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For Gay Guys



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NUMBER 2

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THE 1972 Presidential campaign and the resultant landslide for Mr. Nixon on November 7th have great import for Gay people in general, and for the Gay Liberation Movement, in particular.

For the first time ever, Gay Liberation became a national issue, although a muted one. For Mr. Nixon, McGovern's statement of support for equal rights for Gay people provided him with one more example to the American people of George McGovern's "radicalism." It was George Meany who stated publicly that—among other things, including George McGovern's ties with "those Gay Liberation people"—he could not support McGovern and thus declared the AFL-CIO's "neutrality." While there is great disagreement within our movement over McGovern's sincerity on the issue, the fact remains that it was the McGovern campaign which allowed some of the issues of concern to Gay people surface in a national election.

It was undoubtedly a political blunder of huge proportion for McGovern to even allow Gay issues to get a foot in the door of his campaign, much less to allow us to present our case on national television in front of the Democratic National Convention. It comes as no surprise to anyone that the national electorate is not ready to face Gay issues, and this is as it should be.

Change in national policies regarding Gay people cannot and will not come about until a majority of the people support such changes. These next four years of the Nixon administration will provide a real test for the Gay Liberation Movement. Will we turn our efforts to educating and winning the support of the people? Or will we turn our energies toward reacting to the "malign neglect" of the Washington administration?

I hope—and will do all I can to see to it—that the Movement will use these four years to build; to build and nurture a real *sense of community* among Gay people, particularly on the local level; and to build committed support among the people, in general, through a program of *outreach* to the larger community.

BUILDING THROUGH COMMUNITY

In the past eleven years, I have seen the Gay Liberation Movement grow from a few organizations and no more than a couple hundred of us to a national movement of close to one thousand organizations and tens of thousands of activists. But this phenomenal growth of the past few years, particularly since the "Christopher Street Riots" of 1969, is meaningless until and unless we begin to relate more to the masses of Gay people and have a real impact on improving their daily lives. Appealing to Washington or the various state capitols for enactment of Gay Rights proposals has little meaning when related to the day-to-day lives of our people.

During the next four years, we have a real opportunity if not an obligation, to consolidate the gains of the past few years by building on the local level, particularly in what we call the Gay Ghettos, to give the Gay Liberation Movement meaning and purpose to the masses of Gay people.

In such areas as Silver Lake in Los Angeles, Rogers Park in Chicago, Greenwich Village in Manhattan and Back Bay in Boston (to name a few), there are large concentrations of Gay people who live (and sometimes work) in the same community. And yet, in these Gay communities, which exist in every major American city, very few of our people are active in their community—whether it be helping to formulate school policy

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March/April 1973

Editorial

Four More Years

by Craig Rodwell



guest house), or the *Bristol* (owned by the Imperial's management and equally posh), or the *Krantz-Ambassador* where royalty and heads of state are housed. Or a vast number of less expensive places which any fine travel guidebook can better pontificate on than we can in this brief article. However, tourism is now such a tremendous business in all of Austria and you'll be wise to have your travel agent nail down reservations in a hotel of your choice before you leave.

But with an eye on 'tricking' accommodations you might keep these hotels in mind when cruising the johns/cafes/wherever:

Hotel Modern, in the Krugenstrasse. Centrally located and convenient to the cafes mentioned here, you can bring anyone in any time of day or night. A 20-schilling tip to the concierge or hall porter makes everything easier.

Hotel Urania, also in the heart of the city, permits one this same freedom of cruising action. A 20-schilling tip ('trinkgeld' as it's called . . . literally 'drink money') will also assure smooth sailing on your cruise.

Of course the historicity of Vienna and the opulence of an empire now headless are magnets enough to draw anyone from anywhere in the world.

You'll be so overcome with the grandeur and beauty of it all you just may forget about tricking for quite a time. But once you do settle down just a bit, begin your daily tours from the vantage point of the Opera House and the Opernpassage—that john complex mentioned earlier. You'll find the sexual pace accelerating hour by hour . . . and when it's time to fly back home you'll do so only with the deepest regret and a very fervent pledge to return to Vienna . . . truly the City of Dreams.

...

THE LAVENDER SYNDICATE

(Continued from page 54)

while ignoring the negative control they exert over the minds and bodies of Gay people.

There are many ways that you can help in this struggle:

1. Express your anger to other Gay people. Let them know that we are going to have to run these parasites out of our lives; nobody is going to do it for us—not the police (of whom many are "on the take"), not the courts, not the media—only ourselves through our collective determination and pride.

2. If you're a member of a Gay organization which accepts payoffs from syndicate establishments, whether through "advertising" in publications or "donations," get together with other up-front people in your group and put an end to it. And see to it, that publicly at least, your group takes a stand condemning the exploiters.

3. Beware of the people in our own community who seek to excuse and explain away the syndicate stranglehold on our social institutions. In particular, I'm referring to people who say "Don't call anybody Mafia unless you can prove it." If it were that easy to prove, the problem would be well on its way to solution. Basically, you know if a place is mob-controlled—things like

watered-down drinks, creepy straight guys at the entrance collecting "minimums," mysterious limousines that pull up around closing time and collect the money, easy availability of drugs on or near the premises, deliveries of hijacked liquor which come in unmarked trucks, etc.

4. And, in the not too distant future, when you see other Gay people picketing a place because of syndicate control, *respect* that picket line at the very least; and, if your anger is sufficient, *join* it.

And, finally, when you are personally convinced that a Gay establishment, whether it be a bar, a bathhouse, a publication, a bookshop, a movie house or an organization is free of overt or covert syndicate control, *support* that establishment and get your friends to support it. Let the world know that as Gay people, we have the pride and determination to exert control over our own lives.

It is this kind of determination that the larger society respects. And if I have not yet managed to communicate my personal anger to YOU, I won't stop trying. I have been in this movement too long and am convinced that until we rid ourselves of outside control we will never even begin to be a free people!

...

FOUR MORE YEARS

(Continued from page 5)

in their local school boards, improving local private and public housing is open to Gay people (not just families), and, in general, of building a viable feeling of community where people feel they have some control over what goes on in their local communities.

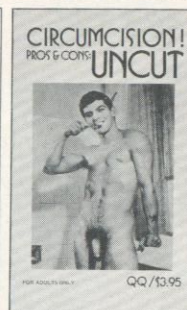
It is this feeling of powerlessness on the local level that I feel must be changed before we can begin to seriously think we can effect change on the national or state level. Somehow, in these Gay Ghettos, we must build and nurture a feeling amongst our people that they can create for themselves a real community of friends, neighbors and lovers—a real community where they have influence in their local schools, precincts and social institutions and that their local elected representatives are made answerable to their needs and feelings.

OUTREACH

At the same time that we are consolidating and giving permanence and meaning to millions of Gay people in their communities, we cannot neglect reaching out to the larger community through a program of education and open dialogue.

For example, we have tens of millions of potential allies in our efforts in the families of Gay people alone. At this time there are a number of "Parents of Gay People" organizations springing up around the country. And I think this is one of the most important trends in the Movement and something that every one of us can help to accelerate. For those of you who have taken the time and effort to re-educate your families on the subject of Homosexuality, you know of the great joy in having the love and support of your family. (For myself, I'll never forget the great surge of pride I felt when my mother told me she was proud of me when she heard me speak on Gay Liberation in

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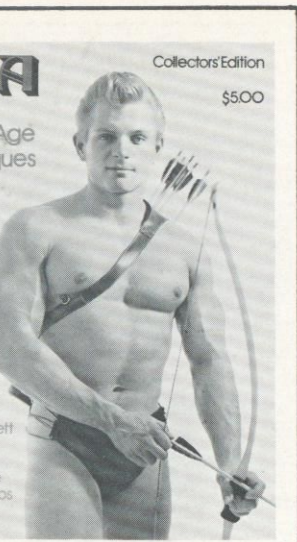
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public.)

Other programs of outreach in the next four years must include continued contacts with universities, unions, professional associations and other private and public institutions. In the past year, we have seen the establishment of Gay Centers on university campuses (notably Columbia); Gay caucuses in the National Education Association, the American Library Association and, most recently, the establishment of a Gay legal caucus.

To sum up, it would be easy for us to wring our hands over the fate of the first national candidate to support Gay rights issues and some of us probably will. But if we firmly believe that our cause is just, we will use these four years to consolidate and strengthen our movement and begin to make it applicable to the day-to-day lives of the millions of Gay people. We will turn away from contrived protests for protest's sake; and we will work positively in our communities where we already have the potential for immediate and lasting change. We will reject the media freaks and ego-trippers in the movement and we will move out into our communities and relate directly to the people.

This is a time of testing and challenge to the Gay Liberation Movement. Will we meet that challenge?

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THE EBANYKUS JOURNAL

(Continued from page 25)

I decided then and there he was a Pisces and had to be putting me on, but, man, who cared? He flopped over on his belly and the rounded curves of his ivory ass, tight and firm with a hairline crack made the curls on my scrotum stand straight. I wasn't gonna pass this one up. I persuaded him to put his trunks on for the walk down to the parking lot, and he said, "Sure, man, I'll go home with you. You like to fuck? I don't dig anyone who don't fuck."

"Try me." And off we went.

I knew he'd turn on to my car, a sixty-nine rooster-red Shelby, ram-air and all that shit. He stared at it shaking his head repeatedly, "Absolutely. Absolutely. Absolutely."

"Yeah," I said, "so what is it? Bunch of metal and grease and fiberglass. Get into it, Ebanykus and I'll take you home with me like the rape of Venus."

In spite of the "absolutely" Shelby (unpaid for) I live in a humble part of Southampton alongside the Polish working class—a small rented house near the village north of Hill Street—the "unfashionable side" of town. I dig it. It's cozy. Only problem is I don't have much privacy upstairs. No tall hedges.

Fortunately, I got a basement bedroom, damp in the summer, cold in winter, but great for sex and cuddling. Ebanykus had no sooner got to the bottom of the cement stairs leading to this mouldy cavern than he turned to me.

"Oh man, this is beautiful. Neptune's Cave."

And so the basement got its name. He had to be a Pisces.

Have you ever been so turned on to somebody the first time you flop into bed

with him you do nothing at all of consequence? That's the way it was with me and Ebanykus the first afternoon. The bed down in "Neptune's Cave" is no good for sleeping, but it sinks in the middle and we got into it naked and salty—into each other's arms, exploring nooks and crannies of each other's bodies—skin and hair and holes and mouths and necks behind the ears—tensely whispering all the things we was gonna do, and ending up splattering come all over, holding on afterwards for dear life and making frantic promises how much better it'd be later on. I had to get away from him. He was too rich, like chocolate cake. He wanted to sleep, anyway, so I went upstairs and made myself a pot of black coffee.

"It's just another trick," I kept telling myself. Then, when I was about ready to go back down and really make love to him, the way men oughta make love, slow and easy, he appeared at the top of the stairs, wearing his swim suit.

"Hey, man," he said gruffly, "could you spin me over to Sag Harbor? I left all my clothes there."

"Sure, Ebanykus. You wanna come back later?" I tried not to sound eager, but it was difficult.

"Can I sorta stay here a few days?"

"Yeah, why not?"

So I was taking a chance, but we had a lot more to do in bed. Why not dig it?

I got my first scare from him, however, that same afternoon. We were breathing "Absolutely" up the long, open stretch of Deerfield Road toward Noyack when I asked him how long he had been out in the Hamptons this summer?

"Only a coupla weeks," he answered, slouching into the bucket seat, his bare legs spread. "I been staying at this house in Sag Harbor—Diana's. She runs a kinda groupie thing. Can't say too much . . ."

"Because you don't know or sworn to secrecy?"

"Both," he said tersely. He reached his small hand across the stick shift and rested it in my crotch. Now, if I was into fist-fucking . . . "See, I was working at the Mayfair on Job's Lane, but it was driving me up the wall. Can't dig it, man, indoors all day. Anyway, I sorta knew Diana in New York, in the Village, and she says come be a part of her thing, so I did."

I let it lie for the moment.

"You got bread?"

He jerked his arm back and his whole body tensed, sudden anger gripping him. "Fuck yes, I got bread. Whaddya think . . .?"

"Hey, Ebaynkus, cool it. I didn't mean—just thought you might need some help." I faked a laugh. "Besides, I barely got enough to get by on, but if you need anything . . ."

"Okay, man, dig." He relaxed and smiled. "I'm together. Just need a place to stay for a few days. Can't hang on at Diana's. She wants to get me too tied up, and I'm not ready for it yet."

"Ready for what?"

"Huh? Oh, nothin' exactly." He paused. We'd reached the hilly curves of Deerfield and he sat up straight. "Well, see, like chicks," he continued. "Balling. Man, you wouldn't believe all the screwing that goes on down in that house. Part of Diana's cult-bull ritual. But, look, I can't tell you about it. Okay?"

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raig Rodwell



LAST month I presented a brief outline of the extent of organized crime's domination over many of our Gay institutions, and I also recognized that before we could begin to gain control there would be a long and difficult struggle. When we talk about "syndicate" control, we're talking about a multi-million dollar big business; and they're not going to just walk away because we say they should.

The first step in this fight is to somehow get our Gay brothers and sisters mad enough to want to do something about it. For too long and for whatever reasons, we have passively accepted the situation; but as our individual and group feelings of pride in our lifestyle and solidarity with our people grow, we find a new determination to assert control over our own lives.

Probably the major goal of the Gay Liberation Movement, but the least recognized, is that we are challenging Gay people to like themselves with a healthy self-respect and dignity; and when an historically downtrodden people begin to like themselves, they begin to get mad at institutions and groups which exploit and use them. That's why increasing numbers of Gay people are getting mad at governmental institutions which legislate against us; against religious institutions which condemn us; against business institutions which discriminate against us; and yes, against the crime crowd which controls our social institutions.

Just recently we have seen a few signs of this anger. In early September the Gay Revolution Network (a New York based group) set up an "Anti-Mafia War Council." The call for their first meeting read in part: "This monster, the Mafia, infects so much of Gay people's lives in New York's homosexual ghetto. Gay bars are one of their major sources of converting bad money (from heroin, bank robberies, hijacking, etc.) into good money. Practically every drink we buy, every meal we order, every drug we cop, every time we're robbed by a desperate junkie we end up paying off this beast in some way. There are thousands of victims that have been twisted and torn up by these straight men who profit off us and are directly enhanced by the degree of oppression laid on us by the straight men in City Hall, Albany and in Washington."

The GRN further called on Gay people to boycott Mafia places and on Gay organizations to provide real alternatives and finally to "cut our movement and its members loose from Mafia influence now!"

And many Gay people here in New York City are now beginning to ask, "Why do some Gay publications give free space listings to all the syndicate-run places in town? Why do some of the Gay organizations accept large donations from syndicate operations and give them 'honorary homosexual' awards while maintaining a silence on the issue of mob control over our social institutions? Why did a former president of a Gay activists group, during Congresswoman Bella Abzug's recent primary campaign, take her on a well-publicized campaign tour to meet her Gay constituents in only syndicate-run establishments? Why does a former president of a Gay Liberation organization now work for a publicly-identified 'soldier' in the syndicate?"

Questions like these are being asked because a lot of us are unwilling any longer to quietly sit back and see our Gay community exploited and this anger must equally be directed towards so-called "leaders" in the movement who are "for sale." Also included in this group are the columnists in various Gay publications, local and national, who regularly glamorize and help to reinforce the syndicate Gay bar syndrome,

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