

**INFLATE YOUR SALES PICTUR  
INFLATE YOUR SALES PICTUR  
INFLATE YOUR SALES PICTUR  
INFLATE YOUR SALES PICTUR**

**JOEL FABRICANT PERVERTS  
GAY POWER**

It has been the sad plight of the homosexual in our society to be the victim of the money-hungry opportunist: the mafia bar owner, the blackmailer, the sticky fingered rough trade. A recent and deplorable perverting of the gay movement for profits can be found in the bi-weekly "Gay Power", third issue on the newsstands now.

For those of you who are not fully aware of the facts, let me fill you in on the history of this publication. This first issue of "Gay Power" was dismissed outright by most everyone who saw a copy. My response was typical of most homosexuals; I called it "junk literature" and spoke of it as being "subtly harmful," in that it underscored all of the cliches of homosexuality. Many straights bought the publication out of curiosity, and it only confirmed their negative image of the homosexual as a disturbed, little-boy-molesting, half-witted freak. At best, it was very bad public relations for responsible homosexuals.

The sale of the second issue of "Gay Power" reflected the buying public's wholesale dismissal of the publication: It did poorly, circulation not coming up to expected figures. Something had to be done. After all, "Gay Power" is an enterprise designed to make money. Its publisher, Joel Fabricant, is making a small fortune with the "East Village Other" and "Kiss." And it is his intention to cash in on the new interest in homosexuality via the new freedom of the press.

What did Mr. Fabricant do? To increase circulation and his profits, in his third issue he turned on the very people his publication theoretically is out to champion and protect. He attacked homosexuals by name in print, endorsed mafia-run bars, included borderline pornography, and started a personal column in which people advertised for sex a la "Kiss" and "EVO." All of this while trying to maintain the guise, transparent as it is, that "Gay Power" is for the homosexual. Mr. Fabricant is for himself — and he doesn't care whom he hurts as long as he makes a profit.

I was one of the people attacked in his newspaper. In a column called "Gay Deceit" with the byline "Super Bitch," I and a great many of my friends, many of whom are not homosexual, were accused by name of being homosexuals, sadists, pimps, alcoholics, prostitutes, drag queens, pornographic authors, drug addicts, and other illegal practices too numerous to mention.

Some of the people mentioned include famous artists whose contribution to American letters and theater constitute the greater bulk of significant writing in the last 20 years. But many of us are in no way public figures or homosexuals — justification for using our names in print, in a homosexual publication, is nonexistent. Many of us hold highly sensitive professional positions: one is a teacher in a Catholic school; some of us are actors up for roles in plays or TV commercials which we have lost as a result of this article; some of the people mentioned are having severe emotional problems

**1: FIRST NATIONAL BANK # 83**

**1: FIRST NATIONAL BANK # 83**

at this time (one person checked into a mental hospital two days after the paper hit the newsstands, another had just experienced a very upsetting divorce, another had just gotten out of a mental institution).

But beyond being cruel and destructive, most of what was said was untrue! It was the work of a highly sick writer taking vengeance upon those he thought, in his paranoia, were out to get him. It was printed by a publisher who hoped the controversy would increase circulation.

Compare the column "Gay Deceit" and a list of mafia-run bars with Mr. Fabricant's hypocritical "Declaration of Independence Written in 1984" and "Statement," which appear on page 3. Here, just the opposite sentiments are expressed. He appeals that we all work together to further gay power, gain our rights and a respectable position in society. Who is he trying to fool?

What does one do to stop this kind of thing?

**"109EB" NYRB JAYO:RYA JSR38A**

My lawyer explained to me in patient tones that legally I could do nothing. I and many of the people mentioned in the column had air-tight libel cases, but our hands are tied by one of the great inequities of our legal system. Libel is the most protracted and expensive form of litigation. It takes years and costs a fortune. He conservatively estimated that it would cost me \$20,000 to pursue a case against "Gay Power" with not the remotest chance of recovering a single penny of damages. "It is obvious," he said, "that the people putting out this publication have protected themselves with dummy corporations. Even if they personally have money, they have fixed it so you can't touch them except at great personal expense." He suggested that I do nothing legally unless they continue to use my name. He also suggested that someone of greater means mentioned in the paper might sue them for me — whoever you are, go to it!

How does one strike back? Are we helpless, at the mercy of Mr. Fabricant and his writer Super Bitch?

The answer is an emphatic "NO!"

We can hurt Mr. Fabricant where he will feel it most. . . his pocket. He's in it for the money. If we can make him lose money, he will get out! We can refuse to buy his paper. We can tell our friends not to buy his paper. We can tell our local newsstand dealer not to sell it or we won't trade with him any longer. We can boycott those establishments that advertise in "Gay Power," and those of us who know the real identity of Super Bitch can expose him for the sick individual he is.

Does all this sound like over-reacting? It's not. Just because your name has not appeared in the paper, it is no guarantee that it won't. Those who have subscribed to "Gay Power" run the risk of being exposed — they have your name now. And as close-knit as the homosexual community is in New York, soon someone you know and like will be attacked.

We have the power to stop this. Let's use it.



# MARCHI OR PROCACCINO JAIL OR ASYLUM

There we were on a warm day standing on a street corner in Queens awaiting Mario "of the people" Procaccino. He arrives wearing the latest in soul: blue suit and pink shirt. He is accompanied by a number of very burly public relations experts who make it difficult for anyone but selected common folk to get near him.

Our first GLFer to attempt to get through is brushed aside and word quickly passes from aides to police to watch *that* one. He sits against a subway exit and glooms that the day had been wasted. But wait, can it be, is that our Jim, our hero, talking to Mario?

Mario has taken Jim's hand and is smiling. Jim asks: "Mr. Procaccino, what are you going to do about the oppression of the homosexual?" Mario is no longer smiling, his look is Christian as he says, "Young man, I can see that you're very interested in this problem." Mario is still holding Jim's hand but is now also patting it in condolence. Continuing: "That is one of the many problems that we face in New York. It is sick rather than criminal, and we must show understanding and compassion for them." He then releases Jim's hand and moves on.

Hear that folks — no more jails, just asylums. Who said Mario wasn't a true liberal? Down with "liberals" and down with everybody else. 800,000 homosexuals in New York and you can't get a politician to speak on their future, their civil rights. We exit. We don't want to be the unwarranted victim of whatever political wind is blowing, we want to be the masters of our destiny. Gay Power. Fuck all aspects of our selfimposed apathy to oppression, loud and proud.

Crystal chandeliers, golden drapes, scotch and soda and a gathering of 120 neat, enlightened members of the Gotham Young Republican Club to hear an address by mayoral candidate Senator John Marchi, the darling of Buckley conservatives and Gov. Rockefeller's right hand man in the Senate.

The meeting was opened by the club's president who reminded members to pay their dues, which had been raised to \$10, "a sum," he remarked, "which would not even buy one lunch." This was greeted by stony acceptance. A moment of silent prayer was held for Everett Dirksen. There was no pledge of allegiance.

A call went out for volunteers for an hour a week as participants in a Spanish Harlem tutoring program administered by a gentleman who lived in what was described as a "devastating" apartment. The ladies were given assurances of safe conduct to and from the neighborhood.

Shortly afterwards, Senator Marchi, the man who promises law and order and who will make such safe conduct arrangements unnecessary, arrived. His speech revolved around the urban crisis, his definition of law and order, and generally reflected his willingness to participate in and promote a "democracy" which would allow the will of the majority to infringe upon the rights of even significant minorities as well as the individual. In short, he chose to define standards of human behavior rather than explore the necessity of setting boundaries for civil liberties. His speech ended, there was general applause and a call for questions.

A GLFer asks: "Senator Marchi, are you aware of the emerging militancy within the homosexual community, and how does this relate to your views on law and order? Will homosexuals become targets or will you be responsive to their needs?"

Devastating rays of stunned silence reverberated off the crystal chandeliers and clean faces as the room closed in and adrenalin waves caused one's vision to narrow and focus on the Senator, who shared the fearful impulse to escape. For the first time that evening the Senator lost his cool, elegant, articulate style. His beginning words were almost an attempt to reassure people that no question had been asked.

He struggled repeatedly to meet the imperative, but faltered, offering time consuming, incohesive verbiage, until calm enough to suggest that he didn't feel it necessary for him to speak on the matter, since it was being considered by some committee and was a topic for the State Legislature.

## To the Gay Liberation Front:

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Re: The forthcoming mayoral election in N.Y.C.:

In posing to ourselves the question, "Does Mayor Lindsay deserve the homosexual vote?" we misplace our priorities. The real question should be, "Do any of the candidates deserve support of the people? More explicitly, does the power structure, which the capitalist politicians maintain, deserve even to exist?"

We oppressed homosexuals, as revolutionaries, must overthrow any system that denies equal access to the natural resources of the planet and denies the technological advancements of Man for all the people in preference to the privileged few. We must overthrow any system that breeds slavery and oppression and advocates competition instead of cooperation.

In the mayoral race, voters are faced with the choice of three candidates under the guise of "conservative", "moderate" and "liberal." Capitalist politics are plastic enough to offer us the game of hero vs. the middleman vs. the villain. None can offer anything better than limited reform, all the while controlling the power to withdraw such reform measures whenever it is deemed necessary to maintain the existing social order. Power and control are in the hands of the ruling class and not in the hands of the people. Thus, the ruling class exploits the good intentions of the voter under false pretenses. These "reforms" amount of nothing but pacifiers, tokenisms, and crumbs of our real needs and wants. People are made to think that there is no alternative to this process of no-meaningful-change of the status quo. We, as Gay revolutionaries, recognize that the only hero is our own selves — for, by the rights of being men and women, we are the heroes who can make the real changes necessary to us. By totally rejecting these false gods we will believe in ourselves and therefore develop the power to control our own destinies. Power to the People!

The liberal candidate campaigns on popular issues such as the war in Viet Nam, discrimination, community control, and solicits votes by masquerading as a crusader on these matters. Having been elected on these issues, he uses the corrupt political framework of which he is a part as an excuse for being unable to carry them forth. Based on his past experiences of having failed to make change, an honest man would leave his office rather than give cries of helplessness. For example, a true "peace candidate" would cease crying and work within one of the many existing anti-war organizations; but the capitalist political campaigns yet again for re-election on the same promises and under the same deception. But what indeed does happen to the liberal who fails to get elected? Humphrey? McCarthy? What are they doing to end the Viet Nam war now that they don't need your vote?

"We must not get into a bag of thinking that we're involved in a game — a revolution is not a game, it is a war. We're involved in a war — a people's war against those who oppress the people, and this is the war in the clearest sense of the word. It is only that our resistance is under-developed, the repression is over-developed and it is our resistance that is under-developed because the ruling class has arsenals of the materials of war to unleash upon us, and they're only using these timid materials at this particular time, because our resistance to their aggression has heretofore been timid." (a black revolutionary)

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Ronald Ballard  
Bob Fontanella

cont pg. 5