters waited in a small anteroom, whose water cooler was devoid of drinking cups, while the demonstrators inside attempted to administer treatment. In addition to GAY, radio station WBAI and the New York Post had representatives present. Gay spokesman Arthur Bell was also there, but he said he was not representing the Village Voice and left early. Periodically Al Silver, press officer for the Commission, emerged with reports on the demonstrators. "I used to write pro-homosexual stories for the Post," Mr. Silver apologized to the gays. "Now I'm on the other side." Later he clarified the letter to Mr. Swearingen, apparently cognizant of W. Gregg's deficiencies: "Number 6 is no longer required. Number 4 is at the discretion of the examiners. They require it because of a 1-Y or a 4-F classification, not because of homosexuality."

Both classifications indicate an inability to serve in the armed forces for a variety of medical, emotional, or moral reasons. 4-F is given to permanently unqualified registrants, while 1-Y may be rescinded under certain conditions. Homosexuality frequently justifies either classification, as does drug addiction, mental disorder, and conviction for a felony.

A white-haired, rotund gentleman in a bright blue suit kept guard to prevent anyone else from entering. "I can't understand why anyone should have to go through tests unless they happen to be dope addicts or alcoholics. I know your point, and you're right," he told the gays, while refusing to identify himself. "Your friends are demonstrating gently and peacefully. They're gentlemen compared to what the cab drivers did when they came up here."

About seven policemen from the first precinct arrived at different times. They made no arrests and did not forcibly eject anyone.

Meanwhile, about 20 gay women and men picketed outside the building in the

perpetual twilight of the narrow alleys and stark skyscrapers of the east end of Wall Street. Crowds of incredulous white-shirted, crew-cutted executives and mini-skirted, platform-soled secretaries blocked both vehicular and pedestrian traffic in open-mouthed immobility. But there was neither hostility nor derision. No one jeered and no one threatened. Again and again passers-by commented, "That's ridiculous. Why should you see a psychiatrist to drive a cab?" Both men and women, young and old, openly endorsed the gay cause.

Commissioner Lazar finally agreed to speak to Rich Wandel, president of GAA, and Dr. Bruce Voeller, chairperson of the State and Federal Committee, as soon as the demonstrators would remove the couch from his office. The cause for his aversion to couches was not diagnosed.

Mr. Wandel reported: "Commissioner Lazar assured us that the letter to Geoffrey Swearingen was a mistake by a clerk who did not know the proper policy. We'll accept this for the time being. But if Mr. Swearingen does not receive an official retraction and does not receive his license, we'll be back, and we won't be as polite."

Dr. Voeller added: "The commissioner says he wrote a memo that he cannot make public directing his employees not to discriminate on the basis of sex orientation."

All this to get out of psychoanalysis. And it was free, yet.

THE LITTLE BANKROBBER AND THE BIG LIE

BY RANDY WICKER
PART II

The tension crackled in the air as the five waited to see Littlejohn. I would learn in the days ahead that most members of the family despised one another. The first outburst came between Carmen and Pat Coppola on the sidewalk outside that same day.

"Cocksucker! Faggot! Fairy!" Carmen screeched at Coppola. "He's probably fucked you more than he's fucked me."

"You fat whore!" Coppola, a 22-year-old bleached blond, shot back. "You're no woman to say a thing like that to me."



Investigative reporter Randy Wicker

You went with other men. You drove him crazy!"

The next day at the Wojtowicz home in Brooklyn, Terry talked at length with Life's Tom Moore. Littlejohn had a strict Catholic upbringing, graduated from a parochial high school, won a scholarship to Brooklyn College, but then the draft got him.

As a kid, he'd loved baseball and even formed his own team in Bensonhurst. As soon as he was able, he started working part-time after school delivering groceries. He excelled in math, liked mechanical drawing. His hobby was making ceramics, collecting stamps and he played a lot of Monopoly.

"He was never an outside boy," Terry explained. "He was always home and in bed by 9:00 p.m. His father was very strict. Even after he got his first job in a bank ten years ago, he'd be home and in bed by 10:00 p.m."

Terry bitterly blames Littlejohn's wife Carmen for "driving him out of his

CALL GAY SWITCHBOARD

(continued from page 1)
O'Malley says that the Gay Switchboard has about 24 regular people, eight of whom are on the governing collective. The collective is comprised of those people who put in the most work.
"Since March, we've had five new members. Only three of us have been here since March. Every new group of volunteers is represented on the collective. Most people can only donate three hours a week because they're active in other groups, are busy with their lives generally and the like. Others put most of their time and energy into the Switchboard."
"They're really very nice people," O'Malley beams. "It's fun. You get a lot out of it. You get some marvelous feedback. Somebody calls, especially young people, who have gone out and met some



At the Gay Switchboard: Call between 8 p.m. and midnight. (Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)

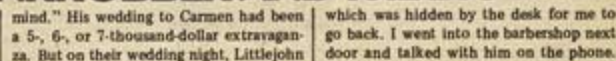
one and come out. They tell you how much they appreciate the way you helped them. It's very rewarding."
The Gay Switchboard has an hour-long orientation session for new people wanting to help out every Saturday afternoon at 1:30 in their basement headquarters in West Village. Usually other staffers come in to meet the newcomers.
"Last week fourteen people called up and said they were going to come in and volunteer," O'Malley sighs. "Only two showed up on Saturday. But they're a great help."
"Anyone interested in helping out," he concluded, "should call 924-4036 between 6:00 p.m. and midnight. Make a note of our number. If you lose it, we're listed with New York City Information."

mind." His wedding to Carmen had been a 5-, 6-, or 7-thousand-dollar extravaganza. But on their wedding night, Littlejohn had a fight with Carmen's father when he asked for their wedding gift money to help pay for the event.
"Her father slapped him. Littlejohn got mad, threw the \$2,000 in the vestibule and went around the corner to the Church to see the priest who had just married them. He offered to annul the marriage but John declined."
In the months that followed, Littlejohn and Carmen had constant fights, frequently bringing police cars to their Rogers Avenue apartment.
"I hate that bitch," Terry grimaces. "I swear I wouldn't go to her house if there was death in the family, even if one of my grandchildren died. She ruined my son. It's all her fault."
"The night of the robbery, I called her," Terry continued bitterly, "and asked her to come help John. 'Did he get killed yet? Did he get shot yet?' was all she said. 'I'm too sick. I can't come. Don't call me any more than this number. It's not my phone' and then she hung up."
"When I went to the bank door, John was sitting on a desk talking to the bank manager. The FBI brought me to the door very slowly. When I got there, John turned his head toward me. Sal had a gun on me. John gestured with his hand

which was hidden by the desk for me to go back. I went into the barbershop next door and talked with him on the phone.
"Ma, I'm out of my mind. I don't know what I'm doing," he said. He couldn't surrender because Sal had a gun on him. I know I had to go easy because Sal might have shot me.
"Littlejohn released two hostages. One was a guard, a colored man. John released him when Curly [Aron's nickname] arrived. He released another because she was sick. Every time John would release a hostage, Sal would get madder.
"Johnny was talking with the FBI. He wanted to surrender. They were trying to work with him in convincing Sal to surrender. John even tried to get out by taking four of the hostages and leaving four with Sal. That way he could have surrendered but Sal wouldn't allow it. Sal had a gun on everyone, even John. The FBI told me. I believe they taped it.
"The FBI told John, 'Convince Sal.' John talked five hours but Sal wouldn't listen. Everyone would have been killed if the police had gone in.
"When they got in the limousine to go to the airport," Terry concluded, "the FBI told me, 'We'll take care when we get them to the airport. We'll save John.' They did save him. The police handled

(continued on page 12)

Littlejohn and "Liz Eden" are "blessed." (Photo courtesy of DRAG magazine)



Littlejohn and "Liz Eden" are "blessed." (Photo courtesy of DRAG magazine)

THE QUEEN'S VERNACULAR

BY THANE HAMPTEN

The Queen's Vernacular: A Gay Lexicon by Bruce Rodgers. Straight Arrow Books, 1972. 265 pp., \$3.50.

When I first came out—and believe me, mother has to struggle to remember back that far—the thing that frightened and impressed me the most about Gay Life was the lingo, the slang, the vernacular. Most of my knowledge of homosexuality had come via Miss Havelock Ellis and those early Viennese shrink ladies. Lots of mad clinical chat and the juicy parts dished in Latinette. Not exactly the best lines for Debbie Debutante to study in prep for her opening gala.

There wasn't any dictionary of gay terms back in the colonial days and so I had to pick it up on street corners like any other ordinary working girl. At first I felt uncomfortable and strange using these funny words. They weren't... me. Mind you, this was back when every queen was called "Mary," and constantly, Mary. (Except for some peculiar reason I was immediately christened "Agnes.")

Not knowing any better, I fell in with a gaggle of high-magenta screaming women who absolutely advertised all over town for days. Lucinda! These girls knew every gay word in the book and when there was a blank they improvised generously, in the key of C-sharp Major.

I got the feeling I'd never be part of the scene unless I studied and passed a few choice tests. After about a year of bars and parties and Sunday afternoon back-fence gossip, I had it down pat (and I also had considerably improved my technique for going down on Pat... and Tom and Dick and Sylvester and Ted and...).

I felt I really belonged. The strangeness disappeared. A lot of us forget that our initiation was as much verbal as anything else. With other minority groups, the members are aware of "slanguage" from their earliest years. With gays, it has to be learned sometime in youth. As we learn it little by little, we are never quite aware of how complicated it is—and how much it influences (reinforces?) our behavior. And we certainly never consciously tried to list all gay terms—just to see how many there were and how they varied in color and meaning from locale to locale.

If you wonder why the opening paragraphs in this article are a bit different from my usual butch (hah!) style of writing, it's because "Miss Agnes" momentarily took over. She was tripping down Memory Lane. I hadn't realized, but over the years I've abandoned a great deal of gay phrases that once were second nature to me. I've kept only the most common ones. I suppose I outgrew some of them—and of course Gay Lib has done much to kill poor old Stella Stereotype. As a body of people, we are no longer in hiding and there isn't nearly as much use for a specific underground "code" vocabulary.

I'm glad the old days are dead and I hope they stay buried. But you want to know something funny? I sort of miss that language I cut my teeth on. That's probably the only disadvantage of Liberation; the openness, and eventual assimilation. There is a loss of color and flavor. Blacks are losing their because everybody uses "funky" now. Gays will no doubt always retain a few words of our very own, only because straights can't think of a use for them. But much of our vocabulary is now in public domain, whether we like it or not.

The reason for that reappearance of "Agnes"? I've just finished reading The Queen's Vernacular by Bruce Rodgers. (Title is a play on "The King's English," but the king was never this flamboyant!) My enjoyment came from the glow of nostalgia it gives. I haven't heard some of these words for years and it was rather like attending a high school reunion. Only in this case the old familiar faces remained the same and I was the one who had changed.

The author himself reflects my own feelings when he writes:



Photo courtesy of Kenneth Marlowe ("Mr. Mearns")

My early fondness for philology led me to conceive a book recording the street poetry of queens, those lively stereotypes forming yet another subculture within the homosexual minority. Linguistically, the book is non-political. It records, without meaning to shock or anger, overheard pieces of living, fascinating slang.

I've wasted enough time. Much better to let some of the entries speak for themselves. As Rodgers points out, gay vernacular... is, of course, unwritten, and even the compilation of words in this dictionary/lexicon is only an approximation of what is currently being spoken by gay people.

I don't agree with all of his definitions. I also think he stretched things terribly by including some phrases that seem to define a gay temper rather than being actual gay terms in actual use. Many, many of the words and phrases I have never heard before in my life. And quite a number that were in vogue when I was coming out are missing from this dictionary—even though Rodgers includes slang from the earliest decades of this century.

No matter. The lexicon is invaluable. I hope Rodgers puts out a yearly supplement. Most of the pure fun comes from the campy-queeny dialogue he has so accurately and hilariously invented to serve as illustrations for proper use of this incredibly specialized vernacular. The sound is so familiar, especially the many which are the ultimate in devastatingly bitchy put-downs. They made this Big Lady want to put on her Joan Crawford come-fuck-me pumps, dust off her best beads, and go dancing in the streets. Take your hair out of the shoe box, Hortense, and join me!

...
AUNTE—Middle-aged homosexual. Syn: aging actress; chin-strap and wheelchair set; Geritol

In essence, this is the book of my childhood.

set; dirty old man; fallen star; gray lady; gimm's fairy; old hen; prude person; racial flower. ("Toss the racial flowers out of the John, Lillian!")

CAMPY—possessing the qualities of camp. "That dyke's such a campy thing with her diamond cufflinks sparkling on her denims." 2. enjoyable, witty, humorous; loosely, anything pleasurable or anyone who makes light of troubles. "Please God, give him my cold; he's campy, he'll enjoy it." Syn: giddy. ("Keep this giddy country clean—don't litter the desert with any more dead Indians.")

CHIC—stylish. The latest craze is chic. Cruising the busy streets after the bars close is chic. Getting invited to an orgy is chic. Sucking men off in a public john is not chic. Wearing pearls with gray flannel is not chic either, unless one is serving tea in a closet.

CLASS—a code of honor, more of ten criminal than not; savoir-faire; style; couch. "He has class—he'd never tell the cops nothing." Also used as tongue-in-cheek: "He died? That's not featuring much class, is it?" "That's real class, taking a leak under the picnic table in high drag."

FIRST LADY OF THE LAND—one who puts on airs. "Look at her—she thinks she's the first lady of the land with her salvaged fire-sale chandeliers and all."

GROSS—unbelievably vulgar, foul. "Gross is when you kiss your grandmother and she slips you the tongue." Gross proposition: "Hi, kid, wanna shit better?"

HELEN OF TROY—a queen whose beauty could have launched a thousand ships—a thousand years ago.

KARMA MIRANDA—gay nickname for a homoerotic hippie.

MAE—the one and only Mae West, her Coiffureness of the boys. "Mae said, 'I used to be Snow White, but I drifted.'"

MISS—another homosexual. "Isn't that the miss who traveled through New York on her looks? She almost made it two blocks."

PRIMA DONNA—(2) Sticker for convention; one who spends hours peering. "The definition of a prima donna is someone who'll drink beer out of a glass instead of a can in a leather bar."

RAMONA ROTTENCROTCH—unsanitary man in need of drastic hygienic measures before the garbage men had him off; one who smells terrible. "Pat on a little soul music; Ramona Rottencrotch—like a Requiem Mass."

NORA NAUGHAIDE—one dressed in leather. SWISH—passive homosexual. "Remember the swish who traded his menstrual cycle in for a Yamaha?"

TOILET QUEEN—homosexual haunting the porcelain halls of a men's room for chance meetings with other men. Toilet queens have toilet cruising down to a fine art. They are skilled scribes who send small messages of love (ballooned onto flimsy toilet paper, no easy feat) underneath the toilet partition.

VALLEY OF INDECISION—the small of the back; tickled by one testing to see whether or not his partner will permit further liberties in buttockery.

VASELINE VILLA—Gay YMCA.

And last but not least, COCK. The synonyms alone simply click and clack on for pages, Carlotta! Not surprising though, is it? The same for the sections on Martha Military. Not to mention those on cum, dyke, drag, fuck, jack-off and prison terminology.

COCK—bagas, baloney, banana, beef, bird, black jack, bone, boy toy, butcher knife, candy cane, cartoo, chingus, chopper, chora, chota, clyde, corpuscle, dagger, dang, dangle, dick, ding-dong, dolly, dings, dink, dong, dork, dummy, fag's toothbrush, fluke, front porch fun bone, gadget, gun, hammer, handle, honker, hose, hot dog, human enema, jakey, jock, joy stick, jungle meat, kidney wiper, knitting needle, laka, lance, lanoola, leg, licorice stick, lip-stick, lolipop, Mickey, muscle, nightcrawler, pecker, peeny, peepo, peeper, peter, piccolo, pings, pipe, pisser, poker, prick, prong, pud, rammer, samrod, root, Miami, sausage, scepter, schlong, schmitzel, skin flute, slug, make, spear, sword, tiki-tiki, tom-tom, vooch, wand, water pistol, weenie, weewee, and wish-bone.

Amen and goodnight!

THE LITTLE BANKROBBER AND THE BIG LIE

(continued from page 10)

themselves beautifully. They did everything just right."

Throughout the evening, Littlejohn had displayed a knack for the dramatic, the spectacular, the crowd-pleasing gesture. At one point while negotiating with the police he shook one officer's hand.

When he ordered pizza, he had a hostage walk out slowly and return walking backwards, then had her taste it to make sure it wasn't loaded with knockout drops before indulging himself. In payment, Littlejohn tossed \$1,100 out the door. The crowd cheered and went wild, threatening at times to break through police lines to reach the horn of plenty overflowing in Chase Manhattan's doorway.

Then he summoned Pat Coppola. They spoke briefly. Then Coppola returned to the barbershop when Littlejohn called again.

"Come back, Pat. Come back here. I want to kiss you." Coppola returned to the doorway escorted by an FBI agent who gripped him by the belt as he leaned through the doorway and French-kissed Littlejohn. There were shouts, jeers and undefinable yells from the watching mob.

Terry finished filling in Littlejohn's background. She described him as a "political conservative" who worked very hard in Barry Goldwater's campaigns in 1964. This year he was supporting McGovern, collecting newspaper clippings during the presidential primaries, keeping them filed in yellow envelopes. Only bad health had prevented his attending the Democratic convention in Miami.

"John's father is a stern man," she added. "He likes his children to listen to him. His father never knew about what Johnny was doing in GAA and GAB. He came home and told me everything. But a few months ago, his father found out what he was doing and they had it out over his gay marriage."

Terry attended Littlejohn's gay marriage to Ernest (Curly) Aron. "He's my son. No matter what he does or who he's involved with, he's still my boy and I wanted to be there."

Her husband was outraged when he discovered she had gone and Terry covered herself by insisting that John had tricked her by saying they were "going to a house party" the day of the ceremony.

Littlejohn had brought home both Ernie (Curly) Aron and Pat ("Dingbat") Coppola, often leaving them lounging around the house with the family while he was out on errands in the evening.

A violent argument erupted when Littlejohn broke family etiquette and had Aron stay over one evening last December. Littlejohn got into a fight with his brother Michael, 27, when he objected, the first time Littlejohn had ever physically beaten his brother, who weighs 125, takes pills for his nerves, doesn't work, is single and lives on veterans' disability. When John Sr. called Ernie a faggot and other derogatory names in June, Littlejohn grabbed two knives and attacked his father. Terry spent the next hour and a half separating them, getting a slight cut on her arm in the process. It was these incidents that Mark Landsman, Littlejohn's court-appointed attorney, emphasized in Federal Court Sept. 11th to win his plea that Littlejohn be committed for observation to determine if he was indeed sane and could stand trial.

John Sr. still bears a grudge against "Curly" because of the wedding. However, Pat "Dingbat" Coppola, John's latest boyfriend, is friendly with and well liked by all members of the family. He visits with the family and they go to visit John and to court together.

"Pat is their daughter-in-law," Carmen comments bitterly. "I bet he's shared two kids out for them already."

After the *Life* writer left, I stayed for dinner with Terry, Pat and John's brother Michael. We became friendly. I arranged



Ernest Aron, loved and pursued by Littlejohn, is also known as "Liz Eden."

for a phone to be installed the next morning so they could be in contact with the lawyer. John's father came home later. He was cordial but reserved.

In the days which followed, I took the family to the Detention Center each visiting day. I petitioned various gay groups for financial help for Littlejohn—to no avail.

But slowly, I began checking out the wilder stories I'd heard about Littlejohn. What about the \$400 he had shown Biondo for supposedly "doing a contract"?

Terry pulled out a bankbook. It showed a \$400 loan taken out the previous week with 18 monthly payment slips now due. Littlejohn had been middle America before becoming bizarre the last eighteen months. He had worked at various banks for nearly ten years, had a Unicare, and a good credit rating which he could use for funds when necessary, even though he hadn't worked for over a year because of bad health and had, in fact, been collecting welfare for several months—a fact he was ashamed of and tried hiding from friends. Fortunately for Littlejohn, his bank-teller's habits carried over into his private life. He kept detailed financial records. Terry kept his credit rating high by repaying any loans Littlejohn got for her out of John Sr.'s, an employed machinist, salary.

"Oh, John used to tell me those stories he told people to impress them," Terry chuckles. "He told me everything. We were very close."

"Somebody said he'd flown to Miami and San Francisco chasing Ernie," I ventured. "He told them he didn't have to pay because people paid his airfare. All he had to do was deliver little bundles, the contents of which he knew nothing about."

"Bullshit," Terry roared. "He went to Troy, New York on a bus and once to

Hyannisport. He had his bags all packed and was about to hitchhike to Miami. He had a sign made and everything. But I talked him out of it. He didn't go anywhere. He told them that. Another one of his big stories."

"How did he have any money?" I continued.

"Well, he didn't live at 250 West 10th St. He just used that address to collect welfare. He lived here with us, ate all his meals here, I did his laundry and everything. He only had a few things in that room on West 10th Street. He used the welfare money as spending money."

Terry recalled how Littlejohn was always feeling sorry for someone down and out in the Village, lending them a few dollars and then being disappointed when they failed to pay him back.

Littlejohn put my name on his official visitor list. It was approved. Finally I got in to see him. He looked thin but otherwise appeared to be in good health. He appeared calm and rational, complained that he had only seen his lawyer one time since his arrest ten days previously and didn't know what was happening.

His bouts of dysentery which he had almost died of once while serving in Vietnam seemed to have temporarily improved.

Mark Landsman, his court-appointed lawyer, is an ex law partner of District Attorney Eugene Gold, supposedly one of the best criminal defense experts in the city. I told John I thought his publicity had netted him an unusually good court-appointed lawyer and he should stick with him for the moment.

"He told me to cooperate fully with the FBI," Littlejohn related. "He said to tell them everything. But I don't like him. He never tells me anything."

Landsman explained to the family after all the foregoing information had al-

ready been given to *Life* magazine that publicity in the general media could make his work harder.

The usual procedure in a case like Littlejohn's is to first try to avoid any trial by having the defendant declared legally insane. Next, the lawyer and prosecutor try "plea bargaining" in which a defendant sometimes agrees to plead guilty to a less serious charge to have more serious charges against him dropped. If that fails, the case comes to trial.

During the arraignment at Westbury, Long Island Federal Courthouse, September 9th, Landsman called me outside to confide that Littlejohn wanted to question Judge Travia regarding his biases against "gay people" right away. Landsman had told Littlejohn: "This is not the time and place."

"John says that he doesn't like the word 'homosexual' because homosexuals like only one sex while 'gays' like himself swing with either sex. Is that so?" Landsman probed.

"Not generally. It's a distinction Littlejohn makes for himself."

In arguing for commitment and observation, Landsman said that John Wojtowicz had never been in trouble before, that "eighteen months ago he commenced having homosexual affairs and had even married one of his male lovers in an elaborate wedding ceremony" in December.

He noted that Wojtowicz had been an out-patient receiving psychiatric help from St. Vincent's hospital. Although he had been unable to reach John's psychiatrist who was still away on vacation, John had signed forms and his medical and psychiatric records had been released to Landsman. Those records indicated that Littlejohn's psychiatrist had recommended he be committed in March because of threats of violence he had made to Ernest Aron, his wife in his homosexual "pseudo-marriage." Landsman had also related the incidents of violent confrontation between Littlejohn and his father over his gay affair, the one in which he had attacked his father with two knives, injuring his mother in the process.

Arthur Westenberg, John's blond-haired, 21-year-old co-defendant, also had a court-appointed lawyer who argued for commitment as well, saying that his defendant was not violent but had been receiving out-patient treatment at St. Vincent's and had a history of suicide attempts.

Judge Travia granted the commitment for observation, directing the two defendants be committed to Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn Heights and be returned to Court within thirty days with a finding as to their fitness to stand trial.

Outside the courtroom, Littlejohn was outraged at the way his lawyer had argued for commitment. In a letter to Aron he declared, "I don't think my court-appointed lawyer is a good one. He never sees me or tells me anything. GAA and GAB are pretty stuck up but I have become a political prisoner. People against gays will sit on the jury and vote against me just because I'm gay. I expect a big fight in court over prejudice on the jurors' part against gay people. I want gays on my jury. They will have to become involved whether they like it or not. It will be a long hard fight just to get a fair jury and hopefully some gay jurors."

I had explained to Littlejohn that as a writer and artist I hoped to do a book, even raise funds for a movie, royalties from which would go to him.

Having found no support from gay groups, I suggested opening an account for him at the bank he robbed, getting a post office box mailing address for his mother, then going on radio and TV talk shows with members of the family, making

(continued on page 17)

"GAYS" AND "STRAIGHTS" A SCIENTIFIC COMPARISON



The book's cover.

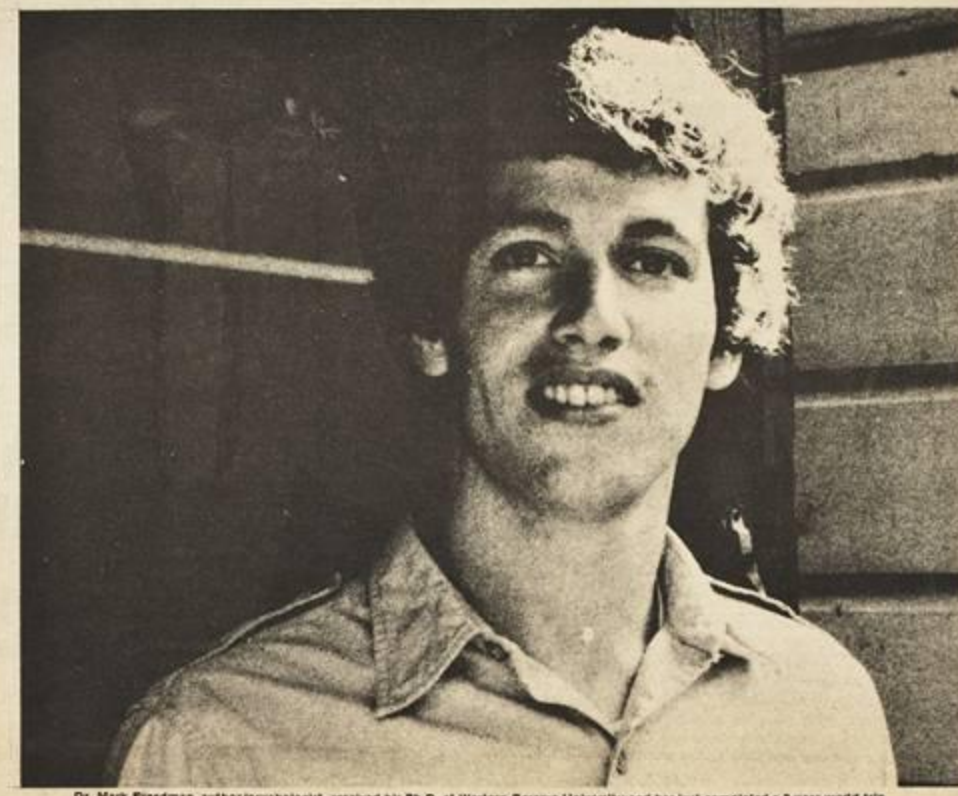
BY JOHN P. LE ROY

Homosexuality and Psychological Functioning by Mark Freedman, Ph.D., Brooks/Cole Publishing Company, Belmont, California, 1971, 110 pages and references and index, \$2.75, paperback.

This book drives the nails into the coffin of the "homosexuality is a sickness" theory. Mark Freedman, a young California psychologist, in 110 pages, demonstrates that there are no significant differences between straights and gays in the over-all picture of their mental health. A book like this should be unnecessary, for the fact that sexual preferences and mental health have nothing to do with each other should be self-evident. But, when it comes to sex, multitudes of otherwise intelligent humane people simply will not believe that which stares them in the face.

Only when scientific tests prove beyond any reasonable doubt that gays are mentally just as good as straights is there any chance for the simple fact to be accepted and very often not even then. A recent survey revealed that two-thirds of the psychiatric profession still finds homosexuality to be some form of aberration, or at least a symptom of it. It never seems to have occurred to these doctors to take a fairly representative sample of typical gays, match them as well as possible with their straight counterparts, apply a stable and fair criterion of mental health to both groups, compare the findings only in light of the facts under carefully controlled conditions, draw appropriate conclusions based only on the data and accept the results as fact only when they have been successfully duplicated under sufficiently similar circumstances. That would have been too threatening, and would have involved a lot more hard work than comfortable armchair theorizing. Even worse, it would have reduced their income by depriving them of homosexual patients wanting to be "cured."

Now, they can defend their position only by telling lies to the ignorant, and passing it off as undisputed scientific fact by hiding behind their degrees and honorific credentials. *Homosexuality and Psychological Functioning* is therefore as necessary as rat poison in a rodent-infested apartment. Freedman surveys briefly the various opinions, attitudes, theories and mores regarding homosexuality and then defines his terms. The use of the word "homosexual" as a noun is ruled out because, in Freedman's words, "man is inherently a pansexual creature, capable of responding to a variety of sexual



Dr. Mark Freedman, author/psychologist, received his Ph.D. at Western Reserve University and has just completed a 2-year world trip.

stimuli . . . Thus, labeling the person a "homosexual" or "heterosexual" implies a permanent, irreversible pattern of preference and behavior that is not substantiated by available evidence. . . . Also, the noun "homosexual" has become a pejorative, and it is a stigma for the person who is assigned this title."

By making the distinction between homosexuals and individuals who happen to be homosexually oriented, he is saying that people are people, no matter what they like to do in bed. We shouldn't need a psychologist with a Ph.D. to tell us that, but I guess it's a nice thing to have for the benefit of those who won't believe the most obvious observations without the certification of a professional authority.

After a brief sketch of some aspects of gay life, and some of the conflicting and inconclusive theories of the causes of homosexuality, Freedman sets up his criteria of what is and what is not mentally healthy. This is the knottiest problem of all, for it is easy to define heterosexuality as normal and make homosexuality a sickness. Freedman, while admitting how tentative any criterion must be, delineates four crucial factors that must be taken into account when evaluating personality. These include psychological adjustment, effects of social acceptance, sex-role identification and interpersonal relations. A number of standardized personality tests, interviews and questionnaires, when objectively administered, can give a fair approximation of the mental health of an individual.

The last half of the book summarizes the findings of clinical psychologists who have compared gays and straights and describes in detail the author's own study. Every reported comparison between matched gays and straights has resulted in findings that show that both groups are about the same in every significant respect. Gays varied with each other as

much as straights. Most of the studies used men. Freedman duplicated their findings by using women. With the help of DOB, he assembled two groups of women, one gay and one straight, but alike in race (both white), types of occupations, education (high school graduates with some college) and both groups lived in a large city.

Most of the straight group was married; the gay group single. The straight group was more religious than the gay group and older. Each group was rated in terms of over-all adjustment, and the results are summarized below:

Rating	Gays (%)	Straights (%)
Superior adjustment	2	0
Average adjustment	83	85
Maladjusted	15	15
Total	100	100

In some areas the gay women did better. They were more satisfied with their jobs, more independent, more spontaneous, more sensitive, and showed a greater capacity for developing good interpersonal relationships.

However, they showed a markedly more "masculine" orientation than did the straights. Of course, self-scoring tests are far from infallible, but adequate controls were used to reduce to insignificance the possibility of cheating or faking the responses. As a response to the pressures of society, the gays showed themselves to be especially sensitive to their own needs, more candid about themselves and less defensive than the straights.

An interesting finding was not a difference between gays and straights, but a difference between men and women. Both the gay and straight women put more emphasis on love than they did on sex in their erotic affairs than did gay and

straight men in similar studies, who put most of the emphasis on getting their rocks off. This might explain why monogamous marriage is considered by some to be essentially a woman's institution, for they would benefit from it more. It might also be the basis for the double standard where it's all right for men to be promiscuous, but not women.

Especially valuable is a table (pages 88-89) that summarizes the findings to date on all major research into homosexuality and psychological functioning where control groups were used. From Evelyn Hooker's classic study of a group of homosexually and heterosexually oriented individuals in which a distinguished panel of clinicians could not tell the gays from the straights on the basis of the Rorschach ink blot test in 1957 through Saghir's studies in 1970, not one piece of evidence was unearthed to show that there was any difference in mental health between gays and straights. The only differences that could be detected were ones of style and of adjustment to pressures of having to keep one's preferences a secret. These resulted in a few neurotic adjustments, but were counter-balanced by gays whose health was superior. It bears out the theory that being a member of a minority group can make a better or worse person out of an individual, depending upon how he responds and reacts to the situation.

Gay activists and anyone seriously involved in the gay liberation movement should have this book at his command and disposal at legislative hearings, consciousness-raising sessions, public debates and demonstrations, as well as for winning arguments. The book may not put an end to repression and discrimination, but it can certainly make the repressors look ridiculous in public and provide the necessary scientific validation of what is confirmable by simple observation.

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Come on in and see the show that the whole city will soon be talking about!

BY MICKIE BURNS

I wonder where they are going, why they are here, and who has hurt them," someone was saying. I was trying to explain to a mutual acquaintance why I was not much impressed with the Freaking Out of Marsha Lefkowitz: "Here's how I think it is with Marsha. Sure Marsha is going to make a lot of flying-leap statements about being 'open to life' and 'uniting with the rhythms of the universe' and sure she's moved to Avenue B and yeah she's hitchhiked to Europe, and yeah she's screwed with the regulation number of black militants. But don't you see, somehow she is as sound as Hadassah. Look at the guy she's living with right now. He may look sufficiently freaked out and all that, but still has an M.A. in poli sci from Brooklyn College. Okay so they both had to leave home in Brooklyn to find themselves and each other on Avenue B, but in the end they might as well have stayed in Bensonhurst. Don't you see? In the end and after everything, Marsha Lefkowitz is not going to let go of her practical solid good sense about who she gets messed up with. I really don't think she is capable, to be antique about it—of actually being indiscreet—of out-of-context, inappropriate behavior. She's not apt to plunge in anywhere with anyone. Maybe not, but it seems to me anyone who grew up in New York is going to have more of a handle on reality than that. Nothing truly messy is about to happen to our Marsha."

But Marsha has gone so completely, so super hippie, the mutual acquaintance protested, "she's practically a street person."

"Okay, okay," I said, "so she hangs out with hippies—that is to say, other nice middle-class kids who are tripping on the lower east side just like herself. I mean I haven't noticed she is actually intimate with the La Vida woman downstairs. Have you? Well? What I am telling you is that this other girl was not like that. She was so lible, so apt."
"Apt to do what?"
"Something ill-advised, something reckless."

"Why?"
"Because she had these delusions, maybe. Stars in her eyes. Her name was Melody Sue Thompson. Anyway it doesn't matter about her anymore."

June the twenty-third, Nineteen-hundred and sixty-seven, New York City.

First you must know that the reasons she chose to stay there were both subtle and haphazard. She still had what she considered to be an extremely "with-it" article from *Glamour* secreted in her largest piece of American Tourister luggage, part of a set her parents had given her before her freshman year. The article advised, among other things recommended for bright, creative young grads seeking "jobs with GO," the wearing of gloves in midtown Manhattan. Not the white cotton ones she had worn to church as a child, but kicky ones—little Hanson racing-driver's reddish-brown leather with holes in the knuckles, and to be sensible, for just until you got in touch with the city and settled in your very first City Apartment, a reservation at the Barbizon, which *Glamour* said "Nearly everyone's parents have heard of," or the Martha Washington, less expensive but really the sort of respectable, reassuring women's hotel your parents wouldn't be put off by until they got used to the idea that their little girl was gone forever. Not wanting to do anything too far-out until she felt herself securely there and at the same time not wanting to fall into the most obvious aspiring young girl from Indiana cliché, Melody Sue Thompson elected the second choice instead of the first and even indulged her father by letting him send off for the brochure and reservations. Secretly she planned, after one or at the most two, reassuring weeks in a women's

Melody Sue Thompson c/o The Martha Washington Hotel



hotel to head straight for the East Village, where, having a vague notion of the place and its tenements, she planned to live in a charming, staccato little garret with a skylight and perhaps even a balcony. Melody Sue Thompson was already something (she felt) of a woman of the world. An adventures. Why after all she had stopped counting how many boys she had been to bed with at the end of her third semester and it was already up to twenty-eight and she had been even less bourgeois in the semesters after that. She had even been on the Pill two years before her roommate and even had two lengthy affairs with professors—well, grad assistants actually.

Melody Sue was not ten minutes from La Guardia before she found herself—she couldn't remember how it got started—she had let down her guard—when she found herself somehow, nonetheless somehow, inextricably in the process of being sucked into a conversation of rapidly accelerating obscenity with the taxi cab driver. And she had been so determined to be so hip. Hip as they come. From the very start. But ten minutes away from La Guardia, here she was having this excruciatingly dubious conversation with a strange taxi cab driver who now knew her father's name, where she was from, where she went to school, where she was going to be staying in New York, that she knew no one else in New York, and that yes, she considered herself a sexy girl, and "If you know what I mean, I like a little on the side myself, don't get me wrong I'm a family man myself, but I'm no whatchacallit, no prude, huh. I mean I'm a family man myself but I like those mini skirts, like the one you've got on little kidy is real nice. I mean some girls don't have such nice legs as yours if you don't mind my sayin'—you don't mind my say-

in? No offense, if you know what I mean. But I'm no prude, now I think nothin' just nothin' of a girl expressin' herself, her inner feelings. In the way she dresses. If you know what I mean. You know what I mean?"

Every response she made only seemed to take her in deeper. She tried saying nothing but he would smoothly ask some other question or continue with an even more presumptuous monologue, "Bet you had a few boyfriends—good looking young girl like you, bet you've done more for them than just a peck on the cheek, whaddya say. No offense. I mean you look like a real up-to-date young lady, I'm no prude like I say. Now I think that's the way things should be. I mean women have their sexual desires too. If you know what I mean." She tried to get off the subject. She saw a small dog in another car's window.

"Oh," she said, "I have a cute little dog back home like that one."

"Oh yeah?" he said, "You know I know me a lot of high class ladies with them fancy breed dogs. You like dogs? You like to train dogs. Lot of fancy ladies train dogs. You know what I mean."

She didn't understand quite, but she sensed the conversation was taking another unfortunate line. She was acutely uncomfortable, but she didn't know how to get out of the cab, in a huff, as it were. Was she in Harlem? Was it really dangerous there? Was Harlem near 32nd Street? How much should she tip him? And her luggage, what if he wouldn't let her get her things out of the back if she insisted upon getting out of the cab now?

They were going into a tunnel. Melody Sue Thompson saw Manhattan for the first time. To the concrete heat of the New York City summer job market, Melody Sue Thompson was bringing a

university degree in Graphic Design. Firm in the understanding that New Yorkers, particularly those on Madison Avenue, were, unlike the tasteless Hoosiers she knew, sensitive to the concepts of the Bauhaus. At 32nd Street and Madison Avenue, as far as the eye could see, were either truckers cursing and banging cans or covets of office girls at the crosswalks with the backs of their cheap little mini skirts arranged in hundreds of horizontal accordion wrinkles. And unrelenting dinginess everywhere. Surely, Melody Sue thought, the concepts of the Bauhaus would apply quite well here. At least her skirt was never going to look like that. Would these drab office girls not be cheered and uplifted, surrounded by creative new concepts in advertising design? They weren't wearing little racing gloves with holes in the knuckles, Melody Sue noticed.

"I will take you right up to the front of your hotel, little lady. Right up to the front entrance, here," the cab driver offered with enthusiasm. Should she tip him extra for doing that, she wondered.

Glamour had recommended spectator little ghillies with quaintly stacked little heels for city wear. Melody Sue walked up the entrance steps to the Martha Washington Hotel, daintily avoiding a smear of dog excrement on the first step, a glob of spit on the second, and a touch of human vomit on the third. The lobby carpet was so stained with soot and thinly worn that the floral pattern was difficult to discern, which was all to the good. The lobby furniture was somewhat eclectic as to period but predominantly abolitionist office Swedish modern with patched vinyl sofas of indeterminate origin.

Melody Sue had been temporarily resigned to the idea that the Martha Washington would probably be presided over by some cookie-baking nosy house-motherly sort of person with white hair, a large brooch and a rayon flower-sprigged dress. Too annoyingly homey and dormitoryish for her increasingly independent tastes, but what can you expect of an all-women's hotel. The desk clerk was male and West Indian. He did not seem to know that although her father was not a man of lavish means, he paid his bills scrupulously. "Cash, please, miss," said the West Indian in his cool, lilting, slightly British, impersonal, expressionless accent. On the other hand, the desk clerk seemed to know everything there was to know about her, in a lilting contemptuous way.

Melody Sue noticed that only two kinds of women seemed to live here. Young fresh ones like herself and old battered ones. Melody Sue was possessed with the idea that upstairs there was a mad scientist's laboratory where they experimented on young girls. Only something kept going wrong and the laboratory sent too much electricity through them, or injected the hormones wrong and the young girls came out of the laboratory instantly old, slightly insane or senile and the attendants, chambermaids, kept them there at the hotel while the West Indian hypnotized them with voodoo to keep them from telling what had happened. So no one would find out they had not aged by natural processes. Some of the old ones were watching Melody Sue sign the register and leering at her in a way that seemed to say, "You will be me. Just you wait, you will be here again, back here again to die. Then you will be me, you young smarty. You don't think it will happen to you but you will see." Melody Sue was possessed with the idea that she was never going to leave the Martha Washington Hotel, not really.

Although her room, with its feeble "French Provincial" and little predictable attempts at color-coordinated interior decor, was one of the better ones and had a private bath, it had no air-conditioning. *Glamour* magazine had the nerve to call this place respectable. No air-conditioning. Not that Melody Sue could stand

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JERRY'S SPHERE

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of them. I am all things in his eyes and the more I deviate the more he loves me. Four years ago, I was alone and bent on self-destruction. Four years later I am not alone and bent on self-destruction.

I REALIZE THAT a lot of people are wondering why I've bared my soul so much. It took a lot of mind bending to get up the courage to write this but I felt that there must be a lot of people out there, men and women, who have gone through the same desperate hurt and bewilderment that I went through when my lover left me. They must have asked and cried and felt the same desperate loneliness that only one who has loved another so completely they had given up their own identity to "prove" that love. There must be a million of us who have loved and been hurt. There must be a million of us who have been loved and hurt others. Who can say what goes into making two people lovers? I certainly can not. I loved one man in my life and he turned his back on that love. There were many reasons why he did. Neither of us will probably know all of them. The beautiful men I've met since, who have offered me their love and I turned it down, still hoping we would get back together. And, in the dead of night seeing a face that said it all. And, now, we are together. With so many similarities that it is almost spooky. But, we are together. Mike and I talk of the years ahead of us. We make plans for our future. We laugh and cry and are very happy. We see no end to our life together. Mike is 22. I am 31. I am not a pessimist. If anything, I am the original cock(?) eyed optimist. But, if anything should happen to separate us, you can be sure that neither of us will ever doubt the love that each feels for the other. Mike is still a little scared. After all, he has left all those he has known because he believes in me and in our love. As the song goes "the day that I lost you is the day I found myself." I shall always love Ron for making me find myself. And I shall always love Mike for having the faith in me and in us to give up all that he had to come to me. I shall always love David, Rich and Joe for loving me. I don't know what wasn't there but I beg you all to celebrate with me and, in your love, hope that I find the peace that you, above all, know I've so desperately searched for. THANK YOU, MIKE.

OK, ENOUGH: Pardon me if I keep carrying on. New York is taking on a whole new look through the eyes of my lover. The astonishment as he cranes his beautiful neck gawking at some of the beautiful buildings that I've come to take for granted. His acceptance of all of the wonderful people that I've thrown at him in such a short time. Brother Carl who took him to his heart immediately. (Mike says there could never be a better brother for me and I agree.) Tonight, we went to a birthday party for my Roy and Buddy at the YUKON. There were people there who remembered me when I was younger than Mike is now. It was a blast! Then we went on to the LIB to meet my "super head" Jimmy Grey and Gil, along with Ellie, Lois, Gretchen, and of course, momma Anna. We had our first dance together at the GASLIGHT with Junie and Sy. Went next door to see Joey, Emmy and Bess at the LIMELIGHT. Howie, at DANNY'S CHRISTOPHER ST made Mike feel very much at home. My Judy Sexton and Johnny Savoy offered us "MAYBE THIS TIME" although they'd done it the preceding set. Thank you, kids. Tommy Deveny and brother Carl made Mike's first New York brunch a memorable one at NEW JIMMY'S. (SEBASTIAN, don't be

pissed—you're next.) Mike's favorites so far have been BEAU GESTE, OUR PLACE (due to the proximity of the home, baby?) and of course PIPER'S LOUNGE. Chuck and Billy had us over to dinner and Mike had his first fondue dinner. All three of us were goofing on the light in his beautiful eyes as he learned all about the art of fondue. Billy really outdid himself. ENOUGH!!!

NEW YORK HIGHLIGHTS (?). . . PAL JOEY'S "Fall In" party a GAS. . . Have to admit, even though we've had our differences before, Norman Farber knows what he's about running a gin mill. His OUR PLACE taking off. Have to mention by "baby," Greg, is working there along with a beauty named Arty, and Flo is doing guest appearances. . . Our (Mike's and mine) savior, John Francis Hunter having a bloody mess of a time with his straight publisher. But, I promise him and you, by the time I get finished, that CREEP will be yelling "uncle." J.F.H. is a non-violent. I FIGHT. Fuck anyone who will try to compromise any brother or sister. Man, Gay is Pissed Off!!! . . . Mike Murphy's Luau at SUNDOWNER a not-to-be-believed success. Beautiful Kathy of the same place, knocking them dead out with gorgeous John Weston. (SEBASTIAN'S) at CHARLIE'S ALSO saying "hi" to Joey and Pussy. . . UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH packed the other p.m. . . Bob Soate (UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH) back from Greece. I know, Bob, my lover's Greek. . . Lew Katz (COUSIN & CHARLIE'S NORTH) dazzling with his new do. . . Sorry, have to mention Ms. Sexton cut a record. Betcha it'll be a HIT. . . Walter Kent doing a number at WALTER'S APARTMENT. . . Speaking of Walter, at Roy's party when a photog snapped his pic his shorts snapped. (Sorry, Walter) . . . PIPER'S LOUNGE'S Tony Black off to Europe after winning Ms. Camp Fire Island (Yours truly will be standing in Tues. through Sat.). . . Thom O'Malley (our roommate and oldest friend in gay life), BEAU GESTE'S barkeep off to San Francisco and Miami (Miami???) on a well-earned vacation. . . Chuck and Jim had us over for dinner AGAIN. Soon as we get it together, they've got standing invites. . . Mark Spitz (ANYTIME) to be the next TARZAN. Wonder of women's lib will demand Shane Gould play JANE? Eric Jacobs, GAY photographer out getting a name for himself. Watch out, Duncan and Blakey. . . There's a beautiful man named Ronnie White, otherwise known as Crystal, at NEW JIMMY'S, to whom we'd like to give a deep bow. Brother Carl gets all the publicity, but he's the first one to admit that he couldn't do it without Ronnie's help. APPLAUSE!! Glad to see Daryl and Jerry Gilbeau back behind the stick at HARRY'S along with out man Sam. By the way, Sam, which one is president of the fan club? My dear!!! John prepared a FABULOUS meal at MONA'S ROYAL ROOST. Try it. . . Mike taking Christopher St. in stride. I'm really proud of you, sweetheart. . . My Teddy (I've thought that I'm thrown at him in such a short time. Brother Carl who took him to his heart immediately. (Mike says there could never be a better brother for me and I agree.) Tonight, we went to a birthday party for my Roy and Buddy at the YUKON. There were people there who remembered me when I was younger than Mike is now. It was a blast! Then we went on to the LIB to meet my "super head" Jimmy Grey and Gil, along with Ellie, Lois, Gretchen, and of course, momma Anna. We had our first dance together at the GASLIGHT with Junie and Sy. Went next door to see Joey, Emmy and Bess at the LIMELIGHT. Howie, at DANNY'S CHRISTOPHER ST made Mike feel very much at home. My Judy Sexton and Johnny Savoy offered us "MAYBE THIS TIME" although they'd done it the preceding set. Thank you, kids. Tommy Deveny and brother Carl made Mike's first New York brunch a memorable one at NEW JIMMY'S. (SEBASTIAN, don't be

telling anyone how to alternate life styles. And where Mr. Douglas gets off having Boone plugging his book after cancelling Rev. Troy Perry's (*The Lord Is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay*) appearance on the same show. I ask any and all gay activists throughout the country to ZAP any station carrying Boone that doesn't carry a Troy Perry, Lige Clarke, Jack Nichols, Merle Miller, Arthur Bell, Kay Tobin etc. with equal time. If they're going to knock us we are going to demand equal time to get our licks in too.

I HAVE TO GET POLITICAL AGAIN: The other night watching the "Eye Witness News Team," I saw, to my horror, Pres. Nixon at the Statue of Liberty. He was admonishing six dissenters and told the camera men to show "the thousands" in front of him. The horror is what happened. Those "thousands" raised their right hands and began chanting "four more years." As they chanted, their arms went up and down. It looked like all of the old Third Reich newsreels. I cried.

SENATOR MCGOVERN: In July, I wrote an open letter to you in this column. I begged you not to get politically expedient. I doubt that you ever saw that column and I doubt that you will ever see this one. But, I can try. I don't know to whom you are listening at this point in the campaign. Whoever it is, STOP!!! You're on the defensive. Get off your ass and get on the OFFENSIVE!!! I'm very disenchanted at this point. But for the love of God, GET THAT MAN OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE. From coming out emphatically for you I am now casting my vote AGAINST Nixon, not FOR McGovern. (The thought of those arms going up and down in front of the Statue of Liberty is giving me nightmares.) The thought of Nixon for "four more years" makes my blood run cold. I can only hope and pray that the man that first attracted me over two years ago once again emerges and the man that has been retracting, back-stepping and disenchanting disappears. HELP US DEFEAT NIXON IN '72.

Methadone is proven the second biggest drug killer. . . Who the hell is making the money on these poor, poor people? Find out and do something in the voting booths.

Attention East Side New York: Bill Maloney is running for State Senator in your district. I've known him all my life. He's an honest, good guy. We need him in Albany. VOTE, VOTE, VOTE BILL MALONEY IN '72!

Dear Brothers and Sisters, We are the army of lovers the world needs. Please, please, educate yourselves on the candidates and issues from the smallest office seeker on up. If no one else will stop this debacle we must. . .

Terrorists all over the world are getting full-page, prime-time TV, magazine coverage. I have not seen one word about the terrorists that are plaguing our gay brethren in California. These so-called "Jesus Freaks" are burning churches, taunting gays, stabbing 15-year-olds and probably shooting gay militants. Not one fucking word from the straight media. WHY??? Are gays not oppressed enough? Are gays not worthy of the coverage of other oppressed minorities? Are we to be pushed under the rug and ignored??? I don't think so. I hope to the Jesus of love that I know, not. Let's find out what the hell we're about.

See you next time.

To David, be happy for me
To Ron, thank you for making me find me
To Mike, welcome home, baby
Je

MELODY

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anything as middle-class as sit-conditioning, but surely *Glamour* was mistaken. Some of the doors to the rooms were

propped open with Manhattan telephone directories. There was the smell of greasy things being cooked on hotplates. As Melody passed down the hall, a woman of forty or so, by the amount of grey in her hair, was bent down, adjusting her door props. The woman was wearing a light turquoise top and darker turquoise slacks and dirty pink house slippers. The stench from her room was strange and stifling. As Melody Sue passed her, the woman looked up at her. Melody Sue recoiled. Although the woman was forty or forty-five, her face was covered with the most extreme and horrifying case of acne Melody Sue had ever seen. The woman's flesh smelled strongly of some thick medicinal make-up and salve. The face was corroded and almost looked alive as though infested with maggots. "Hello, dear," the woman said. Melody Sue smiled quickly and hurried to the elevator, almost afraid that the gross infection was somehow contagious. She stroked her own cheeks for reassurance.

Melody Sue had intended to shop at the big stores and sightsee for a few days. Instead, she went job hunting at once. It was hot, her interviews were curt and mocking, her portfolio grew unbearably heavy and trivial. One week had passed in this way; it was Saturday night and she was trying to think just what she should say to her parents in the letter home she had promised. Someone knocked at her door. "It's me from next door. Do you have an iron I could borrow?" Melody Sue opened the door. It was someone like herself, a young girl seeking a glamorous career in the big city. The girl said she used to iron clothes for folks in Alabama, but she had seen one of them ads about a fancy business school that'd learn you 'bout typin' and secretaryin' and she'd given the business school man a thousand dollars. She had had to borrow most of it and saved up the rest from what she made ironin' folks clothes. The business school man didn't see any reason why she couldn't become a top-notch secretary even though she only had an eighth grade education—for a thousand dollars. The girl was a little discouraged so far though, but she still had her hopes. She wanted to know if Melody Sue thought her pink plastic matching earring, bracelet and necklace set matched the dress good that she was pressin' up for the Monday job hunt. "You got yo'self no kind job yet?" the girl asked Melody. The next day Melody Sue Thompson made a little resolution to be more prudent in her social contacts.

At the end of two weeks, Melody Sue's stay at the Martha Washington Hotel was nearly over, since she had signed the lease and was due to move into her very own (quite small actually, but it would do until she found something more adequate) apartment Monday. And, on her second Saturday night in town, she had not exactly been invited, but had been given the address of a party by one of the other advertising gal fridays she had befriended at her new job. The party, at a young architect's loft, was crowded and vibrant. Here, at last, Melody Sue found herself in the New York of her dreams. Here, at last, were the sort of people Melody Sue had always wanted to impress and with whom she longed for acceptance. . . young actresses in electric perfection eye shadow, so hip they could scarcely stand still, and especially plenty of young legal aid lawyers in darling acid-mod-with-Social-Conscience ties and jackets.

The party was the right in-place to be okay, but Melody Sue couldn't get with it somehow. She had been to too many undergraduate rehearsals, she guessed. Okay, some of the guys in college had had wilder looking hair than these or there was even more pot being passed around or sometimes the guys had been more conservative than these (fraternity parties that she went to only rarely), but it didn't matter, it was always the same

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THE LITTLE BANKROBBER AND THE BIG LIE

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a pitch to other Italian Americans who should be outraged at the Voice's Mafia smear campaign and soliciting funds to be used in his behalf.

Outraged at the lies appearing everywhere about him, Littlejohn eagerly agreed that should be done. He urged me to continue my efforts, saying I didn't have to worry about authorization from his mother or his lawyer because "You have my authorization."

"Do what you think is right, Randy," Littlejohn urged. "Write and print what you think should be told. Go on Barry Farber with Carmen and Ernie. If Carmen pulls a scene and won't go on with Ernie, then go on just with Ernie. I'll tell Ma and Mike, everybody, to cooperate with you."

Arthur Bell's Voice article linking Littlejohn and the Gambino family, alleging the Mafia was behind the robbery and that Mike Umbers was the real mastermind, particularly leaked Littlejohn and Ernie.

When and if the case ever comes to trial, testimony may indicate that Littlejohn brought a pearl-handled revolver from Umbers in the Christopher End cave (now re-opened as the In-Between) for \$150 at 2:00 a.m. on Sunday preceding the robbery. Gary Badger, a self-proclaimed Mafia-behind-it-all propagandist, claims that he knows of at least two people who have bought hot guns from Umbers during the past year.

Of course, the case is controversial and all parties are running for cover. The guy who either gave, loaned or sold Littlejohn the two shotguns lives in Queens and has reportedly been declaring rather convincingly to friends: "Christ. I didn't have any idea he was going to rob a bank! He told me he wanted the guns to go hunting upstate."

Rev. Gennaro Auricchio, the Roman Catholic priest who performed the "blessing" wedding ceremony, declared in the *Daily News* that he had only done it after Aron threatened to commit suicide if he didn't.

"I promised him I would perform a blessing," he added, "I would not and cannot perform a homosexual marriage. It's an unnatural alliance. A blessing is a union between two persons who promise to be loyal to each other and, in this particular case, it erased a deep feeling of shamefulness."

Auricchio took a leave of absence from the Society of St. Paul about four years ago," the *Daily News* noted. "A spokesman for the order said he was ordered to return in 1970, but refused. Consequently, the spokesman said, he was automatically excommunicated."

Two weeks after the story broke, Tim Knight of Channel 4 NBC News called. NBC had received a letter from the diocese office complaining that Channel 4's coverage of the Wojtowicz-Aron wedding had failed to emphasize that Auricchio, who now works as an NYU librarian and lives in the Village, had been "an ex-communicated."

GAA and GAB hurried to make it clear they in no way sanctioned Littlejohn's behavior. Both pointed out that he hadn't been active with their particular organization lately. Still, in the moras of wild stories circulating about the affair, more than once I was told in all sincerity that "GAA was behind the robbery. They were going to use the money to pay for their firehouse."

Outlandish? Perhaps, but no more outlandish than other tales spread by the "liberal" press and accepted as gospel by Littlejohn's gay acquaintances. Most gay

liberationists have busied themselves by calling John Wojtowicz "a silly little man" or simply "a little shit" rather than seriously exerting themselves to see he gets a fair trial.

"When I called for John at the Federal Detention Center today," Terry nearly sobbed Sept. 14th, "to ask if he was still there or if they had sent him to Kings County already, I heard the guard say 'Is that queer, that faggot Wojtowicz still here?' I got so mad I could have cursed them right on the spot but I was afraid to say a word." Meanwhile, Littlejohn sits smarting over his mistreatment by the press.

"I also got the Voice article," Littlejohn wrote to Ernie. "The one Arthur Bell wrote. Boy, it is distorted and a lot of shit. He twisted everything around. There was one part about you and me. That really burned me. I know you didn't say anything like what he quoted. What did you tell him instead? He can really hurt with the personal stuff he comes out with. The Mafia baloney hurts too. We need our side told now."

Telling that story is difficult. Most gays, believing Littlejohn was a Mafia cohort and therefore working with, or for, their most despised oppressors, want to disown him.

Terry called a lawyer highly recommended by a family friend. The barrister

told her it would cost \$600 just for him to file the initial papers in the case. The family had no choice but to stick with Landsman, their court-appointed defender.

Landsman has indicated that if Littlejohn is found sane by the Kings County psychiatrists, money would be helpful in obtaining expert psychiatric testimony necessary to convince a jury that Littlejohn was insane at the time of committing the robbery. Money will also be necessary to challenge juror biases and make any appeals. Funds would be needed because the Federal Government simply will not pay for certain expenses necessary to an adequate defense.

What Kings County will report is not yet known. Two weeks after being transferred there, on September 24th, Littlejohn had not yet even seen a psychiatrist. He was drugged and depressed, wanted to forget getting off on an insanity plea, go back into court to face his prosecutors.

In letters to Carmen and Ernie, he had indicated he viewed the future as very bleak and might choose to end it all. Ernie cried and wanted to go visit Littlejohn at Kings County to discourage him.

"If I go see Johnny," Carmen declared, "I'm going to tell him that if he intends to kill himself, he should go ahead and do it and stop keeping everybody in all this suspense."

MELODY

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thing. She just hadn't noticed before that it was the same. She couldn't bring herself to go all through it again in New York. She knew, for each of the guys in the room, what she would probably say and what they would say and what she would say after that, by heart. So she had some worldly knowledge after all about something, only it wasn't going to do her any good. She would just know ahead of time in which of her offices the evening would end.

"I really didn't feel up to coming here tonight," she confided with what she felt came across as a sophisticated breath of ennui to the sensitive, creative looking young man on her left. So well, verily, in Gant workshirt and artistically scruffy tweed jacket. Wide mod tie. "I just didn't think I could endure another party this week," she sighed to him in her best Greta Garbo slump.

"You fucked yourself here," the sensitive young man replied.

Melody Sue returned to the Martha Washington, it seemed, somewhat shortly after that. She snagged her panty hose getting in the taxi door. Within five minutes the cab driver knew where Melody Sue was from, how long she had been in New York, where her new apartment was located, when she was moving in, where she worked, and whether or not she had a roommate.

"No!" Melody Sue demanded of herself, "You're not going to let this one get away with it like that first cab driver did when I first came." When the cabbie very quickly got around to the question: "I suppose you've got a couple of boyfriends, hanh? Hanh, howaboutit, hanh?" Melody Sue said to him as evenly and as fairly as she could, "No, actually, well you see, I'm a lesbian."

That'll teach him I'm not just any little secretary from the sticks, she decided.

"Oh yeah," he said, as he turned around and laughed in her face. "I don't mind that a bit—bring your girlfriend around any time." Melody Sue tipped him sixty cents and he laughed at her again. Melody Sue caught her groovy little shoulder bag in the revolving door.

The woman with the hideous acne was waiting in the elevator for her. "Is this your first time in New York, dear? I am sure you will do very well here, I can tell you are a young woman with ambition,

just what line did you say you were in, dear? Don't we live on the same floor, I believe." The woman's loneliness was as repulsive to Melody Sue as the woman's curdled flesh. The woman had a greasy smelling bag of danishes and sticky buns the woman bought, she said, at the deli across the street. "I've just been out for a little snack, would you like to share a pastry with me? I live here at the Marthas Washington as a permanent guest, you know. You will find that my room is probably quite a bit more homey than yours."

They got off at "their" floor. Melody Sue breathed deeply of the putrifaction of her hostess's room. "If you've sucked off as many cocks as I have, there is not much left that you cannot do," Melody

The Captain in charge of Littlejohn's ward said only his mother and "legal" wife could see Littlejohn. Ernie, armed with a *Life* magazine article describing him as Littlejohn's "transsexual wife," was refused. The Captain declined to even see him.

Back at the Federal Detention Center on West Street, several inmates are a-guing over "who gets Littlejohn." One Black Panther has already offered him "protection" in return for certain sexual favors.

It appears only a "popular" homosexual entrapped by the police while doing what comes naturally can rally broad financial and moral support from gay groups. Not one cent has been contributed by the groups Littlejohn was active in.

"Johnny used to work a lot at those dances they had at GAB," Terry reflects sadly. "You'd think they could do something."

All gay defendants are not heroes. Doesn't a mixed-up gay wrongdoer deserve justice too?

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Anyone having any information on Sai Naturale, Arthur Westenberg or John Wojtowicz who would be willing to make that information available anonymously or otherwise for use in a book or in court testimony during the trial should contact Randy Wicker at 783-0315 or 783-0316.

Soe quietly observed to herself as she accepted from her ghouly admirer a sticky bun. Melody Sue ate the thing deliberately, breathing from her diaphragm, waiting patiently to watch what was to happen to her.

"Dear Mother," Melody Sue wrote, "I met a really nice young lawyer last night. My best new friend (the girl at work I wrote you about) introduced us. He's Harvard '65 and guess what! He's asked to take me out to the theatre and dinner. I have bought this darling dress at Saks. Now don't scold! Just this once I had to SPLURGE! You would just love him, he's the grooviest boy ever! So you know what he likes to eat? Just by the dozens! These funny Danish pastries!! And he stays so slim!!! It's really wild!!!

FEDERAL "GAY" GRANT RENEWED

BY ERIC LARSSON
Midwest Correspondent

Minneapolis, Minn. — A federal grant of Model Cities recreation funds to Gay House community center has been renewed by the Minneapolis City Council, Park and Recreation Board and Model Cities Planning Council.

The initial grant of \$1,000 was awarded last February, despite some criticism from a park commissioner and Alderman Jens Christensen.

The renewal, \$1,815 for the next eight months, was approved for three months, as were 17 other Model Cities recreation grants, pending City Council review of all Model Cities social programs.

The grant provides a \$125 monthly salary for a student, a recreation major at the University of Minnesota, to direct arts and crafts activities in one of the 11 rooms at Gay House, 216 Ridgewood Avenue, and to lead a class in modern dance.

Plans for a gay chorus, softball team and sewing classes were dropped due to lack of interest, but the federal grant has permitted excursions such as an afternoon on inner tubes, floating down the shallow Apple River rapids in nearby Somerset, Wis., and a country hayride.

The grant renewal was announced by James Frost, 23, a part-time psychology student who is interim administrator of Gay House. He succeeds Cindy Hanson, who left the unsalaried job August 1st to become co-director of Gay Communities Services with John Preston.

"What we need now is more money, so

we can offer more part-time salaries," Frost said. "I'm going to have to quit in November myself, so I can get a job and keep myself in school."

The Model Cities grant was approved without the questions and criticisms of last winter, that made Gay House a local issue, venomously debated by Twin Cities fundamentalists.

The only questions raised publicly this time came when park commissioners approved the grant August 16th.

"I don't object to what people do in private, or their sexual mores, but why do we segregate these people?" said Commissioner Alexander Gallus. "They should be integrated with the other agencies' programs."

Commissioner Leonard Neiman replied, "People like the Indians of Minneapolis have identity problems, drugs and alcoholism to work out. Perhaps the gay people don't have quite so much against them, but we'd need a doctor of psychology or a psychiatrist to answer a question like that."

"You know what swung me around?" said Commissioner Henry Rosacker, 78, who raised questions last January.

"They said it's better to have 'em in one place, rather than all over town bothering the young kids."

The elaborate Gay House funding request was prepared with professional help from straight social agencies, and easily won approval from the Model Cities Board, which is dominated by counter-culture-oriented straights in their late twenties.

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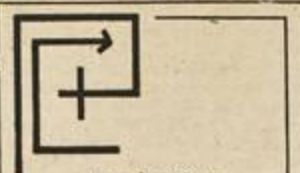
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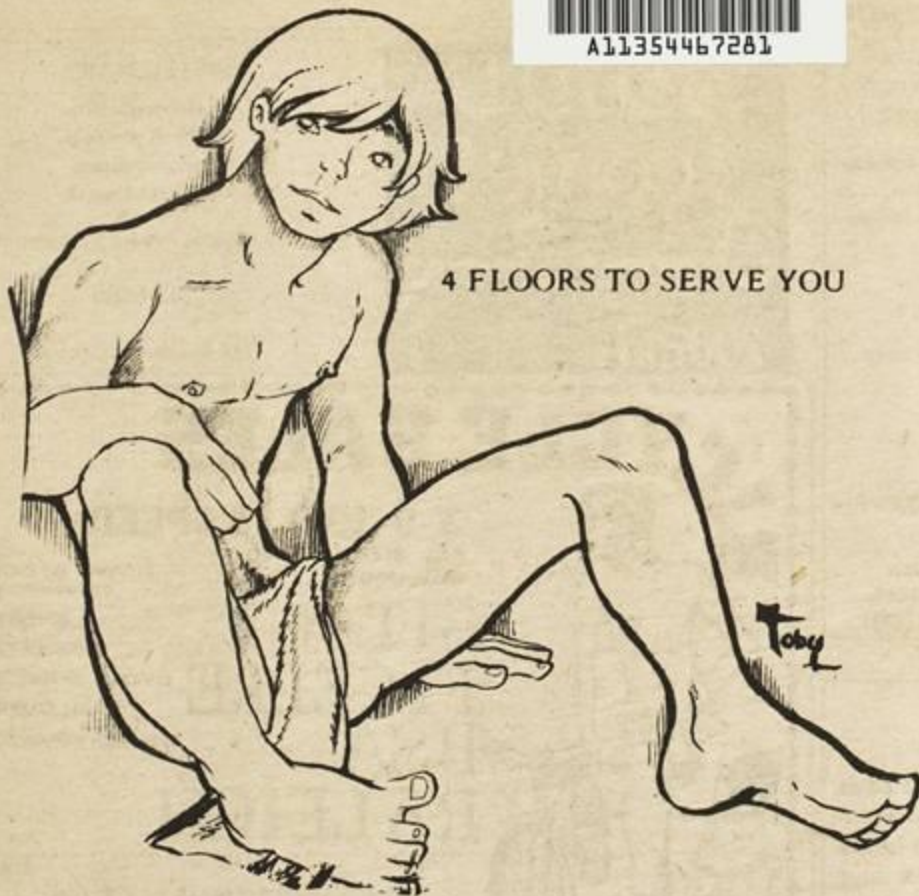
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