

GAY

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NO. 8

A BROTHEL FOR BOYS
P.4 ARE YOUR PARENTS
UPTIGHT? P.15

MARTIN POTTER STARS IN FELLINI'S NEW FILM: SATYRICON

The Editors Speak:

PENTAGON PERVERTS PRY PRURIENTLY

Mr. Richard L. Gayer, a publicly self-proclaimed homosexual, has been presented by the Defense Department with a written interrogatory regarding his most intimate personal sexual life.

Mr. Gayer, an electrical engineer, a resident of San Francisco, has held a SECRET-level security clearance in private industry for almost ten years. Because he truthfully stated on a form updating his clearance records, that he was a member of two organizations working for rights and equality for homosexuals, action has been initiated to deprive him of his clearance.

The stated purpose of the questions asked was determination of the applicability to him of Departmental criteria regarding: sexual perversion; reliability and trustworthiness; and susceptibility to blackmail.

Despite repeated inquiry, the Department of Defense has refused to state the connection, in their view, between "sexual perversion" (whatever that is) and eligibility for a security clearance, or between homosexual acts and reliability, trustworthiness, or other characteristics possibly relevant to assessment of eligibility for a clearance.

The questions asked of Mr. Gayer were:

- A. Have you ever engaged in any homosexual act(s) or any acts of sexual perversion with (an) other male person(s)? (If the answer to the preceding question is "Yes" answer the following):
 1. Name or describe the sexual acts engaged in with other male(s).
 2. Approximately how many such acts have occurred?
 3. Dates (approximately) or the period within which such acts have been engaged in.
 4. Where were such acts performed?
 5. What were the circumstances leading to the last such act? (Be specific as to where and when the act was performed).

Not one of the foregoing questions asks anything at all about reliability, trustworthiness, or ability to safeguard classified information. All the wrong questions are asked, and all the right questions are left unasked. These interrogatories demonstrate the validity of all our contentions about the appalling shoddiness of our Industrial Security Clearance program, insofar as homosexuality is concerned.

This case and others like it, illustrate our contention that this country does not really have a security clearance program at all; we have a sexual and social conformity program.

The program is a menace to the security of the United States because the facade of vast purposeful activity with which it is presented to the public is a sham and a fraud which deludes the citizenry into believing that they are really being protected, when they are not.

All that is necessary to obtain a security clearance is to live an outwardly nondescript, conventional life, preferably in the suburbs, with wife and children; belong to a few noncontroversial organizations; be neither inordinately in debt nor inordinately or unaccountably well-off; subscribe to a few standard publications; correspond with only noncontroversial people; "rock no boats" anywhere, anytime. The clearance will be quickly and routinely issued without question, even though the clearance holder may be meeting daily (undetected, of course) with the Russians. Our security program is much too busy with the unpopular, the unconventional, the nonconformist, the dissenter, and the controversial—and with punishing "sin"—to bother with safeguarding secrets.

If you are a security clearance holder threatened by peeping toms and tattletale voyeurs representing the U.S. Government, we suggest that you contact Dr. Franklin E. Kamenny in Washington, D.C. Dr. Kamenny is President of the Mattachine Society of Washington, an executive board member of the Washington ACLU, and is the nation's foremost expert on the government and the homosexual. His telephone number is (area code 202) 362-2211.

Columnists: Dick Leitch, Angelo D'Arcangelo, Lily Bowen, Randolph Wicker, Robert Arnold, John Francis Hunter, Dr. Leo Louis Martello, Dr. Stephen Kazo, Ira J. Tve

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CONTINENTAL BATHS ROBBED AND GAS-BOMBED

New York, N.Y., February 14. A full-scale robbery disrupted a quiet Saturday evening in the Continental Bath and Health Club. Burglars held up cashiers at gunpoint, firing two shots into the club as warnings to excited customers. The thieves took wallets and valuables belonging to over a hundred

patrons. The worst aspect of the robbery, however, was the gas-bombing of the club by which means the thieves covered themselves for a getaway. Scores of customers fell in the hallways, some unconscious, others convulsed in painful vomiting caused by quickly spreading

fumes. A few young men were able to make their way to the front door and fresh air, but a majority of the Bath's customers suffered inhalation of the noxious fumes.

At this time, police have still not obtained clues as to the identity of the thieves. Many persons, from as far away

as Vermont, were left stranded without car keys or financial means to get home.

On the same evening, a snowy Valentine's night, the Beacon Theatre nearby was also robbed. Ironically, the film advertised on the theatre's marquee was *Take the Money and Run*.



Patrons of the Continental Bath and Health Club were felled by gas.

GOV'T EMPLOYEE REINSTATED

Washington, D.C. According to a decision by a District of Columbia Court of Appeals, homosexuals can no longer be fired because of their sex preferences unless these preferences "demonstrably (affect) the employee's performance on the job or the efficiency of his department." This decision, which amounts to a binding precedent for all government agencies, was handed down in the case of Clifford Norton, a NASA budget analyst who was dismissed in 1963 after picking up a man in a local park.

When Norton was fired, NASA accused him of "immoral, indecent and disgraceful conduct" and said that he had "traits of personality which rendered him unsuitable for further government employment." Norton was no menial employee. His rating of GS-14 put him in a supervisory capacity with an approximate annual salary of \$16,000. In the court's decision, the government was ordered not only to reinstate him to his former position, but to issue him back pay accrued since his dismissal seven years ago.

Government attorneys promised to appeal the case to the Supreme Court, but decided just before the appeal deadline to let the decision go uncontested. This means that this case will become a landmark for homosexual rights, and will be cited as a legal precedent in right's suits in the future. The victory was won for Norton and others in his position by attorneys of the Washington ACLU.

MINORS ARRESTED IN FLORIDA BAR

Hallandale, Florida. Police arrested nineteen minors in a January raid on one of the Miami area's most popular gay dance bars, *The Annex*. Shining flashlights in the faces of each of the patrons, officers checked the identifications of anyone they suspected to be under twenty-one years of age. Neither the bartender, nor the door checker, who was apparently in neglect of his duties, were detained.

One observer commented that though police were generally courteous to adults, the reaction of most of the hundred or so patrons present was one of "disgust." The local vice squad apparently had been tipped off that large groups of minors had been frequenting the bar.

Since it is not yet known whether the raid was an isolated event or the first step in a policy of harassment, the *Annex's* business has been severely crippled in recent weeks.

GAY NEWS

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WALL STREET PURGE CAUSES JOB LOSSES

New York, N.Y. A new ruling of Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz has unwittingly led to a general "purge" of homosexuals in the world of finance. There had been a sharp rise in the number (and quantities) of thefts of negotiable bonds and securities in Wall Street firms, and the Attorney General hoped to weed out potential thieves by running fingerprint checks on all employees in the business.

Through this fingerprint check, many employees who had been arrested for homosexual offenses were found out. Whether they had been convicted or not, they were fired (often with apologies from their employers). Most bonding companies will not insure anyone who has a criminal record, a "sex-offense" record, or simply one who has been arrested. Naturally, companies dealing in money insist employees be bonded, and if the employee cannot qualify for a bond, he cannot keep his job.

Thus far, most of the community seems to approve of the fingerprint check. Only the Mattachine Society of New York has spoken out about the civil liberties issues involved. This homosexual organization has undertaken a campaign to convince bonding companies that homosexuality and larceny are not the same thing, and one can be a homosexual

without being a thief. The Mattachine Society has also asked the legislature to pass legislation making it a misdemeanor to discriminate against a person simply because he has been arrested. "Anyone," MSNY points out, "can be arrested or accused of a crime. People are arrested every day because of mistaken identity, as harassment against their group, or on false complaints. But if a prosecutor refuses to proceed against them, or a court finds no evidence to convict them, they should not be penalized. The question, 'Have you ever been convicted of a crime?' might be legitimate, but to punish someone simply because he's just been arrested is not."

As the Wall Street firings indicate, this matter is of particular importance to homosexuals, who are often arrested without being convicted. The recent harassment arrests at the Continental Baths proved this. Last February, 20 men were arrested. The District Attorney's office refused to prosecute most of the cases because there was no reason to believe that the men had committed any crime, and the other cases were thrown out of court by the judge on the same ground. If the legal system couldn't find any reason to punish these victims of police abuse, why should bonding companies punish them by causing them to lose their jobs?

PSYCHOANALYST SAYS "DON'T APE STRAIGHTS"

New York, N.Y. "Every society has produced its own homosexuals. The question of causality simply is not that relevant anymore. What is relevant is how we deal with homosexuality."

So spoke Hendrik Ruitenbeek, noted existentialist and practicing psychoanalyst, who also teaches sociology at New York University. He was addressing over 100 lesbians at a recent meeting of the Daughters of Bilitis—but his comments were equally applicable to male and female homosexuals.

"The days of Oscar Wilde are over," Dr. Ruitenbeek said. "In Wilde's time, homosexuals generally married, and were very secretive. They couldn't really deal with and conform to their homosexuality, but had to repress it. Now we are entering a new era where they must come to terms with themselves and with society, functioning as homosexuals in heterosexual society with heterosexual friends."

"And," Dr. Ruitenbeek went on to predict, "homosexuals will become happier, more adjusted in their homosexual relationships and in society. 1970 is the crossroads." He cautioned, however, that radicalism couldn't be demanded of older homosexuals who have quietly come to terms with their homosexuality in the last two decades.

Younger homosexuals who seek to be accepted as such often run into trouble precisely because of expectations of rejection from parents and an oppressive society. They become their own worst enemies if they absorb notions that homosexuality is an illness and blame parents or society for their orientation. They often begin looking for rejection, never testing the reactions of parents or straight friends.

"Homosexuality is not a neurosis," Dr. Ruitenbeek said. "It only becomes that when a homosexual starts whining and blaming others, when he fails to integrate his homosexuality into his life, and does not deal with the question: What does this really mean to me in my life?" Dr. Ruitenbeek put down the kind of split-level thinking some homosexuals indulge in, saying to themselves: I am this when I go to a gay bar, I am something else when I go to visit straight friends.

"With close straight friends, the transition shouldn't be that painful. Your situation becomes understood if you are secure in your homosexuality and in letting it be known. A subtle change is introduced into the environment. If your friends don't pick it up and accept it, forget them. In other words, give it to them and see what they do with it. If they can't cope with it, that's too bad for them. But a lot of straight people have

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A VISIT TO A BROTHEL FOR BOYS

BY RANDY WICKER

Tito's house sits on a mountain overlooking a small town of some 85,000 population below. The clear blue of sea and sky melt into each other on the horizon beyond. The resort covers sixteen acres of what was once a coffee plantation which sprawl down the far side of the mountain virtually overgrown with jungle-thick foliage. Below, there are several small scattered cabins connected with the larger house above by narrow stone pathways.

A large sliding metal gate closes off the road leading to the large two-story central hacienda. A heavy ten-foot fence topped by several strings of barbed wire surrounds the estate on every side. The main hacienda's heavy wooden door remains locked. Admission must be gained by knocking. At sunset or shortly thereafter the large metal gate, a hundred feet down the roadway, is also locked and anyone's arrival must be preceded by a telephone call from town which is a mile away at the foot of the mountain. Most guests label Tito's house a male brothel, a boy whorehouse. More accurately, it's a resort hotel with a specialized clientele—a fascinating social environment developed over the past twenty-five years by its rotund 59-year-old owner whom we shall pseudonymously call "Tito."

"People have the wrong idea about this place," Tito insists. "I run a nice place here. The nicest people in the world come here, all kinds of people. They make friends here. What happens then is between them. I don't get involved in that. And he doesn't. At least not directly. The Spanish youths who come are mainly straight but are universally available as "trade" and also display a distinct liking for the male role in fucking.

The lower level of the main hacienda consists of a small bar-kitchen-clubroom-livingroom, one wall of which consists of a metal grating facing out on the lush green vegetation. Usually there are only a few guests—three, four, five. Occasionally during the "peak season" of January and February there may be a full house on weekends with ten or fifteen guests. Cabins rent for \$15 a day and rooms for \$10 daily. Cabins have full kitchen facilities and private bath. Rooms do not. Two cabins near the gate and outside the enclosed interior section are frequently rented to straight couples for overnight stays jocularly referred to by the management as "honeymoons." "Hundreds of boys from town want to come here," Tito explains, "but I only let the good ones come, the best of the lot."

Accompanying Tito into town in his jeep is like entering a fantasy world of homosexual masculine availability. Everywhere the people know him. Boys wave and come over, everytime the jeep stops. They all want to come up to Tito's and visit. They all ask when there is going to be another "party." They're all friendly, civil and good humored. Over

the years Tito has become a local institution. During the 30's and 40's he was an internationally famous singer and entertainer—talents which he parlayed in later life into ingratiating himself with the townspeople of all ages and both sexes. "Hello Tito," a pipe fitter waved in a construction yard during our shopping trip downtown. "That one, he was so beautiful ten, twelve years ago," Tito confided. "I went with him many times." "When can I lay some pipe at your house, Tito?" the workman quipped playfully as we climbed the stairway to the main shop. "Anytime you like," Tito joked back. The annual fiesta was in full swing as we motored past the central plaza. An announcer interrupted his spiel from a game of chance to note, "There goes Titoito."

Going back up the mountain we stop by a repair yard. Tito chats with the repairman about needed work on his jeep. A truck driven by a chubby middle-aged fellow also pulls in. "Oh, what a beautiful man," Tito coos in Spanish. The driver takes it as a compliment and breaks into a broad smile.

Every boy is there for a good time. A "good time" consists of talking, drinking, getting their rocks off and ending up with a few dollars for the weekend. It's unlike female brothels since money is never mentioned in advance nor even asked for; a gift or cabfare is simply expected afterwards. The going rate is \$3, \$4 or \$5 if it's merited. "Never over \$5," Tito advises. "You'll spoil them." It's a party as opposed to a bar atmosphere. The boys are friendly and flirtatious. You talk with those who appeal to you and after a while invite your favorite to your cabin.

Since everyone becomes acquainted, socializing with other guests can sometimes be even more entertaining than socializing with the boys. Guests cooperate by comparing notes, swapping stories and giving each other tips and advice. On occasion competition for the same boy adds a dash of intrigue. "What gets me here," one Broadway director complained after a stay of nearly two weeks, "is that you find one boy you really like and then you come in a couple days later and he's with someone else." "I like that song on your tape recorder," one particularly bright and handsome cane cutter's son chided sardonically as we bedded down for an entire evening together. *Money Can Buy You Love.*

An admittedly apt observation, but at Tito's money can finance one hell of a frolic with muscular young straight boys for anyone who is orally inclined and/or anally passive sexually, or even the "just curious." Tito has two assistants—one a lover of some twelve years, now in his middle twenties and another boy who runs the bar and prepares the food as a self-employed concessionaire. All three have their own favorite boy at any given moment but the resort's environment apparently breeds fickleness and after a few weeks each loses his interest in his current "flame" and as one of the guest put it, "Then they throw them to the sharks."



"The best boys are the unspoiled ones from out in the country," Tito observes, "sixteen, seventeen, eighteen-years old. Some of them are still no problem at nineteen, twenty, twenty-one years. But by the time they reach twenty-five, are married and have a couple children, they are absolutely impossible. Even the best boys," Tito continues, "sometimes drive me crazy. Five or six, all right. But more than that and they start running around, playing games, wrestling, acting crazy. I tell you, sometimes I think it will drive me out of my mind."

Such an environment only appeals to those homosexuals having certain tastes. One guest stayed for several days without one assignation. "He wanted a certain type, a big husky truck-driver type around twenty-five years old and nothing came in which satisfied him." A shopkeeper from the Bronx recounted, "I'm just going to stay for one night," another newcomer volunteered. "This just isn't my scene. I have to have things reciprocal. I just don't get any satisfaction out of a one-way thing."

"Everyone knows everyone around here," explains Tito. "No one causes any trouble because they know I know where they live. I know their families. I am on good terms with the police. See this boy here," he continues putting his arm around a thin curly-haired youth slightly darker than most of the others, "he is the second generation from his family to come here. His father also used to come here many years ago. We are still friends. Sometimes a boy gets out of hand. If he does, I bar him from coming here for a month, sometimes more. Very rarely, only if he is absolutely impossible or does something which is very serious, I will have to have him sent to reform school or put in jail. But then, do the boys' eyes get wide! They really listen to Tito then!"

Everyone has their "bit" in life and Tito was no exception. Along the club's walls were pictures dating from his days as an entertainer. One he constantly pointed to with particular pride showed him doing a USO show during World War II before two thousand, smiling, applauding handsome servicemen. There was also the framed cover of an entertainment magazine featuring his picture and several photographs taken before famous landmarks during his recent tour of Europe.

"I got tired of public life," Tito confided. "I wanted more privacy. That's why I came here twenty-five years ago. I was living in NYC, at Broadway and Fifty-Fourth Street, and I was doing very well for myself."

"One day during the war a friend picked up this fellow and brought him up to my apartment. The next day I was there alone when he knocked on my door. I looked through the peephole and saw he had several friends with him. I spied one of them slipping a knife into his back pocket. When I refused to open the door, they began pounding and trying to break it down, making a lot of noise in the process. The woman who lived below me heard all the commotion and ran out into the street for a policeman. 'Some boys upstairs are trying to break down this faggot's door. I think they have a knife,' she blurted to the officer. 'Come stop them. They may kill him.' Let them

kill the bastard,' the policeman responded and then continued unconcerned on his rounds.

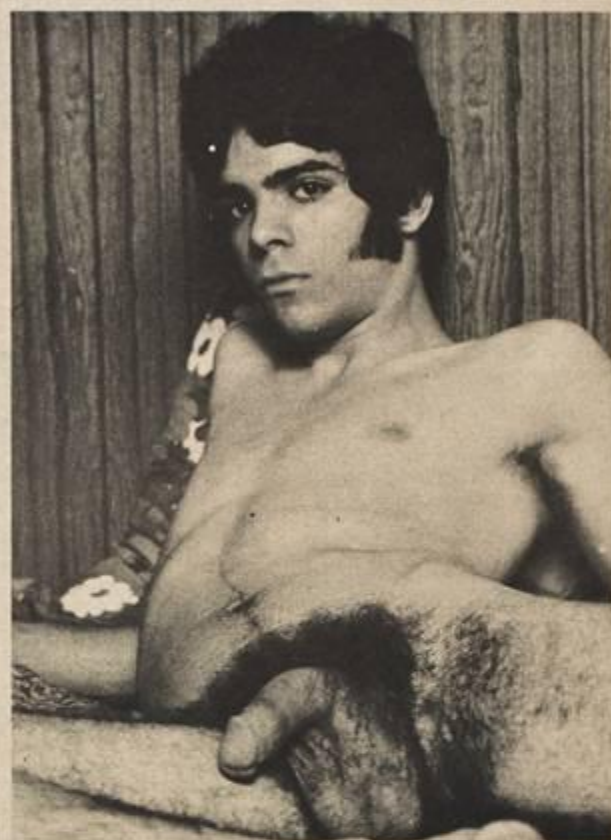
"That's when I decided to leave the United States," Tito explained. "Life has no value to people there. I didn't want to live my life in a society like that. I came here and I have been happy ever since. Except I am getting older now, fifty-nine, and it is hard to get dependable help. I left one boy in charge last year while I went to Europe for a couple of months and he almost ruined the place, began drinking all the time. That is the trouble, they begin drinking all the time, these boys around here. You can't depend on any of them."

I told Tito I wrote and that I might do a feature on his resort. "No! No! No!" He pleaded, "I don't want any publicity. I only want nice people coming here. They sometimes put me in those guide books with 'H' for 'hustlers' next to my listing. I hate that. I hate that. People get the wrong idea."

"You know when I started this place many years ago, I had a dream. I thought I could bring other homosexuals up to my level. I have become disillusioned. I was wrong. People today, with the bomb and everything, they all want to take everything out of life today and put nothing back into it for tomorrow." I promised I wouldn't divulge his name or exact location.

"For a while I was getting those Fire Island types. Oh, they brought a lot of money with them and I was doing very well financially. But next thing I know they're turning on the boys with pot and things like that. That caused me a lot of trouble here. It almost ruined me."

All my life I have been able to surround myself with desirable people. I



guess I have always been spoiled.

"Yes, I like boys but I am a very honorable person in my dealings with everyone, very diplomatic. I make everyone my friend and I always do well. But I am fifty-nine now and I don't know if I could start all over again. You see this land, I built these cabins myself. I laid every rock you see in those walkways. Yes, I had help. My lovers helped me build them, but it was all my own creation. Now I am tired. I want to rest but I can't get away because this is all I have, this is the only way I have to earn my living. I don't have much money because I am always putting my money into new things here because I like nice things."

The boys claim that years ago many millionaires patronized Tito's. That may be local folklore and myth, but even today a few regular guests are the backbone of his business. Every Saturday "the Doctor" arrives and the boys flock in. The Doctor treats everyone to dinner and drinks, then takes his favorite and retires for the afternoon to Tito's own suite—a lavishly laid out apartment replete with grand piano, color television and a seven-foot bed.

Harry Z., another guest, arrives from NYC. For two days preceding his arrival arrangements are being made. "He's a regular guest. He comes three, four times a year and throws parties for everyone and spends a lot of money," the chef volunteered.

The boys have their own reasons for coming to Tito's. Money, of course, is one but there are others as well. "Around here, there is no work for anyone under eighteen years," one youth volunteered.

"The only thing you can do is work in the ground and that is awful hard work. I hate to work in the ground. I want to improve myself by staying in school and studying. My family worked in the ground all their lives and they have nothing. Someday I want to reach the point where I can earn my living just sitting at a desk and writing checks." "I want an electric guitar," another volunteered. "They have one downtown for \$69.00. I usually only come here on Friday and Saturday afternoons but now I am going to come every day until I have enough for that guitar."

"Some of these boys have no one but me," Tito explains regarding a couple of the regulars. "I am like their father. I give them clothing, I feed them. I take them to the doctor when they are sick. Still, they appreciate nothing. They don't want to work. Welfare is going to ruin this country. You wait and see. No one wants to work. They all think all they have to do to earn a living is sit back and collect welfare."

"Nothing happens around here," another boy complained. "The people here are not so bright because they don't have the opportunity to learn anything. The bright ones, they are the ones who have lived for some time in the States. There you have more opportunities to learn things. I want to improve myself. I meet interesting people here. Some people say Tito's is not a good place to come but I think it is the best place of all. You meet nice people, all kinds of people and you learn all kinds of things you never learn anywhere else."

The boys aren't the only ones. The guests learn a few things too.

BY ROBERT EVELYN

I am married and my wife and I are expecting a baby in February. We spent four years in Europe and part of that time was passed in England, where homosexuality between consenting adults is not considered something in which the law can interfere. We had several friends in London who were gay, and it was my first contact with anyone who openly expressed and admitted to "it." "It" being that fear that plagues every mother in America who has a son, that somehow he won't grow up to be a man. "It" being effeminacy, being unnatural, being queer. It sounds pathetic to me now, but at the time I felt like I was taking a big step, risking personal contact with William and Arthur. But though they lived in the same building I considered seeing them occasionally fairly safe. After all, my wife was with me each time—sort of like using her as a shield.

But we talked, the four of us. We talked about sex. Why? Because I am a writer. I write erotica and feel anything sexual can be positive and beautiful so long as ignorance and guilt don't twist it into unrecognizable ugliness. Fine. Very idealistic. But how did I react to Arthur and Bill? Scared, that's how. I saw them as exotic, as threatening. I was both attracted and repelled, fearful and curious. After all, I was a man, wasn't I? What would I do if either one of them made a pass at me?

They made me feel insecure in my own masculinity because I liked both of them. That was why it was so good that we talked openly because I was able to bring my uneasiness out. And I was able to learn. To learn as an "American male" that being a male was about as relevant a comment on my individuality as being an American is. It means nothing, and it means everything. But what it all adds up to is the fact that you're not yourself. And I tell you, I wasn't myself at first with Arthur and Bill because I was all I could do to keep steady by thinking, "You're a man, a man."

I'm not trying to glorify that inner struggle. It was pathetic that it took me so long to realize that the qualities of sensitivity, wit and perceptiveness in our friends were what counted, not their brand of sexuality which was simply an adjunct. The fact that they were gay was an important thing in their lives, something they weren't ashamed of. Sure, they had their problems but no more than any number of married couples we knew. Gradually in my eyes they became less bizarre and more real. However, it was my attitude that changed, not their way of coming across. What they forced me to cope with was the fact that I myself might have just an easy-weensy bit of those "tendencies" inside.

A normal man isn't supposed to have "tendencies." I wasn't taught that. I was conditioned to the idea by more than twenty years of living in America. I was conditioned to reject anything in myself or my friends so out of character as to be not "male." At eight, the boy down the block who still liked to bounce around on his tiptoes when he was excited was ridiculed by all the kids and some of the parents as well. In junior high if you didn't take a shower with the rest of the guys maybe there was something wrong with you. If you wanted privacy and

avoided towel fights, or any kind of fight for that matter, you were chicken. To be a chicken is to be weak. Chickens are not cocks.

High school. Man, or should I say athlete, if you didn't go out for sports you weren't proving yourself. Proving. The conditioning revolved around proving. It is not enough to simply "be" a man, you have to prove it from the time you get dragged out of the womb. Prove it as a child by not crying like a girl, getting into mischief "like all boys do." Prove it as a youth by driving the family phallic symbol at sixteen so you'll be able to go on dates at that dangerous adolescent time. Prove that you are interested in girls. It's all a rehearsal for

saw men enacting little rituals that asserted their masculinity. Not to attract, no. But to keep you at arm's length because strangers don't touch and every man is supposed to stay a stranger to any and every other man lest (horror) they should end up in bed together. That's the chief effect of the inculcated fear of homosexuality here. All closeness between men which doesn't stay on the impersonal plane or which doesn't follow rigidly prescribed patterns is taboo. There is only one kind of intimacy allowed: intimacy which leads to sex. Ergo, men should not be intimate with each other or they'll end up gay!

But that is the gist of it, so far as I'm



I'd Like You Guys To Meet My WIFE

the time when the conditioning will be complete and you will be promiscuous whether you actually are by inclination or not. Because every time you shack up with a girl you have proved something—whether she or you are satisfied is irrelevant. Getting it hard, putting it in; there's the proof of being a man.

That is how I saw my past in a new light when we returned here last spring. We landed at Kennedy Airport and there was the Mariboro Man, the Mail Man, and the Customs Man who flinched when I touched him on the shoulder and he saw my hair wasn't prickly-pear short. Everywhere in those first few months I

concerned. What's wrong with being gay? But I stop there, for myself. That old conditioning is pretty strong. When a pass comes, I'm not a very good receiver. I don't know if you'll really believe me, but I feel that as an inadequacy on my part. An inadequacy, because I'm cutting myself off from what constitutes fifty percent of the people I could love sensually, emotively, fully. Half a world of universes I'm not exploring.

That disturbs me, especially in view of the writing I do. But I can't handle it, you know? You're lucky, I think, if you can because there is beauty there that no one who has not done something homosexual can ever know, any more than a virgin can know what it is to make

love or a non-grass smoker can know what it is to be high.

But if I feel that way about homosexuality (nothing said about the gay world because I've little contact with it here) what sort of books do I write as an eroticist? Lige and Jack pointed out something to me I hadn't realized before. In every one of my erotic novels (see *Three Faces of Rape*, Brandon House, just out) I have assumed the woman's point of view. *Three Faces of Rape*, for example, deals entirely with a young girl's experience of being raped by her stepbrother and a friend. She goes into a trance and like Bridget Murphy relives various lovings from former lives—a French servant girl, the les daughter of an English Lord, a houri in the garden of the Hashashans. And each time she is not allowed to fully express herself sexually. The doctor's solution is to reenact the rape and to let her guide the experience this time. It is a long, sensual look at expression vs. repression and it is meant to be read aloud while making love. It's a heterosexual book but the most positive reaction to it has come from women. Not because it is from the woman's point of view but because it is gentle, beautiful sex even though it is a book about rape. The best I can do as a writer is express that part of myself, my view of what a "feminine" role is, those emotions and actions which I admire, find in myself and no longer exclude as being "unmanly."

But what does that have to do with homosexuality? Something, I think. All the proving, the fear, the conditioning is something that the heterosexual has to cope with if he or she is to be himself or herself. And you have to let things come out, to explore and experiment to find out what works for you and what doesn't. The judgment of whether to accept or reject a sexual act of any nature shouldn't be made on the basis of what is right or wrong or "natural." There isn't anything which occurs in nature which is unnatural and if an act brings pleasure and isn't hurting someone then it is something to get into. It starts with curiosity, but there's something beyond that called love.

We live in a weird place, this America where some kinds of love, some ways of loving are a crime. Why? It throws me, but I think the reasons are political. Yeah, sex is political. If you can't distract people over the issue of having enough to eat because they're relatively well-fed, if you're unable to distract them with a foreign war, then get them hung up with sex. That will distract everyone. If most of the men worry about where they are going to get their next lay to prove their manhood and most of the women are preoccupied with huring them or fighting them off, who will have the time to protest over politics? What is politics? That happens in Washington. What people care about is what happens in their bedrooms, their car-seats, the motels. People aren't very satisfied in those boudoirs so they sure as hell won't give a damn what's happening to the other guy. If he gets the girl, then you won't be able to prove you're a man. And you have to do that, don't you? I mean, what would happen to society if queers and group sex and lesbianism and incest and pederasty were tolerated? The whole society would disintegrate!

Or, be changed for the better.

Mothers! Grandmothers! Here's one of my letters on a kindred subject all the way from Washington State.

is GRANDMA A DRAG?

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

I am one of the best novels of the thirties, Nathaniel West described the predicament and the decay of an advice columnist. The book is *Miss Lonely Hearts*, and the trouble with the man, Miss L.H., was his inability to avoid involvement in his work. His boss needed him about taking to heart the problem-ridden folks behind the daily envelopes out of which L.H. had to make his column. He couldn't be simply decorous, couldn't simply offer the glossy pap called for, and so was destroyed by his own frustration.

I'm holding on, babies. And so, I believe, is the very able columnist who handles that branch of this paper's enterprises. But I get letters too. Those that come to me from Olympia Press come preopened, so be advised and write in care of the paper.

Now, *Dear Abby* is very well known for giving advice in her column. I recently read an exchange of letters there which piqued me. A mother wrote to Abby telling her that another mother in a previous letter who had complained of her daughter's forthcoming illegitimate child, ought to consider herself lucky. The first mother suggested that she should welcome back the wayward girl and accept the consolation of the baby, and reap the joys of holding "her first grandchild in her arms." She concluded by saying that she would never "hold a grandchild in MY arms, but not for the same reason as this lady. You see, my ONLY child is a homosexual." She withheld her name.

Abby told the woman that her lot wasn't the world's most tragic. She then concluded with this: "Many homosexuals live useful, happy lives. It is possible that a mother who has lost her child in death could conceivably be happy to change shoes with you."

Isn't that something? Homosexuality is horrible, apparently, but it is a little better than death. There's not much point taking issue with this kind of thinking except to point out to both of these frustrated grandmothers that their children owe more to themselves than the dubious and expensive joys of engendering babies for grandmothers' laps. This may astound. It is almost as sad as it is distasteful to consider the whining of women who should be at their ages self-satisfied as women without unnecessary granny games. Ladies, here's my advice. If you need something to dandle and coo to, get dolls—or an orphan. Hadn't it occurred to you—riden, blue-haired you that due to Or is a grandchild just a status symbol in little-old-lady-land?

Mothers! Grandmothers! Here's one of my letters on a kindred subject all the way from Washington State.

"Dr." Fudge: I sent for your book. The

Homosexual Handbook and read it all, then had to destroy it. But there are some questions I would like to put to you on this subject.

I am fifty-two years of age and in our thirty years of married life and four sons, have not come up against this subject. Two years ago I acquired a "son" who introduced me to the subject in tears. I've read all I could find and am puzzled at my fascination... but can not share it with my good sons or husband.

Our boys are 27, 23 (twins), 17, my other "son" is 29. My men express abhorrence, disgust and hate for my "son" and others like him with their problem.

My "son" is very tall, tiny-waisted, has well-developed genitals, small buttocks... beautiful long slender fingers and hands... musical... large brown eyes... I.Q. of 134 at eighteen... kind, generous, sentimental, but a Homo...

As his "Mom" should I try to turn him to Heterosexuality? How can I be an honest friend to him?

Is there anything published that might help the women in the life of a problem son?

If my husband were to enter the anus while we were enjoying intercourse from the back would he be committing sodomy with me... his wife... and would that spark a desire to know more of this snug fit?

You will not have to be careful in your choice of words to make answer to any of my questions. I read your book... but please be honest.

I'll be honest. The whole thing sounds fishy to me. First of all, how does a woman your age "find" a son of 29? Is there a gay adoption agency in your town? And just why are you taking inventory of his genitals? Do you intend to make making him heterosexual—or homosexuality—your business? Is that a mother's duty? And if you decide to throw him a piece of your deeply troubled cunt, won't your other sons want part of the action too? Not to mention your husband. Decency, common hospitality, the elemental rules of polyandry compel you to share yourself with all of your men, fascinated and otherwise. Unless, of course, they don't want you.

Yes, your husband would be committing sodomy were he to fuck your anus. If he hasn't done so in 30 years of marital fucking, and four children have stretched you. The sad fact of it is, that cunts of European stock women are commonly known to stretch through the years, while no cock anywhere grows as it grows old.

If you're not having an affair with your other "son" with the fascinating,



puzzling problem, you ought to face the fact that he's probably hanging around "with his small buttocks", and "large brown eyes" because he wants to lay those "long slender fingers and hands" on your hate-filled male harem.

If you expect honesty from me, be honest yourself, with yourself, with him and the rest of the family. It is almost inconceivable that with a large family of men the practice—I didn't say subject—of homosexuality hasn't come up. If it's something nobody will talk about openly then it's obviously threatening your men for obvious reasons. One can talk about things without doing them too, you know, and vice versa. I think the gentlemen protest too much.

But there's that fishy smell again—no offense, dear. But I smell a drag (female impersonation in this case), and an *innocent* drag. I think this is a letter from the bogus "son" himself, the answer to which I suppose he plans to use on this your questions and your predicament were in it. Get another. Quick! Or you may find yourself locked in that "Only Queer in a Small Town" syndrome. If that faces you, and it sounds like it, stop sniffing the jockey shorts on the good woman's line and get yourself a man of your own. If they aren't any for you

there in Closetville, get down to San Francisco or Los Angeles, or go up to Vancouver but stop pussyfooting around other people's families. Or are you just looking for Grandmotherly attention? Grow up!

THIS YEAR THINK TWICE ABOUT GERMANY

The airlines said it, folks, and they said it first. True, I was stoned last night, and it was finger poppin' good. Puck, my pneumatic wrestling partner, wanted to watch the Tube: rumors of Smothers Brothers. We were not quite naked, but bedded. Suddenly there was Bob Hope, flanked by THE ESTABLISHMENT in all its flab, with clergymen-flunkies in the wings. Tears and praise and that good, old K-rationed 1942 hawkish Hope humor. The Most Admired Woman In America was there, erect, nodding glassily to the Cabbala.

And then the airlines said it: THIS YEAR THINK TWICE ABOUT GERMANY. A society with a cast of stars, headed by Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. (A *Revolutionary* show!) Theirs were the oldies, but very golden goodies. Thank you, Brothers, wherever you are. And let me say it for us all. THIS YEAR, THINK TWICE ABOUT GERMANY. G'night.

TURNING ON TO

BY DICK LEITSCH

Did you ever think of making it, sexually, with your old man? Or did it ever dawn on you that your father might have had his gay fling before you came along? Headshrinkers have a weird idea that all homosexuals hate their fathers, because Sigmund Freud once said we all go through an Oedipus struggle, in which we psychologically battle the old man for the sexual favors of Mama. That says a lot about where Sigmund was "at," but doesn't prove much else.

I never much cared for Mama's sexual favors; it was Daddy I wanted to make it with. I guess my father was groovier than most, or at least that's the impression I get when other people tell me how absolutely dreadful their fathers were—or are.

Mine was a good-looking, amiable, extremely tolerant guy, who had few hangups, who tried to be tolerant of everybody's point of view, and never tried to force his ideas and standards on others. Of course, he did draw some lines. I remember vividly two beatings I got from him—one for stealing a dollar from his pants pocket, and another for carrying home some racist talk I'd picked up from Southern bigots in the second grade.

Both he and my mother were Catholics, but they were more like the Italian Catholics than the Calvinistic brand more common in America. That's probably because we had so many priests and nuns in the family. We were so close to the "business" side of religion that we didn't take all the Puritanical preaching too seriously.

My Dad had gotten one blowjob in his life, so far as I know. That was administered by a female prostitute. I don't think he ever had a homosexual encounter—not because he wouldn't have tried it, if just for the intellectual curiosity—but probably because the opportunity never arose.

He knew about my homosexuality and tried to be tolerant and understanding. He'd read the *Matachine Newsletter*, and send a couple of bucks to the Society now and again. He never got over being a bit too "motherly" about my being gay. My mother died ten years ago, and my father last spring, but after her death, he tried to be both mother and father to his brood of four grown children.

He'd call and write me letters, and always caution me to be "careful" who I picked up. He wanted me to settle down with a single partner, and when I started living with Bob, he insisted I bring Bob home to meet the family. They all loved me just reared one of my favorite books, *My Father and I* (New York: Coward-McCann, 1969, \$5.00).

Most men don't seem to like their fathers. In the early Sixties, the Bieber Group found that a significant percentage of homosexual men hated their fathers, and only slightly fewer heterosexual men also hated their male parent.

Ackerley didn't much like old men,



DADDY

either. The elder Ackerley played the role of the Edwardian *paterfamilias*, which was, of course, expected of him. His son found him unapproachable, uptight, and, in general, dismal and dull.

Then the old man died, and his son had to clear up his estate. In doing so, he discovered that his father had not married his mother until twenty-five years after the oldest child was born. Through all of his life, the elder Ackerley had maintained several "fancy girls", paid many visits to brothels, and had kept another establishment containing a mistress and three more children.

This came as quite a shock to the son, who figured the old man as being hopelessly square. The younger Ackerley was gay, and had taken great pains to hide the fact from his father, whom he felt, would never understand or be tolerant of that fact of life.

Turned on by the grooviness the old man showed in his heterosexual life, Ackerley decided to find out all he could run by an old queen. In the hallway Count de Gallatin. During a conversation about the Count (Ackerley and the gay landlord had become "sisters"), it came out that the Count had been the elder Ackerley's lover once. At least the Count had once "kept" the senior Ackerley.

The father had been a member of the Royal Guard, a regiment known for its

Ginsberg, Paul Goodman, Eldridge Cleaver, Abbie Hoffman, Dr. Spock, Eugene McCarthy, John Lennon, and most of the others the "Youth Culture" looks to as father figures.) It was just a little more than twenty years ago that the Kinsey Group compiled its figures on the sexual behavior of the human male and found that 37% of all American men had engaged in overt homosexual behavior. The chances then, are a bit better than one in three that your father, if you are in your early twenties, knows as much about homosexuality—from personal experience—as you do.

If you have a poor relationship with your father, you'll find Ackerley's book makes you reexamine the old guy as a human being. Depending upon your (and his) age and social situation, you'll find yourself wondering if he ever hustled for a buck during the Depression, or made it in a foxhole during World War II. One thing is for sure, you'll view the old man in a different light, and start wondering about what he was doing with himself before he started playing the father role.

Ackerley himself—the son, that is—is a very interesting person. He was (he died just recently) about as hungup as anybody can be. He really dug big, butch "trade" numbers, preferably straight or bisexual. His goal (and fantasy) was to settle down into a sort of lower-middle-class menage with one of them and live happily ever after.

Ackerley claims to have had a very unsatisfactory sex life, which is not surprising, considering his hangups. He ended up pursuing monogamy from bed to bed and never really found anything permanent.

However, he did become a prominent figure in British letters, not because of his own writings, but because of the help and assistance he gave struggling young (and usually gay) writers. He discovered, and helped popularize, Christopher Isherwood, Donald Windham, and W.H. Auden, among many others.

As one turned on to homosexual history, I was fascinated by Ackerley's accounts of gay life in London in the 20's and 30's. Gay bars, cruising techniques, and "trade" haven't changed much in the intervening years. In 1925, as in 1880 (when Ackerley's father was hustling), the Royal Guards still wore white tights and sexy uniforms and were expected, and encouraged, to "service" lonely old homosexuals. Reports from London as recently as last year (and another "homosexual scandal" among the Guardsmen) indicated that, though the costume has changed, the Royal Guards are still the classiest hustlers in London.

The old man who ran Ackerley's bazaar was "ancient" when Ackerley knew him in 1929. These insights into the life of a father, and a son, are, at the least, fascinating.

My Father and Myself is one of those books that comes along only rarely, and should certainly not be missed. It has a lot to say about how we all prejudge people, get ourselves into separate little "bags", and miss out on a lot of human communication.

NOTES ON A ROMAN ORGY

FELLINI INTERPRETS THE WORLD'S OLDEST NOVEL

BY PETER OGREN

It happened to mention to someone a few days ago that I'd seen Fellini's *Satyricon* (uncut) when I was in Rome a couple of months ago, and since the movie hasn't yet been released here, GAY thought it might be fun to scoop the rest of the city and be the first on the block to tell you about it. Now, everyone is going to have to forgive me for not remembering all the gritty little details such as who played whom, or who played with whom. Suffice it to say that I remember no big names in the credits.

Petronius Arbiter, a very close friend and confidant of the Emperor Nero, was one of the best party-givers in Rome, and certainly one of the greatest bead-readers of all time. And in this opulent, grand-wopera extravaganza, there he is, the very soul of fat, jaded, dirty old man, surrounded by more freaks than old P.T. Barnum ever dreamed of. Anyone who's seen *La Dolce Vita* or *8½* is by now pretty hip to Fellini's gaga gaggle of gorgons that parade across the screen. He has a great affinity for ferreting out the oddest looking people, even for his stars. Why, he even once stopped opera star Joan Sutherland (!) on the Via Veneto and asked her on the spot to be in one of his movies (doubtless as a prostitute, as she herself speculated). Well this time the master has really outdone himself. Would you believe an *albino hermaphrodite*? Shattering!

Of course it isn't all freaks. There are enough beautiful sweet-assed youths lounging about in all sorts of delicious attitudes to keep your cocks on guard, if not always at attention. And on the distaff side, for you ambiswingers and you girls, too, there are scores and scores of gorgeous pussycats, naturally half-naked, doing their bit. And through it all the most exquisite sense of oh-I've-done-that-already-what-else-can-you-show-me boredom, with fat old Petronius passing the lark's tongues and the brimming goblets to the crowd, as well as regaling them with his tales to arouse the mind and the body. That's what the movie is about, after all.



This flick is pretty episodic, with lots of little vignettes about the love and pleasure life of ancient Rome. For those of you who are always eager to see the gussy gay stuff, *Satyricon* starts right off with that. A perfectly gorgeous blond number picks up this lovely little swish and takes him home to beddy-bye, where said femme loves to massage the blond's marvelous muscle-book shoulders in the clinch. Then another boy, this time decidedly more Neapolitan, comes along and snatches the queen right out of poor blonde's bed, which causes not only a great deal of weeping and gnashing of teeth, but an earthquake to boot! Cut to a nice aristocratic orgy with Auntie Petronius overseeing a pair of little dykes pecking (yes, pecking) at each

other's mouth, and everyone sitting around looking bored. Well, that was boring, but I guess it's supposed to add to the sense of jadedness and cultivated ennui. Then there's some hetero stuff too (musn't let them feel left out, after all), and although that's pretty well done, I shan't go into the details.

Cut to the aftermath of an orgy in what could likely have been the Baths of Caracalla (if they were even built then). But you get the picture—bodies all over the place. By the way, this film is in Italian, and since I was in Rome, there were no subtitles of course, and although I can get around enough in Italian to keep from starving to death, I didn't get that much of the dialogue. But there wasn't that much dialogue anyway. That's one of the things I like about Fellini. When he wants to, he can tell a story with the camera alone, and in such a sensual opus as the *Satyricon* he certainly doesn't want to jabber you to death. At all events, there are lots of beautiful asses and breasts and bodies running and laying around to please everyone but the most militant phallus worshipper. Fact is, there's only one cock to be seen, and of course it's that albino hermaphrodite, breasts and all, tinymeat hairless body, which looks perfectly wretched anyway, and who is furthermore, allowed to starve to death in some blazing desert somewhere. I think that Fellini would have spared us that bit of Ultimate Revelation had he been able to otherwise convince us that this particular freak was for real. I don't think anyone could top it, even Fellini himself.

I don't want to give the impression that this is one of the all-time greats, however. There are parts of this film that can be pretty damned dull. It's not a skin

flick in the way that you are conditioned to expect. Pat Rocco, for example, makes far more erotic films, although he too can be pretty tacky and dull. (Ever see his version of *Midsummer Night's Dream*? Incredibly dumb.) Rather than being particularly erotic, *Satyricon* is stimulatingly sensual. The colors are pretty, the people are beautiful, and the whole atmosphere of the movie is sometimes like the inside of a popper, with all sorts of heady and voluptuous images dropping in and out of sight. But then again there's an absolutely smashing straight pickup that turns into a threesome—the blond and the dark beauties just fall into each other's arms and go to town. Just lovely! We actually see more sexual activity suggested rather than portrayed. (But then Fellini has his censorship problems too; he had a hell of a time getting the picture released in the first place!) So if you go to see it and grant that it is not a skin-flick porno film and isn't intended to be one, then you can sit back and enjoy it for what it is: a master's touch in sensuality and libertinage.

I've never read the *Satyricon* of Petronius, although it's supposed to be the very first gay novel ever; but I don't feel that it's necessary to compare the book with the movie anyway. Fellini's version is great cinema, with luscious sets and costumes and color photography and boys, and everyone is perfectly cast in his or her respective part. Even that fat redhead who seduced the little boy in *8½* (remember her?) is in this one and you can't afford to miss any opportunity of seeing that one go to town. All in all, an absolutely sybaritic experience. See it, by all means. I only hope that you can see it intact.



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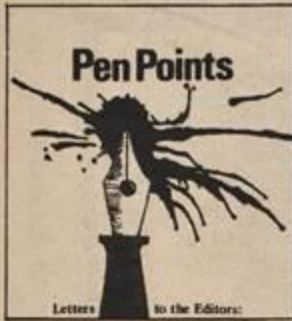
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Letters to the Editors:

TO JIM BUCKLEY

Kind Sir:

Verily, I would say unto you: "ain't no such a thing as 'male-asshole'". Asshole is a sexless sex organ. Cock is male, cunt, female; asshole, asshole. As an ole "shit packer" (as we used to say in Newark) from way back, I find whatever on the other side of the asshole irrelevant. In the words of that grand old tune, "I May Not Be Red As A Berry, But That's Only Secondary": "You'll never know the difference after dark". (Specially now all bodies got hair on top.)

I, for one, will heed your advice and suck pussy now and then (ass too honey) and in turn, invite you as admirer (man after my heart) of "beauteous and bountiful" ass, to check these boys

brightening the streets, and now and then snatch one or two and "take care biz". To paraphrase that lesbian lady, an asshole is an asshole is an asshole.

Yours In Sex,
David White
N.Y.C.

[Ed. Note: You're right — and I never intended to make a distinction. The swishy blue pencil of Jack Nichols did. An asshole is an asshole and my otherwise magnetic prose was distorted. I still say, however, that the person getting asshole-fucked shouldn't do it too often. It must be unhealthy. J.B.]

CLASSIC CRAP

Dear GAY:

The enclosed book (*The Homo-Sodomist* — by Ivan Burns) and its publisher, should be publicly exposed for their defamatory crap. The stories are written to turn off anyone, but note especially pgs. 186-190.

Samples: "Male homosexuality is a destructive element which, if it spreads far and deep enough into a nation's males in turn destroys that nation, just as lack of moral fiber caused the destruction of great empires in the past."

Then read on about how a homosexual elected to high office would be prey to all sorts of blackmail schemes and work against the nation.

"Homosexuality is frequently correlated to the narcotic trade—the use and sale of narcotics. . . The combination

of homosexuality and the use of narcotics is indeed appalling."

Just look it over yourselves. Imagine this in the 7th decade of the XXth century? Boycott Classic Publications!

I enclose my check for a subscription to your newspaper GAY which I have just heard about up here in the provinces. Good luck. . .

Cordially,
J.M.

Cambridge, Mass. Harvard Square

[Ed. Note: Thank you. Gay readers are welcome to send us samples of similar crap. J.N.]

DOESN'T PAIN HURT?

Dear GAY:

At last — a sensible, serious, entertaining, well-written, attractive GAY magazine. Congratulations. But why must you, in every issue, constantly knock the leather boys? Are you jealous of our sexy studded leather jackets — the most sensible garment ever invented, useful at all occasions all year round, and a good one lasts a lifetime?

Since you rightly don't object to lacy bodysuits and poppers, why write so scathingly about a few lengths of chain worn on the shoulder? Why scorn our S&M activities, which keep us amused as I don't hurt you? Why not embrace all homosexuals in your sphere, why advocate segregation amongst homosexuals?

And why tantalize us with that

groovy description of the cup who only has sex wearing his jacket and cap? We want his name and number.

The Murray Hill Mob

[Ed. Note: Look for a hard-hitting defense of S&M in a future issue. Personally we believe it's antisexual, but we're certainly glad to hear strong arguments to the contrary. J.N.]

SOULS IN A TABLESPOON

Dear GAY:

Fr. John Davies' conjectural estimate (GAY, No. 5, Feb. 2, 1970, p.6) of a sperm cell population of two million in a tablespoon of human semen underestimates nature's exuberance by far. In a single ejaculation the human male, on average, discharges a teaspoon of semen containing around 400 million spermatozoa (J.D. Ratcliff in Readers Digest, Dec. 1966, p. 120). There are three teaspoons in a tablespoon. Accordingly, a tablespoon of human semen would contain around 1.2 billion spermatozoa, i.e., 600 times two million.

N.Y.C.

Mattoon, Illinois

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, 6M Chelsea St., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

PORTRAIT OF AN EXHIBITIONIST



BY BOB AMSEL

though not tall, Donald Brooks has an extremely well-proportioned body, a body which he willingly displays. He craves admiration for his physical attributes, and has had attributes worthy of admiration. Logically enough, he has an occupation that allows public exposure of his privates. He is an actor, and in today's nude theatre world, he can achieve fulfillment of this desire.

He has been seen in many off-off and off-Broadway productions, appearing in the nude long before it became the vogue to do so. In Christmas, 1966, he played a naked Marley's ghost in Soren Agenoux's version of Charles Dickens' *Christmas* *stomachway* play to expose his genitals to the public eye. The play was Rochelle

Pink Narcissus. In the latter, he portrays an angel who jerks off while devouring a pile of shit. He has posed for hundreds of pornographic photos and half-a-dozen pornographic films. In short, he can be considered somewhat of an expert, or at least a person in the know.

Don was last seen in the Playbox

Production of *Nude Gymnastics*. "You don't know how great these nude plays are," he declares. "It's great to be able to show yourself to an entire audience and have them enjoy watching you."

"But doesn't there have to be an element of shock value?" I naively asked. Having had little physical contact with admitted exhibitionists, I was still hung up on those "schlock" teen-ager manuals that told me jerking-off was normal, as long as I didn't overdo it and go blind.

Don laughed. "Of course not. At one time I had to go around exposing myself in dark doorways to women because there was no alternative. There was nothing publicly approved much less admired until now. But now you have a whole audience. I used to expose myself to people in the street and feel quite nothing wrong with exposing myself, as long as people have the decency not to social acceptance."

"Would you believe," he added, "I had to ask to appear in *Nude Gymnastics*. I'm not conceited, but from looking at the rest of the cast, I think the director had myopia. But anyhow, it wasn't really work. It was a kick."

For those of you who have not seen it, *Nude Gymnastics* was an entertaining

excuse for a number of men to do physical exercises, alone and with each other, in the nude. Though not good drama, it was a voyeuristic treat.

"It was fun," Don continued. "We did a few stupid exercises, and I suggested some more, but our director became a prude."

"Pity," I remarked sadly. "Still, as it was, it went over well, and at least, it was more honest than some of the shows around. I believe nudity can have a certain humorous aspect to it, and I think this came across."

"Do you mind me telling you, Don, that you have a lovely asshole." Some of the exercises had displayed some amazing angles.

"Love some."

"Your what?"

"My trick," he repeated. "I'll show you." He pulled his portfolio from a drawer and quickly flipped through it. "Ah, here," he smiled, handing me a photograph.

"Why, that's amazing," I gasped. Although I had seen such pictures on rare

occasions before, I never ceased to be entertained. I looked at Don admiringly. He smiled in return. "Just my little trick," he repeated as I studied the photograph. He was doing himself. . . and enjoying it. "I'm narcissistic, too," he added in way of an explanation.

"But how do you do it?" I asked, enviously. "I mean, are you double-jointed?"

"Just well-hung and limber. It's hard sometimes to think of new or interesting pornography. I used to have some photos of me and a Great Dane, but when I showed them to people, they looked as if they never wanted to see me again. I'm sorry I don't have them anymore."

We were both sorry. I looked around his generously decorated sitting room. The walls were papered with various samples of erotica, including a lovely (though unsigned) portrait of Don's asshole. In one corner of the room was a collection of Mona Lisa prints. In another corner, there were several collages containing photos of boys blowing each other. Don pointed to one picture. "Isn't that nice. That boy is so proud of the fact he hasn't wiped his ass."

"Charming," I murmured. "Oh, this one is a picture of the family. I was one of eleven children. My folks come from South Dakota."

It was a Fifties-style family portrait. The women and girls wore full, ankle-length skirts and smiled sweetly in the direction of the camera. They and their menfolk looked slightly vacuous, focusing on nothing. The males had baggy pants and short hair severely combed back from their foreheads. And there in the center was a much younger Don. It was difficult to imagine him in such a simplistic background. His family's slightly hard, stubborn faces seemed to be a last reminder of the all-American pioneers who had settled there over a hundred years ago. Yet the younger children still looked halfway innocent, halfway unaware. . .

"Last year I placed an honest ad in *SCREW* as an exhibitionist for photography, pornography, and performing. I received over a few thousand phone calls, 80% phoney, or just guys looking for private sex, 10% old men wanting to pay for private sex, (I tape recorded calls the first two days) and 10% maybe of honest voyeurs and exhibitionists. I posed for over fifty amateur photographers, made several outdoor sex scenes, performed for a party, met five married couples, etc. all within a few months—but what it all adds up to is now everyone's doing it and it's not half the fun or excitement it used to be. Now you can pick up hundreds of magazines with everyone showing everything."

"I guess some people would call me somewhat of a masochist. But I'm basically an exhibitionist. I'm turned on to all types of sex. I even dig vegetables, trees, things like that. I'm very thing is that I grope with them. There's nothing else in it. . . and I enjoy."

A number of people have realized that Don has given even more enjoyment, for he, and a few like him, have brought sex into the fresh air and have demonstrated how the human body can be beautiful. Like his South Dakota ancestors, Don Brooks, too, is a pioneer. A sexual pioneer whose influence will go down in history. . . even if his name does not.

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The Unembarrassed Mind



The Devil Drives: A Life of Sir Richard Burton, by Fawn M. Brodie, Ballantine Books, \$1.25.

Fawn Brodie's fascinating biography of Sir Richard Burton (1821-1890), *The Devil Drives* is a good bet if you're in the mood for something worthwhile. It is a portrait of a remarkable man: a soldier, explorer, linguist, translator of erotica, and sexologist, a man whose insatiable curiosity about the forbidden aspects of

human behavior shocked his prudish contemporaries. Yet his originality, daring, and thorough scholarship won him the grudging respect of almost every armchair theorist in Victorian England.

His interest in all things sexual led him to translate several manuals of erotic love, such as the *Kama Sutra* of Vatsyayana, *The Ananga Ranga*, or *The Hindu Art of Love*, and *The Perfumed Garden*, *A Manual of Arabian Erotology*.

Burton was circumcised at the age of thirty-two as part of an elaborate disguise which would enable him to enter the holy city of Mecca (long forbidden to non-Muslims under penalty of death). Through this and other explorations of the Arab world, he was able to describe aspects of Arab life long veiled in



Richard Burton, 1848.



Burton's mausoleum at Mortlake.

mystery. In his studies of the Arab slave trade he painted a gory picture of the castration of young boys destined to be eunuchs in the harems of wealthy Moslems. Burton passed as a native for long periods of time, a feat which attested to his enormous talent as a linguist and as a master of disguise.

During his Army career in India he did a study of homosexual brothels in Karachi. He discovered, among other things, that both boys and eunuchs were available to patrons, the former demanding "nearly a double price... because the scrotum of the unutilized boy could be used as a kind of bridle for directing the movements." So thorough was the report that Burton found himself

accused of having participated in the orgies.

This "dark rumour" followed him throughout his life, and he did little to dispel it by his subsequent involvement with such a figure as the poet Swinburne (an active homosexual) and later by his own straightforward writings about homosexuality.

The Terminal Essay to his translation of the *Arabian Nights*, "Pederasty," made Burton one of the first Englishmen to discuss the subject of homosexuality "seriously, honestly, historically... in decent nudity, not in suggestive fig-leaf," as he himself puts it. (It is interesting to note that Havelock Ellis did not publish his famous study of homosexuality until more than a decade later.)

Burton's letters to Swinburne and others, suggest that he may have had "an occasional homosexual episode after [his] marriage." But these episodes seemed to be part of his characteristic way of knowing first hand that of which he wrote rather than his regular life style. His primary interest was the total sphere of human sexuality, homosexuality being only a part of the larger picture.

Burton described himself as "not intentionally irreverent," but as speaking "the things that others think and hide." In this tell-it-like-it-is kind of time, there are still many who are afraid to do just that, because they fear the reactions of small minds. Burton, a seeker of truth and a dispeller of myth, challenges us from another century to conquer the ignorance around us today.



SHOULD YOUR PARENTS KNOW? TO TELL OR NOT TO TELL...

BY LILY HANSEN

(This article originally appeared in *The Homosexual Citizen*, Washington, D.C., and has been revised.)

PART ONE

As a homosexual, the prejudice hardest to endure is probably that coming from our families. Being socially outcast is difficult to face; being refused a job is frustrating; but to be rejected by our families can be the worst penalty. Thus, some of us do our best to avoid parental ostracism by projecting a heterosexual image— anxiously so, it seems. So what if we encourage a false evaluation of ourselves? By seeming to fulfill their expectations, we stay in our families—and everyone else's—good graces. Also, we might rationalize, it's good for them not to know, for we don't want to subject them to disappointment and grief...

But does our hypocrisy make us happy? Some homosexuals, of course (like some heterosexuals), are not closely

tyed to their families. For them, revealing their inclinations to relatives would merely represent an inconvenience for both parties. Where there are no bonds of love, there is no desire for truth and communication. The "silence" is not oppressive, for one has found others with whom one shares love and life. However, there are many of us who do want to maintain close ties with parents and who want to be accepted for what we are.

The attempt to be honest may precipitate a major campaign of re-education. To enlighten our parents may take years—perhaps as long as it took us to get accustomed to the idea that we are homosexual, and maybe longer. Few of us are blessed with understanding parents—those of a liberal disposition, tolerant of varying views and modes of life, whose loving disposition eliminates prejudice because the person involved is supremely cherished. The rest of us have affectionate but conforming relatives, at least in the area of sexual mores. Most likely, they have never questioned the validity of current customs and laws regarding sexual preference and behavior.

Since we, their offspring, obviously have not grown up in their image, we have the problem of how to broach the subject of our "individuality." And there are various strategies that might be employed.

The "cold turkey" treatment is recommended only for the strong and courageous: it is a blunt delivery of the truth and abruptly divests parents of their comforting illusions about our heterosexuality. Not all parents can withstand this shock. And some of us won't be able to bear the consequences. On the other hand, the magnanimity of our parents might be surprising. It may have been they, who, though long suspecting, never broached the subject out of consideration for our sensitivity to it. Strange as it may seem, this situation can and has occurred.

For most homosexuals, a gradual introduction may be the most desirable way. Preliminary preparation for breaking the news is always helpful. In attempting to educate our parents and rid them of their unjustified prejudices, we might find it useful to educate ourselves first about

the subject of homosexuality.

The public library is one source of information, of course. Better yet, we can consult the nearest homophile organization about authoritative books and news of progress in the field of civil liberties for homosexuals.

Thus equipped with facts, we can reason and argue about illogical bases of prejudice. We can even discuss prejudice against other minority groups first and slowly gravitate to the topic of homosexuality. If parents are willing to engage in honest argument, we can pave the way toward acceptance of us as homosexuals by means of activating their thinking processes.

But generally it isn't as easy as all that. Many parents are not the type to be impressed by argument or the opinion of authorities—even by facts. Their prejudice remains an ingrained part of them, instilled in them since they were young, and words will not likely convince them.

How, then, do we go about breaking down emotional barriers? How can we convince parents that our homosexuality is a natural part of us and has not made us obscene, sick, or criminal? That is, it is a state of being which enables us to fulfill our personalities in freedom while not threatening that of others; that, as homosexuals, we can be useful and happy citizens in the community.

If words alone have failed, or would fail, only actions remain to prove our point. Seeing us believing. Implicitly parents may challenge us: "Show us that you are a whole and responsible human being!" And the burden of proof rests not upon what authorities say—but on our behavior and on our life situation.

"Married" homosexuals have the advantage in the contest for providing the best proof. What more convincing argument is there than one's own happiness? The homosexual whose lover is a favorite person with his "in-laws" is in an especially good position. The spouse, already accepted in the bosom of the family, serves as a familiar and reassuring element in the strange new world one is presenting to parents: "Look, Mom and Dad, you've known Mary [Joe] for a long time. You like her [him] a lot and know what good friends we are. There's something I'd like to tell you about Mary [Joe] and me..." The bomb which drops will probably disconcert and confuse the family more than it will shock: "Such a nice person, that Mary, who would have thought...?" And the time is ripe for the propaganda pitch—ready or not—of marriage, for parents are like babes in the woods.

Married homosexuals whose lovers are unknown or even undesirable to the family still can use the "look-I'm-happy" approach, backed up by a stable relationship—which is such a highly valued character reference in heterosexual society. If we can show that we are flourishing in body and soul—and preferably in career, too—with our homosexual partners, parents (if truly concerned with the happiness of their child) must eventually concede—even grudgingly so—that there's perhaps more than one road to happiness. Naturally this concession means only that there's a foot in the heretofore closed doors of their minds, and evidence must be reinforced for parents to drop their defenses entirely.

(to be continued)

THE GAY WITCH



BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTILLO
CURSES

My curses for 1970 are: I curse all those who have hangups, with having some severe ones, who are homosexual. I curse all those who exploit the gay power movement in order to promote other non-gay ideologies to get exactly what they deserve: Contempt. I curse all those who support the Vietnam War with lifelong guilt. May they personally suffer the consequences of their support. I curse all those pseudopatriotic parents who back the Vietnam War and the government's

policies. (If their sons return home in coffins let them realize how they sanctioned the murder of their own sons by their own ideology.)

I curse all those public officials who vote against repeal of the sodomy laws with discovering sodomites in their own families. I curse all those black-robed sexually hungup judges who mete out unjust prison terms to homosexuals with having their hearts literally turn to stone.

I place a HEX on the SEX lives of all those who use their gay brothers and sisters to promote totalitarian philosophies, whether of the Far Left or the Far Right. I curse all those pseudo-he-man hunters of innocent animals with lifelong impotence. I curse all those parents who have rejected and disowned their gay sons and daughters with having all their neighbors discover their children's homosexuality. I curse all racist bigots with a breakdown. May their sexually repressed desires towards blacks (and blacks towards whites) erupt in the surface uncontrollably, and if they kill themselves, better that than having them kill others. I curse all those who attempt to use their "feelings" as a tool of problem.

I curse all those religions which have contributed to the unhappiness of man by their guilt-ridden, anti-life tenets with constant and chronic disruptions, rebellions, defiance, and loss of membership. I curse all ostrich-like Establishment status-quo supporters with the unfulfilled lives their hypocrisy deserves. I curse all those

anti-Establishment opponents who use the same fascist tactics as those they oppose with the self-destruction they unconsciously seek anyway. I curse all psychiatrists who call homosexuality a sickness with the realization of their own paranoid sickness. I curse all those who commit violence with having violence committed against them. I curse all those who preach the Judeo-Christian doctrine of self-sacrifice with ending up as the sacrificial victims of their own beliefs. I curse all those who believe in hell with just that on earth. I curse all those who believe in a "reward in the next life" with their own belief.

I curse all self-hating homosexuals with their own self-hatred. I curse all heterosexual homo-haters with homo hard-ons. I curse all prison guards who sadistically abuse their authority with ending up as inmates themselves. I curse all fundamentalist Bible-believing ministers with having sons who become atheists. I curse all those who break their promises with lives of broken promises. I curse all those who seek something for nothing to end up with just that—Nothing. I curse all those who they used as stepping stones. I curse all those who refuse to know the truth with the consequences of their refusal. And finally, as stated in GAY, No. 2, I WISH EVERYONE ON... HIMSELF!

Q. Are you working on any new books?

A. Yes. I just finished *Psychic Power: Confessions of a Clairvoyant* and am

nearly finished with my book on GAY POWER. After that I resume work on I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (a book on Numerology) and FOODS OF FATE. Also, I hope to finish a gay novel in a year's time.

Q. I thought most witches were rather fuddle-minded and involved with the supernatural. Your columns and your answers are very rational. I like their subtle bitchiness—or should I say witchiness?

A. A true witch is always rational. If one identifies with nature, the natural, he must be rational. There are no contradictions in nature since everything is based on the laws of cause and effect. Just because man doesn't know or always understand these laws doesn't negate them. As to your last line: You have remarkable powers of perception yourself!!!

Q. Isn't witchcraft evil and only used to do harm?

A. No, witchcraft is not evil in and of itself. As to causing harm, that may be said of anything—or anyone. It can be a wonderful outlet for hostile, hateful and committing a violent act against and with the resultant consequences. Personally I don't know anyone worthy of my hate. I do know many deserving of my contempt, however.

Address all questions to: Dr. Leo Louis Martillo, c/o GAY, Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

W.H.AUDEN FACES LIFE
BY BAIRD SEARLES &
MARTIN LAST

In England there has always been a traditional homily: It doesn't matter what you do just so long as you don't talk about it. The stateside form of this until recently seems to have been: Talk about it, but don't do it. Now in the case of homosexuality we have seemingly reached the point where it is possible to both talk about it and do it. Perhaps we find garrulity so self-satisfying that we still spend too much time talking and not enough doing. In any case, the English live-and-let-live tradition made it possible for any number of otherwise reticent English authors to live openly as homosexuals (though quite without flaunting their gayness; without being "professional" homosexuals) and still function as recognized artists. Three cases in point are the poets Stephen Spender and W.H. Auden, and the novelist and playwright Christopher Isherwood. Being gay has certainly played a major part in the life-style of these writers, but perhaps far more important (and surely more interesting) is the way the homosexuality of the artist has brought certain sensitivities into play in his work.

Most probably of the millions of people who must have seen either the play or film versions of Isherwood's *I Am A Camera* would not have been aware, through anything intrinsic—much less anything extrinsic—in the script that the author was a homosexual. A really discerning viewer without knowledge of the writer's proclivity might have guessed because of these "sensitivities" inherent in the drama—the characterization of Sally Bowles wasn't likely to have been drawn by either a "straight" writer or (and this is important) a female writer. But most people, at the time of *I Am A Camera* (around 1952), simply weren't concerned. And, in essence, this has been true of Isherwood's other work as well—though, true enough, such novels as *A Meeting By The River*, *A Single Man* and *Down There On A Visit* homosexual relationships are predominant. But these gay interactions of gay people are important not because of their homosexual nature, but simply because they are what the author knows best and as such make the best vehicle for the expression of his general concern with human relationships and the ramifications thereof. Another way of saying this is that the homosexual English writers are not salesmen for homosexuality. That they are gay is incidental to their creative output, though, of course, germane to it.

LIFE magazine has recently published an article on W.H. (Wystan Hugh) Auden, the astonishingly productive poet, anthologist, lecturer and perennial man-of-letters. The piece is by Webster Schott who says that he went to Austria to talk with Auden (on the occasion of the poet's new book *City Without Walls*) but apparently found himself more interested in the way Auden and his long-time friend/lover Chester Kallman have structured what Schott calls the "clockwork domesticity of the homosexual routine." I'm not sure what Mr. Schott means by that phrase, and in fact I'm not sure how Mr. Schott views the whole scene...he certainly would seem to neither condemn nor proselytize, which is as it should be. It is clear that Auden has managed to live and work as a

homosexual without getting hungup in the embroilments fashioned by an uptight society which make being gay often difficult, degrading and downright painful. But nor has the poet found it necessary to live as a homosexual revolutionary. He is a professional writer, not a professional homosexual. And perhaps it is only the uncertain young

separate the strains of context (Auden-homosexual; Auden-writer; homosexual/writer; writer/homosexual) without weakening that fragile structure that is a man, but in another sense it is important that we don't make the strains of the structure overly contingent on one another.

As we read through Auden's canon we



W.H. Auden in the 1950's

"I've Got No Complaints!"

homosexual who is unable to find a way to live with himself (and consequently within the society) seeks for something to emulate—some confirmation and strength. Thus, this particular type of person I think, would find Auden the homosexual more interesting than Auden the writer. In one sense it is impossible to

discover that the concern isn't with man's sexual or political orientation and its confrontations with the order of society, but rather Auden's consideration is that of man as human in such a confrontation. The sexual, political, societal and class aspects are the ingredients of the product called human; they are what man is,

taken together. Auden's book-length poem (it named a period in our recent history) *The Age of Anxiety* treats of man and his angst as all men and the whole condition of angst. The concern is not with man's differences and self-imposed separations because of individual proclivity, but with man as mankind, as humanity, as a "wholeness." Here is man not as homosexual, heterosexual, communist, democrat, peasant, artist, rich or poor, etc., but man as a vulnerable being, a tenuous construction of complex and fragile elements facing the anxieties implicit in just simply being human. Auden is a homosexual but does not need the delimiting and false security of a homosexual viewpoint; his is a human viewpoint, and his concerns are human concerns not, I believe, circumscribed by his homosexuality. And that is why I question Webster Schott's phrase (its putative cleverness notwithstanding) "clockwork domesticity of the homosexual routine." What is the "homosexual routine?" If by that Mr. Schott means that in a homosexual relationship man must often perform that which stultifying tradition has taught us to believe to be woman's work (i.e., cooking, cleaning, washing dishes and doing laundry, hanging curtains, etc.) then he is himself victimized by a tradition that we know to be clearly arbitrary. And all the more so in our new society where such limiting gender-oriented activities are fast losing currency and validity. What else could he mean? If he somehow obliquely refers to the old bugaboo, the dominant-submissive (strong-weak; masculine-feminine) concept, then let him look at any human interaction, no matter what its basis, and find that that doesn't exist in some form. Secretly, I feel that he doesn't really mean anything in particular and simply got caught up in writer's filigree. What must have been quite clear to Mr. Schott is that the relationship that has developed between Auden and Kallman works, and that is an achievement for any two people no matter what their inclinations.

None of the foregoing is meant to suggest that writing about homosexuals and the gay life from a gay viewpoint isn't valid and often necessary. It is reported that Auden often writes porny poems for his friends, and to regenerate a rumor I might point to a several page poem called *The Blow Job* published in New York some years ago under the aegis of Ed Sanders' semi-underground press. Many said that this exercise in homosexual (man to man) love-making verse was in fact penned by Auden, and certainly a case could be made. The interior rhyme and the syntax were certainly Audenesque, and the poem had an ineffable New York (in fact "Village") flavor about it (Auden has lived off and on in the East Village for years).

Auden has always been unafraid—unafraid but never defensive. Schott quotes him in *LIFE* as saying: "I have no complaints. Good genes and a good education. Published early and in the right places...No trouble after I learned I was queer." Perhaps when one is Auden's age, has his reputation as a poet and his venerability it is easy enough to say that for *LIFE* publication. But courage per se isn't at issue since Auden has lived his life as it is, not as others would have it lived.

THE CRUCIAL YEARS
HAVING FUN AT FORTY

Photo by Pat Rocca



BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Whenever I come across one of those rare males who, though approaching crucial middle age, still has a glowing confidence and still can command attention and interest among superficial seekers, I want to give him special attention, to ask him as one begs of a novegarian who has miraculously "remained young," how?

I was recently a guest at a birthday party, given by a beauty in his early twenties for a former roommate and friend just turned forty. The honoree was in the spotlight from beginning to end among the attractive, mostly younger guests, and, far from being coy about his age, readily admitted to it. "Happy Fortieth" was emblazoned on his birthday cake by his sufferance. And, at the peak of the evening, he sat down on a ladder, hiking up the farmer overalls he wore with nothing under them, side buttons undone, his body freely displayed, so to speak. (Years ago, before nudity was "in," he could be counted on to show up semi-nude at costume

parties.) Having affirmed already to marvelling friends that it was good physical and mental health which he credited for his looks and buoyance, he proceeded to reel off a monologue he had prepared for the occasion putting himself down and kidding the whole grisly business of getting old. We all laughed uproariously, some of us uncomfortably, in all glad to know someone older or contemporary could take it on the chin and demonstrate for all of us an age-old lesson of old age: if you're whole and have a sense of humor, it's *illusion*.

Here is what he said:
On this very special occasion I wanted to jot down a few of my thoughts—thoughts on turning forty. Most of you have been so kind tonight. You've come up to me and said generous things like, "Well, you don't look it." "I can't believe you're a day over thirty." "How do you keep so fresh?" etc. At least that's what you say to my face, I did overhear one of the ladies tell Butch (the host) when I walked in that he thought I was the Super. Also two of his young friends from school (a local art institute)

offered me their chairs. I didn't mind that so much as when one chap I was trying to "relate" to kept slapping his thigh and saying "Twenty-three skiddoo."

Really, though, becoming forty isn't so bad. Things are much the same as when I was younger. Oh, there are a few subtle differences: I was waiting to go to the toilet while ago, and the fella who was ahead of me put the seat down for me. Also I notice that Butch has a little throw rug in front of the stool. Not that he thinks for a minute I've started missing the spot. Which reminds me... I was at the urinal in the Apollo Theatre the other morning early and got the distinct impression I was being cruised—just like old times—but it was just the attendant hovering there with the mop.

The differences are subtle. For instance, I have real bifocals in my granny glasses. And when the new wide lies came out all I had to do was send home. That saved me a lot of money. Besides, they won't accept World War II occupation currency at Paul Sargent's. However, they did honor my collection of gasoline stamps. World War II is "in" now, and they're playing the songs of the Forties in a few piano bars. It's wonderful to be able to know all the lyrics to something again. Maybe because they rhyme. I've never forgotten them since I made my professional debut with a big band in the summer of 1947. The other night at the Taft Hotel I was the only person there who could sing the verse to *The Shrine of St. Cecilia*. Also, I was very big at the St. Patrick's Day gatherings in the neighborhood bars. How many of you knew you could fit the words to *My Wild Irish Rose* to *Take Me Back to Sorrento*?

Speaking of the Forties—my salad days—I decided to get my hair trimmed a bit for this party. My stylist—and I'm probably the only one you know who still has a barber named Tony—said, "Mr. —, I admire you for trying to keep up with the times and wearing your hair long. You look like Ann Sheridan." Well, he could have said Ella Raines or Jane Frazee.

But my secret is—and I'm sure you're all dying to know—my secret is thinking young. And praying. Also, I have a few beauty tips which I'll pass along. For one thing, I go to bed early. In order to look my best tonight I hit the sack last Thursday.

Actually, my key word is optimism. Always expect that something wonderful is going to happen to you. Just in case it doesn't, though, keep up your Blue Cross.

Furthermore, I'm meticulous about smelling fresh and dainty now that I'm getting up there. The only thing is, it's hard to find Evening in Paris these days. And I take special care of my clothing. I do it myself. It takes me hours on end just to press my pleats. Everyone notices, though, and that is so rewarding. I'm even getting a reputation among the younger hippies in the neighborhood who ask to borrow my gear. But I demand first of all that they get into my knickers.

If I am giving the impression I haven't had a few pangs about turning forty, I'm misleading you, though, I have them, alright. It bothers me that I haven't achieved anything notable. It's been bothering me so much lately that I decided I had to get to work on something monumental right away. I intended to begin my autobiography, but then I forgot all about it.

These days I'm doing a lot of thinking and I do some of my best thinking when I'm walking. And as I'm walking I see that I'm still noticed wherever I go. And

welcomed by everyone as one of their own. While I was strolling through Sberman Square the other day, one of the elderly Jewish ladies who sits there moved over to make room for me on the bench. I don't understand Yiddish, but I'm sure she said, "Remember how it was in Warsaw in the old days?"

Still, I'm positive that I give off youthful vibrations. It's due to my philosophy about human growth and development. I keep wanting to learn, learn, learn. "Live as though you would die tomorrow, learn as though you would live forever." That's my motto. And I pay particula-attention to the fads as well as the major issues of the day. For instance, the new square-toed shoes allow you to stand closer to the urinal. Most importantly, this semester I enrolled in a graduate course at one of the local colleges. I started with a class called "Understanding the Black Power Movement"—but I quit because they made me sit with the Uncle Toms. I made it a point to mingle with the undergraduate students whenever possible, and it didn't take me long to become one of the bunch. Except no one asked me to be on the riot committee. They finally let me join a peace demonstration, though, and gave me a placard to carry which read: Remember Pearl Harbor. I didn't mind that so much, but on the other side it said: Pull the Marines Out of Nicaragua.

I may not be the wildest in bed any more, but I certainly do splendidly out of it. I'm especially big on the dance floor, as many of you know, I particularly like to dance at — because it has such a roomy dance floor—the only gay bar in town where I really have enough space to do a good Lindy. In my day, you know, we held on to our partners even on the fast dances. You'd understand why if you'd ever done the Hucklebuck in wedgies.

I don't live in the past at all, which is another of my secrets on how to stay young. But I do get sentimental now and then. Tonight while contemplating my toilette I played some of my favorite records. I got so carried away I dropped a couple of 78's and frightened the dog away from the Victrola.

And I admit I was feeling a little blue after yesterday when *Playboy's Guide* (our friend is a former actor) telephoned and asked me to take my picture out of "Character Juveniles." Well—they kicked Delilah Judith out, too. And Dan Duryea, and Kay Medford. And Bertrand Russell.

Then this morning I had a slight jolt when I went to the jewelry store on West Fourth Street to pick up the love beads from Haiti I had taken there to be restrung. "My beads, please," I said to the girl in the Garbo hat behind the counter. "Could these be yours?" she asked as she handed me a rosary.

The cruelest cut of all came when I applied for a permit last Easter to join the Nude-in Central Park, and they checked the file to see whether I was a known exhibitionist. The cop thought he'd seen me hanging around the Sixty-seventh Street playground in the afternoon. The only way I could prove otherwise was to show him I'm not circumcised and have that funny mole. You see, a pretty face may fade from memory, but no one ever forgets a pretty cock. Which brings me to my farewell thought of the evening:

"If you want to look and act and think the way I do when you reach forty, just remember that you are in all your head." *Would anyone care to see mine?*

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(continued from p. 3)

more ego strength than you think." Still, Dr. Ruitenbeek conceded that often rejection might occur because heterosexuals have a lot of their own hangups to hassle with.

There's a difference between hiding your homosexuality and wearing it on your sleeve, he contended. "Neither is good. Be natural. Integrate it in your own life within the context of heterosexual society, and you will often see good results."

"And whatever else," Dr. Ruitenbeek went on, "you should get away from stereotyped role playing. It's a self-fulfilling prophecy—responding to the stereotyped images of straight society. Stop aping father and mother, he and she, and heterosexual marriage in general. It's unnatural and not necessary to flip wrist, call each other names like Mary and Butch, and so forth." Such role playing is a defense, Dr. Ruitenbeek contended. It represents an unresolved problem of homosexuals who can't give up the ideal of marriage and deal with their homosexuality as such.

"Homosexuals must map out a course for themselves. Their sexuality has its own dynamics. They must give their relationships a unique distinction rather than ape men and women, who interact in certain ways. To begin with, in a homosexual couple, both usually work, have their own world, and each must respect the world of the other. Their relationships are not duplications of heterosexual ones. It is sinister to see homosexuals modeling themselves after heterosexual marriage."

Dr. Ruitenbeek said he is against homosexual "marriages" by the clergy, although he believes that children are perfectly acceptable in the context of a homosexual relationship if it is not imitative of heterosexual marriage, if the homosexual couple is fulfilling a real need in themselves and not just fulfilling a suburban image.

"See the dynamics of your relationship in terms of what you want, rather than looking to straight society to tell you or turning to notions of marriage, man's role, woman's role. Society itself is now making role playing obsolete.

Marriage itself will become debatable in the next couple of decades. In a situation between two homosexuals, however, how it is worked out should be up to them."

GAY BROADCASTER fights for job

Minneapolis, Minn. The following news item recently appeared in the *Minneapolis Tribune*:

The Minnesota Commissioner of human rights said Wednesday that the full investigative force of his department will be used to process what is believed to be the state's first human rights complaint alleging discrimination against a homosexual.

Commissioner Conrad Balfour said yesterday, "There's definitely prejudice against them, just like the Blacks and the Indians."

The complaint was filed yesterday by Thom Higgins, who was fired from his job with the Talking Book Radio Network of State Services for the Blind.

Higgins said the firing followed his telling his supervisor, Services Director C. Stanley Potter, that he would be appearing at a press conference later this month on behalf of FREE (Fight Repression of Erotic Expression), a University of Minnesota-based homosexual organization.

According to Higgins, Potter said he had no objection to Higgins' sexual preference, but did not want it publicly known that he was associated with State Services for the Blind.

Potter said yesterday, however, that he had already told Higgins he was fired, because of irregular and sporadic work habits before Higgins mentioned his connection with FREE or the press conference.

Higgins' job is not protected by Civil Service provisions.

In a statement related to the case, Commissioner Balfour stated that he would like to use this chance to expand the legal definitions of "sex" and "creed"

in anti-discriminatory laws. This is the first such test of these laws in Minnesota, and those who support Potter's viewpoint state that discrimination against "sex" means bias because of gender, not inclination. "Creed", they claim, means established religious belief, not a life style. If Commissioner Balfour has his way, the law will include non discrimination against homosexuals, longhairs or persons with minority political and social beliefs.

Potter has stated that Higgins' job was jeopardized not solely because of his public homosexual stand, but largely because of incompetence on the job. There is a lot of evidence to support either side at this time. At one point, however, Potter had said "Blind people historically have had a stigma, and (Higgins) would just have added another one."

To that, Higgins replied, "This wouldn't add any stigma. I'm sure there are blind homosexuals."

lawyer obtained through the Mattachine Society of New York.

MATTACHINE EDITOR ARRESTED

Chicago, Illinois David Steinecker, editor of the *Mattachine Midwest Newsletter*, was arrested at his home on February 7th, as the result of an article which he had written and published in the Chicago *Mattachine's* publication in September of 1969. The arrest was made by an officer whom Steinecker had taken to task in his article on his "persistent harassment" of homosexuals in the Windy City's Lincoln Park last summer.

The policeman in question was John Manley, of Chicago's Youth Division of the Police Department. A reportedly young, attractive, and pretty cop, Manley played the old "lure them in, turn them on, then bust them" game in and around the public toilets in Lincoln Park.

In his article, Steinecker had described Manley: "cute, blonde and blue-eyed, about 5'7", and his usual dress: "shorts and sneakers." A detailed description of Manley's *modus operandi* (as the F.B.I. says) followed. It was evidently the pretty-cop-in-faggy-clothes-horny-as-hell-begging-for-love routine like the New York cops used to use. (Typical opening line: "God, am I horny!")

Steinecker went on to say that Manley's job would probably be a guilt-ridden closet queen's delight. "If I were gay and didn't want anyone to know," Steinecker wrote, "I think I might get a job where I could cruise in the public interest. After relieving my sexual tensions in some weird sort of way, I could get rid of my guilt by arresting the other party. But I'm not suggesting..."

Manley evidently thought the *Mattachine* leader was "suggesting." Like a guilt-ridden closet queen who's been found out, he arrested Steinecker for "criminal defamation."

David Steinecker, of course, will be defended by *Mattachine Midwest*, and the issues will be freedom of the press and probably Manley's record.

POLICE RAID LONG ISLAND BAR

Long Island, N.Y. Audrey's one of Long Island's finest gay bars, was raided Valentine's night at the height of the masquerade ball. Just as the judging of costumes had begun, Nassau County cops filled the place, scattering the more than 150 guests and making 22 arrests.

None of the arrests were made on the basis of the "drag" law—in fact, only three of those arrested were in drag. Arrested individuals, regardless of their clothing, were all charged with "public lewdness" and "loitering for the purpose of committing perverse intercourse." The latter charge seems to be something the Nassau police made up, as no such offense appears in the law books.

As is usual in Nassau County, the defendants were not informed of their rights, were not allowed to make phone calls, and were not permitted legal counsel at their arraignments. All pleaded "not guilty" and most of the arrestees will be represented by a Long Island

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