

GAY

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JACK PAAR TO HOST GAA ON MARCH 8th

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York, N.Y. In a long rambling phone conversation with the press liaison of the New York Gay Activists Alliance, Jack Paar, the ABC television personality, personally apologized for making what may have been offensive comments about homosexuals. In addition, Paar invited two representatives of GAA-NY—probably a man and a woman—to appear on his nationally syndicated show on March 8.

Paar unexpectedly phoned the Firehouse home of GAA-NY, in response to a provocative—almost threatening—letter to him from Bruce Voeller, president of the gay group. Dr. Voeller accused Paar of managing "to offend and infuriate 20,000,000 American citizens with a barrage of anti-homosexual jokes and innuendoes." He said that the alleged offenses occurred "in the course of a single week," but did not mention any particular remark or time. "This is to put you on notice that you will have to stop," Dr. Voeller warned, specifying January 26 as the deadline for him to recant and offer time on his program "for members of the Gay Liberation Movement to respond to a week's worth of insult and abuse." He did not say what would happen if the deadline were ignored.

It was not more than a week after the specified date that Ron Gold, the GAA press representative, reports receiving a personal phone call from Paar in which the caller agreed that antihomosexual remarks were unseemly material for television and set aside March 8 as the time for homosexuals to present the gay liberation point of view on his show.

Dick Cavett, Paar's rival on CBS, and Grace Johnson, an executive of ABC, for which Paar works, were also recipients of Voeller letters on the same subject, but in a far politer and more conciliatory tone. Dr. Voeller called Cavett's attention to

offensive remarks made by Walter Matthau and by Tony Randall on the Cavett show, and urged the popular television host to exercise the same censorial control over such material that he uses against people insulting any other minority group. Giving Cavett credit for being "obviously uncomfortable on both occasions," Dr. Voeller urged the star to take positive action in such situations. "You'd be quick to cut off anyone who was fast with nigger or kike jokes, wouldn't you?" Dr. Voeller asked, implying that the same indignation ought to be evident for fag or dyke jokes.

Without accusing Cavett of being personally offensive, Dr. Voeller reminded him that "a lot has happened in the gay movement since you last had any of our people on your show," and encouraged him to give air time to new gay groups and to the civil rights legislation that homosexuals have won or are now fighting for.

In his third letter, Dr. Voeller offered to meet Ms. Johnson to suggest planks in an ABC network program-practices code which would end the airing of material offensive to homosexuals. Saying that he had no objection "to humorous remarks or skits dealing with homosexuality," Dr. Voeller went on to specify that "sniggering 'fag' and 'dyke' jokes won't do, nor will the suggestion that the mere fact of homosexuality is hilarious."

The letter explained that the proposed meeting with the ABC vice president would help to establish the "fine line between what is and what is not offensive." Dr. Voeller pointed out that stereotypes that were offensive to blacks many years ago are no longer objectionable in themselves, because the civil rights won by blacks have made those stereotypes satirical of racism instead of the race. Homosexuals, Dr. Voeller said, are in the same

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(Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)

Candidate for City Council, Jim Owles, speaks to assembled friends and well-wishers at a fund-raising party at Uncle Charlie's South.

NATION'S LAST WAR PROTEST INCLUDES GAYS

BY CADE WARE AND PERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C. Chanting "Fags Don't Bomb Dykes!" and "Faggots and Dykes Against the War!", nearly 300 chilly but high-spirited gays marched on the Washington Monument January 20.

Coming overnight from Norfolk, Philadelphia, Newark and even from as far as Ann Arbor, Mich., they marched with their own gay marshals under an official purple and white "GAYS FOR PEACE" banner in the 100,000-strong anti-war protest demonstration timed to share prime TV coverage with President Richard M. Nixon's Inaugural Parade moving slowly toward the White House four blocks away.

Some gay marchers were freaky and far out, others were straight male gay movement types, a few were plain conservative gay men and women. All were happy with the occasion, and they seemed well-received by a vast and relaxed crowd of young and older peace movement people, who later listened to Dr. Franklin Kameny, longtime D.C. gay activist, as part of a platform program of rally speakers.

Organized by the National Peace Action Coalition (NPAC) and the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice (PCJP), the rally drew contingents including farm workers, students, the Sign Now Coalition, and women's liberation groups to a protest fueled by President Nixon's December and January bombing of Hanoi.

At least 30,000 marched at 1 p.m. from the Lincoln Memorial down Consti-

tution Avenue to join the rally at the Monument grounds. The Vietnam Veterans Against the War, as well as the Yippies and the SDS, who each held separate marches earlier in the day, joined the rally, as did numerous Congressmen who boycotted the Nixon Inauguration. Bella Abzug, Sen. Philip Hart (D-Mich.) and Fr. Philip Berrigan also spoke.

The main credit for the gay turnout went to Bill Bricker, president of GAA/DC, who spent the week working independently with the NPAC staff to get gays to Washington and organize the contingent. Gay groups carrying banners were Hold Hands—a newly organized "gay-initiated national unification plan" out of Jersey City, N.J.—Philadelphia GAA, Norfolk GAA, and New Jersey GAA. Former GLF gays, commune gays and university gays, in beards, baubles and beads, also made themselves known.

Enthusiasm for the gay contingent was palpable. Earlier in the week, the PCJP leadership, calling gay liberation "petit bourgeois," opposed inclusion of a gay speaker in the program. After a threatened walkout by NPAC, they backed down. Saturday, to the deep surprise of the gay marchers, many straight demonstrators joined them in chanting GAY POWER as they entered the Monument grounds.

Bella Abzug spoke to the vast crowd which packed the hillside: "Most of us standing here... represent the soul of American democracy.... We are prepared to keep coming back."

Leaving the platform, Bella gave a

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(Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)

Opening Night Backstage of "The White Whore & Bit Player." (l. to r.) Carlton Carpenter, Candy Darling and Elaine Stewart. See page 5.

WHERE WIL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

CODE
 GM—Genital Males
 GF—Genital 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 Sex, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha Palace, mostly Latin. Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV.
Bennie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9204). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/some GM.
Bunk House, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). The defunct Casa. Good luck. GM.
Cah's, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. One of the oldest. GM.
Cave, Bank & Washington Sts. Young leather crowd. Crulry, GM.
Delaney's, 72 Grove St. Good food. Joey still behind the bar. Int.
Feder's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some Int.
Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538). Old establishment under new management. We'll look for the changes. GM.

Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.
Four Eleven, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.
Friby's, 530 Hudson St. (255-9741). Intimate cocktail bar upstairs with a cozy dining room downstairs. My friend Teddy will see that you enjoy. Coverboy Tony Collado is on the stock. GM/GF.

Gay Switchboard (924-4036) Gays servicing gays. New to town? Want to rap? Call.
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.
Kellers, 284 West St. Granddad of the leather bar. Keeping up with the times. Pool and some humpy prospect. GM.

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't encourage GMs. Kookie looks like a poor man's ZsaZsa. GF.
Limehalt, 91 7th Ave. So. Another disco. Nice decor. GM.
Marie's Cris, 59 Grove St. (243-8323). John Michel heads the merriment. Bobby Spolin is on days so there's always a good crowd. Try it. GM.

Meat Rack, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Big, roomy leather bar. Interesting cruising and types. GM.
Mattachine, 59 Christopher St. (691-1066). The new offices are fantastic. Stop in and get an education. Among other services (legal and social) it boasts apartment listings for gays.

Mena's Royal Room, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9577). My Martin has taken over in the kitchen and I suggest you call for a reservation. Joe and Bill still knocking them dead behind the bar with Ronnie White at the keyboard.
One Potete, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Frank has been made mgt. Beautiful Nancy Haskell during afternoons and my Bill and Peter will be there night. GM/GF.

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, crulry. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.
Ramrod, W. 10th St. Leather & Western a la S.F. Sexiest Joe along with Carl and Don will see to libations. Dino is host. GM.

Readhouse, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). The 16 bar in the Village. Jammed any night of the week. Go and have a good time. GM.
Sammy's Peety, E. 13th St. near 9th Ave. (675-9840). Opposite piano bar. Leah is your host. GM.
Soho Strawberry, Bleecker and B'way (254-1760). Huge disco. We'll see what happens with this one too. GM/GF.

Sugar's, 185 W. 10th St. (675-9477). Stella is on the bar and that makes it worth the trip. GM.
Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Snack shop, crulry afternoons; find out what is happening all over the Village. GM/Int.

Ty's, 144 Christopher St. Right on bar, San Francisco decor. Humpy Jim and Ed are there nights. Brother Doric during the day. 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.
West Side Discussion Group, W. 14th St. (across from the old Triangle). For over a decade, helping gays. Free VD tests. Just started a theatre group. Interesting people. Try it. GM/GF.

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES
Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Mr. Clean must work here. Dynamic people in an open setting. You'll find someone here. Confidential VD tests Thursdays, 9-9 p.m. Half price for students. GM.
Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists.
McSorely's Ais House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9343). Was very crulry when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. 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
Barn, 232 Park Ave. So. (19th St.) (473-9080). Bringing leather to the east side. Lots of room. Reminds me of L.A. Neffy is your host, with Steve, Tiger and Sky doing the honors behind the bar. GM.
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. Crulry bar; Say hello to Thom and Jack nights, and Chuck and Gene days. GM.
Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM.
Ueste Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. (684-2170). By gays for gays. Always jammed. Truly more of a club than a bar. Bob and Jerry deserve all the success they are attaining. GM.

CHELSEA
Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hassle the management or yourself. This is for leather people only. GM.
Gianni's, 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.) Humpy stud come here to relax and groove. GM.

SOHO
Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, 99 Wooster 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 (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (DJ/R) to Broadway/Lafayette; 5th (RR) to Prince; 4th 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 the 11th floor. Fantastic for a matinee. Lots of humpy businessmen on the prowl. Free VD tests 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of the month—4pm to 8pm. GM.
Candy Stars, 44 W. 56th St. (81-4664). Spiral staircase that can burn you on. Some beautiful jackets required. GM.
Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not at grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch(?!). GM.
Godmother, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9094). Sebastian is here and Pussy is with him. Dins. GM.
Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290). Girls' dancing bar. The best of its kind. Say hello to Jim, Ellie and Lois. GF/some GM.

Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 9-9259). Good food at a good price. They're laughing out of their closets. Int.
Regent of Tokyo, 251 E. 53rd St. Japanese restaurant. Uegant. GM.
Ronnie's Supper Club, 324 E. 49th St. Another elegant eatery. Charles De Forest at the keyboard. Jackets are a must. GM.
Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310). First N.Y. disco. Bigger dance floor came with new decor. La Fleur is still here. GM/GF.

Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM.
Sebastians, 1068 1st Ave. (355-6052). My favorite Joey has been added. Along with John on the floor and Bill in the kitchen, Sebastian has a popular place. GM.
Singles, 951 1st Ave. (486-9822). Johnny Vincent is your host. Fine food and a lot of fun. Say hello to Phyllis and Bobby. GM/GF.
Sire's, 98 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-8059). Alan is the host. My man Sam along with Ralph will take care of your drinks. GM.
Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. (PL 5-1955). Humpy help and good food. Ken is here as your host. GM.

Walter's Apartment, 1068 2nd Ave. (271-3374). Wild illusion of a penthouse overlooking NYC. The best manager in town, Tom, has added Bobby Marino to the staff. A definite winner. 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, 116 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM.

BRONX
Apartment, 508 Willis Ave. (So. Bronx). I found it hard to believe but there it is.
Chaz Bippy, 2207 Boller Ave. (379-9407). Brand new. Catching on. My old friend Kathy is your hostess. Go and say hi. GM/GF.
Faet's, Jerome Ave. at 179th St. Another one hard to believe the Bronx is coming out to.

QUEENS
Alley, 7405 37th Ave., Jackson Hts. (429-8879). My baby, Greg, is behind the bar. GM.
Betsy Ross Room, 73-13 37th Road, Jackson Heights (429-8600). Friendly dance bar. It really hops on weekends. Beautiful Jimmy, Big Vinny and Bobby will tend to your needs. GM/GF.
Golden Note, 74-24 37th Ave., Jackson Heights (429-8827). Tom is on the bar but I felt that I was in a giant padded cell. GM.
Sombrero, 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.
Trysling Place, 120-31 83rd Ave., Kew Gardens (846-8922). It's gone disco in a big way. Richie really did a good job. Say hello. GM.
What A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave. (429-8249). Despite what you may have read elsewhere, it's tres gay. Very crulry. Chat manages things for Don and Vinnie. A hump named Steve is behind the bar. GM.

WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.
Mister G's Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208, Washingtonville (914 496-9845). 25 acres of good times. They will be open all year round. GM.
GAY CINEMA
David, 236 W. 55th St.
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Ave.
Jewels Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.
Park-Miller, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-3970)
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

UPPER EAST SIDE
Ailibi, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Show nights are Mon. & Wed. with the sparkling Ms. Saunders. Dancing. GM/GF.
Country Cowin, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). 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.
Forest, 1436 3rd Ave. (744-9872). Interesting decor. Frank is on days and Jerry nights. Disco. GM.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Cruise haven. Say hello to Johnny and George. Grandma's there days. Your hostess is Judy. GM.
Jack & Blue at Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (724-9303). New management has brought humpy 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). First New York supper club. Exciting food and drink along with fine entertainment. GM/GF.
Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). What more can you say when you say GYPSY? An incredible talent. The beauty behind the bar is Eddie. GM.
Pipe's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9205). Dancing & crulry. Tony Black and Bill Laney are on the bar. Say hello to Mickey. GM.
Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132). Crulry help and crulry patrons. Good crowds. GM.

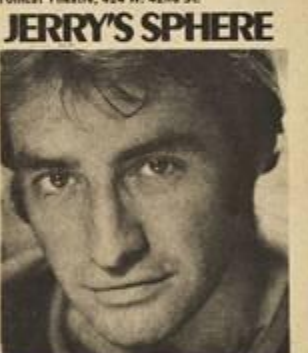
UPPER WEST SIDE
Bike Stop, 230 W. 75th St. (874-9014). New entry. Looks like fun. GM.
Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (789-2688). More than a bath-house. It's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students 1/2-price with I.D. cards. GM.
Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-8032). Good crulry and friendly. Try it. GM.
Westsider, 2160 Broadway (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Bryan Murphy and the Westsiders provide the entertainment. GM.

UPTOWN
Andre's, 125th & 8th Ave. Crowded bar. Black is beautiful and gay here. GM.
Chrysal Ballroom, 125th St. & 8th Ave. Another gay bar for this neighborhood. GM.
Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GM/G.
Gold Rail, 2530 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.
MI. Morris Baths, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM.
Pauline's Intertube, 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.
Gracie's Mandolin, Henry & Clark Sts., Blyth, Hgts. I hear it's doing quite well. GM.
Mae's Country, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (824-1362). Masculine atmosphere for masculine GMs. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM.
Monte's of Henry St., Bklyn. Hgts. Another new entry. 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.

why, GM
Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (546-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beautiful. 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 roundup. GM.
Guided Grape, 719 8th Ave. New disco in this part of town. Some familiar faces and some wild boys on the dance floor. GM.
Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.H. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.
Joe Albee, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.
Loading Zone, 585 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM(?)
Penny Lane, 220 W. 49th St. Reminded me of the old Kelly's. Some goodlooking kids. Say hello to Chob Chob. GM.
Tijuana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. Lots of Latin talent hangs in here. Don is the singing bartender. Ms. Dawn Hampton's vocalizing has to be heard. She gets better and better. A winner. GM.

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Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs

JERRY'S SPHERE
BY JERRY FITZPATRICK
 "I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS THE MATTER WITH THE GAY COMMUNITY." So said Bob Sloate upon leaving UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH after the Jim Owles benefit last Sat. Bob had donated the room for the event that was so poorly attended I was embarrassed. Apparently, Jim was right when he said that, "The most flak I can expect will come from the gay community." Carol Greitzer must be laughing up her Council's sleeve. Many thanks to Joey Cord and Nancy Parker.
 "MANY HAVE SOUGHT PSYCHIATRIC CARE AND HAVE RECEIVED HELP." So said Edwin Newman on N.Y. Illustrated on NBC, last night's treatment on GAY LIBERATION. The half-hour went smoothly and swiftly. The black woman from Ms. magazine and GAA's president Bruce Voeller were the most articulate, perhaps, because they were given the most time. I'm sure that my Aunt Tillie must have shrieked at the tube for allowing her to see men dancing with men and two women kissing, not in friendship but "with love." My only moment of horror was over the opening quote of this paragraph. I don't know how many gays have received help from a shrink and I don't know if Newman meant it to sound so ominous, but I for one prefer to seek "help" from myself and certainly not for my sexual orientation.
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THE EDITORS SPEAK



Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs

NEW DIRECTIONS

Last weekend we spent an evening with Dr. Franklin E. Kamenny, a man we've long considered one of the gay liberation movement's most forceful activists. Dr. Kamenny was the first homosexually-inclined person to run for Congress (1971), the founder/President of the Mattachine Society of Washington (1961), and the first homosexually-inclined person to fight against the anti-homosexual policies of the U.S. Government. Today, he is the nation's foremost expert on homosexuality and government.

Since we had worked closely with Dr. Kamenny through the sixties, but have seldom enjoyed a quiet opportunity to have discussions with him in recent years, it was exciting to zero in on his perspective of what is now happening to the gay liberation movement in the U.S.A. Recent trips into Middle America have also given us our own newly developing perspective, one which will, no doubt, reflect itself in GAY's pages during the coming months.

Kamenny is convinced, it seems, that politics is the wave of the future on the gay lib front. His own campaign, waged on such a high level that he commanded the respectful attention of Washington, D.C. society and the capital's three major newspapers, blazed the trail. Those who have seen GAY regularly are aware that the number of campaigns waged by other homosexually-inclined people in various parts of the nation are on the upswing.

Last week's *Newsweek* magazine carried an article detailing political developments in the gay communities. Certainly the presence of homosexually-inclined delegates with platform proposals for 1972's Democratic National Convention and public admonitions at the Republican National Convention that same year were of historic importance.

Now, Jim Owles and Charles Choset are running for seats on the City Council in Manhattan.

While the "zap" has not yet disappeared from the scene as an effective measure against institutionalized discrimination, many gay liberation groups—such as the Mattachine Society of New York—are engaged in what we respectfully call *consolidation work*. Although this type of work is hardly flashy in the same sense as a "zap," it is, nevertheless, the kind of development of which our gay communities can be proud. Work with lonely gay prisoners; establishing contacts with them, making it easier for them when they're released. Work with the blind. Dialogues with psychiatrists, churchmen, and other leggers. Communicating with police, and setting up regular meetings between Greenwich Village police and interested members of the gay community. Bridges to understanding.

Gay Liberation is now a suburban affair. A large group has sprung up in Westchester County with up to 75 people attending weekly meetings.

Gay Liberation groups are working together effectively on the state level for the first time. Witness the cooperation between such groups throughout New Jersey. New York, too, has developed statewide coalitions. So has Michigan. This is an encouraging sign.

But more encouraging to us than anything else has been the absorption of gay lib sensitivities by large masses of homosexually-inclined people in even the most remote areas of the nation. College groups, filled with bright young men and women, have been formed almost everywhere, and their members are bringing good vibes back to the communities where they once lived. It is no longer chic to say anything disparaging about one's own sexual inclinations. While this might seem basic to many, who is there in the over-30 set who does not remember the self-deprecating humor and the half-belief in our capacity for love which was once so common to gays everywhere?

Gay Liberation is taking on a more personal tone nowadays, we think, as liberation movements everywhere. People are realizing that they must start with *themselves* to liberate others. Our communities everywhere are beginning to *put into practice* that self-awareness which the initial phases of the Movement inspired.

It is in this direction—the personal—that GAY, now in its fourth year of publishing, will wander. New adventures are in store for all of us. And they will be exciting ones.



Publisher
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JACK PAAR TO HOST GAA ON MARCH 8th

(continued from page 1)

situation that blacks were in before the advent of antidiscrimination legislation. Characterizations that homosexuals today find demeaning may in the future—after social and political advances by gay liberation—become humor acceptable to all. "Greater caution is needed at present to

avoid giving offense," Dr. Voeller concluded, implying that he was not calling for a permanent establishment of censorship, but rather suggesting guidelines that would wither away as conditions changed in society.

NATION'S LAST WAR PROTEST INCLUDES GAYS



The official banner moves down Constitution Ave.



Gay war protesters chant "Come Out Now!"

(continued from page 1)

statement to GAY: "Gays have a role to play in American politics," she said. "Today we must build a coalition of all forward-looking American groups—and especially the less powerful groups—to seek social justice on many fronts—fair housing, nutrition, equal employment opportunities, education, to name a few. All under-represented minority groups have a part to play in this effort—gays included." Intent and declarative, gay speaker Dr. Franklin Kameny got careful attention: "The evolution of this war illustrates failings of our government to which we, as gays, are particularly sensitive—the singular ability of our government to use an alleged adherence to the highest ideals and moral purposes, as a device for the callous imposition of the worst of abuse and oppression, and for the visiting upon helpless victims of the most inhumane of atrocities in the name of some kind of alleged concern for their welfare. Gays have been the victims of this kind of thing for many years now, as our government has waged an unrelenting and merciless war against us. . . .

"We in the gay community are especially sensitive through the kind of allega-

tions, attributions, stereotypes and characterizations to which we are subjected, to the exaggerated concept of so-called masculinity which makes a virtue out of force, a vice out of compromise, defines honor as aggression and dominance, and cannot live with anything short of total, unconditional, unreasoning victory—all that goes with what has been called *machismo* and sexism. It can be glossed over with such fine-sounding phrases as 'peace with honor,' but it really means: Do it our way, or be bombed off the earth. . . ."

Their point was made. The gay paraders trickled away slowly in the cold afternoon, leaving Washington to toast Nixon without them.

Subscribe to GAY

"IT IS HARD TO BE GAY IN JAIL!"

San Francisco, Calif. Personnel drive a wedge between various groups in prison; by dividing them, prisoners are kept under control. Loneliness is the worst feature of prison life for gays.



Paul Mariah and Jim Fauratt

These were two of several themes discussed at Bethany Methodist Church in the Noe Valley on January 28. The well-attended meeting was called by Join Hands, a gay organization that works with prisoners. It was billed as "An Afternoon of Solidarity With Gay Men in Prison."

Featured as main speakers were poet Paul Mariah who recalled his experience in Cook County (Ill.) Jail and Jim Fauratt who told of conditions in the Dallas County Jail.

"The horrible thing about being in jail is being alone—wanting other gay people around," said Fauratt. "It took away all the illusions I ever had and showed me where fascism comes from."

Citing examples of the "terrorization" used, Fauratt told the audience that:

"If a gay person is caught in a homosexual act in the passive position, he is labeled as instigator of the act and is sent to 'the hole' for an additional 30 days."

"That visiting clergy to prisons snitch to jailers if prison personnel are unaware that someone in their custody is gay. A letter is also sent to the family informing them that their son is a homosexual."

"That when a 'love letter' to a prisoner is received from the outside, it is read throughout the cells by personnel over the loudspeaker with both the addressor and addressee named."

On another theme, "corrections" officers, said Fauratt, "manipulate the contradictions (e.g., black/white, homosexual/heterosexual, male/female) between groups to keep them under control." When a gay is called to authority for conference, jailers pass the word that he is snitching on someone. "The attitude in jail is clear that faggots are snitches," he related. "The only prisoner at Attica killed by another prisoner was accused of being gay."

Other points made by Fauratt were that prisoners must sell their bodies because of the small monetary allotment allowed them and that gays cannot become trustees in Dallas and elsewhere.

"Gay consciousness in jail marks you as a woman, a punk," he said. When arrested on a possession of marijuana charge, Fauratt was carrying gay lib literature in his '70 V.W. van. The van, which was completely paid for, was taken from him and is now in the hands of the wife

of a Dallas police officer, he said. *Gay Sunshine* contends that the arrest was political. "The actual reason for his original arrest," states the publication in its current issue, (is) "that he was a revolutionary gay helping to form a gay lib group in Texas and was carrying with him copies of the (underground) *Iconoclast*."

Because Texas law calls for up to life in prison for possessing even a small amount of marijuana, there are many freaks in the Lone Star state prisons and even they are regarded as "faggots" by the rednecks, Fauratt added.

He urged the audience to "dispel the kinds of ideas you have about prisoners" and concluded that "we must eliminate prisons."

Paul Mariah read some of his poetry, for which he is perhaps best known. He related having a Puerto Rican lover while in prison. "Most of the other prisoners were jealous and hated us because we were actually able to love each other." Mariah took pride in the fact that the reading level of his relationship had augmented from the ninth grade level to that of a sophomore in college in two years and that his vocabulary increased 100 per cent. "Mentally, you are not confined if you have books to open your mind."

Elaborating on his experiences, Mariah said that the one who scores first sexually by offering cigarettes and candy bars "is regarded as a hero, the superman in prison." He added that most of the fights, knifings and killings in prison are over sexual matters.

Mariah was reared in the "Little Dixie" area of southern Illinois, a region further south than Richmond. He attended Southern Illinois University and became a teacher in Chicago. He said he was classified as a "sexually dangerous" person. "When I came out as a militant prisoner, most of the queens put me down." Mariah is also helping to complete data on the latest Kinsey Report.

Gay activist Don Jackson told the audience that the prison situation varies throughout the nation. "In some situations," he said, "homosexuals are used as a means of control to calm (hetero) prisoners."

A drag queen who formerly hustled on the streets of Boston, Anthony Marino, said that "there is a lot of solidarity among drag queens in jails because of the sexist attitudes of most gay men."

Although Join Hands is one of the smallest gay groups in San Francisco, the meeting attracted more than twice the number of people that usually attend a membership meeting of the Society for Individual Rights, the city's largest homophile organization. Among those attending was a visitor from Paris, Corine Blanc, of *Front Homosexuel d'Action Revolutionnaire*. She is gathering information on communes and lesbian groups in Berkeley and San Francisco.

Preceding Fauratt and Mariah was a spokesman from Join Hands, Michael Kraus. He said that the fantasies of prisoners, racism, sex roles, indeterminate sentencing and harassment by guards has been an "incredible awakening for us" while noting that "none of us has ever spent time in the joint."

He pointed out, however, that some prisoners are "not ready or able to live on the outside."

Kraus told participants that the political targets of Join Hands are the California Adult Authority and the Department of Corrections. The aims of the organization are (1) give support to those who want to resist and (2) unite with other prison groups and press for change.

Join Hands symbolizes a recent trend whereby gays have split off from hetero-dominated prison organizations and formed their own groups.

At the founding convention of the California Prisoners Union held at Los Angeles in 1970, the gay candidate for its

(continued on page 8)

I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

I'm Really Quite Fond of You Boys

BY VITO RUSSO

Well, enough bitching and moaning about nothing to write. This week there's too much. Bette Davis drove down from Westport last week to appear at Town Hall. It was quite a night, though I can't say all of it was a pleasure. The best part of the evening was the first half during which we saw film clips from her movies. Of course, you couldn't hear a line of dialogue due to the carrying on and applause, but it was nice to see all those old moments, especially from *Now Voyager* with that wonderful Max Steiner music. The big disappointment came when the lady herself appeared and it was not in her, but in the audience. This is the audience that booted a film clip from *Catered Affair* when Debbie Reynolds appeared—the same Debbie Reynolds they will soon pay a fortune to see in *Irene*. OK, so I've established the kind of cheap, chic hypocrisy I'm talking about. They were bad enough during the films; when she appeared in person they were impossible. You'd have thought that Bette Davis had come to see them. It was a zoo. Now, let's not get this wrong. I'm not complaining about the "faggots" in the sense that people were being themselves, only in the sense that "faggot" means, darkey, step 'n' fetch it, hypocrite. They screamed at her, they screamed at each other, they interrupted her mid-sentence, they fought with each other, insulted each other and themselves and did it all shamelessly as if it were all they knew how to do. The most pathetic part of the evening came when the famous "gay liberation" question arose. The question was simply: "Is there any truth to the rumor that you support the Gay Liberation Movement?" Now, in its proper perspective, I will agree that the question, under ideal circumstances, ideal mind you, would be totally irrelevant, out of order and beside the point. However, these circumstances were not ideal. They were far from it. We're dealing with a woman who, like it or not, has a large homosexual following. That following, admitted or not, is an oppressed minority in this country. That audience was 75% homosexual. Well, you'd have thought someone had asked her to endorse a douche. All those homosexuals hissed the man who asked the question. How dare he ask her a question connected with that filthy thing called our lives and how we live them? The answer came: "No. I'm not agin' it but I don't feel there's a place for me in it." On the word "no," those homosexuals cheered and applauded. Does anybody realize the implications of that? They were applauding someone who just copped out on dealing with their existence. There they were, in front of her, denying that they were there. If that audience had been 75% black and that answer had been in response to a basic question of support for civil rights, do you think they'd have applauded? Do you think the answer would have been the same? Bet your ass. And do you know why? It is because people like Bette Davis know that gay people are



Bette Davis at Town Hall

(Photo by Eric Steinhilber-Jacobs)

sniveling little invisibilities that they can deny publicly and get away with it. If that audience had booted that answer, it would have been different next time. It is because of her answer that the question is relevant. When gay people begin to stand up for the lives they live the question will become idiotic. So long as we have creatures like the one who turned to his friend and said, "I think it's terrible how some people air their dirty laundry in public," it will continue to be necessary to ask such questions, if only to show people like him that not all gay people are cheap imitation human beings, hiding behind a class system and using their adopted sense of moral outrage against themselves instead of the world which has created monsters like them.

Well, while I'm at it, there is a card and gift shop on Bleecker Street called the Gift Arbor. It is very lovely and frequented by many gay people in the neighborhood. I passed there this week and in the window is a heart with a male and female symbol dangling in front of it. Since when is Valentine's Day a strictly heterosexual holiday? Is it too much to ask that simple little everyday reinforcements like that which are subtle and telling include my love too? After all, I do exist, you know, and my love is just as valid as anybody else's. It may seem petty but that's the kind of constant denial of our existence that prompts people to think that our love is "dirty laundry" not to be aired anywhere, either at Town Hall or in a card shop window.

I was frankly never much for the Warhol Superstar crowd. I didn't like *Trash* very much, thought that Holly Woodlawn could have been any one of a number of people doing their routine on a Christopher Street stoop and still think that this practice of "creating" superstars is basi-



Candy Darling

(Photo by Eric Steinhilber-Jacobs)

more. The story, which is not so much ambiguous as it is misleading, is concerned with a blonde actress and her repressed counter-self battling it out during her last moments before death in an asylum. The whore is Candy Darling and the nun is Hortensia Colorado. They play against each other with a fury, dissecting the truth about their careers and lives in perfect counterpoint. Candy has the edge, though, because her role allows her the freedom to cloak a lot of the sadness she feels in wistful, breathless humor, which she does very well. She is smart enough to lean heavily on the innocent sexuality and lightly on the despair. She knows her limitations. Anyone who can read a line

like, "I missed mass for six years on account of my shooting schedule," and get not only a laugh but a sigh for the unspoken awareness she projects is a serious person to deal with for future prospects.

Backstage, after the show, in spite of Sylvia Miles whining outside the dressing room door about hurrying up or we'll be late, I managed to see Candy for a few moments. She's quite a gal. Posting for photographs with Ellen Stewart, she acknowledges a dozen roses from Blood, Sweet & Tears ("Who're they?") and tells me that her next project will be the Paul Morrissey-Carlo Ponti production of *Dracula* which starts shooting in Rome in a few weeks. Does she want to do a de-glamorized role like *The Country Girl*? "Yes, but I think people need a little Marilyn Monroe right now, don't you?" Yes, yes, I do. And I take more than a little pride and comfort in the fact that she does it better—better than anyone else. She grabs a book she's reading, *Blonde Trouble* ("It's about some mousey brownette who gets herself into trouble"), and flies out the door yelling, "Get my number from Celebrity Service—it's only five dollars." Yeah, I guess we do need a little Marilyn Monroe right now, but chances are when we want the Country Girl, Miss Candy Darling will be quite capable of providing her.

For those of us into musical theater, the greatest show on earth is arriving at the Shubert Theatre on March 11th. Not Ringling Brothers—but *A Musical Tribute to Stephen Sondheim*. Sondheim is the man responsible for what I consider to be the only few glimpses of honesty in American Musical Theatre. He alone has had the talent and courage to deal with real feelings in commercial productions—a far cry from the Jerry Herman *Hello, Mama-Deer-World* where we can sit and play "match up the lyrics" for hours on end. The evening, produced by Kurt Peterson, Craig Zadan and Neil Appelbaum will consist of songs from Sondheim musicals sung by those who originated them on stage. Angela Lansbury will sing songs from *Anyone Can Whistle*, Elaine Stritch from *Company*, Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert and Chita Rivera from *West Side Story*, Phil Silvers and Zero Mostel from *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum*, Alexis Smith, Dorothy Collins and Ethel Stutta from *Follies* and of course Ethel Merman who, in addition to re-creating *Mama Rose* from *Gypsy*, will sing "I'm Still Here" from *Follies* which in itself should bring down the house. Go—it won't happen again in your lifetime.

John Avildson's *Score The Tiger* is a very good film. Not because of what it does but because of what it leads you to do for yourself. Jack Lemmon plays Harry Stoner, garment industry mogul who fights dirty to save his business—and his illusions of the past. Life has been good to Harry but it's been rough; rough because (continued on page 15)

Begin at Start

BY JACK NICHOLS

Unless today's reader is content to ignore the best seller lists compiled by tycoon money changers, and to search independently through the wilderness of publishing for avant garde thoughts and treatises, it's not likely that he or she will absorb anything more than current fads issuing from the demoralized desks of zombies who are dictated to by the Almighty Dollar.

Personally, I've long been intrigued by books whose authors have struggled a bit to get them into print. Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, for example, was first published in a limited edition at the author's own expense. Later, a Boston publisher accepted the challenge of printing another edition, but then backed out under pressure from establishment powers.

About a year ago I picked up a booklet containing the first essays on "men's liberation" I'd ever seen. It was published by *Times Change Press* and titled *Unbecoming Men*. Lige Clarke and I reviewed this booklet favorably in *SCREW* and henceforth we kept our eyes on *Times Change Press*, a small outfit in Washington, New Jersey. The folks at *Times Change* hoped, we discovered, to make a contribution toward a freer culture and except for nominal salaries and repayment of debts, all of their money has been going toward the production of more material. They've described themselves as "little people" in publishing—but have been trying, nevertheless, to compete as best as they could with the slick realities of hardback/paperback formats and the demands of distribution and retail sales.

Their most recent publishing venture is a 174-page book called *Begin At Start* by a fascinating young woman, Su Negrin. I've never as yet met Su Negrin, but I'm sure, after familiarizing myself with her thoughts, that any contact with her would expand my consciousness appreciably. *Begin At Start* addresses itself to every person whose mind has been bogged and frustrated by the failing strength of those liberation movements that seem to have been scattered and split as effectively as their adherents. It is an adventure in creative thinking which restores to you and me—the individual—the responsibility for maintaining and magnifying our own freedom-to-be. It is a book which tells one as few books do, how and where to begin. It provides a starting point—fundamentals, so that one's level of activity, whatever it may be, is directed from within himself to those things affecting him most: his own survival, his own unfreedom, his day-to-day personal existence.

Su Negrin demonstrates as no previous writer I've read has done, that political activity need not be "zap" oriented, power-mad or vote-crazy. She puts political responsibility where it really belongs: in the intimate relationships of our everyday lives. She makes us aware of how we are dominated and dictated to by our social conditioning and how, if we will, we can throw off the strangleholds of such domination and move toward that much-talked-about but seldom-achieved state we call *being ourselves*.

Begin At Start is a sterling handbook for anyone struggling to make sense of the inconstancy of our everyday world.

For those who hoped to follow a direct line to Utopia after the cultural eruption instigated by hippiedom in 1967; for those who longed for a bigger, better and stronger women's and gay liberation movement; for those whose optimism was pinned to the political fortunes of Senator McGovern and who were counting on the mystic forces of Nixon to overcome the power politics of libertarian prudery, *Begin At Start* should be more than just a returning flash of optimism. It is a book filled with the honest visions of a woman who is aware in the most extraordinary ways of why liberation movements now need a corresponding liberation in the individuals who comprise them, or in the personal lives of the public at large. "The political is personal," she writes, and the personal is political because a change in the intimate power relationships of our everyday lives is necessary for a free world. Thus, *Begin At Start* invites us to an examination of our own lives—and by doing so, urges us onward to that state where we are forever becoming ourselves.

In one chapter, which is worth the price of the book alone, she explains what it feels like to be dominated. I have chosen just a few of her thoughts from this chapter to give the flavor of her liberatory power. She says:

Being dominated feels like always wondering if I did the right thing.
Being dominated feels like worrying how I look when somebody's coming over.
Being dominated feels like staging along instead of singing.
Being dominated feels like needing someone instead of loving her (or him).
Being dominated feels like wanting to go to Temple University and having to go to City College.
Being dominated feels like being good at school instead of finding out what I wanted to know.
Being dominated feels like not knowing that something I read or something even that I say myself, pertains to me.
Being dominated feels like cringing when my companion playfully hits me, instead of playfully hitting back.
Being dominated feels like losing that great feeling of being the center of the universe I had when I was a kid.

I'd very much like to see Ms. Negrin's approach to women's liberation, gay liberation or any "liberation" absorbed not only by those active in the movements, but by those who identify with the dominated groups they represent.

She says that it's necessary for us, as gays, as women, as blacks, to clearly see our categorial domination, to become aware of it so that we don't blame ourselves or those in our category for what



Cooking for themselves



A photo from "Begin at Start" shows free behavior in its early stages.

are really society's tyrannical tirades: particularly those which affect us personally. As a woman, she writes, she has come to value the "category" of Women's Liberation, just as I—a homosexually-inclined person—have come to value the category of Gay Liberation for similar reasons. But, she says,

categories have their limitations. Even if we could eliminate categorial hierarchies ("the most oppressed") I still think we might do well to eliminate categorial conceptualization itself, because the subtleties of domination contract or transcend the categories more often than they remain within them. I would like to see categorial forms of domination solidated as much as necessary and then immediately transcended—absorbed (but not lost) into our conception of the whole. Clinging to categories (like Gay Liberation or Women's Liberation) inhibits further development. It is also used to build and manipulate power. Sometimes, also, the discovery of their oppression is the only source of distinction for some people, so they cling to this special attention....

But the biggest reason for transcending categories, says Su Negrin, is that only domination as a whole system is real. "The categories," she says, "are only part of the reality. If my situation relates to a part, I need to know it. But I can't risk the danger of thinking that the part is the whole thing." Bravo!

In concise, straightforward language, Su Negrin has clarified some basic issues revolving around the question of gay liberation. A sample:

Gay Liberation, arising out of the needs of gay people to assert the integrity of their existence, soon blew the lid off sexual politics. It heightened the revelations of Women's Liberation and brought consciousness to another, more fundamental level—from male/female to straight/gay. Gay Liberation first concentrated on further developing the insights about sexual stereotyping—what seemed a bottomless pit of revelation. Sexual stereotyping more and more appeared as the most pervasive and the most limiting of human afflictions, the most repressive of all aspects of socialization (except maybe for the distinction between "humans and nature"). This involves sexual stereotyping beyond biological definitions—it involves sex as role defining, activity defining, life-defining. The revelations of Gay Liberation necessarily lead to a widespread re-examination of nothing less than the nature and potential of human beings stripped of all the convenient preconceptions of socialization.

Begin At Start deals not only with basic issues that mutilate people suffering the effects of venomous social afflictions, but it steps refreshingly into a sane,

optimistic framework in which each person can find within himself and his immediate environs the enthusiasm for continuing to expand and extend freedoms the existence of which he's been hoping are not simply a mirage. While *Begin At Start* leaves questions unanswered, it still makes me pointedly aware that the freedoms I love transcend the liberation movements on which some people once thought them dependent. While these movements, once vocal and visible, have become less so, the consolidation of their aims and purposes are continuing on other levels and folks are putting their precepts into practice in their daily lives. *Begin At Start* is, perhaps, one of the most articulate expressions in contemporary literature about how this transformation can take place. It is a prophetic book too, and whether or not I find myself in accord with all of Ms. Negrin's predictions, I am, nevertheless, intrigued and stimulated by them. Her ideas on child-rearing, on test-tube babies, on society's future development are well worth considering.

I recommend *Begin At Start* unreservedly because it is an honest book: the reflections of a woman who is acutely sensitive to the currents of hip culture. Ask for *Begin At Start* at your local bookstore. Remember the publisher: *Times Change Press*. If your local bookstore does not carry the book, recommend to the proprietor that he order it. In the meantime, if you prefer not to wait, order Su Negrin's book directly from *Times Change Press*, Penwell Road, Washington, New Jersey 07882. It costs \$2.45. Ask, when you place your order, for a listing of other books published by this promising entrepreneur.



Curious explorers

The Visit

BY MICKIE BURNS

A n old childhood acquaintance, John Henry, and I were gossiping. We both, in this intense wilderness of Reichian communication, are ravenous for a lesser entertainment. I miss gossiping in New York the way I miss sex in Central City:

"Well, one night these two numbers Philip had gone to college with just rang the downstairs buzzer and the doorman let them come up or whatever happened and Philip was at first kind of interested in reminiscing and what have you with them for a while and asked them if he could even show them around New York one night or something like that. Well, one of them asked Teddy if he could take a shower and dumb Teddy said okay and this number said he had to go down to the car to get his shower stuff or soap to take a shower with I guess and my dear they both went down and came back up with these three hulking duffel bags and these two unbelievable wadded-up sleeping bags and started hunting around for a good spot to stretch them out. These huge filthy things on Philip's and Teddy's all white and cream carpets, can you imagine.

"Then they went into this 'be-cool' and 'hope you don't mind if we crash here for a couple of days' number and proceeded into the bathroom to inject themselves. They were doing speed and they never, never slept, Philip said, the whole time they stayed. And they stayed and stayed. Teddy and Philip were horrified but you know how 'nice' they are, couldn't get up the courage to say no. Well, they drank up all the booze and wore all Teddy's and Philip's clothes whenever they got the feeling, all the while complaining how disgustingly materialistic Teddy and Philip were and how disgustingly establishment. Every once in a while they kept saying 'don't get uptight, if you get uptight just tell us and we'll split' and these numbers knew damn well that Teddy and Philip were too polite to say anything and too afraid of making a scene. The last straw was when they took the stereo out and hocked it and said for Teddy and Philip to be cool about it. Poor Teddy and Philip finally got up their courage and called me up to come over to help throw them out. The two numbers had even had an offer to stay with some other 'old college chum' on Avenue D but after checking it out they decided that Teddy's and Philip's was ever so much nicer even though it was disgustingly establishment. Very un-materialistic people you know. When I got there, Teddy and Philip were both nervous wrecks and just frantic and upset. Speed freaks can really get nasty you know. Love and peace and all that."

"Yes, yes, you don't have to tell me about it. I have been through the same thing as you should well remember. They always want to spend the night and it always runs into six months if you're not unmercifully cruel. Californias in particular have been the scourge of my existence. They think all New Yorkers run some kind of hotel service. Then they always have the nerve to tell you about how they stayed at such and such a mansion hitchhiking through Connecticut and it was sooo much more plush than your meager surroundings, meanwhile criticizing you for getting up in time to go to

work in the morning so you can pay the rent on your little dump that they are presently availing themselves of. Finally I said to the last ones, 'Okay chicks okay, you like people who let it all hang out, all right here it is: Get your goddam smelly little cunts outta here.' Then I threw all their crap out in the hall and down the stairs. They seemed amazed. Totally amazed. They simply could not imagine how their 'pacific' behavior had provoked such a violent reaction. Remember how we used to criticize our parents for being such contradictory hypocrites? Well, our own generation is ten times as inconsistent and hypocritical. Sometimes I feel like I don't belong anywhere with anyone anymore. I feel like an ancient cranky little old lady. I feel a lot more pressure to conform now than I felt when we were in Junior High School, you realize that, John Henry? Like when people say to me, 'You've got to explore alternate lifestyles,' I really know they mean *The Lifestyle*. The. And baby, you've got to buy the whole thing right down the line. Right now my whole life seems run by Peer Group Pressure. Remember Individualism? Remember when I used to try to be myself? I really think that when I get to be 30 everyone under 30 is going to cannibalize me or skin me alive or something. Even men are afraid of being 30 now and women are scared of being over 20."

"My dear, it is all over for you. You are a very old girl. Very soon we shall have to die. We are nearing extinction. Nearer, nearer, sigh... Well, elderly lady, seriously, when you think of it, silly Philip has a right to his Fifth Avenue Apartment and the corollary rights to

owe several hundred dollars to every store in town. Even though you and I don't live like that, we at least respect what Philip is all about. Poor extravagant, flippant, flamboyant Philip. At least we know where he came from. We know why he weighs 200 pounds one month and 100 pounds the next. By the time he got out of school he already owed so much money to the government for student loans that he probably just said to hell with it, I might as well just go ahead and charge the rest of my life away."

"And a 500 per Fifth Avenue pad does help make up for certain other little slights we might mention that Philip has endured that you and I at least bother to take into consideration. You know we don't have as much to prove. We know we still have a lot more to go back home to than Philip. We know, no matter how low down, way down, we get that it's all back there waiting for us."

"Like an affectionate octopus."
 "I remember that time you went home to Peoria with Philip and you said where he lived there were those dingy half dark brown half light brown halls and he lived over an old store."

"His parents still live there, in fact."
 "Well, when you told me that, I knew what that Fifth Avenue apartment was all about. You know that people in Peoria were probably like people in Central City and practically anybody lived in some kind of house. A tract house at least."

"Philip's folks came to New York once. Philip's father looked around and said, 'Hey, kid, where did you get all this stuff?'"

"By the way, have you ever met Teddy's parents, what are they like?"



"Very soon we shall have to die. We are nearing extinction."

"Well, I guess they're pretty well fixed, at least the poor devils always seem to be loaning Teddy lots of money which he and Philip proceed to rush out and buy more mink throws and cushions with. But you know. They're Italian. Brooklyn. Live next door to Teddy's aunt and her family, and across the street from another aunt and her family! Mother's one of those plump little women with one of those pizza queen coiffures. Father's a barly number. Belches manfully a lot."

"And what kind of furniture do they have?"

"Oh, you know. Not quite, actually, but almost covered in plastic. As they say in the trade, 'dominating' the foyer and in front of the portieres leading to the living room is this six-foot fat-assed gold male nymphet that's holding up a lampshade with lots of fringe and prisms. It's sort of got these great glass udders—you know the kind. Then they've got this 'oil' (that rivals the Cyclorama, my dear) of a matador and a bull who's bleeding all over the place because the matador is busy giving him the coup de grace. Let me tell you, the bull's bleeding his guts out right over the sofa. Then that's not all. On the other wall, facing the bullfight, they've got a portrait of Christ also bleeding his guts out on the lap of the Virgin Mary. Lifesize, at least. To complement all this: red wallpaper to pick up the blood tones, flocked, of course. It's all very churchy and S&M. But Teddy's parents sure seem to be proud of it all and no doubt they've got plenty of money invested in it all. Teddy's father has some kind of linoleum business or something, worked his way up."

"Worked his way up from what?"

"Well, you must say at least it's more imaginative than those damn all beige living rooms we grew up in, sweetheart, silly."

"Have Teddy's parents ever seen Their Son's present habitat that they seem to be so naively subsidizing? 'What on earth do they make of all that masculinistic chrome and glass Mies Van de Rohey stuff, not to mention them chic mannish Brown Velvet walls?'"

"Well, darling, it's like this: Teddy's mother has been coming over every Tuesday night for over two years to bring them this cut of lasagna. I was over there last Tuesday talking to Philip and Philip was just sitting there looking very sort of fraternity-boy-on-his-day-off. Early 1960's-ish. You know, an old yellow Brooks oxford cloth button-down and Levi's and Bass Weejeun loafers without socks and a camel Shteland crew neck. The kind of thing that used to wow them at Julius'. Teddy, on the other hand, well, my dear, you've only seen Teddy dressed up, in his relatively conservative maroon velvets, but what you've got to see are these crypto-hippie get-ups Teddy's been wearing around the house lately."

"I never remember Teddy wearing anything outrageous; in fact, I always thought Philip tended to be a little more flamboyant. Why, what was Teddy wearing exactly?"

"Well, to start, he's got one of those cheap Dynel 'Pepe' wigs they're pushing at Bloomingdale's, absolutely the most fake looking thing you've ever seen, and cut-offs with fringe all around each leg and dozens of iron-on patches mostly on the crotch area, rugby socks. Let's see, he

(continued on page 16)

"IT IS HARD TO BE GAY IN JAIL!"

(continued from page 4)

Board of Directors, Paul Mariah, was soundly voted down. This was the beginning of what led to the separation.

Then gays walked out of a general prison conference held at Berkeley in January, 1972 because no gay speakers were allowed.

At a recent conference held at the University of California Medical Center, San Francisco, heterosexuals did not show up at the gay workshop and no gay workshop report was given afterward.

"Other prison groups only tolerate gays by letting them into meetings," says Jackson, "but do not encourage them to participate."

MURDER REVEALS STRANGE PLOT

Philadelphia, Pa. A 1971 murder case which most people in the area had nearly forgotten took on a Truman Capote flavor here on January 24 as a self-confessed murderer accused her former lover, a female psychiatrist, of having persuaded her to commit the execution-style slaying and implicated her in unsuccessful plots against "at least five or six" other people.

Gloria Burnette, 27, pleaded guilty last January 3 to the August 29, 1971 murder of Dr. Leon Weingrad and was called as a witness at a preliminary hearing for her former lover Dr. Lois Farquharson, an osteopathic physician specializing in psychiatry.

Ms. Burnette testified at the hearing that shortly before Dr. Weingrad was shot to death, she and Dr. Farquharson had driven to the Ancora (N.J.) State Hospital in pursuit of another victim—a doctor—whom Dr. Farquharson allegedly wanted killed. Ms. Burnette said Dr. Farquharson had wanted that doctor killed because he supposedly had had her fired from Ancora State Hospital where she had once worked.

Ms. Burnette said she had carried a loaded pistol on that trip (which ended when they could not locate the doctor) and had gotten the weapon after giving the gun store owner where she purchased it the name of former Police Commissioner Frank Rizzo, now mayor of Philadelphia, as a reference.

When asked why she had given Rizzo's name as a reference, Ms. Burnette said she had visited Rizzo, then a candidate, to ask him, in behalf of Dr. Farquharson, to fire a social worker employed by the city. According to Ms. Burnette's testimony, Dr. Farquharson feared the social worker was "going to harm her in some way." Ms. Burnette said she had told now Mayor Rizzo that the social worker was a Communist and had failed to take a loyalty oath.

Ms. Burnette also mentioned two ex-lovers whom she said Dr. Farquharson had wanted murdered.

affair with him. Ms. Burnette said Dr. Farquharson had told her: "Do what you have to do... shoot him through the head."

"I was afraid of her," Ms. Burnette testified. "I was under her control."

Ms. Burnette said she visited Dr. Weingrad the night of August 29, 1971, and accompanied him to the apartment complex parking lot where she shot him.

Asked if she loved Dr. Farquharson, Ms. Burnette replied, "I did at that time but I don't today. She doesn't care about me anymore."

Ms. Burnette was sentenced to a 10-to-20-year prison term last January for the murder after pleading guilty and agreeing to testify as a prosecution witness against Dr. Farquharson. She is now a mental patient at Norristown State Hospital.

Dr. Farquharson, who gave no testimony at the hearing, was bound over for indictment by a grand jury under \$50,000 bail.

SEX BOOKLET STIRS CATHOLICS

BY CADE WARE

Washington, D.C. Things are looking up for gay Catholics, and recent hot controversy between a Cardinal Archbishop and the Jesuit president of Washington's Georgetown University hints that the closet door is inching open even for gay students on Catholic campuses.

Debate erupted when a team of Georgetown medical students wrote and published last fall *Human Sexual Response-Ability*, a 49-page sex education manual for male university students. Supervised by obstetrics professor Dr. Robert Baumiller, S.J., the writers explained in chapter and verse that abortion and birth control are facts of life today and that for certain folk—*mirabile dictu*—homosexuality might even be an alright thing.

In November, Archbishop Patrick Cardinal O'Boyle of Washington attacked the pamphlet for these seeming endorsements. The booklet, he said, "not only fails to give moral guidance but also is potentially dangerous to the spiritual welfare of those for whose benefit it is intended."

Then Georgetown University President, the Very Rev. Robert Henle, S.J., issued a statement saying the pamphlet was a student publication, not a university publication, but that he stood squarely behind the students' right to publish it. Controversy has sputtered on between the office of the Archbishop, who is spiritual pastor of the Washington area, and the university Jesuits, who answer only to the Pope, and it seemed settled for the present on January 23, when Georgetown released the translation of a statement published in Rome by 40 top Catholic educators asserting the independence of Catholic universities from "hierarchical intervention" in campus affairs.

So, despite O'Boyle's ire, the unprecedented booklet remains, and, according to one campus source, has run up a sale of 10,000 copies.

What is the argument all about? After explaining that most young people have some homosexuality in them, the med school writers then make nitty-gritty reference to "another, much smaller group of individuals who adopt homosexuality as a life style." They go on: "But they too deserve a more deliberate examination. Careful reflection might very well indicate that this type of life style is the most honest or healthy for him or her.

On the other hand, a homosexual who is incapacitated by anxiety and fear may be unhealthy, or abnormal, and need help in changing his life style. Individuals should honestly judge their behavior for themselves."

The book then offers some interesting advice to the uptight straight male: "A short-sighted view of what homosexuality is also keeps many, particularly males, from expressing feelings towards others of the same sex. What seems to be the only socially sanctioned contact between two men is clouting each other in an athletic event. We begin to suspect the guy who holds our hand at an evening folk Mass or havdala service. As this sexual falacy goes, men are quick to over-interpret

a touch or warm word from another male as a sign of latent homosexuality. But, in fact, such action may only be one man's way of expressing a close bond of friendship—love, if you will. Although there is no simple refutation of this myth, no clear-cut way of understanding the actions of the other guy, perhaps we should at least consider something other than 'homosexual' as the first label for such behavior."

According to Dr. Baumiller, who spoke with GAY, life for gay students may be getting more open on the Ivy League-style Georgetown campus. But the mood is still close and unventilated.

In any event, *Human Sexual Response-Ability* has set a precedent, and the Archbishop is cooling his heels.

ACTIVIST CHAINS SELF IN INDEPENDENCE HALL

Philadelphia, Pa. The Gay Raiders, headed by Mark Segal, controversial gay activist here, tried to take their grievances to the Supreme Court recently, but found the Court chamber closed for repairs.

Even if Segal and the Raiders had gotten into the chamber, however, they would have been 173 years too late to get a hearing before the Court.

Segal, accompanied by several of the Raiders, showed up at Independence Hall here January 29th, originally planning to handcuff himself to the Defendant's Box in the old Supreme Court chamber, the first home of the highest court in the nation, before the federal capital was relocated to Washington, D.C. in 1800.

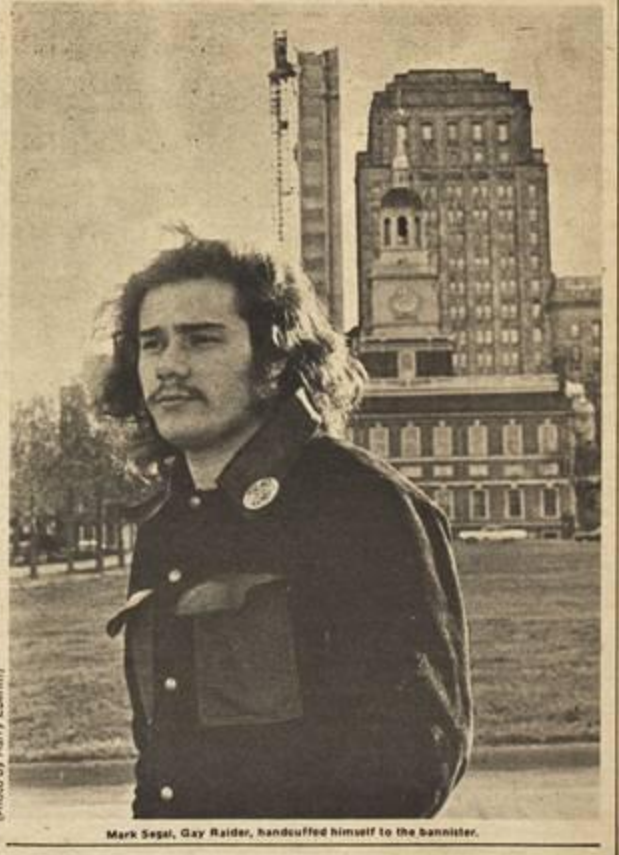
In a last-minute switch, Segal instead handcuffed himself to the bannister on the stairway leading to the second floor of the historic building, directly overlooking the Liberty Bell with its famed inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The Segal "zap" was designed "to stress the point that gay people have no liberty" according to a press release from the Raiders.

The press release also stated that the Supreme Court "has refused to bear the cases (involving gays) when brought before it." During the "zap," Segal cited the recent Court refusal to hear a suit brought by Jack Baker and his lover J. Michael McConnell against Minnesota city officials to obtain a marriage license. Segal said, "The Court has simply refused to hear any case involving the civil rights of gays that comes before it."

Rather ironically, it was while toiling for the funeral procession of Supreme Court Justice John Marshall in 1835 that the Liberty Bell got its famous crack.

Within a few minutes after Segal had handcuffed himself to the stairway, he had been removed from the building by members of the city's Civil Disobedience Unit. He was detained by police for several hours although no charges were pressed.



Mark Segal, Gay Raider, handcuffed himself to the bannister.

Decadent Dick Says:

"I Want a War Just Like the War that Buried Dear Old Dad."

BY DICK LEITSCHE

The Vietnam War is over and I, like everybody else, feel cheated. All that suffering and death, all that money wasted, all those problems created here at home—and all for nothing. America has forgotten how to give a war. Like the furniture at Bloomingdale's, the music on the radio, or the clothing in the men's shops, the Vietnam War was tickey-tack, cheap, sleazy, and a bore.

I don't approve of killing people for political reasons. Politics, like religions, are not worth dying for. Whether Washington or Feking rules Vietnam matters not, and home rule there doesn't mean things will be better for the people; it only means that they will get to vote for those who will oppress them. Every government that ever was, and every one that ever will be, is only an expensive organization to organize wrong-doing, tax those people who behave, and annoy innocent folks.

Silver-tongued orators and clever publicists play upon the emotions of the less intelligent people and work on the secret fears of the insecure to convince them that it really matters whether Republican or Democrat wears the feed bag in Washington, or that the ambitions of a foreign leader conflict with those of our own self-seekers. We're always going to have wars, but dammit, can't they be glamorous? The lesson of Vietnam is that a dull colorless war won't be tolerated by the American people.

My friend Edie, who was also an envious little boy in short pants in those days, and I have decided that the Vietnam war was handled all wrong. Who cares about the issues? You can sell the American public anything if you market it right. But how in hell can you have a war without ration coupons, shortages, U.S.O. clubs, Stage Door Canteens, patriotic movies and depressing songs? Hell, the government furtively sneaked the troops out of California to Vietnam by air instead of marching them around, particularly in New York—where the media is.

And what's a war without Kate Smith selling war bonds, the Andrews Sisters singing "Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree With Anyone Else But Me," or movies like *Three Jills In A Jeep*, *Star Spangled Rhythm* and *So Proudly We Hail*? Does anybody really think Jane Fonda or Barbra Streisand could compete with Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner or, especially, Betty Grable in the pin-up department? Has the whole world become too tacky for another grand war, or is Edie right when he says that the period just before one's own is always the most romantic and exciting?

I remember playing with toy tanks and airplanes while the adults listened to the war news on the radio. I remember Aunt Linda sitting at her upright piano (which was surmounted with a picture of Henry in his naval uniform) while we all sang

oots on the balcony so travel-weary soldiers and sailors could nap. Ty assigned bunks and woke the men up at the times for which they left calls. When someone particularly attractive checked in, Ty circled his name on the sheet and, in slow moments, crept over, stuck his head under the blanket and did his bit for the boy's morale.

I was, as I said, a brat in those days, a five-year-old lecher hiding under the huge, heavily-carved square, grand piano in my aunt's parlor. There cousin Janice and her girl friends entertained the boys they met at the U.S.O. All hobby-sox and padded shoulders (and bras), they jitter-bugged with the men to the tunes of Harry James, Frank Sinatra and the rest, while my aunts stayed discreetly in the kitchen.

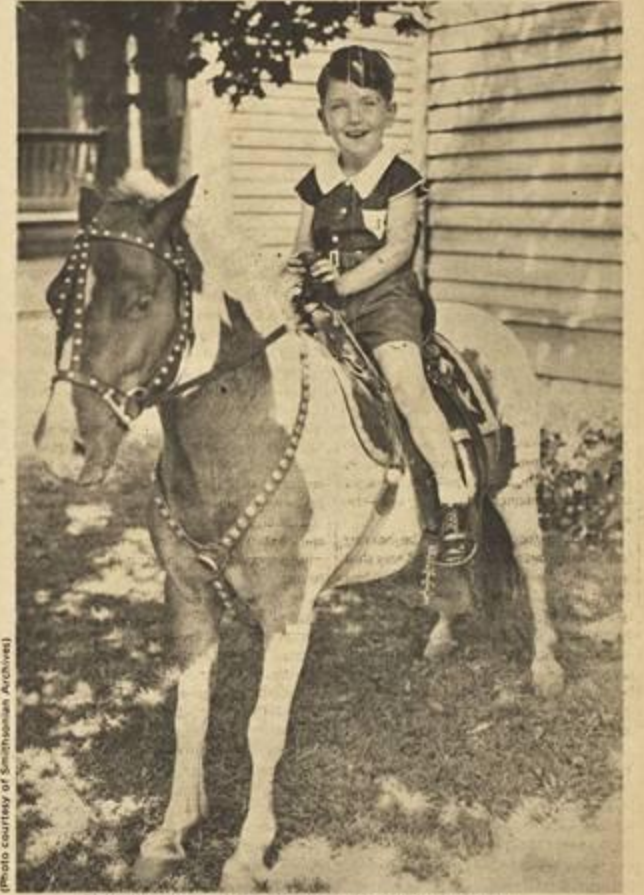
Mostly I remember a sailor named Phillip, whose strong thighs and bulging basket stretched the fabric of his carefully-tailored white bell-bottoms. As he groped at Janice's bosom, that huge would grow, and as it did, my hatred for Janice flourished. If I'd known what a chicken queen was, I'd have prayed God to turn him into one on the spot! As it was, I could only stop Janice from getting what I wanted, and would, brat-like, run screaming to the kitchen, yelling "Aunt Sis! Aunt Sis! Janice is being nasty with the boys!"

The aunts would decide it was time to take more cookies and lemonade into the parlor and would arrive to find everyone dancing civilly. Later Janie would beat on me—a lot!

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Dick Leitsch prepares to lead a battalion in the Spanish-American War.

"Nights are long since you went away, I dream about you all through the day, my buddy... And there was 'Deep In The Heart Of Texas,' 'The White Cliffs of Dover' and 'When The Lights Go On Again All Over The World.' Do families still sing together? Are there families anymore, or have they just become groups of obnoxious strangers who happen to live in the same house, as in television's *An American Family*?"

I remember the little flags in windows with blue stars for boys in the service and gold ones for dead heroes. Gold-star mothers got into movies free, were honored by civic organizations and the Mayor, and were always treated with special reverence and deference.

I also remember a house on our block which had been turned into apartments. One window was full of flags. I couldn't count them, but a friend said there were 47 blue ones and eight gold ones. I knew, of course, that a man lived there alone, and once I told my mother he must have

a lot of sons. She blushed and didn't tell me until years later that he was gay and that all those stars represented tricks and lovers.

Phil came back from Europe with one leg of those fascinatingly tight white bells tucked into his waistband. Like Roger, who had a patch over one eye, Don, who limped badly, and Dennis, who had a hook instead of a hand, Phil was a hero, a demi-god. Businessmen fought to give him a good job, the girls threw themselves at his foot, yearning to be screwed by a hero, and I made myself his slave. I begged to run errands and fetch for him, and always wondered whether his stump hurt. One day he said he did have a twinge in it, so I kissed him full on the mouth, "to make it all better," I said.

That started it. Thereafter I was addicted to the feel of a scratchy feel of beard stubble with my kisses. I went back for more until I was discreetly told that boys don't kiss all that much. Later I

(continued on page 13)

"Couples Night" on David Sussskind

BY RANDY WICKER

Two male and two female gay couples were interviewed on February 5th by David Sussskind. The resulting two-hour program will be broadcast at different times during the next two or three months on forty different television stations. Surveys have shown that the Sussskind Show's viewing audience is in excess of ten million persons.

The taping, done in New York City at WNEW-TV's studios at 205 East 67th Street, featured Barbara Glickman and Sandy Chernick, Dinah Robertson and Nancy Johnson, Jack Baker and Michael McConnell and Eric and Louis who did not give their last names and wore hairpieces to moderately alter their appearances because they feared for their jobs. The session was attended by an overflow audience of nearly two hundred gays, evenly divided between men and women, who at times briefly disrupted Eric and Louis when they expressed distaste for publicly transvestite homosexuals and defended the "dominant-submissive" role-playing aspects of their personal relationship.



David chit chats with the audience.

"Why did you come on the show?" Sussskind commenced.

"We're trying to legitimize the concept of same-sex marriages, offer an alternative to the nuclear family and educate people," Jack Baker responded. His sentiments were then echoed by the others.

Subsequently, all said that their friends included both straights and gays and that their straight friends either accepted them or simply ceased being friends. All had found most heterosexuals accepting of their relationship.

"Acceptance is on a one-to-one basis," Louis observed. "But even my heterosexual friends who are accepting advised me not to appear because it would upset society and cause me problems. My parents are very accepting but they can't be open with their friends about my lover and myself."

"Well, what will close the gap?" Sussskind ventured. "Most people watching think you're sick."

"They created the gap, not us," Nancy Johnson responded. "I've reached the point where I can't tolerate a prejudiced or pig remark about my private life."

"Most people watching should see a psychiatrist," Jack Baker added. "The homophobes have the problem, not us. I pay taxes. The government is not going to put me into a second class status."

"If people found out that we're in the majority, they'd freak out," Dinah Robertson opined. "People today realize they're not whole, they try to get the pieces together. Most of the people I meet turn out to be lesbians."

Several of the panelists took issue with Ms. Robertson's contention that gays were in the majority.

Barbara Glickman said she and her lover Sandra raised kids and therefore came into contact with a lot of heterosexual couples. Since she had been featured in a New York Times article entitled "Lesbians Who Try To Be Good Mothers," she had received nothing but praise from the officials, students and parents at the school where she taught. However, she ascribed these reactions to the "nature of the special place I work."

"But why do you want formalized, legalized marriage?" Sussskind continued.

"Barbara and I live together and share our lives but society subjects us to certain unfair disadvantages," Sandra Chernick replied. "If we want to take a vacation, we pay two full fares on the plane. We pay more in taxes."

"And health insurance costs us an additional \$500 annually because we don't get the benefits of a family plan," Barbara Glickman added. "We only want some of those things the establishment seems ready to throw away, namely legalized marriage. We want a marriage license or an option for one. I want the right to tear up a marriage license if I choose to." "I want to be able to call my lover Eric 'honey,' to talk directly about our life together, to say my ring is a marriage ring, not a friendship ring. To hide damages me as a man," Louis declared.

"Movements may be beautiful for the people in them, but the most real problem for most homosexuals is their fear of coming out into the world. The school where I teach doesn't know I'm a homosexual. Why should I have to pass myself off as straight?"

"Will you lose your job for appearing here?" Sussskind quizzed.



A pointed question from the audience.

"I don't know," Louis responded. The women in the audience noted afterwards that the one lesbian on the previous lesbian panel Sussskind featured, Rachel, had lost her bank job as a result of appearing.

"Anybody can come out publicly," Jack Baker argued. "If they just want to do it. If you come out and tell the world, 'Here I am, like it or not,' they back down."

Sussskind noted that Baker had been elected president of the student body at the University of Minnesota "on a gay ticket" but Baker took quick exception to

Photos by Betty Lane



Gay couples surround the world's most hated liberal.

his remarks and attributed his victory to his "good PR campaign," and maintained his homosexuality was not an issue in the election.

"I get fed up about statements made by people on both coasts about the mid-west being parochial," McConnell snapped after Sussskind had expressed surprise that Baker had found such acceptance "in the midwest." "Ann Arbor has passed a gay civil rights bill. New York City hasn't and they've been working on it for years."

"Some closet queens hide because they don't want to be associated with screaming queens," Eric ventured. "I myself wouldn't want to be associated with those types." A growing buzz of audible protest came from the audience.

"I accept them as part of the movement," Eric continued after Baker and several members of the audience called for "solidarity" between all gays. "I just wouldn't want to go down the street and associate with them. A lot of gay people are affected because they think that is the way to be gay. They don't know how to behave normally..." Pandemonium broke out in the studio with many people shouting criticism.

"Please, let us not create discord," Sandra Chernick urged. "We're here to negate that." Eric grew quiet and calm returned.

Sussskind asked why simply "living together" wasn't enough and wasn't the idea of gay marriage an "unpopular stance."

"We want a civil ceremony," Barbara Glickman explained. "Living together has a whole different set of connotations. See, we aren't legally married and we're not 'living together' in that sense either. Literally there just isn't a word for it. Besides, 'living together' implies all joy but we have fights, too."

"It's not an 'unpopular stance' among 18- to 25-year-olds. A recent survey in Minnesota showed 50% of that age group in favor of legalizing same-sex marriages," Michael McConnell added.

"We'll have same-sex marriages on the books by court decision or otherwise within a decade," Jack Baker predicted.

Sussskind then asked about the children the two lesbian couples were raising. Dinah Robertson and Nancy Johnson explained that they had merely become "legal guardians" for the offspring of some black neighbors who could not support all their children.

Barbara Glickman and Sandra Chernick said their two daughters, aged 8½ and 12½ years of age, were a great pleasure in their lives. Ms. Glickman was featured in *The New York Times* as having "become pregnant so she and her lesbian lover could raise a child." The 12½-year-old was described as "a woman who boards with us and goes home on weekends."

"But is it a good atmosphere for children to grow up in a house with two women, who, I assume, share the same bedroom?"

"She's magnificent," Sandra Chernick responded. "I wish she were here. You'd think she was great too. Children learn that people care for each other."

"Yes," Barbara Glickman elaborated, "children feel warmth and accept differences. Problems only arise when other people point it out to them as different from the usual environment. Children can accept gay parents if people stop putting that 'this is not right' garbage into their minds."

"When my child observed that 'women can't marry women and men can't marry men' in our society, I told her, 'Yes, isn't it a shame?'"

Dinah Robertson and Nancy Johnson agreed, noting that "love is a very positive lifestyle," that a child in a heterosexual family is not exposed to alternatives and therefore many children don't realize their homosexual feelings are as real and valid as anyone else's, and that the children continually got thousands of examples of the heterosexual lifestyle from the general environment.

"You were married before?" Sussskind probed.

"I married even though I knew and my wife knew I was gay," Louis volunteered. "Marriage doesn't depend on sex. It depends on personalities and being able to

(continued on page 22)

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CONTROVERSY ERUPTS OVER DRAG ACT

BY LEO SKIR

New York, N.Y. On February 1st there was a heated discussion at the Gay Activist Alliance Firehouse during the weekly membership meeting over an evening of drag entertainment which would be put on the next evening, February 2nd, by Pudgy Roberts, a professional entertainer, as a benefit for GAA.



Pudgy Roberts as Bette Davis

Several of the lesbians stated that the representation of the woman offered by the male drag entertainer, the makeup, the bosom, was the very representation of the female which they had opposed. The lesbians stressed the fact that it was no cross-dressing that they were putting down, but what they felt was male-making-fun-of-women.

Pudgy Roberts is noted for a "comic strip" in which a very ugly woman strips and takes liver and a mousetrap from her panties, as well as a fish.

Pudgy Roberts himself was present at the debate. He told the assembled members of GAA that he had offered to put

the show up and get together four other transvestite entertainers to show his fellow-gays what drag was. "I'm gay and proud," he said, "I've had the same lover 14 years."

Other GAA members spoke saying that Pudgy and his friends should do their thing and that freedom to express one's different sexuality was the central idea of GAA.

The next night the show went on as scheduled. The backup transvestite entertainers had backed down but Pudgy called on a long-time associate, Frankie Quinn, who had just come in from Florida and by alternating the two men put on an all-evening show.

Pudgy did not do his "comic strip." Instead he did imitations of Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, Tiny Tim, Carol Channing, Marlene Dietrich and Bette Davis.

Frankie Quinn took over during his changes, a full-bodied drag well-stuffed into a Gay 90's red dress. His humor and songs were broad based. Humor: "You've got a stool here. I hope I don't step in it." Songs: "Honeysuckle Rose," "Cupcakes" (this with much patting of her/his two "breasts"), "A Hard Man Is Good To Find."

The audience was composed almost entirely of males and some wondered if this was a woman's boycott of the performance. But there was a zap planned at Barney Google's that night by the Lesbian Liberation Committee. Also in the audience were representatives of the professional drags, members of STAR and sex-changing Liz Eden.

The audience received the show with much humor and much applause, although a radical member of GAA told GAY later he found the imitations of the black singers "racist." However, several members of the audience said they felt the imitation of the women was more an appreciation of them than a satire.

At the next meeting of GAA on February 8th, President Bruce Voelger, talking about the debate about drag entertainers, said that he was glad it had happened and that GAA members needed to debate and exchange views.

PENN STATE GROUP RECOGNIZED

State College, Pa. In an apparent out-of-court settlement, attorneys for Penn State University announced here January 24 that Homophiles of Penn State (HOPS) will be officially recognized as a student group during the current school term.

HOPS had initially applied for and received a charter from the appropriate student government bodies for the 1971-72 school year, but university administration officials had subsequently revoked the charter.

HOPS then filed a civil suit claiming the university violated its Constitutional rights of free speech and association. The suit asked for reinstatement of the group's charter and payment of \$4,000 in school funds which would have been allocated to the group as a valid student organization that year.

It was because of the HOPS lawsuit that Joe Acanfora became Pennsylvania's first self-acknowledged gay teacher to win certification. Acanfora, now working with a suburban Washington, D.C. school district, was treasurer of HOPS and was named as one of the plaintiffs in the civil action. As a result of his association with

a gay group, Penn State University officials refused his certification. Eventually, the Pennsylvania secretary of education certified the young teacher in September of last year.

The agreement announced by attorneys for the university specifies that HOPS will be registered under the rules and regulations that apply to all other student groups at Penn State University. The settlement, however, does not recognize HOPS' \$4,000 claim for the 1971-72 school year. But the group will receive a proportional grant from the university for the current term.

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WEST SIDE GAY THEATRE BUSY

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. Conventional plays with minor alterations in their scripts changing straight couples into gay ones have proven extremely popular with the overflow audiences attending West Side Gay Theatre's weekend presentations at 37 9th Avenue.

"Our workshops aim at developing actors, producers and directors," Ed Trust, one of those active with the group, explains. "We do screen the plays we modify. We're a little leery of those with a heavy emphasis on family relationships, say, mother-and-father-and-son-and-daughter studies. But if it's just a couple, say, mother and father, we make them two men or two women."

West Side Gay Theatre started in November with *Gay Versions of Four*, one-act plays which attracted a standing-room-only audience. Their next production, a gay adaptation of George Batson's whodunit thriller, *Rehearsal For Death*, proved to be such a smash that many had to be turned away from the first performances on February 9, 10 and 11, and two additional presentations were held the following weekend.

Ironically, George Batson, the playwright, had never seen a production of his own play. In the past whenever he was on the East Coast, it would be presented on

the West Coast or vice-versa. However, he did catch a dress rehearsal preview at West Side.

"We didn't know how he would react to it," Ed Trust smiles. "Here a heterosexual playwright came to see a production of his play in which the two straight couples had been transformed into gay ones. To our delight, he just loved every minute of it!"

The next workshop presentation at West Side Gay Theatre will be on Friday and Saturday evenings, March 2nd and 3rd, at 8:30 p.m. *Moon-Up*, a one-act serious drama, will be performed and will be combined with a song fest. Admission to the 80-seat theatre will be a \$2 donation.

"Our next major production," Trust announces, "will be the first and second weekends in May when we'll do our version of Kitty Carlisle's *You Can't Take It With You*. That was a big hit 25 or 30 years ago."

Trust said that the "major productions" differed from the "workshop presentations." The group plans to sponsor five major productions each season with several workshop presentations in between.

"Some of the material is original stuff," Trust enthused. "A forthcoming production entitled *Zoo Story* will include an original monologue by myself in which an elderly gay person who has died has to defend being gay to St. Peter. He finally convinces St. Peter, who then allows him to enter heaven and join his lover."

West Side Gay Theatre activities are open to all. Those wishing more information should contact the WSDG Center, 37 9th Avenue (at 14th Street), or call (212) 675-0413 or 242-4125 after 7:00 p.m.



Eric

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Female Impersonators in America

Mother Camp



(Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs)

Today's female impersonators are taking a new look at themselves.

BY TIMMIE THORNTON

Mother Camp: Female Impersonators in America by Esther Newton, Prentice-Hall, Anthropology of Modern Societies Series, 1972, 136 pp., 11 photographs, \$6.95, hardcover, \$2.95, paperback.

What's it like to be an impersonator? It seems like it must be a lot of fun. About a year ago in a West Side tavern, this question was put to me by a gentleman who had formerly been an official in one of the homosexual service organizations—and should have known better. He assumed—correctly—that while I've never performed myself, I would have had enough contact with those who did to form a judgment. Realizing the futility of trying to give any adequate answer without undertaking a rather lengthy prefatory analysis (hardly possible with "Brown Sugar" grinding out of the jukebox), I could only reply, "It stinks."

Today I might amplify that response by loaning the questioner my copy of *Mother Camp: Female Impersonators in America* by Esther Newton, Assistant Professor of Anthropology at The State University of New York, Purchase. To my knowledge, this is the first work to deal extensively and specifically with the homosexual transvestite. Focusing on the environment and practice of impersonation, the author also examines the nature of the larger transvestite sub-culture, its relationship to both the gay world and straight society, the street life of the younger queens, the process of becoming an impersonator and the role models involved therein, and finally the "collective consciousness" of the drag queens. Moreover, because impersonation is a uniquely homosexual phenomenon, it necessarily illuminates many aspects of the underlying structure of gay life and the complex interplay of gay people's attitudes.

The basic research was completed in 1965-66, principally in Chicago, Kansas City and New York. Employing good anthropological field method, Dr. Newton lived with the impersonators, hanging out in the bars, the ratty dressing rooms and chaotic apartments, staying in the same cheap hotels. This is a welcome change from most academic works on homosexuals, written in comfortable offices adorned with certifications of authority, and it does much to condition the tone of the work, which if it strays from total objectivity, does so on the side of sympathy. Critical to the success of the research was Dr. Newton's meeting impersonator Skip Arnold, who had studied anthropology in college, was enthusiastic about the study, and helped win the confidence of other impersonators. I'm impressed by the degree to which Dr. Newton was able to get honest, responsive answers from her informants—not always easy with drag queens, who rarely confine their performances to the stage.

At the outset, the author makes a crucial distinction upon which any systematic approach to the subject must depend: homosexual males are stigmatized primarily by the extent to which femininity is ascribed to them by society. Femalehood is simply a passive state; manhood must be achieved. Any tendency toward "womanliness" in the male, including the choice of a masculine love object, is viewed as a detestable defection from the ranks. It is at this juncture, of course, that gay liberation finds its most significant *rapprochement* with feminism. But Dr. Newton doesn't fail to point out that the masculine-feminine polarity also holds in the homosexual culture. Indeed, it always has. As W.H. Auden commented in *The New Yorker* last February, "ancient Greece and Rome were both pederastic cultures in which the adult passive homosexual was regarded as comic and contemptible." To realize the truth of

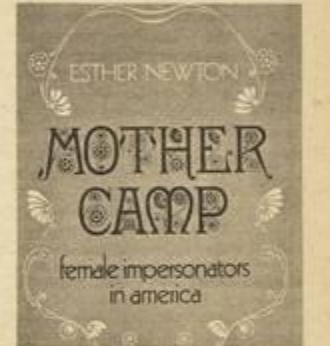
this statement, one need only look at the way in which the "kinaidos" (Greek queen) is parodied in the plays of Aristophanes and Menander, or read these lines from Juvenal's *Satires*: "The physician you call in to lance your piles! dissolves in laughter at the sight of that well-worn passage."

Thus, coping with femininity—real or imputed—becomes a universal problem among homosexuals. One can deny it, try to hide it, or accept it and search for a pattern of expressive behavior least compromising to the ego. As Dr. Newton explains at some length, the pattern does vary considerably among transvestites, chiefly by age group and professional sta-



Author Esther Newton

at their own game), queens are admired. Because they openly signify and affirm homosexuality, and act almost as shamans in the mass ritual of the drag show (show business being probably the closest thing to magic in this culture), queens are respected. But despite all this, any transvestite still represents the stigma; effeminate, "nelleness," or whatever you call it, this is what the "straight" homosexuals fear most in themselves, are most guilty about. The irony is that the techniques of impersonation are learned in the gay world, approved and rewarded in informal settings. But once the queens have carried this private style to the stage or street, they become pariahs. This schiz-



The book's cover

ophrenic attitude points up the way in which gay people's feelings toward themselves are dissociated, and also emphasizes most homosexuals' avoidance and repudiation of anyone they perceive as "underclass."

Drag queens are quintessential homosexuals not only because of their scapegoat status, but also because they must define themselves entirely within the gay world's parameters. Prior to coming out, the tyro transvestite may have no very definite sense of gender, and no comprehensive way of looking at the world. Drag provides the former, and camp the latter. Both determine the need of an audience that distinguishes the drag queen from other kinds of transvestite. Drag plays on this culture's perception of women, borrowing from the archetypes of film star and hooker to make a strong theatrical statement. "Tranny drag" (e.g. skirt and blouse) is declassé, derided by impersonators because it looks too "pussy," too much like an ordinary woman, and may also be too personally revelatory of what is "comic and contemptible." Nobody's going to be very impressed by a pitiful fruit in his mother's high heels. Like Greta Garbo, drag queens are a little androgynous, and decidedly in control of the female image; letting it control them could be suicidal.

Unlike Susan Sontag and other dissectors of camp, Dr. Newton places this "philosophy of transformations and incongruity" in its proper setting, calling it a "continuous creative strategy for dealing with the homosexual situation," a positive response to the dissonances inherent in gay life. For the drag queens, the incongruities are multiplied; and the position they occupy at the very bottom of the social ladder gives them strategic vantage to see the underside of everything, the hypocrisy and cant. But the adoption of a camp viewpoint which em-

(continued on page 22)

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"ROME: PLACES AND PLEASURES"

Today's column begins in the Holy City and ends up on Italian Line's lovely T/N Christoforo Colombo, on what turned out to be the ship's last run from Venice to New York. There is, of course, only one way to cross the ocean and that's by ship. However, a lot of people don't like ship crossings because you have to handle your own time for five or ten days, and that's something the modern temperament is not equipped to handle. Leisure is unacceptable nowadays. The prospect of a week or so at sea, with nothing to do but read and bathe and eat and drink and walk around, leaves most people scared shitless.

Our ship, during that January crossing, was almost empty. Even if it were full, the future for trans-Atlantic ships is dim. There is no way the company can make a profit on the crossing. Fortunately, a combination of factors result in the Italian Government's accepting big losses in order to keep some ships going. In America, the world's most impoverished country, comfortable, intelligent travel is beyond the capability of the national purse.

We ate well on that historic crossing; there were dreadful storms delaying the ship almost two days. Standing, or perhaps hanging, from a top deck meant getting sprayed by huge waves that submerged the bow. Of special interest was the cocktail party sponsored, in our connecting cabins, by colleague Jonny House and myself. We rounded up every obvious nut, nymphomaniac and senile recluse on the ship and added them to the First Class snobs, throwing in a few Tourist Class lovelies. There was enough Piper 1962 and '64 Bollinger to sink a boat, as it were. Waiters scurried about, hors d'oeuvres landed on the floor, everybody hung on for dear life. It was a ridiculous party, a lovely, pointless party with only total strangers for guests. Not a soul had ever spoken to anybody before. Yet even the second call to pranzo could not get people to leave.

A real gourmet does NOT subscribe to *Gourmet Magazine*. We travel around a bit and on more than one occasion have dragged along a copy of *Gourmet*, checking out features on places like Lisbon, Rome, Milan and Zurich. Without exception, I can advise that whatever *Gourmet* recommends, one should avoid like the plague. If it's in *Gourmet*, stay away.

Whatever they write about in *Gourmet*—food, hotels or sights—is shit. Take that's a guide book for ya! And, you know, it's all true. Take this:



Gregory pours Egg Cream (1969) for a party guest aboard the T/N Christoforo

the recent feature on Puerto Rico. Now, we've been to PR a million times and have never visited the rain forest OR Luquillo. They are, sort of, the Eiffel Tower and Statue of Liberty of PR. Yet, *Gourmet* readers were warmly advised to see these attractions, to frequent beachfront hotels (Hilton and Sheraton, of course) and eat at the two most touristy restaurants in Old San Juan. Local cuisine is confined to asopao and tostones. No mention of mofongo, morsilla, lechon asado or anything decent.

Some "guides" that I find reliable and sophisticated are Craig Claiborne's *Journal*, the red *Michelin* and Kate Simon's *Rome: Places and Pleasures*. The latter is a special treat. In fact, you certainly don't have to go anywhere's near Roma to enjoy it. The first time I read the book was last summer in England; it made my visit to those benighted shores more delightful.

Simon describes things in a nice way. Here is what she has to say about one trattoria in Trastevere:

"If you get in at all, usually by going near eight o'clock... you may find yourself near a long table of boy soldiers in fresh uniforms and new, spruce haircuts, their faces flushed with country color and wine and the excitement of a free evening in Rome before they are reassigned to the listless dullness of a small town far from home. Shouts leap over shouts, the faces glisten pink and hot; one boy shows off his English by repeating loudly, 'One, two, three, four,' and the rest take up the chant for your benefit and welcome."

That's a guide book for ya! And, you know, it's all true. Take this:

"One very slender boy, toasting his dark locks and shark's tooth earring, pirouettes from table to table to show the lovely, colorful and expensive outfit he bought of Mr. Fish in London,

where he had a fabulous time. He is everyone's darling and makes a pretty, triumphant progress from table to table."

Simon's view encompasses everything; even the saints in heaven get their due. She describes a painting of the Virgin as follows:

"She may have been painted as early as the sixth century or as late as the eleventh, but the true believer knows that she was a much earlier creation of the gifted St. Luke."

That's right. Art history be damned. Back to restaurants and Simon's observations of another trattoria in Trastevere:

"At one table, wine-spired to another, someone dances on a table, waiters and musicians fall on the necks of goodlooking young men, who then fall into each other's laps. All this nonstop fun and games, plus insults, decent, plentiful carafe wine and a forgettable meal should cost no more than 4,000 lire and a mild hangover or sourish stomach the next morning."

A bad meal, a good time and some wine. Kate Simon YES; *Gourmet Magazine* NEVER.

Simon writes favorably of Ristorante Passetto; we have written favorably of Passetto in this column. We chose to dine there New Year's Eve. The custom at polite restaurants in the Holy City is, at the stroke of twelve, to turn out the lights for a second. At that moment the gentleman seated at the next table leaned over to kiss his lady friend, as one might expect on New Year's Eve. When the lights came on, a second or two later, the two of them started mopping up. In leaning over in the dark, he had tipped over the bottle of red wine which was rapidly being absorbed by her lovely dress.

Serves them right, I thought. Anyone who feels they have to acknowledge New Year's Eve deserves to get doused with vino rosso. We sat there smugly and began our last meal of 1972 with a salad of shredded gruyere cheese, shredded celery and sliced white truffle. Simple, perhaps. Elegant as all get out, to be sure. Imagine a little oil poured over it all and followed by a half BECCACCIA (woodcock). Our poor bird was juicy, in fact bloody, and that's the way it should be. Passetto looks like a left-over from the old Italian Line Vulcania. (Via Zanardelli 14, by Pza. Navonna.)

Cheers, Gregory

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Then there's deceptively simple Trattoria del Pantheon, around the corner from the Pantheon itself. The Pantheon is, of course, one of the great architectural monuments of the Western world; the Trattoria del Pantheon, on the other hand, produces a breast of capon, simply cooked in oil and covered with sliced white truffle, that is noteworthy in its own right.

This evening I bought a pigeon at Paramount Market on Broadway. "You want the head left on?" they asked. "No." "What's the matter? You don't like it looking at you?" "No, it's just that it's too difficult to cook the head." The heads of "game" birds have to be well cooked so the eyes are sort of burnt and crisp, the head itself dry and almost brittle. At Ristorante Cav. Mario, near the Piazza di Spagna, you can get a half partridge that is bloody inside, yet the little head and long skinny neck of the bird are dry, crisp and tasty. You really don't eat the head exactly. You sort of suck on it. Some people consider decoration and perhaps it is.

(The Simon guide is not limited to restaurants; it's about everything. One Chapter, "Voyeurism," discusses sex en plein air and where to go to find same. Fortunately, one of the most popular, exclusively homosexual spots for this kind of activity escaped Simon's eye; in fact, it isn't mentioned in any of the "guides." I refer to the stairs, shrubbery and fountain opposite the National Gallery of Modern Art in the far end of the Villa Borghese Gardens. For other outdoor activities, Simon's guide is useful. She notes:

"Multisex, unisex, sex in two's and three's and more, a city full of Midnight Cowboys and girls, but unlike our puritanical portrayers, they don't necessarily come to a bad end. Many of them find protectors or respectable jobs or marriages and live as happily or unhappily ever after as the rest of the world."

The lucky ones, of course, catch on to some money-making scheme and go on living their lives of sin and depravity, enjoying every minute...

Cheers, Gregory

War

(continued from page 9)

found out that we can if we want to!

Can't we just once, before we're too old to enjoy it, Edie and I often ask one another, have a glamorous war? We've had Korea and Vietnam; why couldn't Washington have hired Madison Avenue and Hollywood to make them glamorous? There should have been rationing and defense-plant work, and shortages; that makes the people feel noble and self-sacrificing. There should have been parades, bond rallies and hard-selling films and sad songs. We need drama and pageantry in our lives. For libertines like me, there has to be plenty of opportunity to get laid.

We know older men who swear to have gone to the bus station of a Saturday night during the Second World War and cruised those scared little soldiers going back to Fort Knox for their last leave before being shipped out to destinations unknown. These guys swear they did 30 or 40 soldiers a night—their contribution to the war effort, of course.

When will it be my turn to pour drinks at a Stage Door Canteen, doing the boys in the men's room or alleyway while the padded-shouldered cock-teasers dance with other ones inside? When will we have a Secretary of the Navy who will abolish zippers and bring back 13-button, flap-front bells which drop down to show all that anybody wants to see?

Can't I ever sing "There's a Star Spangled Banner waving somewhere, Waving o'er the land of the brave and true" and feel noble, or sit in a bar late at night, thinking about my fella overseas and weeping softly as the juke-box plays "Saturday night is the loneliest night in the week 'Cause that's the night my baby and I used to dance cheek to cheek"? I want to stop smoking, but not because tobacco is bad for my lungs, but because I think I'm helping the war effort.

We have sex-change operations now, but who wants to be a woman in the Seventies? If a fairy godmother appeared though, I'd ask to be the big-titted Jane Russell just during the early Forties. I'd love to be America's favorite pin-up, the girl that every G.I. Joe all over the world fantasizes as he masturbates, the woman voiced "the girl that parachutists prefer to be up in the air with," and that sailors elected "their favorite in every port." By damn, I'd be at the docks to meet the troop ships, and as many as wanted to could get into my sweater. Not, of course, that I'd want to be a nymphomaniac, but a girl has to do her bit for the war effort!

The lesson of Vietnam is that the next war (and there always seems to be a next one, doesn't there?) has to be glamorous. The men who are going to fight have to be given some reason for doing so. Those of us at home have to be deprived of things and asked to be more noble than we usually are; people love self-sacrifice. We can't get along with dumb movies like *The Green Berets* and idiot performers like Bob Hope, Ann-Margaret and Raquel Welch. We've gotta find some real stars. The Beatles and the Stones can't hack it; we need girl groups, like the Andrew Sisters or the Boswell girls.

The first thing that Presidents must remember is that one can't have a closet war. You can't sneak troops out of the country and slowly spring a war on the people. You've got to arrange something like Pearl Harbor, then dramatize everything. Prance the troops around, make speeches, wave flags and bring out the bands—who can resist a band? Most of all,

give the girls and boys lots of opportunity for sex, preferably quickie, furtive sex; that's the most irresistible kind.

Had Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon kept all that in mind and done the right thing by us, the people, this nation would be united today and we'd all be as happy as pigs in—well, stop. And we wouldn't be calling the Presidents bumbling, incompetent fools. We'd love them as we all loved F.D.R., who really knew how to give a war!

Boys

(continued from page 3)

cause he's fighting for survival now in a world which doesn't seem to be worth surviving in—any more. He remembers things a lot. He remembers the war and its heroes and the buddies he had then. He remembers the days when you didn't have to lie or steal or cheat to get along. You didn't have to cut throats to stay on top—just be a good American. Of course, that meant cutting throats in another country but Harry doesn't think of it that way at all. He wants to go back; back to when rain left things looking clean and you could go to the Cotton Club and see Lena Horne, when you could listen to Billie Holiday sing "Fine And Mellow." You know, I see what he means. He's got a point. When I think of it, I want to go back too; to the days before Air Quality Reports, the Miss Reingold Contest (very oppressive), paper strips with candy dots, Manhattan Special Coffee Soda, opening the fire hydrant in the street (which we opened with a stick and a wire), sleeping on the fire escape at night, dropping water bags from the window; a simple world. We grew up, Harry Stoner and I—and the kids won't let us play any more. Go and see it. I'm too sad to write about it.

I attended a meeting last Thursday of Gay People at The New School. It's hard to believe that a school like that didn't already have one so I went to have a look. Now we all know that there have got to be a lot of gay people at The New School, right? Well, maybe right but you couldn't prove it a month ago when Larry Greenfield, Doug Feldman and Charles Steir got together to find out. In order to start a group at the school, you need a statement of purpose and five signatures on a petition. For Larry, Doug and Charlie the statement of purpose and the first three signatures were a breeze. The other two? Well, the excuses ranged from fear of the FBI to amnesia. Luckily, Barbara Love, co-author of *Sappho Was A Right-On Woman*, was in one of their classes. Fourth signature. The fifth? Trapped him outside the men's room. Anyway, the group met for the first time and what do you think? There are homosexuals at the New School. Not only was it a great meeting with lots of fantastic ideas but nobody was the least bit worried that the FBI was outside the door. There are plans for a gay lounge at the school to make it easier for gay people to be less invisible, coffee hours so they can meet each other, dances, films, speakers and outings. If you're gay and go to the New School, get your ass over there. They meet every Thursday night at 8pm in Room 307 of the Graduate Faculty Building on Fifth Avenue and 14th Street. If you don't go to the New School and you'd like to attend anyway, feel free. It's a great group.

I do not want to forget to tell you about

Laura Kenyon. I saw her at The Continental a few weeks ago and believe me, this is a star. Such brilliance in phrasing and power that you shouldn't ask. I'm planning a large profile of her as soon as I can get to see her, but take my word for it—she's the tops. She'll be at The Continental again on March 3rd and if you can walk, run or crawl, get there. I warned you—in a while you won't be able to get seats to see her. I make that recommendation in spite of how I feel about the prices at The Continental.

Well, my friends, it's that time again. Here's some dirt to keep you going until next time...

Still Shots: Franco Zeffirelli's *Brother Sun, Sister Moon* opens next month... Barbra Streisand has a new TV special all planned and ready to go... The new Fred Coombs play is about a bisexual hustler who lives with a transvestite. It stars Courtney Burr and Cal Culver (Casey Donovan to some of you)... Jack Paar is having two homosexuals on in March. Give 'em hell gang... The New York Times reports that the American Psychiatric Association is re-considering its classification of homosexuality as an illness—that'll never convince people like Tony Perkins... The Gay Switchboard, a valuable service to the gay community, made a boo-boo: they accepted an ad calling for a "salesman who can appear straight." Parlon me, friends, but isn't that what we're fighting or have I got it all wrong? ... *Last Horizon* is a loser—wait till I give you the lowdown... Godspell a surprise winner; you never know... If somebody says something you don't like this week, write a goddam letter. It works. Bye.

Camp

(continued from page 22)

When I first recorded that impersonator believed the major and most fundamental division of the world to be male/female I thought I knew better. Now I agree with them... and the same goes for their belief that American society produces people who want "a fast fuck, a quick drink and how much?" Perhaps what needs to be explained is why I was blind where they could see... Middle class culture seems to me to have built-in social blindness, compounded by arrogance. I was prepared to find the views of deviants interesting, but never seriously considered that they could be correct. In the end, I have tried to let impersonators speak for themselves. They say a great deal about America.

So, Christopher, why not let them answer your question?

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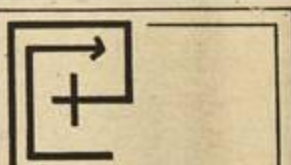
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I do not want to forget to tell you about

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Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)

AND THEN THEY TOOK ON DAVID! Suskind did a program on homosexual "marriages." It could have been a good show had David himself not been on it. I think that he is the biggest bore on the tube. But I must say that he kept his smug attitude pretty much in check. Perhaps it was because of the men and women on the show and their intelligent answers and attitudes. I don't remember Suskind ever being more "humble." If Gay Lib accomplishes nothing more than making the country aware of its power to humble an egotist such as Suskind, it has done wonders.

HONEST ABE AND I have added another year again. I really don't believe that they are coming as fast as they are. It's INCREDIBLE. The other afternoon, an old (or perhaps "long time" friend is better) friend and I were having a drink at the BEAU GESTE when an obviously stoned young man walked in. He was a pain in the ass and we let him know it. At which point he remarked, "Yeah, I know when you guys get over 30 you can't relate to us kids." Peter and I almost fell off the stool, neither of us realizing that we looked "over 30." It was quite a blow. Almost as bad as the first time some kid asks for the time. "Mister..." Oh well, Peter, we are getting better you know. (I bope.)

ANDY JOHNSON, FROM BALTIMORE, came up to help celebrate the passing of another year. He is a most articulate and proud gay. We have been corresponding for many months and this was the first time we'd met. Mike and I met him at TIJUANA CAT where Ms. Dawn Hampton dazzled a capacity crowd. Andy's comment? "I'm glad that you write the truth. You have to be a little skeptical sometimes. She is GREAT. Now I have to hear Judy Sexton and Joey Cord."

BETTE DAVIS AND GAY LIB: We all trotted off to Town Hall to see the FABULOUS Miss Bette Davis. It was a thrilling evening with old Davis clips and the very Bette herself talking about her career and life. Fine. Then came the questions from the audience, some of which got me very annoyed. The most annoying was the question on Miss Davis' stand on Gay Liberation. No one was there to hear about her views on Gay Liberation. After the show, the questioner said that if a black had asked about black liberation, her answer wouldn't have been so flip. I answered, "There were plenty of black brothers and sisters in the audience. They were here to see Davis and hear about her career. Period." With all of the rhetoric going around, I understand some people's militancy, but come on people, let's be sometimes. It's getting to be BORING...



Chicago's No. 1 Showspot

FOR MORE THAN A MONTH I had the privilege of filling in for my roommate, Thom, at the BEAU GESTE. Since Thom has recovered and is back at work I may write this. As any regular reader knows, I've always praised the BEAU. (It was on my "favorite ten" list.) Now I know why. Stanley Franks, the owner/manager, runs a very tight ship. I believe it is more his personality than because of any other reason that the BEAU is so crowded nightly. I saw the room take on a glow just because he would appear. He has acquired a very loyal clientele and justly so. He treats them to some of the best food and drink in town and literally entertains them with a wit that is genuine and fine. I am proud to call him "friend."



Ricky Rollins in "Rhythm of Life"

"THAT TODDLIN' TOWN." I was very lucky and pleased to accept an invitation to Chicago as the guest of DAVID'S PLACE. It is a new concept in bars to me, not only in Chi but all over the country. To begin with, it is probably the most beautiful place I've seen. There are three rooms. The dining room has high backed chairs around beautiful oak tables. The dancing here is to a live band. Presently, it's Cher and the UTOPIA. The main bar is one of the largest (anywhere). It is surrounded by over-sized cut velvet couches. Very posh. Finally, there is the show room which seats 126. (I could see Sex-



Tony Lewis in "Hair" number

ton & Savoy or Joey Cord jamming the place.) The sound system is flawless and the lights are incredible! I must admit, when I was told that it was a drag show, I was less than impressed. Was I in for a surprise! Presently, there are five female impersonators and four male "leads." First on the bill was ARTESIA WELLS, billed as the "stone fox." She is a Britt Ekland look-alike exuding much more sex than Britt ever thought of. Her intricate dance routine, abetted by Joel, was fabulous. KIKI ST JOHN was next doing Melba Moore. Her dancing was great and the lights were incredible! JILL CHRISTIE is the dramatic chanteuse and a very fine actor. A sexy RIC RICARDO come-d with the night's undisputed darlin', EZZIE, billed as the smallest female impersonator, bowing in at THREE FEET TALL. (Ezzie has a four-month-old son who is almost as big right now!) CRAIG CANNON was next and he is a polished performer. AUDREY BRIAN is a classic beauty who could and should do Vogue and Bazaar covers. (She did Streisand and all I could think was Barbra wishes, hon-

ey.) Chicago's South Side gave us EBONY (a full-time negro surgical nurse!!!) whose rendition of "Ghetto Woman" tore down the house. And, finally, there was beautiful Tony Lewis who did a strip to "Love For Sale." (One of the gay women was



Artesia Wells at David's Place

very upset when Tony exited through the audience with his very ample equipment almost staring her in the face.) A very enjoyable show, but, the mind-blower was to come. A 20-minute version of Hair WAS THE FINALE! The dancing and the lights were fabulous. The costumes (gold lame G-strings with matching halters for the girls) showed the audience what they wanted to see. Very SEXY BODIES. The show was conceived and directed by one of the owners, Marvin Cywan. It was a gas!



Ezzie: World's Smallest Female Impersonator

WHY AM I GIVING ALL THESE KUDOS??? Besides genuinely enjoying the show, Marvin and his partner, John Gast, have started something that I'd like to see repeated all over the country. After 60 days, all employees (even the kids in the show) receive Blue Cross and Blue Shield. After six months there is one week's vacation WITH PAY!! After a year—two weeks!!! (Read and weep, N.Y. bar people!) There are also SICK DAYS WITH PAY!!! Imagine gay bar people being treated like PEOPLE!!! I was amazed and very happy to see this breakthrough. Marvin and John, I love you. Thank you for letting me see what can be done if gay owners care for their gay help. VALENTINE'S BALL at the ROUNDTABLE was a gas. Mr. ROUNDTABLE, Jesse Ducret, will be representing that in the MR. DAVID contest in July... TAWDRY AUDRY, as luck would have it, was seen escorting Carl to the BRONCO BURGER, or as they say in the old country, Guadalupe, and I'll drink to that... Lewis Baby's brother got married the other P.M. and I don't think the church will ever be the same. The groom and best man wore kaftans and the bride and her attendants looked as if they had just come from Cleopatra's court. Golden snakes for headbands and the bride with about 50 golden snakes coming out of her hair is a Medusa. UNREAL!!!

Well, I guess that will do it for this tired old man for this issue. All you bratty kids watch out for us old guys who can't relate. Be good to each other and take care.

Love & Peace,
Je

P.S. Sorry, almost forgot... to all of

you, no, John Francis and I are not blood brothers. We are GAY brothers and fellow writers. NO, Carl and I are not blood brothers. Ten years ago when I first went to work for Mother Rice at LE PONT, he promised to take care of me and he's been doing it ever since, just like a real "big brother." And, NO, he is not in a religious order. He is just my big brother, Carl. Everything clear???

P.P.S. Dear Mike, thank you so much for a VERY HAPPY birthday. The breakfast and dinner were fabulous.

Visit

(continued from page 7)

had on lilac tennis shoes and plaid shoe laces, these nasty looking strands of love beads from 14th Street, and a see-through voile shirt unbuttoned to the waist over a fishnet (also see-through, my dear) tank-top.

"Oh, dressy."

"Oh very."

"Well, like I was saying, Phillip was just very sort of cutesy-masculine sitting there with his legs wide apart in his little post-fraternity-boy outfit. I mean, he wasn't dressed up or all pretentious or anything, looking very boy-boy and Teddy's mother arrives with this vat of lasagna.

"Well, she took Teddy aside into the bedroom, where they keep the bed. Where they have always kept it for the two years she has been coming over every Tuesday, in fact. Took him aside, her own little boy in his own little Dynel wig and said, "Teddy, be careful, I think you're living with a queer."

"That must have been big news to Teddy."

"YES, and to Phillip, sitting there in his little post-grad outfit, looking as butch as he never has in his life."

"Are they happy together?"

"Well, they have got a lot of beautiful furniture together. I don't really think Teddy cares that much about all that chrome, he lets Phillip pick the stuff out and lets Phillip have whatever he wants to keep him happy. Teddy would probably rather have something more homey and chintzy instead of Phillip's gleaming cold aesthetic-as-bell surfaces. Sometimes I wonder just who Phillip thinks he's impressing. I said to him the other night, "All this for the boys from the docks?"

"Does Teddy let Phillip be "unfaithful"?"

"Not really, but it's okay if Phillip just picks up someone from the trucks or goes to an orgy bar for a quickie, the kind you never want to see again, usually. Anyone intelligent would make Teddy jealous. It's a shame because Phillip wasn't really meant for a steady marriage, he's such an applause addict and used to enjoy the game so much of going out and seeing what's new and dressing up. Teddy seems content to hang out with the same old Italian kids he used to circle jerk with in high school. I don't think he even made any new friends in college because he lived at home, of course. They all have names like Ronnie and Donnie and Richie and Vinnie. Teddy is a typical New York provincial."

"And Phillip is ersatz urbane like us."

"Doesn't Teddy do anything besides help polish all the glass and chrome surfaces?"

"Well not much. Well yes, he just started taking ballet lessons. Jesus, can you imagine if my father showed up in New York on a business trip unexpectedly and I said, "Dad, my roommate isn't back from his ballet lesson yet." Jesus!"

"Oh, he would just think you're living with some kind of funny straight boy."

The Theory and Practise of Confrontation Tactics

Part 3

How to Zap

This is the third and final installment of *Morty Manford and Arthur Evans' thesis on Zaps, which details various types of zaps used by gay liberationists in recent times.*

BY MORTY MANFORD AND ARTHUR EVANS

As practiced by GAA, zaps of all kinds described above have come to have certain characteristics in common. This section will briefly touch upon the following common zap methods: sudden attack, noise-making, verbal abuse, rapid movement, media exploitation, selection of vulnerable targets, selection of convenient times.

SUDDEN ATTACK:

A large part of the effectiveness of a zap is to take the oppressor by surprise. Especially in an indoor environment, a sudden attack leaves oppressors demoralized, confused and—most important of all—frightened. In 1971, for example, the Gold Rail Bar near Columbia University refused service to two gay men who were holding hands at the bar. A few days later, about 30 gays stormed into the place, shouted chants, leafleted, and kissed militantly. The stunned bar management immediately apologized for the previous incident, and promised not to discriminate.

NOISE-MAKING:

A crucial part of zap methodology is noise-making: loud shouting, use of whistles, playing musical instruments, pounding on desks and walls, stomping on the floor, and singing. Noise-making immediately violates "office etiquette"—oppressors are immediately denuded of the protective garment provided by habitual blind obedience from those around them. As a result, oppressors must rely on their wits and the art of persuasion, with which they are most often poorly endowed.

Noise-making also increases apparent size of demonstrations. Ten militants shouting and pounding will seem to the untrained observer like twenty or thirty. Hence the oppressor feels hopelessly outnumbered.

In certain circumstances—such as a television studio—the mere threat of noise-making can be powerful. In October 1970, for example, GAA members were angry at Dick Cavett for the large number of anti-gay jokes made on his night-time television show. GAA demanded equal time for spokespeople from the gay movement, but were ignored.

In response, militants obtained about 50 tickets to one of the show's tapings. Equipped with police whistles, they planned to demonstrate at a given signal, jump on the stage, and stop proceedings. Through an informer, the Cavett people learned about the scheme minutes before the show was to be taped. A quick meeting was held on the spot between the TV show producer and GAA officers. In November 1970, two GAA members and one Mattachine Society representative spent 40 minutes on the Cavett Show discussing gay liberation.

VERBAL ABUSE:

Verbal abuse is important for demoralizing oppressors. Very often office workers and bureaucrats (including top pigs) are not really too fond of their work and



Angry activists are met by police as they rise in protest.

try to repress both their discontent and the realization of the implications of the type of work they do. Militants can capitalize on these circumstances by degrading oppressor behavior in a very personal manner.

For example, in a takeover of the District Attorney's office in Riverhead, L.I., in September 1971, a dumbfounded assistant D.A. was surrounded by shouting gays. One militant walked up to him, nose-to-nose, looked directly into his eyes, and shouted at the top of his voice: "ARE YOU PROUD OF YOURSELF? ARE YOU PROUD OF YOURSELF FOR OPPRESSING HOMOSEXUALS? IS THERE A BILL OF RIGHTS IN SUPP. FOLK COUNTY? WE DEMAND AN END TO POLICE HARASSMENT! AN END TO ENTRAPMENT! AN END TO SODOMY LAWS!" (Then all together, with clenched fists raised...) "JUSTICE! JUSTICE! JUSTICE!"

RAPID MOVEMENT:

Rapid movement is required to give the impression of a much greater number of demonstrators than actually exist. Militants at zaps rarely stand still, but hurry in and out of offices, chase after people, etc. Great haste also gives the impression of great energy and makes the oppressor feel impotent.

MEDIA EXPLOITATION:

To be fully effective, zaps exploit the media. Members of the press are usually informed beforehand of the time and place of zaps. If there is a special security problem, the press is called or wired at the last minute. GAA has a special News and Media Committee, which devotes all its time to handling this responsibility.

Presence of the media serves two functions: first, as discussed above, it is the means whereby the gay masses learn of the movement; second, the press protect demonstrators from danger. Police are less likely to brutalize a militant when

they realize that their picture may be on television that night.

GAA is fond of using attention-getting gimmicks in order to get media attention. For example, a zap was planned in January 1971, of a company on 42nd Street in Manhattan called Fidelityfacts. This is an investigatory agency that sells information to employers on sexual orientation of employees. When asked how he could tell whether a man was gay, the owner of Fidelityfacts (a former FBI agent) said, "If it looks like a duck, walks like a duck, and associates with ducks, then I say it's a duck."

GAA stormed the office of Fidelityfacts carrying small rubber ducks which made a shrill squeaking sound. In addition, a picket line was organized outside, and one militant was dressed in a duck costume rented for the day. The demonstration received considerable attention from both passers-by and the press (including a Spanish-speaking newspaper—perhaps since the word for "duck" in Spanish also means homosexual).

VULNERABLE TARGETS:

Choice of targets depends on whether the zap is in retaliation for an act of heterosexual aggression against gays or whether the zap is initiated by GAA for publicity or political purposes. In the former case, hostile remarks by people who are obviously fools or political impotents are generally ignored. In late 1971, for example, Mario Proccaccio, a New York political hack, attacked gay people in a speech. His remarks were let pass because it was thought at the time that he was not really politically impotent.

The hostile comments of Joseph Epstein in the September 1970 issue of *Harper's*, however, resulted in a zap of the magazine's office. In this case, it was felt that *Harper's* was influential because of its plastic liberal image and that it had to be exposed as a fraud.

For all kinds of zaps, liberals are a favorite target. This is because they often pretend to values in the abstract which they cannot possibly implement in their own lives (and at the same time retain the economic and other privileges of middle-class status). Liberals say they believe in civil rights for all, for example, but feel no compunction in telling "fag jokes" at a cocktail party. When confronted with the full blast of heated face-to-face confrontation, they wilt quickly under the burden of their own hypocrisy.

A second reason for attacking liberals is their dependence on the gay vote in New York City. Anthony Olivieri, for example, is the first Democrat in 50 years to be elected to the State Assembly from his district on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. He freely concedes his victory in the 1970 elections to the gay vote (his position on gay rights and that of his opponent were widely circulated in the district by GAA). Members of GAA also believe (and many political observers agree) that Bella Abzug's victory over Leonard Farbstein in the 19th C.D. of Manhattan in 1970 was due to a combination of the gay vote and the women's liberation vote. Similarly, John Lindsay's last plurality as Mayor of New York is viewed as based on a coalition of the black and gay vote.

When institutions rather than individuals are targets of GAA zaps, victims chosen are generally unpopular to begin with. The telephone company, for example, is universally disliked. When GAA zapped "Ma Bell" in late 1971 for job discrimination against gays, the militants were able to play on considerable anti-company sentiment already in existence.

CONVENIENT TIMES:

Time selection for zaps depends on two considerations: convenience in obtaining a large turnout of GAA members; inconvenience for the oppressor.

It's generally very difficult to hold a gay zap early in the morning for two reasons: many gays work and those who don't may have been up very late the night before. On the other hand, it's relatively easy to assemble several hundred to a thousand gay people between 12 midnight and 3 a.m. on a weekend (something the straight movement groups could do only with difficulty).

Time selection also depends on media considerations: it's bad to zap on Friday because nobody reads Saturday's paper; it's good to zap on Sunday because Monday's paper is usually rather dull, etc.

CONCLUSION:

In conclusion, the GAA zap can be viewed as a hybrid of media theatre and political demonstration. It is intensely propagandistic in its thrust (both toward gays and toward the oppressors of gays) and politically retributive toward its target (whether an individual or an institution).

It fully accepts the assumptions of power politics: political struggle is not viewed as an encounter between conflicting ideas but as a clash of power groups, and those groups are thought to prevail which are the best organized.

And yet it accepts the assumptions of power politics with a sense of wit and ingenuity often lacking in other protest movements. In that sense, zaps combine the gay sense of high camp with traditional confrontation tactics of the left.

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PENPOINTS

Dear GAY:
This letter is primarily being written to you because of the article presented on Joe Acanfora in the January 29th issue of your paper. I want to express my congratulations to Joe for his continued efforts to fight for his rights as a human being.

I myself, a soon-to-be teacher, can feel empathetic for Mr. Acanfora because the question of one's professional offering is being refused due to a sexual preference. I further feel people, whether gay or not, should have the right to express themselves as citizens with the same if not more integrity as any other citizen in this country.

Emphatically we can offer one another something, and Joe Acanfora offers more; a lot more—knowledge to our youth—than some other people who are "straight." The crux here is we hold back people's careers because of one's sexuality. This is wrong! I just can feel it—as another human being.

In my eyes I (and in those with a reasonable amount of *Common Sense*) can see here the injustices done to Joe Acanfora. We must refresh our minds to look a people as warm, communicative and responsible and not as objects of sexuality. We all contribute to our society. And Joe Acanfora is contributing a great deal towards the education of our future society—our children. Is there harm in that I ask? If so, then I must say, people are

quite ignorant in seeing the good in people. Lets train our minds toward what benefits can come from people's skills! Remember, people whether gay or not are human. They too have feelings & emotions as any straight people. I'm with you all the way Joe, even though you don't know me!

You've got much strength. You're O.K. in my books!
My sincere congratulations.

Sincerely,
Ken
B'lyn, N.Y.

Dear GAY:

In re-reading some past issues I came across your answer in "Pen Points" of 8-7-72. I did not reveal my so-called "problem" to my parents until I nearly went nuts; nine (9) years ago I told my mother & thought she had told my father. I found out in late '72 my father didn't know & told him myself. I am 31 and still somewhat frustrated about being "gay orientated"; but, the support I've got from my parents, brothers, sister, etc. have helped a great deal. My family said, in effect, "So what? Do you want us to love you less because of this? Indeed, we love you all the more for your honesty and only wish you had told us sooner—it would have helped us understand and

lend our support sooner." I only regret I cannot tell my employer the same thing and expect the same understanding and support.
My real point is this: too many young "gays" go through unnecessary remorse, etc. I can at least be gay and proud with my family and friends away from work. Perhaps the day will come soon when I can be gay and proud amongst all men & women. My message to Robbi, and all other teens in his position, is to be truthful to those you love and to those who love you. I would, however, caution against just saying to parents, "I'm gay! Love me!"; if I had done that, my parents would have said, "Get out of my life, faggot, forever!" However, explain things a bit, and love will reign supreme. And please note: without GAY and without *The Gay Crusaders*, I would never have been able to "explain" my life or my feelings to anyone—not even myself.
In the immediate weeks to follow I plan on joining gay organizations in the Metro area.

V.J.
Michigan

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In the immediate weeks to follow I plan on joining gay organizations in the Metro area.

Dear GAY:

In reference to the column "Jerry's Sphere" pertaining to the book *Gay Insider, U.S.A.* by John Francis Hunter, I would like to ask Jerry a question. What gives you the right to condemn book shops that carry John's book if he himself

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

okays it?

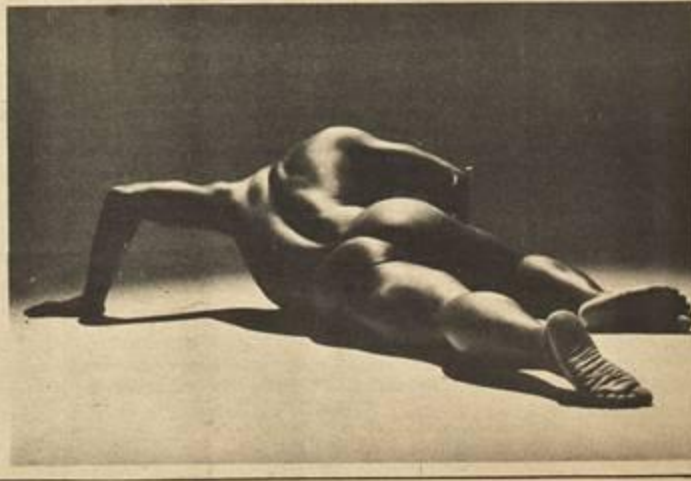
Both Legend Gallery, my shop, and Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop are anti-exploitation gay shops and are part of the gay movement in every way. I carried John's book because it is a part of the movement and even if he has had problems with the publishers it would be a complete waste not to offer the book at all, especially since he did put his soul into it. My profit on a \$3.95 book is about 60 cents (this is because Stonehill, the publishers, charged a high wholesale price for it) and if anybody can honestly say that I am offering the book to make a buck, he'd have to be pretty stupid. I discussed with John the boycott mentioned in Jerry's column and while I believe he has sincere reasons for such a boycott, it is not up to him, but John, to call for such a boycott. If John Francis Hunter told me to boycott his book I would only be too happy to do so. I only hope in the future Jerry awakens to what really is exploitation! My shop has been fighting the creeps who exploit gays for many years and I don't appreciate Jerry knocking either my shop or shops that are similar. All in all I feel the pro and con articles about *Gay Insider U.S.A.* have been good and as usual GAY has done a good job of reporting.

Sincerely,
Rick Neilsen, owner
Legend Gallery
New York City



THE NUDE MALE

Photographer Roy Blakey is enjoying world-wide success with his recently published book *HE*. The photographs shown here are from a special Blakey one-man photo exhibition containing 25 prints never previously shown or published. The exhibition, titled "The Nude Male," will be seen at the Continental Baths, 230 West 74th Street, from March 1st through April 1st.



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Couples

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get along together. Every person has a desire to share his life. I made a mistake. I did not find the right person. Now I think I have and he's of the same sex. I'm happy and I want to be happy publicly."

"I would be miserable if I had let the label 'lesbian' stop me from marrying Sandra," Barbara Glickman added. "We met and came to know one another. I have many male and female friends. You find a person you want to share your life. Then you realize that you love that person. It can happen to the straightest person."

Sandra noted that she had relationships and friendships with men but had "never met a man I wanted to share my whole life with." She said that she and Barbara had found a great deal of emotional support through their social contacts made in the gay movement and that her parents knew of her relationship with Barbara for the past 9½ years but that they "didn't put labels on it."

Barbara added that she had been very moved by a panel discussion held at GAA's firehouse by the Lesbian Liberation Committee to which a number of lesbians had brought their mothers and one of those mothers had declared, "Our kids know what they are better than we do."

"Parents who can't accept their homosexual children should see a psychiatrist to help them deal with their homophobia," Jack Baker suggested. "It's time that heterosexuals used their institutions for their own benefit."

"You know, psychiatrists have come out with three theories. Freud said that all women had 'penis envy' and therefore wanted to be men. Next they theorized that all blacks wanted to be white. Finally they insisted all gays want to be straight. These are very understandable viewpoints when you look at where they came from—a psychiatric establishment that is male, white and heterosexual."

"When many women are realizing that marriage is oppressive," a questioner from the audience challenged, "why do you want to call your relationship a marriage?"

"Gay marriage is not oppressive," Barbara Glickman responded. "At least mine isn't."

"I just want to know that our ten years together counts for just as much as anyone else's ten years together," Nancy Johnson added.

"What about monogamy?" Suskind queried.

"Monogamy has always been for women only," Nancy Johnson replied. "You men can always go out and have an affair with little ones. But if a woman does it, she's an adulteress."

Suskind then asked about Baker and McConnell's fight for a marriage license. Baker explained that their first appeal was denied by the U.S. Supreme Court but by changing his name to "Pat Lynn McConnell" he had been legally married and the validity of that marriage was now being tested in the courts.

"The legislature gives childless heterosexual couples rights which they deny us, supposedly because we can't bear children. When I told the Minnesota legislature, 'Drop the rights you give to men with vasectomies and women with hysterectomies and we'll drop our case,' they just laughed," Baker reported.

"We learned that you can't get your rights by testifying. You have to disrupt the machinery of government. Liberals will say, 'we'll give you the rights, but

why must you call it marriage?' We call it marriage because it is marriage. You can't let people treat you differently because you're gay."

"There's been no distinction made between lesbian and gay male lifestyles," Ginny Vida noted from the podium. "Don't the two groups socialize differently?"

"Lesbians have to deal with the world on two fronts," Dinah Robertson replied, "on the women's issue and on the lesbian issue. But gay males and gay females are beginning to socialize very positively together."

Barbara Glickman said her book, *Lesbian Mothers*, would detail a variety of different lifestyles, that each person's life was unique.

"Is there an equivalent to the husband-wife relationship?" Suskind pried.

"One problem we have in dealing with the public is that they go looking for role playing. Who's dominant and who's submissive? The nice thing about gay relationships is you both come into it as two equal human beings and then negotiate among yourselves as to how your relationship will be structured."

"I cook because I'm a better cook," McConnell added, "not because I'm a couple of inches shorter. Jack does the dishes. I can't stand doing dishes. Sometimes we have to come to an agreement on something that neither of us likes to do."

"We do what we like to do," Eric volunteered. "Luckily, the job that one of us doesn't like to do, the other one does."

"Some people want an equal relationship," Louis added. "They are not masculine and feminine, dominant and passive. I personally don't want an equal relationship. I want to be submissive . . ."

"What are those people doing up there?" *Village Voice* writer Arthur Bell shouted out as the studio broke into noisy dissent.

"Bigots like you don't allow for any diversity of viewpoint," McConnell shot back from the set, "he has a right to his viewpoint."

"What about monogamy?" Suskind asked again. "Do you pay attention to it?"

"I pay attention to it," Dinah Robertson responded. "Somehow I feel it is less honest if you live outside a monogamous relationship."

"Monogamy is a heterosexual phenomenon," Baker asserted. "In Common Law, during the Middle Ages, they had no other method of birth control. Women were the property of men. Laws requiring monogamy were institutionalized jealousy. You were jealous when someone took your property, your woman."

"You don't give a damn?" Suskind challenged.

"People argue that procreation, having children, is the only valid purpose of sex. There are other reasons just as valid, relieving tension, enjoying communication. Just because I'm having a sexual encounter with someone else doesn't mean I love my lover less."

"We're monogamous," Sandra Chernick noted. "This to us is a most personal act and we only choose to share it together."

"Every married couple has to decide for themselves," Louis added. "I place great value on fidelity. I feel this emotionally. It isn't something I've been taught, it's a feeling."

"Fidelity? What do you mean?" Dinah Robertson responded. "Fidelity is only honesty between the two of you."

"In our relationship," McConnell elaborated, "there are certain levels which exist only between us."

"Heterosexuals keep such affairs secret and hidden from one another. You tell one another?" Suskind exclaimed.

"Yes," Baker smiled. "That's something heterosexuals can learn from us. We should teach people to be honest in their relationships and not just use others as masturbation machines."

"Our relationship is not a lesbian relationship," Barbara Glickman explained. "It is a relationship between two people. We happen to both be women and that makes it lesbian. But it's unique. Each marriage is unique."

"Heterosexuals say, 'the whole world wants to make love just like me and if they don't they're sick,'" Jack Baker interjected. "But that says more about those who say it than those it's said about."

When asked how straight friends and neighbors figured into their social lives, Baker and McConnell said those from the Twin Cities "were a very open nice mixture of people." Barbara and Sandra said that they found Brooklyn Heights a very tolerant, diversified environment and only seemed to favor heterosexual couples with kids over those without kids because of their own youngsters.

Eric said his heterosexual friends seemed comfortable around Louis and himself and that he had "disproved the old idea that straight people are boring, there are probably as many gay people who are boring."

"Our best sharing has been with others in the gay community," Dinah Robertson added. "Before we found the gay movement, most of our friends were straight. We felt we had to latch on to those who accepted us."

"We face certain problems. We're not allowed to dance together like other couples. When we enter a party as two women, we encounter instant hostility from the other women who feel two women walking in are a threat to their men. Straights limit our interests in a way. They inhibit our freedom."

"We won't go into people's homes unless we too can dance," Baker added, "sit on each other's lap if others are doing it. In other words, unless they treat us as absolute equals."

"We don't worry about offending anyone by being ourselves," McConnell added. "We went to a party at the house of the President of the University of Minnesota wearing our identical outfits. Legislators were there and we were accepted very well."

"The children of straight couples come over and spend the night at pajama parties with our 8½-year-old," Barbara Glickman volunteered. "And they keep coming back."

"Why are you two, Louis and Eric, wearing wigs?" Suskind asked after being prodded from some of those in the audience during an intermission to do so.

"I don't want to lose my job," Louis responded.

"I might lose my job," Dinah Robertson added, "but if I do, that's their problem. I do a good job. I'm totally involved in it. If they fire me for appearing here, I'll learn a lesson. I'll never accept another job without telling them right up front that I'm a lesbian."

"Aren't there bars where you can dance?" Suskind asked.

"Sure," Barbara Glickman answered. "But I don't want to just dance at the two lesbian bars left open in this city. I want to dance anywhere I want to go."

"Why have there been so many overt shows of affection, kissing and the like, during breaks between segments here by members of the audience?" Suskind asked, reacting to those few couples hold-

ing hands and a few others who exchanged brief kisses upon greeting or while sitting together. "Heterosexuals have the right and they don't behave like that."

"Well, when you have the right," Barbara Glickman explained, "you don't exercise it. But when to do so is daring, then you do."

"Kiss Sandra! Kiss her!" several female members of the audience shouted. "Kiss David goodnight! Kiss David goodnight!" several men in the audience chimed in.

Barbara Glickman planted a quick kiss on Sandra's cheek. David Suskind remained a wallflower.

DATES ALREADY SCHEDULED FOR BROADCAST WHICH WERE AVAILABLE AT PRESS TIME INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING:

- Los Angeles: KBCS, March 11th.
- New Orleans: WYES, March 1st & 5th.
- Vizalia, Calif.: KMPH, March 17th.
- Carbondale, Ill.: WSIU April 15th.
- Wooner, Mass.: WSMN, April 8th.
- Des Moines, Iowa: KDIN, March 31st.
- New Bedford, Mass.: WTEV, Feb. 24th.
- Nashville, Tenn.: WDCN, Feb. 17th.
- Lincoln, Nebraska: KUON, March 3rd.
- Toledo, Ohio: WGTE, April 10th.
- Miami, Fla.: WPBT, March 17th.
- Charlotte, N. Car.: WTVI, March 30th.
- Madison, Wisc.: WHA, Feb. 16th.
- Milwaukee, Wisc.: WMVS, Feb. 16th.
- Green Bay, Wisc.: WPNE, Feb. 16th.

Camp

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braces living as playing a role, as appearance and style, makes it all tolerable. What society proposes as essence, camp breaks down into contrasting accidents, thus achieving a kind of superiority over "the oppressors." Hence, Dr. Newton believes camp is a "pre- or proto-political phenomenon."

In passing, Dr. Newton states that impersonation seems to be going through a "downward mobility" as the older "live" performers are replaced by street-oriented queens doing "record" acts who are less talented and committed to professionalism. I feel this point should be underscored, for the fact that the "art" of impersonation is indeed dying means it's becoming unnecessary. In a time which encompasses both "gay consciousness" and Christine Jorgensen, impersonation loses its social usefulness for the gay and its freak value for the straight. Transvestites will now be looking for new models, including body changes and "passing." But whatever adjustment they make, it will be without any significant help from other homosexuals. Antiestablishment by definition, transvestites aren't going to be assimilated into society at any time in the foreseeable future; and though they may go beyond the camp, drag ethos, they will not lose the ironic vision from which it derives. For their part, I think some of the gay ideologues should ask themselves why they insist on side-stepping what should really be a central issue in gay liberation, why they seem willing to countenance femininity in the male so long as it isn't too consistent and doesn't show.

Though technical in nature, *Mother Camp* is written in a readable style with a minimum of jargon, and is enlivened with extensive quotes from the queens and transcriptions of impersonators' acts (including Lynne Carter's). Ultimately, the book is most valuable as a documentation of the way one group has dealt with almost total powerlessness—and become wise in the process. Dr. Newton writes in her preface:

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Photo by Roy Blisney

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