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Fifth Freedom, 1977-03-01

The Mattachine Society of the Niagara Frontier

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GAY ISSUE IN WEATHER SPLIT

The nation's most well-known revolutionary organization, the Weather Underground, has split up, and this recent action may lead to their extinction. A new faction called the Revolutionary Committee, has accused the Central Committee of numerous "crimes", including activities that tended to "dominate and destroy the women's movement", and of perpetuating "an explicitly anti-gay line". The new committee asserted that the Weather's stated line was that "gayness was a matter of sexual preference, not politics, but the White House Talks

Jean O'Leary and Bruce Voeller, co-directors of the National Gay Task Force, met on February 8th for two hours with Midge Costanza, President Carter's staffperson in charge of the gay issue. This was the first time that gay movement representatives have ever met with officials in the White House.

Voeller called the meeting a "historic occasion" and praised the initial contacts with the Carter administration as "the single most exciting opportunity we have had as a movement." Voeller and O'Leary

line in practice is to define gay relationships, politics and organizations as inherently racist and irrelevant. Lesbianism was a separatist nightmare and threatened their politics and power. At this point it is not clear what will happen to the Weather Underground, but the split between "old" Leftist ideology and tactics, and the "New Left's" ideas and practice that give special emphasis to the Third World, women and gay struggles, is not expected to go away gently or quickly. (Gay Community News)

Bryant Loses T.V. Contract

Anita Bryant's anti-gay crusade has cost the singer a potentially lucrative $10 million as hostess of a daytime television show. The show, which was to focus on sewing, represents the first cancellation of a Bryant contract since she became the leader of a campaign against the Miami gay rights ordinance.

Bryant's organization, Save Our Children, Inc., announced that she had received over 60,000 signatures in an effort to force a referendum on the ordinance. The strong anti-gay petition assures that the referendum will be held in June. It would be the first of its kind in the country.

At a press conference in her Miami Beach home, Bryant warned that "the blacklisting of Anita Bryant has begun." "I have been blacklisted for exercising the right of a mother to defend her children, and all children against being recruited by homosexuals," she said.

"What concerns me," she told the press, "is that by caving in to the small but vocal (number of) homosexual activists, those who sponsor American television and other forms of entertainment will give the impression that this sick segment of society represents society on a much broader basis than it does in reality."

"I am accountable to God first," said Bryant, who is a devout Baptist. "Those who do not share my conviction may consider it a talent, but with God's help, they can never blacken my name," asserted the singer.

BUFFALO GAY CENTER CLOSES

On February 28th, the Gay Community Services Center at 1350 Main Street closed its doors to the Buffalo gay community. The main reason for the closing, according to Mattachine officials, was the lack of financial support to operate such a large center.

The GCSC was the largest center of its kind in the state. The Center had been running at a deficit for some time, thus bringing its bank account to an all-time low. The main source of income had been the Saturday Night Disco, which had declined in popularity in light of the influx of new gay bars in the area.

Although the Center is now closed, certain services will be maintained for the gay community. The Gay Services phone number (881-5335) will continue to operate for counseling and information. The counseling staff will be re-grouping shortly to improve its services. 5th Freedom
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EDITORIAL

The largest gay community services center in the eastern U.S. is closed. Though certain activities and services previously offered at the Center will continue—such as telephone counseling and the Fifth Freedom—others, including the library, dances, potlucks, and simple "hang-out" space—are ended until the Center finds a home. Counseling and this newspaper are currently being provided through the generous provision of space by one of the members of the Mattachine home at 10th.

Speculation has run wild as to the reasons for the Center's demise: was it political infighting within the Mattachine Society? Was it personal back-biting? Was it sabotage by the FBI, CIA, or separatist lesbians? Or had the Center become a stagnant institution, existing only as an end in itself, having little reference to the needs and concerns of Buffalo's gay community? And what of Buffalo's gay community? What role did it in the Center's closing? Certainly, its declining patronage of Center dealings was a major source of revenue for the Center's work. But what other kinds of support—personal as well as financial—might the city's gay have given the Center? Do gays care at all about having an alternative to the bars and the baths?

None of these questions have simple answers. Only the objectivity gained by the passage of time will clarify what the cause of the Center's demise was. And an understanding of these factors is essential if there is ever to be a gay center in Buffalo again. Those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it.

Buffalo's gays will continue to have a newspaper and counseling services, both of which seem to be meaningful resources, judging by their popularity and the interest expressed in them. And that is the key to the future of gay activities in Buffalo: they will succeed only ifoans as they have as their primary end the welfare and interests of Buffalo's gays.

One aspect of the Center's closing which is of special concern to the Fifth Freedom is that gay men and women here continue to work with each other. Conflicts between the sexes were undoubtedly factors in the Center, and some perspective must be gained on the significance of these conflicts.

Gay men traditionally have had less than ideal relationships with women, gay or straight, sometimes to a parodiac degree. Lesbians, to the extent that they are feminists, may view relating to any males at all as inherently destructive to their own interests. While acknowledging that gay women and men each have concerns unique to themselves, this does not deny the interests we have in common. We are all gay. As a united group, we are a significant force in this culture, capable of effecting change; as divided groups, however, our "weight" is notionally diminished, and with it our power.

Gay liberation is essentially human liberation, a process which affects and involves all humans. This issue of the Fifth Freedom, like the ones before it, is published entirely men, using material almost entirely by men. This is not a policy; it is a reality, a fact of life. The Fifth Freedom is intended as a sounding-board for the ideas of all gays: members of SIS, GROW, MSNF, SAGE, and unaffiliated gays of both sexes. We are interested in ideas and feelings—yours—whomever you are.

COMMENT

It was with mixed feelings that I heard of the closing of Buffalo's Gay Center. There was a sadness at the closing of doors on a Center that was, for a while, a vibrant, exciting, and fun place, a true center for the gay community, a place where gays of both sexes and all ages could gather undisturbed by the hostility of straight settings, and the hot-house social pressure of bars and baths. There was a sadness, and yet, I felt the closing was right.

In the past year or so, it seemed that 1135 Main Street was trying too hard, and in vain, to emulate the commercial establishments. Somehow the place had turned away from what must surely be the true mission of a gay center, that is, to provide a genuine alternative to the bars. The bars do what they do well, but another bar we don't need. What is needed is a place where gays can meet not only to be comfortable with their sexuality, but also to explore the deeper, wider implications of being gay. How is it not just what you do in bed and with whom. It means a way of relating to people that breaks free of the sexist, ageing, racist, competitive, paranoid guidelines laid down for us by straight Western society.

Bars have a valid function, but the encouragement of open, risking, sharing, genuinely loving relationships is now it. Here surely is where a gay center comes in. Such a place allows and even actively fosters such relationships, and in doing do demonstrates to society at large the possibility, desirability, and even necessity of change in the ways person deals with person, and people deal with people.

Some of you gay men are meeting with this goal around the city, recognizing the direction that gay liberation must take if it is not to die, drowned out by the tides of neglect and of regression on a long tred this same path. Now is the time for a new gay center to provide the leadership and support needed in the true gay struggle. The Gay Center is dead—long live the Gay Center.

Love,

James Brown

ATTENTION

MATTACHINE MEMBERS

The next General Membership Meeting will be held at the Unitarian Church at Elmwood & W. Ferry on March 20th. A pot-luck dinner will be at 6:00 PM, with the meeting to follow at 7:40 PM.

This is the first general membership meeting to be held since the closing of the Center. Many plans have to be made for the future and your input and response are needed. So bring your favorite dish to the potluck, along with your ideas and energy.
GAY RIGHTS BILL RENEWED
Congressman Edward Koch (D-NY) has refilied the civil rights bill pioneered by former Congress member Bella Abzug to bring gay people under the protection of the federal Civil Rights Act of 1964. Koch was joined in submitting HR 451 by ten cosponsors: John Burton, Peter DeFazio, Ron Dellums, George Miller, Mike Honda, Peter McCloskey from California; Gerry Studds, and Michael Harrington of Massachusetts; Don Frazier of Minnesota; along with Johnathan Bingham, Elizabeth Holzman (the only woman) and Theodore Weiss from New York. Last year the bill attracted 29 sponsors, and we expected to again join ranks behind the measure. (News West)

BELLA DECLINES CARTER OFFER
Former Rep. Bella Abzug has rejected the offer of a Washington job, made to her in a meeting with President Jimmy Carter. The rumor is that she rejected a seven year, $50,000 a year post as a member of the F.T.C. The Abzug refusal to take the Washington post is expected to move her closer to a run for Mayor of New York City this year. A recent poll shows the former Representative to be two percentage points ahead of New York Mayor Abraham Beame in a popularity poll. Abzug has done nothing to discourage speculation that she will make such a race. (Gay Community News)

A KNIGHT TO REMEMBER
A recent issue of PARADE magazine featured the following in their weekly gossip column:
Q. It was well known in theatrical circles for years and years that the late British playwright Noel Coward was gay, gay, gay. When he died, then, did Queen Elizabeth II knight him? F.T.C., College Park, MD.
A. Homosexuality does not exclude a talented person in Great Britain from receiving royal honors. Homosexuals have made outstanding contributions to British culture. (Parade Publications)

GAY O.K. IF SEXUALLY INERT
So it seems with the Jesuit Order of New York, where it was recently decided to bar the ordination of Thomas Swettin who has been a priesthood candidate for the past 13 years. Rev. Albert Bartlett, vice principal for,000,000,000 for priestly preparation for the New York Jesuit order, said that it was unusual to refuse to grant ordination in the final stages except for "reasons of health" which include "stability of both mind body". Rev. John McNeill, whose supportive book "The Church and the Homosexual" was published last year, is also a Jesuit. But Fr. McNeill has identified himself as gay, although not sexually active. (Gay News)

MARRIANN FAITHFULL COMES OUT
British singing star, Marianne Faithfull, has recently finished writing a series of articles for a London newspaper in which she discloses her homosexuality...so says the New York Post gossip columnist, Tony Schwartz. When published, Schwartz claims the serializations will reveal a "true sexual adventures" with other women. (Gay News)

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TAKE A CRUISE AROUND THE FALLS
There are a couple of places that are gay but quite out of the way in the city of Niagara Falls. One of the gay fun spots in town is "Chuck's Ad Lib," where herein lies a casual, comfortable atmosphere. Meeting new people is very easy at "Chuck's Ad Lib", just ask any one of the friendly bartenders: Bobby, Terry, Gayle, Glen, Pat, or Dave your manager, they'll ask you to pull up a chair and relax to your favorite brew, or shoot a game of 8-ball. Special nights to remember at the Ad Lib: Mon., "Gay Night," Thurs. "Boys Night" (discount for guys) Wed. "Girls Night" (ditto), Thurs. "Screwdriver Night", and "Happy Hour" is every Sunday from 2pm till 6pm. Take the short drive to Niagara Falls to "Chuck's Ad Lib"2228 Falls Street...it's crispy and very comfortable!
A Look at the Most Oppressed Gays in America by Tim Denesha

This litany of atrocities inflicted upon gay men and women by the American penal system could be extended indefinitely. Like Jews in Nazi Germany, or blacks in the pre-civil-rights-movement South, or the Vietnamese at My Lai, gays in prison are treated as a subhuman species, contemptible and dangerous, not entitled to even the paltry rights accorded other prisoners. The American penal system is inherently brutalizing, dehumanizing, and degrading for all of its victims, but for gays the situation is particularly desperate: as is clear from two of the examples above, straight prisoners often surpass prison guards and administrators in persecuting gays. Official prison policy and unofficial prisoner social dynamics combine to make gay humiliation a fundamental operational and survival mechanism in the American prison; nothing could be more contrary to American penal tradition than gay pride.

For some gays, suicide is the only possible response to the misery of incarceration. For those who don't choose death, the assistant warden of a correctional facility in Missouri, Laid Is, put it this way: "Submit, right, or go over the fence." The irony of the latter two choices is obvious: to right is manliness when the opponent is an established social system proscribed by coercion to the extent of murder, while escape, except in rare instances, results only in recapture and an extended sentence.

To survive, then, submission is the only option, and submission means participation in one's own oppression. Just as the survival of the death camps by cooperating with the Nazis, even to the extent of murdering their own kin, are an instance of the same phenomenon.

But the price exacted for this survival is high, and continues to be paid long after one returns to freedom. Referring to 'punks,' i.e., gays who accept their designated prison role and become slaves to the macho 'jockers' or 'wolves,' one prisoner wrote, 'The punishment I know is physical and psychologically. Even if he can physically tolerate rape, emotionally he is fucked up.'

And gays in the non-prison world, imprisoned gays are confronted by two modes of oppression: official and non-official. These modes are mutually supportive and reinforcing; together they constitute the 'gay-as-nigger' environment, that their destruction of gay identity and integrity is nearly total. The official mode of oppression is derived from the homophobia of prison administrators and personnel; ultimately, this phobia is rooted in at least eight male sexism, which so grossly overinflates the male ego that it is threatened by all who do not subscribe to the macho male archetype, and it thrives on any system which reproduces the non-prison world's paradigm of woman oppression. Gay oppression by straight prisoners is supported by prison officials because it mimics the familiar and comforting oppression of women in the non-prison world.

The second mode of oppression is the sexism of the population itself. The straight guard in an all-male institution is cut off from his primary ego support: the heterosexual world's glorification of women. In order for his masculine identity to survive, he needs a substitute nigger to play moon to his sun. And what pattern of sexism prevails. Male administrators and guards continue the oppression of women which they practice outside the prison, though to an exaggerated degree in the absence of 'civilized' society's restraints: rape of prisoners by prison personnel is a much more acute problem in women's prisons, regardless of whether the guards are male or female. For lesbian prisoners in male-run facilities, the oppression is especially savage, as in the case cited above; the penalty for not worshiping at the altar of cock is severe. Within the women's prison population itself, sexism is no less a factor. In a depressing recreation of male-female roles in the non-prison world, imprisoned women have a social system based on the opposition of the 'masculine' to the 'masculine;' prison arget for these roles is 'Maryanne' and 'Dora Dyke.' Because less than five percent of all incarcerated misdeemans and felons are women, attention is usually focussed on abuses in men's prisons, where greater numbers...
are affected; for the same reason, less documentation is available on conditions in women's prisons. But the persecution of lesbians is no less intense: "Rape in the women's prisons is every bit as brutal and terrifying as the men's," according to Helga, a former prisoner. Many women kept it locked from the outside world, experiences an aggravation of this frustration within the confines of the prison. But at the same time, he is given by prison administrators and the prison social structure, an opportunity to ventilate that frustration by raping the symbol of the oppressive forces ranked against him: the young middle-class white.

White straight males experience the same impotence crisis in prison, partly because of separation from the ego support of the heterosexual world. Unable to rape women (actually or figuratively), he substitutes the male most like a woman (as he views them), the "long-haired hippie," the non-macho male, the gay male.

An incarcerated lesbian described herself as "fightin' 'em off" constantly, for in women's prisons the imagination of male/female role relations results in the same style of oppression for gay women as for gay men. Rape may take the form of forced masturbation, cunnilingus, or vaginal/rectal assault with a dildo. One inmate described a rapist who had fashioned a dildo in the shape of an alligator, which she displayed proudly in her cell to be seen by all... including guards, who were supposedly unaware of its actual purpose.

When it becomes undeniably clear that gays are not the rapists, then prison officials will claim that gays are still responsible for the crime because they seduced the innocent male aggressor. Winston Moore, a psychologist and purportedly "enlightened and progressive" director of the Cook County (Chicago) Department of Corrections, claimed in an article on prison sex problems published in Ebony in September, 1976, that "closet queens...who carefully try to keep their homosexuality a secret...often charge rape in order to keep their cover intact...though they had readily cooperated in or even initiated the act." In asserting that rapists are the result of seduction by gays, Moore and other homophobic prison administrators are ignoring the fact that a substantial proportion of prison rape victims are what the prisoners term "jailhouse turnovers," i.e., persons with no previous homosexual experience—yet prison officials will still declare them responsible for being raped. "It's true that in jail straight men force people into homosexuality," according to one inmate, but this is unacceptable to an administrator strongly invested in maintaining his stereotype of the straight male as inherently noble.

The prison rape victim's predicament is nearly hopeless. One boy was gang-raped both inside and outside the prison. They held him, induced the officials because he would really have been in trouble then." Like women who are raped in the non-prison world, prison rape victims face an official response as oppressive as the assault itself. Officials insist that the names of the rapist(s) be revealed before any action is taken; this requires breaking the most sacred tenet of the prisoner moral code: Never Be an Informer. If the assaulted victim reveals the names of his fundamental, he is assured of brutal reprisals from them at the next opportunity; if he keeps the names secret, then he is liable to returned to general population for further raping.

When a prisoner is being so grossly mistreated by other inmates that even prison officials cannot overlook the fact, the response is administrative segregation, lock-up—in other words, one is punished for being raped. Lock-up does protect the person from further rape, but it also absolutely denies all access to whatever limited sources of recreation, exercise, and self-betterment are available to prisoners. One inmate, whoila writes..."We're twenty-three years of age, with a limited education, who is an admitted homosexual. He had to be locked up in maximum security for some reason. Inmates had continued to take sexual advantage of him. He was denied schooling because his protection could not be guaranteed."

Lock-up is a punishment, as are all prison punishment. It is not designed to stop the rape, but to punish the rape victim. Often the rapist has continued to conduct his activities in a prison where he is not under surveillance. The rapist is protected by prison administrators who are then unable to punish the rapist for his crimes. The rapist is therefore able to continue to rape, and is actually rewarded for his activities.

The enlightened and progressive Moore also advanced another rationale for abolishing straight's of all responsibility for prison rape:

We find a disproportionately high incidence of homophobia among the nation's prison staffs...The field of corrections attracts a great many people with egotistical and authoritarian personality structures...we have created a society, in recent years on even hampered influx of homosexuals into the staffs of correctional institutions...I attribute this largely to the expression of an institution which has become so prevalent in this country...the same problem is plaguing woman's prisons, most of which are run by non-heterosexual, non-macho men.

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Moore's tight straight skin is safe: whoever gets beaten, whoever gets raped, whoever gets murdered, it is clear that the straight male is never at fault, for gays are entirely responsible. Scapegoating is a very comfortable practice for homophobes such as Winston Moore, much less threatening than dealing with the sexist and racist oppression of which he himself is clearly guilty. Winston Moore, articulate and educated, is considered an outstanding example of the new breed of prison administrators; he is admired for his reforms because they improve prison conditions for straights, reaffirming the myth of gay perversion and protect the heterosexual world from the onslaughts of gay liberation.

The other major category of official harassment of incarcerated gays is in the area of medical care. Prison health care is an abomination for all prisoners, regardless of sexual orientation; treatment for illness is viewed as neither a necessity nor a right, but a special privilege to be granted at the whim of a prison guard.

We saw a woman who was severely burned prior to her arrest denied medical treatment because she did not receive the burn in prison. Punishment is always inflicted for report of illness. If a girl reports herself ill, instead of receiving medical treatment, she is looked up for about three days, then given treatment—or maybe she isn't.

The matron told us to strip, she was going to check us for hidden narcotics. After examining the first woman she removed the speculum from her vagina and immediately moved to insert it in the vagina of the next woman. When I protested that the speculum should be sterilized between each usage in case any of the women had venereal disease, her response was to make sure I would be the last of the six women examined, so the chances of infection would be greatest for me.

If medical care is bad for everyone in a sexist-oppressive institution such as a prison, then for gays it can be expected to be considerably worse.... and it is.

I was taken to the hospital the night before last after an attack of pain in my lower abdomen. I was refused admission because my records show "homosexuality," so I was given a shot that knocked me out for forty-eight hours. So here I am, still in pain, but unable to receive proper medical attention because I'm gay. The way they look at it, the entire reason I want to be checked in is to indulge in....whatever.

Under the comparatively relaxed conditions of the prison infirmary, penal authorities, subscribing to the stereotype of gays as promiscuous sex maniacs, fear that gays will convert the wards into orgy rooms, and so are even more reluctant than usual to admit them into sick bay. This discrimination has particularly disastrous effects for the rape victim, such as the lesbian whose situation was described at the beginning of this article: for these gays, acknowledgement of the need for medical attention is also an acknowledgement of gay persecution by straight prisoners.

In the worst prisons, the withholding of even basic first aid is used as a form of "punishment" for being a "pervert," with the result that abrasions, lacerations, burns, lost teeth and broken bones are left untreated. With urgent medical concerns being ignored, it is not surprising that more routine gay health needs go unmet. For example, many institutions have no routine venereal disease screening of prisoners upon intake, and of those that do, virtually all limit themselves to heterosexual screening: that is, urethral swabs will be taken, but not rectal or oral. Just as in straight medical services, the two sites chiefly responsible for the spread of VD among gays are neglected. Once in prison, no same sex would request oral or rectal VD exams, just as imprisoned straights for the same treatment.

would not request a urethral test, for in either case a positive result would be virtual proof of participation in gay sexual activity with the inevitable penalties to follow. So the diseases are left untreated, with the risk of serious side effects such as paralysis or mental deterioration years later, when the condition has become untreatable.

Gay men who engage predominantly in anal intercourse have been found to have a twenty per cent "greater likelihood of carrying a hepatitis-causing virus in their blood, yet few prisons provide hepatitis screening, much less prophylactic measures for its containment. Other, less pressing conditions which particularly affect gays, such as scabies, crabs and venereal warts (especially anal warts) are similarly ignored.

Transsexual prisoners are faced with enormous difficulties. Straight prisoners can reasonably expect that certain medications necessary for their well-being on the outside, such as heart medications, will be denied them in prison; transsexuals, at whatever stage of their transformation, can be certain that the gender change process will be stopped and probably reversed by the withdrawal of hormone therapy. The sensitive and supportive counselling which transsexuals require will be replaced by harsh prejudicial treatment, often from other gays.

I'm in a predominantly all-woman institution with the only other males besides myself being over forty-five years old. The Illinois Department of Corrections didn't feel I could be out loose into any institution with an all-male population because I have breasts resulting from hormone treatment.

The one thing that really burns me up is, along with being put down by prison staff, there are gay sisters in here that do the same thing....the gay sisters have nothing to do with me, and the straight girls think I'm sick and a freak....I've asked for therapy to help me cope with the situation, but they tell me that the therapy groups are only for women. I tried to go to school, but was kicked out because they didn't want "men" in there....

I was brought here for having feminine mannerisms, but here, in a female institution, I'm told to act like a man.

An equally gross example of transsexual discrimination is the case of Jack Hoffman, who is being denied parole in prison by the Utah State Department of Corrections nearly two years beyond the termination of his sentence simply because he expresses his intention of undergoing sexual reassignment surgery upon release. "I have never been charged or convicted of any offense involving my sexual identity....however, the Utah State Department of Corrections has said they will not release me until I change my intentions...." Jack Hoffman names the Mormon Church, which runs the state of Utah and the Department of Corrections there, as the villain; with its bigamist teachings, the Mormon Church is historically among the most sexist-oppressive of religions. Transsexuals can expect to be even more harshly penalized by the sexism of correctional facilities than other gays.

While these instances of abuse by omission are appalling, they pale beside the crimes of commission which, in the name of medical research, have been perpetrated against gay prisoners. Atascadero and Vacaville prisons in California are designated for the treatment

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sex between young and older men

Another point I'd like to take up is the traditional, effeminist possibility, objection to the "sexist" relations between older men and younger men. I took that question to Gavin Arthur... (who) had slept with Edward Carpenter, and Edward Carpenter had slept with Walt Whitman. So this is in a sense a line of transmission... that's an interesting sort of thing to have as part of the mythology... What was whispered to me in that line of transmission by Gavin Arthur on the subject of younger and older men making it: he says, that's like an ancient thing, and it's very old and very charming for older and younger to make it—which you realize as you get old too—and nothing to be ashamed of, defensive about, but something to be encouraged—a healthy relationship, not a sick, neurotic dependency.

The main thing is communication. Older people have been, experience, history, memory, information, data, and also power, money, and worldly technology. Younger people have intelligence, enthusiasm, sexuality, energy, vitality, open mind, athletic activity—all the characteristics and sweet, dewy knowledge of youth; and both profit from the mental exchange. It becomes more than a sexual relationship; it becomes an exchange of strengths, an exchange of gifts, an exchange of accomplishments, and exchange of nature-bounties. Older people gain vigor, refreshment, vitality, energy, helpfulness, and cheerfulness from the attentions of the young; and the younger people gain gossip, experience, advice, aid, comfort, wisdom, knowledge, and teachings from their relation with the old. So in other relationships, the combination of old and young is functionally useful. It's far from sexist, in the sense that the interest of the younger person is not totally sexual; it's more in the relationship and wisdom to be gained.

In Edward Carpenter's and Whitman's theory, the older person made love to the younger person, hewed the younger person, and there was the absorption of the younger person's electric, vital magnetism (according to a charming, theosophical, nineteenth-century theory). And it's something that somebody older like myself does experience as a natural fact. When you sleep with somebody younger, you do gain a little vitality of breadth and bounce.

Rely on your feelings and trust your feelings. I think a lot of homosexual conflict comes from internalizing society's distrust of your loves, finally doubting your own loves, and therefore not being able to act on them. The other thing is, I think it's important to accept rejection, because the more you learn to accept rejection, the more you leave yourself vulnerable to be rejected, the more you have a chance of getting laid, of scoring, both for heart and for cock. The more you open yourself up and give yourself, continuously without rancor, and accept rejection from people who are either too timid or afraid socially, or who just don't want you... the more you'll be open to your feelings, the more likely you'll just connect.

One of the greatest difficulties, especially for the younger sexualists of all kinds, is the fear of making a mistake, that they're afraid of being rejected. So, the only thing is frank revelation of the heart: that applies politically, subjectively, personally... it's the lack of trust in the heart that's messed up radical mentality as well as all sexual mentality in America. If we don't interest ourselves in your hearts, and accept our hearts rejection from some perpetual void of intellect... ultimately, the heart becomes brightly empty.

incident

Hello. I know this sounds a bit ridiculous, but haven't we met? Weren't you at the last ball thrown by the Czar? At the Summer Palace, of course!

Well, yes, I appear young— but I was there. It was a previous life. I've had several. I was done in by the mob on that particular occasion. I think I was a minor counts. I was dressed in green and yellow.

Once I was a monk who happened to stumble onto the secret of universal peace, only to be struck dumb by a higher power.

Or did we meet at the Hermitage? I think you were examining a Cellini. We drank vodka at a little cafe and told jokes. Our gaiety was laughed. But didn't understand. Ah, but that's the Cold War.

Once I attended an execution. I gambled on the man's clothing, and won his robe. It was a homespun material, a deep wine red.

Or was it at Aginsky? And did you stay in or did you stay out? And should we have gone on? Could it have been at the Kingston's that we met? I was to be sacrificed. They thought I was a virgin.

Yes, that is funny.

None of these, eh?

We seem to have drawn a crowd. I'll be seeing you again. In about a hundred years or so.

ーA. Earl Hersberger
WHO ARE THE HOMOSEXUALS?

Part Three by Lyle Glazier

Who are the homosexuals? We are husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters. We are bosses, colleagues, servants, plumbers, policemen, clergymen, teachers. Many of us are indistinguishable from irrefragable straights.

Legally we are criminals. Everybody coming in touch with one of us is threatened, liable to be socially contaminated if the secret comes out. Some of us break under the pressure or imagine pressure, trapped by the police perhaps, and, before the trial, exposed in the daily newspaper: "... apprehended at the corner of Edward and Pearl, and charged with offering to commit an obscene act."

Released on bail, the accused can lead a gamine drum into the back of the stationwagon, and drive full-speed into the atomization of an overhead crossbridge on the expressway. He has been under pressure too long. Wife knows, children know, father, and mother know. The neighbors know. The human constitution is capable of enduring only so much.

We are still fugitives, hundreds of thousands, millions, so ashamed of ourselves that we hardly dare ask for mercy. Most of us never confess. Even to our wives. Some play the buffoon. Others beg their wives not to tell. Recently, great numbers, seemingly, have come out into the open. Seemingly to be legion, they are only a few compared to the thousands still hiding.

Not the least of our punishments is that to a great many people our behavior seems a bit ridiculous. "What difference does it make which hole you put it in?" If we reply that the question is double-edged and could just as legally sanction our behavior as could our way of squirming uncomfortably. Even the murder of a queen doesn't always excite full sympathy. The Williamsburg murderer of R. D. was upon public revulsion toward homosexuals to enlist sympathy for himself. The Newsweek report of Sal Mineo's death wasted a natural sympathy apologizer on the probable motive: "It was a new boyfriend or something. They do have their quarrels." Reading statements that put a comfortable distance between the reporter and the victim, gays may be tempted to move an equal distance, protecting themselves by pretending that the victim couldn't possibly have been they. Yet they know very well that it could have been. The infection of ridicule is contagious. Often I seem ridiculous to myself.

Often I have wished to have a chance to run my life over again. If I had been five years older when I got in bed that night. Or if I had not been so drugged by sleep. Or if only my older brother—who behaved very strangely by coming back a week early from Camp's—if only, forgetting our family reticence about sex, had shouted, pointing at my little brother, "Don't let him go!"

And now, if it were to do over, I think I would choose to run the whole gamut, consciously ejecting not to have made the great friendships. Never to have been homosexual would be one thing, but having been, in spite of being branded a criminal, I would not wish away that much of my life.

Furthermore, so little is known about our sexual natures: it may well be that I never did have an option, that something in my genes determined my having been balanced between the sexes by a naturalistic fatalism, attracted toward both men and women. Whatever the primal cause, I am what I am, and I have full sympathy for all persons caught in the web of discriminatory laws executed by lawmakers who believe they are hearing a Higher Voice, when they are probably only defending their own bias, or running away from their own fear.

Preparing for the radio program last summer, in our preliminary session, one of the co-hosts overlooking my vita noticed that I had served seven years as vice-president of a board of education. He asked if he could use that information in his introduc-

tion. "Better not," I said. "My old friends and neighbors—it's enough that some of them may hear me, without my rubbing their noses in the business."

My host went on to say that a boy from that school district, a high-school senior during the previous winter, had asked to appear on the program and interrogate the moderators. His principal had ordered him not to use his own name, nor to mention the name of the district.

"That boy will be listening tomorrow evening."

In that case, spell it out. He needs support more than parents and teachers need to be shielded from any embarrassment that could come from exposure.

If I can help that boy and others like him, preventing them from feeling like total criminals, any relief afforded them will beggar the grief conceivably to be suffered by this sixty-five-year-old ex-closet case. I need to proclaim what I feel deep in my heart and mind: although my actions make me liable to be branded a criminal, for those actions, in my heart and mind, I have no sense of sin.

"Who are the homosexuals?" was reprinted with permission from the November/December issue of "The Ramparts".

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VILLA CAPRI

937 Main St.
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Buffalo, N.Y.

Home of NYLOC of Buffalo

mon.-fri.noon-4am
sat. + sun. 1pm-4am
TO MY LOVE

You soft green grass rustles and swirls
in waving gestures of grandeur and magnificence
before the last sweet golden rays of the sunset.
The coolness of the wind runs tenderly through
the pale indigo of the evening sky
and blends with the earth.
Becoming one whole,
one night.
And there amidst the beauty of the field you stand before me.
You soft bare feet stand firmly upon the warm
shoulders of the earth,
your arms cradle the stars
their light reflecting in your eyes, bringing
forth all the warmth and mystery of your soul.
Your light brown hair dancing merrily in the sweet summer breeze.
Catching the nigh,
and whispering the melodies of a thousand lover’s tears.

I was once a part of you.
Once we lay together and shared emotions.
Your warm tender body making me feel safe and free.
Oh how I loved you.
You were everything to me.
But for the sake of our love,
I left.
Hoping to once more return to the tender shelter
of you arms.
But now,
I find myself lost in a helpless void of confusion.
Of loving, but not being loved.
Of striding toward a goal only to find emptiness.
Of dreaming that somehow you’ll return to me,
and once more make my life something worth living.

I’m here my love.
And if sometime you should find yourself lost and alone,
Or should find you tire of countless nights of
empty love.
Remember me.
For here I shall remain.
Your photograph by my side,
The tears of a lost love falling softly upon my
pillow.

Marc Tracy

MARTHA’S VINEYARD

A woman lies in wait
With breasts of sand -
er eye-leveld dunes
betray the sunburnt
stroller with the illusion
of more land.
But time between her patient,
striding thighs,
my lover, the ocean,
hears my cries.

Diamond-fingered creata
forebode along the horizon
as she buries to me
finally folding
liquid thunder at my feet.

She leaves courting gifts,
gifts of nacre,
her colored shards subdued
by her steady careness.

And - on the day
when I am ready -
when I no longer heed
the rock-bound pull behind me -
a dowery of damas
brilliant in
each day of fluid freedom.

R. Kashney

R. KASHNEY

Movement

Maniacal screamers,
We cry “this is shit!
We’re manicled!
Free us!
You owe us that much!"
Such pleading,
hearts bleeding,
they dare not ignore.
"What’s one more place?”
they shrug and appense.
And we’ve pleased ourselves
and march home for the night,
benevolent fighters,
all tired but fit.
But, powerless dreamers,
this might just be it.

R. Kashney

REGINA KASHNEY

JUST TWO

In pure certitude
You addressed me "I will",
Which drafted my life
In a new direction,
Not away from me
But through you
Towards myself,
To my home-coming,
Re-arrival at a place
Where you have sat and sit
Reclining at
the end of my day.

I could travel the world,
Pinpoint capitals on my map;
I could sing in
A hundred different languages,
And be glad to
Sit again in your presence
And speak over and over
Our talk.

You could fly oceans,
Groove where antelope play,
Walk in and out of
Palaces of Justice,
Sidewalk cafés,
Shops and docks,
Places of pleasure,
And when you shook them
I’d find you home, home,
Warm beside me.

I could roam the earth,
Vagabonds outbound,
Frame heavens in our lean,
Stars down alleys of fright,
Champion mountains,
Put all that behind
And be together, just two,
Knowing all in
Each other’s eyes.

Stephen Chamberlain

9
INTERVIEW

BUDDY BURKE

EDITOR’S NOTE: This article begins a new feature in the Fifth Freedom. Each issue we will interview a person of interest to the gay community. This interview is with Buddy Burke, owner of the DOWNTOWN MANOR.

Q. What do you plan for the Downtown Manor? I would like to bring to Buffalo a bar unlike any previous bars. A place where everybody could be comfortable. After April first, the Manor will have a disco on the second floor and a bar where people will be able to dance and talk on the first floor. Also, if the response is good, it will be served at night.

Q. What should a bar offer its patrons? As much as it can and stay in business.

Q. How did you get into the bar business? Not many years ago most of the bars in Buffalo were closed down, so people would go to Toronto or Niagara Falls. At Sam one morning, while on the Grand Island bridge, I decided to open a bar in Buffalo. I got tired of that drive.

Q. Other than a bar, what does Buffalo need? A good steam bath downtown. In other cities bars and baths do well near each other.

Q. What about Buffalo? Buffalo, has gotten a negative reputation. We are in the center of Toronto, Rochester, Cleveland and Erie. People should be coming into the city not leaving. The attitude was, “you open and they come”. That’s not true anymore. It’s a customer’s market and you have to offer something to attract people.

Q. How hard is it to get into the bar business? Tough! If you have 5 or 10 g’s and you lease and do everything yourself, you could get something. If you are going to own your own place and try an and do something special not less than 40 to 50 and I mean in your pocket not credit.

Q. What do you think of closing at 4 am? THE BAR BUSINESS IS A TOUGH, FUCKING JOB... IT’S REWARDING... YOU GET A CERTAIN FEELING.

Buddy Burke. I would rather see the REWARDING...YOU bars close at 2 am. There are not more than 10 people in Buffalo who have been to as many bars in as many cities as I have. And in the cities where the bars close at 2am, I’ve had the best time. You can go out, get it on and still get up the next morning for work.

Q. Anything you’d like to say? Running the manor is a hard job and I couldn’t have done it alone. With the help of my lover and my friends, this wouldn’t have been possible.

This is a view of the almost completed dance floor of the DOWNTOWN MANOR. Over a mile of wire and hundreds of light bulbs have gone into the construction of the ceiling, which is capable of over twenty different pattern illumination changes.

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PRISON cont.
of sex offenders from the en-
tire Western U.S., and, in
the days before California’s
harsh anti-gay laws were abo-
lished, were known as “Bach-
u’s for queers.” Less than
five years ago, gays were
routinely used at these in-
stitutions for experiments
which “were conducted in ap-
parent violation of the Nu-
remberg Code,” according to
Grant H. Morris, a professor
of law at Wayne State Univer-
sity who observed the proce-
dures first-hand. They
included:

- "Frontal lobotomies per-
formed by, among others, Dr. Hun-
ter Brown of UCLA Neuropsy-
chiatric Institute, who offered
his "services" free in ex-
change for being allowed to
experiment. "There can be no
doubt that homosexual tenden-
cies can be removed by surgi-
cal procedure," it was claim-
ed, and correctly: frontal
lobotomy results in total de-
struction of the personality,
a "zombie."

"Gay in Prison" will be con-
tinued in the next issue

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