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"Gay School Teachers Are Not Child Molesters!"

Education Board Is GAA Target

BY PETE FISHER

Have you stopped molesting children yet? Answer yes or no.

The assumption that all gays are child-molesters is reflected in a systematic pattern of discrimination against homosexuals by the New York City school system.

In researching background material on job discrimination for the Clingan-Burdan bill, now co-sponsored in the City Council by Leonard Scholnick, GAA's Fair Employment committee found that there were more instances of job discrimination against gays in the school system than in any other local institution, private business, or industry. The majority of accusations were made against the Board of Examiners, which controls the licensing of city teachers. The official policy of the Board of Education was not clear. Letters sent by GAA to the Board of Ed requesting an official statement of its policies towards homosexuals produced no results, nor did requests for meetings with representatives of the Board. GAA decided that the issue should be pursued further.

The pursuit began on Monday morning, January 25. At 9:00 a.m., a group of GAA members entered the New York County Lawyers' Association building at 14 Vesey St., while others remained outside and distributed leaflets on job discrimination against gays. Hearings were to be opened that morning by the City Human Rights Commission to investigate discrimination in hiring, firing



GAA marchers blast the old-time myth

Photo by Richard Wandel

and promotion practices against minority groups in the city school system. The group was there to ask why not a single representative from the gay community had been invited to testify.

It was not an oversight. Gays had been

excluded because the Human Rights Commission is not empowered to protect homosexuals. Under existing city law, only racial and ethnic minorities qualify as human. When the people from GAA made it clear that they had no intention

of leaving, they were given an opportunity to speak with Human Rights Commission Chairman Eleanor Holmes Norton, who had expressed sympathy for the gay rights issue in the past. Mrs. Norton agreed to find some way of at least raising the matter of discrimination against homosexuals during the hearings that day.

Among the first to testify was Miss Gertrude Unser, Chairman of the Board of Examiners. After testifying, she left the hearing room to be interviewed by the media. I edged my way into the circle of reporters from the straight press who surrounded the prim old woman in the lobby outside.

"What is your explanation for the Board of Examiners' policy of refusing licenses to homosexual teachers?" I asked.

"Well, this is a matter that is determined by the setting of standards..."

"Could you spell out those standards?"

"... with the medical division. I think

(Continued on page 3)

Snake Pit Victims Sue NYC

BY RICHARD C. WANDEL

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Jan. 21)—Seven gays participated today in hearings before the Examiner of the Corporation Counsel of the City of New York. Each was questioned individually about his suit against the City for false arrest and imprisonment. The suits, which are being sponsored by the Gay Activists Alliance of New York, rose out of the raid last March on an after hours bar, the *Snakepit*. Over 160 gays were arrested and held overnight. The gay claimants state in their suit that they were arrested illegally, resulting in "injuries to credit and reputation; humiliation; and mental and physical distress." They further claim that they were threatened, subjected to verbal abuse, and not informed of their rights or of the charges against them. Each claimant is suing for \$75,000 in damages.

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Nurse Claims: Jackie Onassis

An Anti-Homosexual Bigot

New York, N.Y. Jacqueline Onassis: press agent, Miss Nancy Tuckerman, refused to confirm or deny reports that the one-time First Lady fired a member of the White House staff when a Secret Service agent reported that he was a homosexual.



"I can't imagine anything worse than John, Jr. growing up to be a hairdresser"

"I worked in the White House myself," said Miss Tuckerman, and I don't recall anything of this sort occurring. We have a firm policy, however, of refusing to confirm or deny statements made about Mrs. Onassis' comments."

The reports of the firing, and of other anti-homosexual attitudes on the part of the late John F. Kennedy's wife were made by Rita Dallas, a private nurse who cared for Joseph P. Kennedy during his last eight years and who is now telling her story in the pages of the *Ladies Home Journal*.

Rita Dallas quotes the former Mrs. Kennedy as saying "I can't take the chance of having someone like this around the children."

After the President's death, according

(Continued on page 15)

THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

BWARE OF FEMALE HITCHHIKERS!

Katz, a writer for *Lavender Vision*—a newspaper originating out of Cambridge, Massachusetts for the "gay women's community"—gives the ground rules for female hitchhikers which she has learned during six years of that "rather unpleasant activity."

"Never get in a car with more men than women in your hitchhiking group," she warns. "Don't rely on male freaks not being perverts..."

"Before getting in a car check to make sure that his prick is inside his pants... I have twice been picked up by naked men, wearing only shirts. Make sure the door handles are on, for it's not uncommon for them to remove them in order to keep you captive... Sit close to a door... be on the lookout for a device on the driver's panel which has control over the locks on ALL the doors."

When the driver gets fresh, Katz advises, "Always scream in a threatening manner, warning him about all the things you're going to do to him (i.e. castration, give his license number to the pigs, sabotage his car, etc.)... It is sometimes, in tight traffic, good to make a whole scene, screaming and gesticulating so that you can draw attention to him... If the car is moving slowly thru traffic and verbal intimidation has not worked, you may want to purposefully get the car into an accident... Use your left fist to bang him in the face... Or poke him in the eyes with your fingers. If this doesn't freak him out (they are usually ASTONISHED at the thought of women actually fighting) pull the steering wheel so that you hit something or swerve. At the same time kick his foot or his calf so that he doesn't step on the gas... It is also effective to grab his lower lip and pull down as hard and quick as possible, ripping the lip from the gums..."

After giving directions on how to brace for the impact during an accident, Katz advises that "in a group of them, things

are rougher," and advises "going bullsh*t" by screaming and squirming at such a dynamic pace that "they can't get their hands on you."

Finally, when screaming out, Katz advises: "Don't scream that sexist pigs are oppressing you. That will probably get them help. Scream that your baby is being butchered or that they are raping you or that someone is dying." She advises wearing pants while hitchhiking so "you'll have full mobility" and to beware of rings ("They usually hurt the hand they are on more than the face you're hitting.") and also "necklaces can be used to choke you."

When picking up hitchhikers around Boston, it would seem safer to stick to picking up boys.

DIAL-A-SHOULDER

"In a positive reaction to the recent deaths of two West Siders by their own hands" the West Side Discussion Group has created a new service for the gay community called Dial-a-Shoulder.

Those manning the phones are not professionals and are not connected with other suicide prevention groups, just members willing to take the time to talk with those who are troubled. The volunteers believe they have already prevented at least one tragedy which would surely have occurred had Dial-a-Shoulder not existed.

Anyone who has really bad moments at times (and many people do) might want to clip or jot down the following names and numbers: Fred - 459-6581; Jerry - 441-9890; Al - 757-2953; Joe 939-5664; George 516-587-9123; And if you prefer an agency with no connection to WSDG, there's Suicide Prevention NYC 462-3322 and/or Suicide Prevention League 687-2142.

FEMME MEN-WOMEN'S LIB WITH BALLS?

The boys living in the 95th Street Collective, an offshoot from NY's GLF, have formed "Femmes Against Sexism" which they describe as a "Consciousness-raising as well as action group designed to deal with the oppression of femme males as well as with the hypocrisy of the 'straight' homosexual man; his need to come off as straight in order to feel less pressured in this sexist society, but thereby suppressing the femme side of his personality."

"The men who make up the 95th Street Collective are mostly femme males," *Come Out*, a radical New York based gay newspaper continues. "By virtue of being femme males we have the ability to love one another and have stronger emotional bonds than the 'straight' homosexuals. When ideas are in conflict in the collective we do not compete to see whose idea is best, but we collectively search for a solution that meets all our needs... As long as we let the femme in us come through, our collective will continue functioning as a whole, not as one 'man' competing against another. Our collective has much to offer as an example to men who are still handicapped by a masculine image that is slowly dying, and which women and femme men feel is oppressive to us."

SHORT ITEMS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS

*SIR, S.F.'s largest gay group has filed a petition with the California Public Utilities Commission asking for a rehearing of having a heading "Homophile Organizations" in the yellow pages. They point to an ad for a restaurant called "Magnolia Thunderpussy" which advertised such specialties as "pineapple pussy, montana banana, fairy pillows and Otto's omus and other far-out foods for late-night trippers."

*The CONTINENTAL BATHS at 230 W. 74th St. have established an arrangement with the Health Department for a health officer to be available to patrons on Friday nights 10 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. and on Sunday evenings from 6:00 p.m. till midnight to anyone, patron or not. On Sunday evenings, just go to the Continental check-in counter and tell them you'd like to see a health officer.

*Organizers for next June's Christopher Street Liberation Day parade are predicting a turn-out of 50,000.

*LA's Civil Service Commission has delayed consideration on changes in its policies which now virtually exclude anyone from employment who has been arrested (even if not convicted) on charges involving sex, drugs or subversion.

*A bandit was killed and two customers wounded in a shootout that occurred Dec. 26th at the Villa Fontana lounge in Dallas, Texas.

*Jack Baker and his lover, unsuccessful applicants for a marriage license in Minnesota, are pressuring the ACLU to grant couple memberships to gay couples.

* Britain's National Health Service is providing free sex change operations "to genuine transsexuals who have lived at least a year as accepted members of the sex of choice." So far seven men have gotten the operation, ten more are awaiting surgery, and nineteen men and one woman are being considered. The operation costs British taxpayers about \$2400.00.

* A gay hour-long weekly radio program has been launched in San Francisco by the Metropolitan Community Church there. It's called "Gay Cross."

* A press release issued by Alpine County boosters in Los Angeles has angered many by inviting the Indians of Alpine County to "a real Thanksgiving dinner and summit conference" and then adding, "Before such a Conference, we should find out what trinkets the Indians of the tribe would want."

* A GLF volunteer on the Venceremos Brigade, a group of leftists who went to Cuba to do volunteer work and help with the sugar harvest, reports that tensions within the Brigade were "incredible."

"It's a good thing we're way out in the middle of nowhere because it looked for a bit as though we were on the verge of a 6-day war," he reported in *Come Out*, "Blacks vs. Puerto Ricans and Chicanos vs. Whites, Men vs. Women, etc. Because we have the support of almost all the white people (weak though it may be), GLF became a sort of 'white' issue. There are third world gay people on the Brigade, but they are mostly very closely and tend to be the most vocal in opposition to the 'bullshit movements' i.e. Women's Lib and Gay Lib."

* Dr. Maury Massler told the Greater New York Dental Meeting at the Statler Hilton Hotel that the public isn't sufficiently aware that tooth decay is an infection which can be easily passed by kissing.

Hollywood Magic Is Only a Face Cream



Sulking Timothy Dalton portrays "Heathcliff"

BY AARON BATES

Just flew in from Texas (Have you seen the Astro-dome lately? It's simply covered with birdshit) and I am totally depressed. I must admit, however, that the people down there were not ready for me—especially in drag. But I couldn't help myself. After hearing about Lance Rentzel's arrest for exposing himself to a little girl, I immediately did my hair up in pigtails, slipped into a smashing pinafore, and got out my best jump rope. I must have hoppedcothed my way across every goddam playground in Houston and Dallas without seeing a single cock. (But don't worry, Lance, when they let you out, I'll be waiting!)

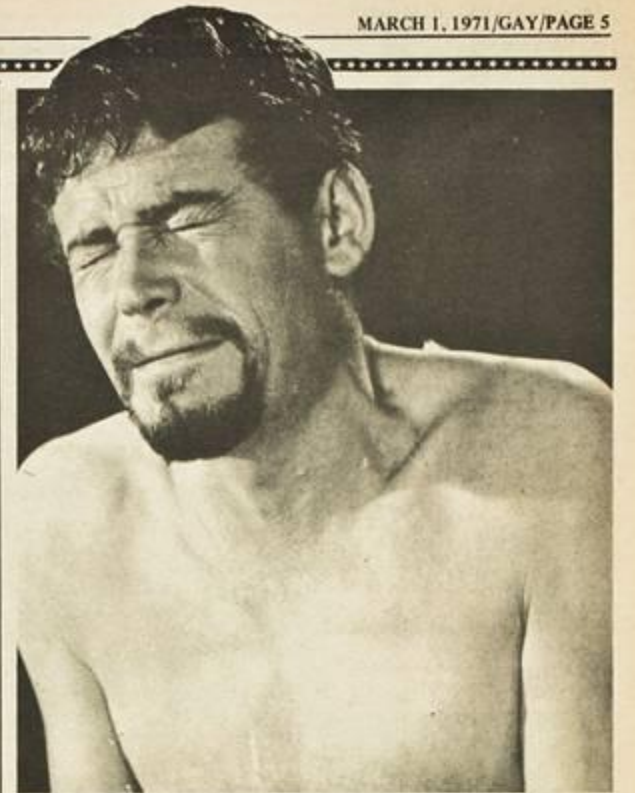
Have you heard the latest from CBS? They now claim that they have never discriminated in their hiring policies toward homosexuals. No shit! Then why do they force prospective employees to sign a waiver allowing them access to confidential draft records, and why are such people refused further employment upon discovery of past homosexuality? I know of two such cases through personal (not wnal) contacts. How about a few letters to CBS, cheerleaders! The address is 51 West 52nd Street, and I'm sure they'd love to hear from you!

Talking about TV, be sure to catch ABC's *Dan August* on Thursday, January 28th at 9:30 p.m. In this segment entitled, "Dead Witness To a Killing," the wife of an assistant district attorney is murdered when she threatens to expose a member of her family as a homosexual. To my way of thinking, if she had just exposed a member period, she would have been a lot better off. If this show doesn't leave a good taste in my mouth, I'm going to expose a few execs at ABC. (Although they expose themselves pretty well at *The Barn* without any help from me!)

Did you know that Columbia is planning to re-release David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia* this year? According to a love letter I received from a top studio executive (sorry, I refuse to drop names), the new version will have twelve additional minutes that were circumsized in 1962. One scene will depict the rape of Lawrence (Peter O'Toole) by a Turkish General (Jose Ferrer). Oh, those Turks! Unless they change the name of this sand epic to *Florence of Arabia*, I refuse to be satisfied!

Did you get a chance to read the confessions of a closet queen in the January 17th magazine section of the *New York Times*? Let me tell you, my heart bled blue borscht. I may not like Spiro Agnew, but when he ponders about the sagacity of the *Times*, I'm tempted to ponder with him.

I saw a screening recently of American International's new version of Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights*. After puking all over the rug during their screening of *Dorian Grey* I was lucky to be invited back. Fortunately for American International, there is no comparison between the two films. I'm sure that old Emily is shaking her bones with delight over this meaty adaptation of her Gothic novel. Unlike the lush and lovely '39 soap opera starring Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon, the characters are far from candy-coated in this version. Cathy (brilliantly portrayed by Anna Calder-Marshall) is bitchy, self-centered, arrogant, and cruel. Heathcliff (portrayed by a sulking Timothy Dalton—remember, he was Richard's nasty lover, Philip of France, in *The Lion in Winter*) is



Tight-assed Peter O'Toole (How phallic!) gets raped in the new version of *Lawrence of Arabia*

vengeful, warped, moody, and vicious. In short, they are exactly the type of people needed to pep up a dull East Side Sunday brunch. Mind you, the film has it's faults—a number of transitions are lacking and a leaky narrating device is soon dispensed with—but those who read the book will flip out. And for God's sake, either bring your hankies or lay off the mascara. The movie opens at Radio City Mucus Hall as soon as Melina Mercouri's *Promise at Dawn* closes there. Speaking of the Mucus Hall, did you catch their Christmas show? If you didn't, you don't know what you missed. The night I was there, the organist freaked out, one of the drunken shepherds fell off the stage, an angel's rope broke, Santa's stuffing came out, and one of the Rockettes flipped her platinum wig while doing her kicks. I haven't laughed so hard since Frannie Spellman died and we all sang three choruses of "Ding Dong The Witch Is Dead" in harmony!

Is that really Chuck Connors going down in *Hollywood Blue*? Honestly, what a girl has to go through to get a head in this world!

I gave my best movie award to *Five Easy Pieces* this year. (The title sounds like my scorecard for last week.) Naturally, *Something For Everyone* and *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* were close behind. Speaking of *Sloane*, there's a new movie based on a Joe Orton play entitled *Loot*. There's one scene in which Roy Holder, as a bank robber, hides the green stuff in his mother's coffin and stashes the old lady's corpse in the lavatory. Sounds like fun for the whole family!

And of course, my worst picture of the year went to *Joe*. After hearing all those rare things about it, I nearly miscarried. If the tacky dialogue and stereotyped characters weren't enough to give me ulcers, the acting (with the exception of Peter Boyle and a few others) was. I can understand how some

of the critics liked it because they never did have any taste, but Judith Crist, how could you? I fear that marvelous woman has been reviewing too many Annette Funicello movies for TV and can't tell a bummer when she trips over one!

By the way, when I saw a screening of *Brewster McCLOUD*, I had to ride up in the elevator with that awful man Gene Shalit or Orion or whatever his name is. He's that critic (and I use the word loosely) for NBC. He was there with his girlfriend or wife or mistress or hatcheck girl. He was literally stuffed into an Edwardian suit that was three sizes too small and I knew then and there, that if he liked the movie, I'd hate it on principal. Needless to say, *Brewster* was for the birds. Underlying all the directorial business was an extremely romantic story about a man betrayed by the woman he loves. In spite of director Altman's opposition to his theme, a few old-fashioned sentimental emotions still slipped through, providing the only warmth the picture had to offer. I must admit, however, that Altman does his utmost to make stupid lines seem funny. By using the *Laugh-In* technique of quick cuts, the film does have a certain bird-brain fascination. And in his way, Altman makes the most out of a flimsy script, but has many talented performers to help him.

My Hollywood contact just informed me that they doctored the heart out of soon-to-be-released *Doctor's Wives* because of *Love Story*'s sexless success. The film company now believes that the public is tired of pubics so they have turned the doctors to eunuchs and their wives to virgins. Aw, shucks, I was so looking forward to seeing Dyan Cannon dicking it up with Rachel Roberts! Once again, repression is starting to set in on the coast. But don't worry, once the box office starts dipping, they'll get back to all that filthy and perverted slime that we know and love!

SOLOM BEFORE THE QUAKE

BY FELICE MONDO

Tobias Schneebaum, author of *Keep The River On Your Right*, is a painter and a amateur anthropologist. He lived some time among primitive Peruvian Indians in the jungle. He has recently published his experiences in *Keep The River On Your Right*, which Dick Leitsch reviewed for this paper.

After reading the book and its frank descriptions of homosexuality among the primitives, I was eager to interview him. Tobias Schneebaum is a slight, dark-complexioned man, with the same black hair and eyes he describes as characteristic of the South American natives he visited. He pronounces his words with a British precision and rarely shows emotion.

The following is from the interview he was kind enough to grant.

Keep The River On Your Right
by Tobias Schneebaum



FELICE: Did you find resistance from experts to accepting your reports of homosexuality among primitives?

TOBIAS: Not at all. In fact, when I first went to the Museum of Natural History, I expected them to be, if nothing else, a bit shocked about my experiences there and what I had to say about the Indians. On the contrary, the man to whom I spoke, who was the head of the South American division, said that it was quite common among South American Indians, and North American Indians. Not only that. But among the Navajos of our own country, men used to get married to men. One of the men would become the female and would dress as a woman.

FELICE: Were they bisexual, or exclusively homosexual?

TOBIAS: Among the Navajos, when men married men, most certainly didn't have heterosexual experience. They got married as we get married. And presumably one doesn't have extra-marital activities. Presumably.

FELICE: Your book, *Keep The River On Your Right*, suggests that while the men all practiced homosexuality, they almost all practiced heterosexuality too.

TOBIAS: Yes. The heterosexuality, as far as I could see, among the people I lived with, was procreative. That is, they had heterosexual relations, but these were confined to ritualistic periods. There would be a full orgy among the whole tribe, twice a year or so. And nine months later, after one of these orgies,



Mitchi being poked by two friends

many of the women would give birth. It was peculiar. You would see children in these age groups—six months, or a year old, and there wasn't anybody in between, somehow.

FELICE: Do you have the impression that the men enjoyed sex with the women?

TOBIAS: Oh yes! Certainly. They liked it just as much as sex with other men. Except that they did it all the time with other men. And only twice a year, more or less, with the women.

FELICE: Why the preference for homosexual sex if heterosexual sex was enjoyed as much?

TOBIAS: Well. The men and the women were separated physically, as the days went on. The whole tribe slept in one hut. The men slept around the outer perimeter, all in small groups of, let's say, six or seven. The women slept in the center of the hut, keeping the fires going.

As we all know, among primitive peoples, women always do most of the work—the physical labor I mean. One of their jobs was to keep the fires going continuously. Because they didn't have matches. (He smiled.) This way there wouldn't be any problem about relighting the fires. The women kept the fires going all night, with their marvelously prehensile toes, with which they could pick up pieces of wood. And just dip them into the fire and keep it going. They slept around the fires all night. And they stayed around the fires all day too. And the men slept among themselves.

FELICE: Do you think there was any homosexuality among the women?

TOBIAS: I am sure there was. I never saw it. I was so involved with my own group that I never really watched what happened among the women.

FELICE: If you had been interested in the women, could you have asked? Or was the subject indelicate?

TOBIAS: It was just not discussed. When it came time that we slept with the women, there was a woman waiting for me. It was at the time of the initiation ceremony of the youngsters, who had had

their lower lips pierced, and a small stick inserted into the hole. That evening, after we had all gotten drunk on pineapple wine, we went into the hut and the women were waiting for us with their open arms and open legs. That seemed perfectly normal and perfectly natural. And everybody expected it at that time. But the following day we were back, with the women separated from the men.

FELICE: You called it "a big orgy" before. Was it an orgy in the sense of people having more than one partner? Or just coupling, everyone in one big room?

TOBIAS: Well, it was all in one room anyway. I know that I had sex with one woman only. But I do also know that the group with whom I stayed all the time, the men kind of moved around with the women. The women got up and went from one man to the next. And that didn't trouble them at all. There was no sense of 'you belong to this man' or 'you belong to that woman.' None of that at all. There was one point when one of the men pointed out his son. Not exactly.

Another man pointed to the baby and indicated that this man was its father. I have never understood how that came about, how they knew it was his son. Because of all the various couplings. But it was there.

FELICE: Do you think that this system of nobody belonging to anyone could work for us, for the moderns?

TOBIAS: We are so conditioned. Let's face it, we are so conditioned by religion, I don't think we will ever break away from it. I think there will always be some among us who will do exactly what they want to do, and who will have a certain amount of freedom. But religion has such a strong hold on the civilization that we know, and will continue to for, I think, quite a number of years.

FELICE: Do you think people at large would be happier if they were able to accept that sort of arrangement?

TOBIAS: Well, I don't know what you mean. I think a lot of people absolutely need religion, and are happier having religion.

FELICE: Suppose they had a religion that taught them that you didn't own someone? And the whole idea of 'couple' wasn't presented at any time.

TOBIAS: It's when you begin the whole process of civilization that you're lost. Well, I'm so horrified at what we in the western world have done I don't feel capable or don't see where I can have any moral stand. I made a real effort not to teach them. I wanted to be like them.

FELICE: Would you protect the primitives who now exist, if you were given the power?

TOBIAS: Yes. I wouldn't allow anyone to go near them. I would just keep some



Tobias Schneebaum in the jungle.

territory unknown by anybody, by anybody. I wouldn't even allow myself to visit them.

It is now fifteen years since Tobias Schneebaum lived with the Peruvian Indians. Superhighways run through the nearby jungle and the tribal customs he described in his book are all but extinct. For this reason, he told me, his next trip will be elsewhere, to the jungles of Brazil, the last outpost of primitivism.

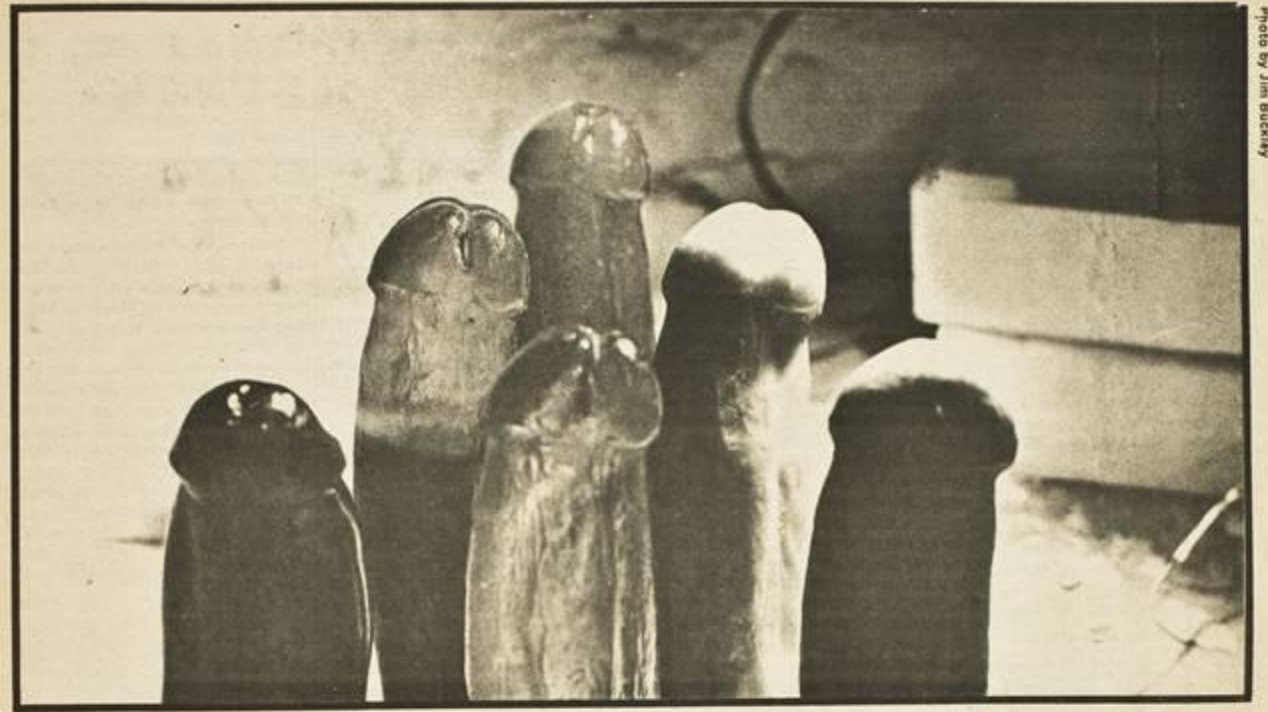


Photo by Jim Buckley

How many of you recall Judy Garland, in the *Wizard of Oz*, singing joyously, "Ding-dong, the witch is dead...?"

Currently, of course, one of the more popular words for penis happens to be *dong*, which leads to the question of where all these charming words seem, so mysteriously, to arise from. Surely no portion of the human anatomy has been blessed with such an outpouring of synonyms as the penis. Or cock, if you insist.

There are dick, prick, wang, peter, organ, member, thing, horn, privates, pecker, weapon, rod, meat, joystick, short arm, love muscle, third leg, basket, tool, gun, dingus, and even flag, which one can picture as rising, I suppose, in the rocket's red glare.

And this list is only partial. As someone who is more than ordinarily titillated by all such words, I consulted Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang* to find out where they stem from.

Penis, of course, is not slang at all, but the "proper," or scientific word, deriving from an old Latin word meaning *tall*—a rather drab and dowdy sort of sire for a word. But take *dick*, which has as colorful, if somewhat grisly, a history as you might wish.

Its probable ancestor is Derrick, the name of a 17th century Dutch hangman. Apparently his work with pulleys and victims inspired him—or others—to invent the derrick, a long moving beam pivoted at the bottom on a vertical beam. You can picture how such a device came to be applied to a stiffening penis. Over the years the middle part, the "err-," was gradually elided—a favorite English trick of pronunciation—to produce *dick*.

It is far less likely, says Partridge, that the term arises from the slang word *creamstick*, though it is amusing to note that *cream* is defined as "father stuff." At any rate, it is safe to say that *dick* has nothing to do with the proper name, as in Tom and Harry.

But still the great favorite slang word remains *cock*, which has its roots deep in English history. It dates way back to the time when spigots, or taps, were used to let out the wine or spirits in wooden casks. Even today, spigots are used near

a more ancient history, dating as far back as 1592. It comes from *prickle*, a thorn or a "sharp projection." In England, during World War II, it was still going strong. Doctors who examined draftees for VD were referred to as "prick-smiths."

Even until late into this century, *dong* was just another word for *hammer* in Australia (the rounded head, not the handle, I suppose), and only lately has taken hold as a less dirty word for penis than *cock* or *prick*.

In both England and Australia, by the way, it is not uncommon for a host or hostess to bid you goodbye with a cheery—"Keep your pecker up!" Although *pecker* does come from a slang word for the beak of a bird, or chicken particularly, and its resemblance to a penis, it has long since come to stand for courage. Your hosts wouldn't be vulgar. They'd have no idea that the more common salutation in America might be "Keep your pecker clean!"

What about the "vegetables" that go with the "meat" mentioned earlier? Well, as I hardly need to tell you, *balls* is the overwhelming favorite, and comes from an old German word, *ballock*, meaning the same. Who hasn't heard, for example, of ballocky Bill the sailor?

On this score, those Australians—again—had a funny expression popular in the twenties. To say that a man had "the balls of a scout-master" was to say that he was a *chicken hawk*, a man who liked young boys. Hm... Isn't it a scout-master that is one of the heroes in that play—or movie—called *Staircase*?

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Peter Pecker's Ding Dong

BY REED SEVERIN

the bottom of those huge Italian wine bottles and are commonly referred to as "petit (little) cocks."

Somewhat less enchanting—from the standpoint, at least, of gaydom—is the origin of *meat*. It springs originally from a "low" word for the female genitalia, or *cunt*, to use another such word.

In the eyes of a hungry male no doubt it did resemble a hunk of reddish delectable liver.

An expression dating back a few centuries went like this, for example: (from a whore to a potential customer) "Your bed is big enough for two, and my meat will not cost you much." "A bit of meat" meant whore in general, while "fresh meat" meant a prostitute new to her trade. And "meat market" meant a rendezvous for whores where they displayed their "parts."

It was only in this century that *meat* came to stand for the male genitalia, which together were often referred to as "meat and vegetables."

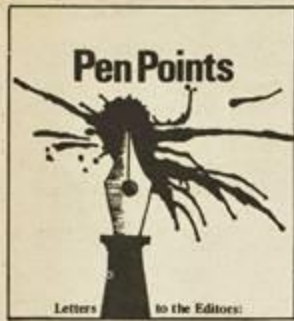
Prick is another common term, but has

But for schoolboys, *prick* was a word they considered too "dirty" to use. To substitute merely the first letter, "pee," wasn't feasible, obviously, since this was already an abbreviation for *pis*. So, to avoid confusion, *-ter* was added to make *peeter*.

Parthenetically, let me note that *pis* was a word in good standing in Shakespeare's time, as *urine* is today. The dirty word was still *megan*, an Anglo-Saxon word dispossessed by the new French word imported by the Normans with their conquest. Yet Anglo-Saxonisms such as *shit* and *fuck* survived with no trouble—mainly because they were four letters and one syllable long.

But let me return to that word that started all these musings, *dong*, which I've frequently overheard lately, for instance, in certain bookstores, where some magazines are referred to as "large-dong books" and others as "small-dong books."

Ding-dong originally meant nothing more than "the repeated strokes of a kind of hammer on a bell." It also suggests a



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors:

SEX & REVOLUTION

Dear GAY:

In his witty and brilliant article, Dick Leitsch exposes the emptiness, despair and rejection that sexually attractive persons must bear in a society that accounts among its repressive mechanisms "sexism." However, when he equates sexism (which he quite properly ridicules) to poverty and elitism, he weakens his otherwise noble argument.

With tongue in cheek, Leitsch remarks:

We owe it to our gay brothers who are viewed as Sex Objects to help liberate them... This, after all, is what revolution is all about. We have to take the advantages away from the rich... and of course, the attractiveness away from the attractive.

Of course, this is NOT what revolution

is all about, and any school child knows it. To take money away from the rich would not 1) make the rich poor or 2) make everybody else rich. Being rich is one thing, exploiting everybody and having more money than you know what to do with is another.

To give advantages to the disadvantaged is NOT to take advantages AWAY from the advantaged. The true lesson one should learn (and so should Leitsch) is that sexism is not an authentically "revolutionary" issue because, unfortunately, sexuality is determined by an individual rather than by the society. Poverty, education and racism are social issues. Leitsch's "exposure" of "sexism" is marred by his entirely inappropriate equation of it to otherwise socially relevant issues that deserve wide-spread concern.

So there.

G.B.
N.Y.C.

DRAG QUEEN SLANDER

Dear GAY:

I think GAY is an excellent publication. The content and approach are generally high-level, and I particularly like the graphics. One might think those ornamental initials incongruous in a modern design, but somehow they work

very well. Campy, perhaps? I do think, though, that the personal attack on Jill Johnston in the last issue was in questionable taste. And how could you print that malicious slander of queens by D'Arcangelo in the anniversary issue? I'll readily admit that no queen is ever likely to sculpt a David or compose a ballet, but they have a right to do their thing too, don't they?

Thank you for everything.

T.T.
N.Y.C.

ED NOTE: Re: Jill Johnston... We don't always agree with everything we print. Drags should wear whatever makes 'em happiest as long as they please. And if they ever get tired of what they wear, they've got a perfect right to wear something else.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME...

Dear GAY:

In spite of what Leo Skir says, I very much dislike the word "gay." I avoid using it whenever possible. I'm much prouder to be a homosexual. Gay is still a euphemism for "fairy" to me. I'm speaking only of male homosexuals, of course. Essentially it describes the shallow, superficial, fastidious, effeminate homosexual. Everybody dislikes

shallowness and superficiality; sweet sensitivity in a male is very beautiful but effeminacy is seldom so. "Gay" is strongly allied with camp, the game of the fool who's rejected himself as a real human being. It reaches the height of unpleasantness for me in the mouths of those who lovingly roll its pronunciation to: "gaasaaaaeee... giving it the feel of silk underwear.

Presuming that it does describe the individual whom society has disdainfully labeled a fairy, who is beautiful with a beauty that society has refused to see, it may seem ugly because society has taught me to find it so. Maybe I'm a hapless victim of a male chauvinist society who may one day open his eyes and spiritually embrace the expression "gay." At the present time, however, it doesn't describe the intelligent, sensitive, strong, vibrant, vital homosexual human being whom I find supremely beautiful. I gag at the thought of Leonardo being "gay."

Sincerely,
H.B.
Sacramento, California

ED NOTE: Leonardo wasn't gay. He was queer.

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, AND PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, OM Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

BY DICK LEITSCH

The age of Victoria, to many the epitome of everything that is repressive, prudish and anti-sexual happened to be one of the golden ages of homosexuality which, like everything else in the world, has had its ups and downs, its alternating dark ages and golden periods. In a new anthology titled *Sexual Heretics* (NY, Coward McCann, 1971), British critic Brian Reade examines the emergence of homosexuality in Victorian England.

There was an "observable" increase in homosexuality in the middle of the nineteenth century, Reade argues. Between 1841 and 1859, the homosexual subculture emerged for the first time since the 17th century and made a significant contribution to the arts, in this case, to literature.

Homosexuality has always existed in England, of course. There were homosexuals there even in the eighteenth century, but they were underground. If they wrote, they did not write as homosexuals, nor about the experience of homosexuality. Literary references to homosexuality were generally satirical, or homosexuality was treated as a vice. Homosexual emotions were not taken seriously, supported, nor discussed, either objectively or subjectively, between the seventeenth century and the middle of the nineteenth.

At that half-way mark of the century so dominated by Victoria, a body of homosexual literature began to emerge and to build as one author imitated and expanded on the contributions of those who had gone before. This exploration of homosexual emotions, views, experiences and interests flourished until 1895, when it was cut short by the scandal surrounding the trials of Oscar Wilde. That trauma drove homosexuality back underground and, though a small handful of contributions continued to appear now and again, the homosexual again dropped out of public literary view. By the time our culture again emerged (most notably in the flurry of books issued in the 1950's following publication of the Wolfenden Report) homosexuality had "changed with the changing times," as Reade puts it.

What causes homosexual culture to emerge as it did in 1850 or 1950? What social and economic conditions enable homosexuals to ignore the risks and write about their lives and emotions? Certainly, the wave of homosexual literature prompts other homosexuals to cast aside their masks and take their rightful places in the real world, but what leads the front-runners to write that literature?

Reade offers some suggestions, chiefly the changing roles of the sexes and the increase in education. Indeed, periods when the roles of the sexes are in transition do appear, historically, to be periods of overt homosexuality. When the sex roles are rigid, there is more emphasis

Whatever all the social and economic reasons for the burgeoning homosexual culture of the last half of the nineteenth century in England, there is no doubt that homosexual expression snowballed. What Reade calls "the imitative principle which made homosexuality of various kinds a vogue within certain small but widening circles" insured that.

There are as many ways of being queer as there are of being ordinary. Anyone who does not fit into the pattern deemed "correct" by the majority has three alternatives: he may try to conform, putting aside his own interests to pretend an interest in what is expected of him, i.e., to appear "normal"; he might "drop out" and go his own lonely way; or he may join an existing subculture, adopt its values and manners, and find a place there for himself.

In repressive periods, the first two choices are the only ones practical for most. To join a subculture, one must know of its existence. Homosexual literature informs lost sheep that there is a flock to call "home." It also serves the same function that "straight" literature performs for heterosexuals: it comments on life, communicates ideas and ideals, and teaches preferable modes of behavior, cultural and social expectations, etc.

The values and life styles preached in Victorian homosexual literature fall strangely on our ears today. They are super-Romantic in many ways, but then the Victorian Era was super-Romantic. Some were as self-pitying as a Merle Miller, but then heterosexuals wallowed in the bathos of Charles Dickens and loved it.

The *apologies* (for those who don't know Latin, that word translates here as roughly equivalent to "movement rhetoric") of Carpenter and Symonds may be somewhat "too much" by today's standards, and even "irrelevant." The fetish so many Victorian men seemed to have for very young men and boys might seem as perverse to many others as it does to me. In many ways, our kind of homosexuality today might have more in common with that of the Italian Renaissance, or the Restoration, than with Victorian England or even ancient Greece.

Despite all of this, there is a kinship, a "mystic bond," that extends across a century from the Victorians to the youngest, most "now" orientated homosexual. This bond which makes us one with the Victorians is our heritage, our tradition, and should be as important to us as Black Studies are to Negroes. Tradition, after all (as Chesterton said), does not mean that the living are dead, but that the dead live. *Sexual Heretics* reminds us that the dead live on in us, and have a relevance to our lives, our movement, and the design of our past, present and future. We are what we are partly because they were what they were.

In this collection, the reader will find fragments of himself, reflections of his emotions, and beginnings of his philosophy, sometimes in a less, other times in a more, sophisticated form. The Victorian experience has a great deal of relevance for us in the Sophisticated Seventies, even if the lesson learned is only that Nietzsche said we should always learn from history: "Let's never go back there again!"

Sexual Heretics



Pen and ink drawing by Simeon Solomon "Love Talking to Boys" from a photograph in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London

A Review

but I know of no other homosexual literary tradition in any other language (apart, of course, from the ancient Greek) with such a long homosexual literary tradition. Certainly our own American genre spans only two decades. We've had isolated emergences, such as Whitman's poems or the "compassionate novels" (a la *Uncle Tom's Cabin*) such as Blair Niles' *Strange Brother* (1930). In the main, American literature has treated homosexuality as a topic for satire, or as a vice. Our writings by homosexuals have either been pseudo-heterosexual, as in the plays of Williams, or pornographic and emotional, and limited to publication in underground publications. It was not until the nineteen-fifties that the "minors" (Jay Little, et al.) and the majors, (Vidal, Isherwood, Capote, etc.)

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"

I always stay at the Normandy in San Juan. Somebody asked me if it was a gay hotel. Since they don't seem to have any other clients, I can't say. One afternoon Mark tried to call New York but was interrupted because the hotel operator got her earring "caught in the switchboard."



Battcock at So. Illinois U.

Mark arranged for us to accompany some people he met on the beach to dinner. As we got out of the taxi in front of the restaurant I excused myself, saying I had just remembered an important date. I found a bookstore and picked up a copy of Jorge Luis Borges "Labyrinths." At a restaurant I sat by an open window facing the sidewalk. It wasn't long before Mark and his friends walked by. They all stopped, of course, and stared at me with my book and bottle of wine...

I no sooner got back from Puerto Rico when I had to leave for Southern Illinois, where I was

scheduled to give a lecture and appear on television. The nearest train stop to Carbondale is St. Louis. When I told people I was going to St. Louis by train, they all said "Why?" meaning why don't I take the plane. I'm going by train because there IS a train. It leaves Penn Station at 4:05 P.M. and arrives in St. Louis at 2:00 P.M. the next day.

By now no doubt the reader suspects this will be another column about Battcock's conquests—on the rails this time. Dear reader, do not anticipate a tale of Battcock being seduced by the Pullman car steward and Battcock flirting with the engineer, and Battcock being rudely rebuffed by a boothblack.

Not is this a tale of gastronomic excesses aboard a speeding limited. (Imagine, if you will, poor Battcock, rewriting this silly column in his room at the Rebel Motel on 1632 North Dubuque in Iowa City, and then praise the lord.)

The "Spirit of St. Louis" consists of a coach, a roomette car, a dining car and a lounge-bedroom car. Naturally I booked a bedroom because it was the most expensive thing they had and because I am of the "spend every dime now and forget tomorrow" school. I sat in my simple cabin, read the times and peered through the dirty window where, at grade crossings I saw little children in station wagons; they pressed their puffy faces to the windshield and stared dumbly at the Iron Horse roaring through the countryside. I rang for a scotch and soda.

At eight I went to the dining car which, by then, was the only car left on the train other than my own. There remained my steward, two waiters, a captain, a cook, a conductor, presumably an engineer and one passenger. Dinner came off rather well. The cream of chicken soup was good even though it was served cold. The only wine they had was some disgusting New York State Burgundy in tiny

bottles so I ordered four. They were ice cold. A "strip" steak, cooked exactly the way I ordered it, was excellent. There was a salad of romaine lettuce and, at my request, a freshly made vinegar and oil dressing. For desert a wedge of domestic blue cheese with satines.

After dinner and a Cognac or two in the deserted club car I went to bed and for the rest of the night I laid there propped up on pillows so relaxed I couldn't sleep, and watched lights in tiny towns in Pennsylvania and Ohio slip past my window.

At nine in the morning the train's only passenger dragged himself to breakfast—greasy fried eggs, concentrated orange juice, cold toast, salty ham and lots of hot American coffee. Mid-America kept appearing in the window, Victorian towns, slummy cities and farms. At Indianapolis we got rid of the dining car and I made a phone call while the train waited. One hour late we arrived at the vast beautiful St. Louis station. I got a taxi to the airport for the final leg of my journey, via an 8 seater propeller job, to Carbondale.

Carbondale may well be one of the most depressing places in America except for two reasons: The airport was plastered with posters announcing the arrival of Gregory Battcock; and they have nice, cloudy rainy, warm weather. I don't know what to say about Carbondale, where the Prairie meets the Ivory Tower and where you learn that the "Harvard of the Mid-West" is just another... Well, they loved overcooked spaghetti and iceberg lettuce and they keep their Chianti in the ice-box and they don't eat lunch. After spending the whole morning trudging around meeting vice-chancellors and student representatives and trying to make long distance phone calls, people seemed bewildered when I demanded luncheon. On the other hand, they are all ready for supper at 5:30 in the afternoon. I told them that in Madrid nobody eats until 10, in Barcelona 11, and Algeciras 12.

Calo, Saluki, Lake Memphis, Therbes—No, it's not Egypt, it's Southern Illinois and the Carbondale "Holiday Inn" where they offer free parking (I don't have a car), color television (too busy to watch it), swimming pool (middle of winter), room service (employees never heard of it), and live entertainment (designed to engage the imaginations of the local jet set).

I am, alas, one of those people who are 1) incapable of "falling in love" and 2) who never learns a lesson. After my adventure in Carbondale, they led me, in their little four-seater Cessna, to Chicago where we landed in Lake Michigan and landed up at the Hilton Kramer (Conrad Hilton, to you). This portion of our column is being written from a lake-front room at that notorious hostelry and only a simple bottle of Cordon Rouge 1964 provides the enthusiasm. I had been invited to contribute to a scholarly session of the College Art Association convention at the Hilton. During "my" panel, which attracted 1600 thrill seekers, I sat up there dressed in my new turquoise corduroy pants and "Superboy" tee shirt that I had bought at a haberdashery in Carbondale. I remained aloof from my distinguished colleagues and, in order to enliven the tedious proceedings, decided to fall asleep. My eyes narrowed and closed. I nodded and dozed. At one point, my notes and pen slid off my lap, in full view of everybody, causing me to awaken with a start. I thought I would crack up. Most of the audience seemed awfully embarrassed. From the corner of my eye I could watch my papers slide toward the edge of my lap and I knew that 1600 embarrassed people were giving me their undivided, self-conscious attention—each one of them hoping I wouldn't really fall asleep and topple from the chair, or something. The other panelists were furious. This went on for over an hour, and I noticed that quite a few in the audience had chosen to join me in dreamland. I was putting the whole fucking place to sleep. By this time, nobody was listening to a word anybody was saying. After nodding for a couple of minutes, I would come to and pretend to be utterly absorbed in the proceedings—even taking notes. A moment later I would resume my doze.

The most boring spectacular view in the world is frozen-up Lake Michigan from the Conrad Hilton.

BY DON SLATER

BOOK REVIEW: *Storming Heaven*; the lives and turn-of-minds of Minnie Kennedy and Aimee Semple McPherson by Lately Thomas, William Morrow and Company, 1970, 364 pp.

A funny thing happened on my way to reviewing Lately Thomas' *Storming Heaven*, which is a lively addition to the legend of Angelus Temple and the founders of the Church of the Foursquare Gospel. The book seemed to continue itself interminably in the headlines of each succeeding episode: the religious and temporal feuds with other more orthodox churches and pastors are kept bubbling. Minnie Kennedy's financial manipulations of large sums of Gospel funds promise revelation. Aimee's secret romance with her radio engineer, Kenneth Ormiston, and other men, her mystifying disappearance and reappearance, her three conflicting and unhappy marriages, the overwhelming press of lawsuits, the cruel purges at Angelus Temple, the inner family squabbles, Aimee's fluctuating health, the complete commercialization of her Christian rule—are all live issues that deserve some sort of explanation and



Convert Vivian Denton was also an ex-chorus girl commentary or otherwise why would Mr. Thomas write his book?

Unfortunately, the moral of *Storming Heaven* is ambiguous and hard to come by. So is any real insight into the troubled minds of Aimee and her mother. We learn little more than what we once read in the newspaper columns. In volume of print that is plenty enough, but it provides only a glimpse of the real Aimee and the Real Minnie. Vice President Agnew may just be right. The news media feed on the misfits, the oddities, the "nuts." It gives headline space to such characters, and they are perpetuated by the headlines. "During the decade 1926-1937," writes Mr. Thomas, "it was estimated that Aimee Semple McPherson's name appeared on the front pages of the Los Angeles newspapers an average of three times a week and in the national press only a little less frequently. Whenever a situation called for a scene, Aimee provided one, and played it with all stops out."

According to Mr. Thomas the "prime source of day-to-day information about Mrs. McPherson and her fortunes" was the daily newspaper reports. If so, it is understandable that *Storming Heaven* should be long on sensation and superficiality and short on the more



Sister Aimee appears in Los Angeles, 1935

TWO BOOBIES FOR THE LORD

reflective and philosophical aspects of its subject. True, the book purports to be merely a straightforward presentation of "Sisters" Aimee and "Ma" Kennedy, but even such spectacles of corruption deserve to be rendered plausible. We get the flavor of their public image, but we never understand their quirky and fecund minds.

Mr. Thomas comes close to giving us a hard look at Minnie Kennedy, but the unconscious part of Aimee is always obscured by Aimee the show-off, the entertainer, so that her personal convictions remain a riddle and are not seen to play the part in her successes and failures they most certainly must have.

In his final Notes to *Storming Heaven* Mr. Thomas laments that Aimee's own writings "are to be approached with caution. They provide... a jumble of verbal trash and misinformation, some apparently intentional and more unintentional, and they abound in eloquent omissions." Aimee controlled all the sources of information used by Mr. Thomas to write his biography including Temple bulletins and the many statements issued by her personal physicians so that even though Mr. Thomas undoubtedly quotes his sources correctly, we still feel cheated of the truth.

What is lacking is some of the recollections and opinions of friends and associates who knew Aimee intimately. For instance, Kenneth Ormiston, or her last husband, David Hutton, or her rival,

Reba Crawford, or her confidant, Harriet Jordan, or her daughter, Roberta, or her son, Rolf, or her numerous attorneys or prosecutors. With a personality so wrapped in emotion and mystery, only sources removed from the hysteria of the moment are to be trusted to give an objective picture.

Mr. Thomas makes it plain that there are varying degrees of guilt in the behavior of Aimee—as when she deserted her second husband whose name she



Aimee launched "The Salvation Navy"

kept, or when she arbitrarily diverted to her own pocket the money collected in offerings on the first Sundays of each month without accounting for a penny, or when she obviously contrived the circumstances of her disappearance as a publicity stunt and then lied to cover up, or when she bribed a Los Angeles judge and a district attorney, or when she

punched her mother in the nose and issued false statements accusing her of dishonesty, or when she married for the third time while her second husband was very much alive, thus absolutely violating her own solemn doctrine on the subject, or when she engaged in literally hundreds of other deceits and crooked dealings up to the time of her death. But, at the same time, Mr. Thomas is at considerable pains to point out that Aimee made great headline material, that reporters assigned to Echo Park loved her, that her congregation loved her, and that although her sins were many, she may have done more good than harm, and the line between ethical and unethical behavior is often very tenuous even for a woman of God.

Mr. Thomas seems to have a reporter's unconscious objection to committing himself to a moral position on Aimee's conduct, and it is this avoidance of the central conflict in her long evangelical career that leaves us dissatisfied—particularly where the possible revelations offer so much for a writer to get his teeth into.

Today, apparently, we have small sins, and no particular condemnation of them. The smallness is reflected in Mr. Thomas' book. He cannot wax indignation over Aimee or Minnie. His ambiguous feelings are part of a generally lukewarm public that is not especially concerned over the rightness or wrongness of a life that turned out to be so much fun. It explains how Aimee, insincere as she was, could gain the sympathy of a large segment of the public and its officials as well as the active support of thousands of "believers." Aimee would be a knock-out today—particularly with the current mood of youth. Only she would be the pastor of a gay church because homosexuals are finally about to be saved like everyone else, and they will pay dearly for their belated salvation.

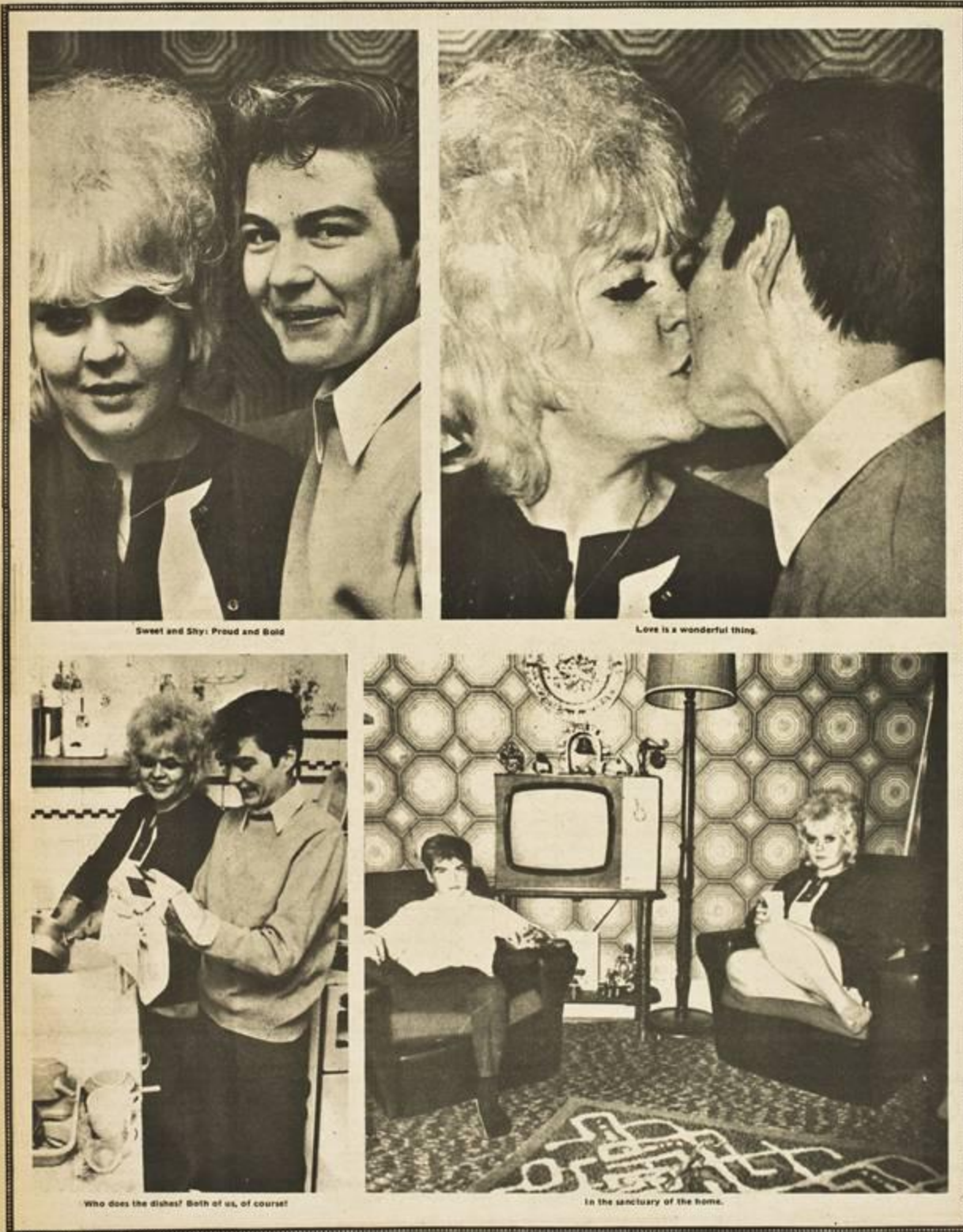
With our whole political attitude of "what's in it for me," with welfare and social security checks bulking almost as large as junk mail in our post boxes, with billions going out to the richer farmers, with foreign aid going to Tito and other enemies of freedom, with "area redevelopment" going where votes are needed, with steeply-climbing income and property taxes penalizing our most energetic and independent citizens, with

the plums of "urban renewal" going to favored businessmen and contractors, and with inflation robbing the elderly of a bit more purchasing power every year, why should anyone care if Aimee Semple McPherson cheated gullible followers of their money in the name of the Lord?

This is the point to the evangelist's life that Mr. Thomas has failed to make. ■■

love and marriage in middle england

In Merry Old England it is wise to stay on the right side of respectability. Everybody knows that lovers who live out of wedlock are courting social scorn, and so the two gay women you see in these pictures are doing things according to Hoyle. Like their counterparts in Middle America, marriage-minded homosexuals in England want to tie all of the legal knots, so that they'll be just like everybody else. Are there any of the usual trappings they don't want? Alimony payments, maybe.



Sweet and Shy: Proud and Bold

Love is a wonderful thing.

Who does the dishes? Both of us, of course!

In the sanctuary of the home.

BY STEFEN VERK

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hang-ups, or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope and 50 cents for handling.

NOTE: From time to time there are vacancies in my on-going encounter group. Applications for membership will be accepted from SERIOUS homosexual males over 21, who are genuinely concerned with personal growth and meaningful relationships with other humans. Please call 726-9878 any day after 1:00 p.m. for further information. Blacks, Latins, or Orientals are equally welcome.

Q. I'm new on the gay scene, and I am just beginning to find out what it's all about. I've had a few relationships but have met one boy that I've become fond of. He enjoys all types of sex and has introduced me to anal intercourse, which I find I enjoy as much as he does. The problem is that after my first contact with him I contracted gonorrhea. I'd like to continue having intercourse with him but wouldn't want to get gonorrhea each time. My questions are: How can a person know whether or not his partner may have gonococcus bacteria? If you know that your partner does, what can he do to remove the bacteria? And can you do anything before or after intercourse to reduce the possibility of getting the disease? I received treatment but found that my county has no clinic that can handle such cases.

M.J., L.I.

A. One cannot be sure if his partner is anally infected, unless that partner and you are sexually active with no other people. If your partner is infected, he must receive medical treatment (penicillin or equivalent antibiotics) so that a subsequent blood test will prove he is free

of contagious potential. If your county has no clinic (which sounds barbarous to me), you should consult a physician or a public health center in New York City for reasonably frequent blood tests and more detailed information on the symptomatology of venereal infections. Any ethical pharmacist can recommend preparations to be used by men prior to or following intercourse. Only you will know the gender of the partner with whom you are intending that intercourse, so don't permit any hidden guilt to prevent you from asking for such information. If you can't find a doctor either you or your partner can trust with the truth, I suggest that you both visit any New York City health center (such as the one at West 28th Street and Ninth



Avenue) for tests and any treatment, if indicated. If your partner is very active sexually, he should also take frequent blood tests to protect his own health and that of his partners.

Q. (The following two letters are not actually questions but are in response to my answering a question about the caloric value of semen asked by a boy in Pittsburgh. I print these in full.)

I always admire your wise and commonsense answers in GAY. But you sure flubbed the dub in advising the young man who inquired if his swallowing semen was the cause of his gaining weight. He doesn't have to swallow the semen and because of the

special reason, you should have advised that his lover should not feel rejected. Of course it is good to vary sexual techniques, if partners so desire, but to suck less often when it isn't necessary to let up on sucking was thoughtless advice. Why don't you be a good "Ann Landers" and admit your goof in print as well as in a letter to your counsellor, thereby keeping up your usual standards.

E.A.B., NYC

Q. Your statement (GAY, Issue 40) in regard to the nutritional value of semen is badly in error. A study done at Columbia University in the early 1960's (I am sorry; I do not have the citation) found that the caloric value of the average ejaculation was 9 1/2 calories. Thus you over-estimated

by a factor of roughly 200. Given the simple facts of physics, chemistry, and metabolism, I do not believe that there exists ANY substance—or can exist any substance—which, in the quantities present in an ejaculation, can possibly have a nutritional caloric value even remotely approaching 1800 calories—or even a small fraction of that.

Dr. Franklin E. Kameny Washington, D.C.

A. Gentlemen, I have goofed. And my thanks to both Mr. E.A.B. and the distinguished Dr. Kameny for pointing this out to me. I would be a poor psychotherapist indeed, were I to ignore my errors or the gaps in my knowledge. Personal growth is also a matter of

repairing ignorance and mistakes in judgement.

Q. How can I tell if this guy I am seeing really loves me? We have been going around together for about six months, and I am still not too sure what he feels for me. We never really talked about it, but I think I should be feeling something special to tell me if he really loves me. All my friends tell me that you can always tell how somebody else really loves you, but none of them can really explain how you go about doing it. Also, I am not really sure if I really love him or if it is almost love or something else.

T.B., Ind.

A. Don't you think it is much more important to determine if you really love him, before you start worrying about his feelings for you? Surely your own feelings should have first priority in this matter. Or is it possible that both of you are unsure of your feelings for each other and are dealing with fantasies rather than the real people both of you are? Perhaps, also, you are both hung-up on the idea of love rather than the real feeling. If either of you is looking for fireworks, rainbows, music from the swaying trees, to indicate the presence of love, you are both dealing with operatic concepts instead of reality. You can judge your real feelings for him in the same way you would judge those for your other friends, with the added factor of his sexual attraction for you. One ordinarily loves a lover for the same reasons one loves one's other dear friends, except that one also has sex with a lover. Anything less than this is probably an infatuation, not love, but that can also be pleasant (or at least exciting), if one remembers that it is a species of transient opera, and not without the minor emotional hazards of opera. Love and infatuation are quite different animals, but both are valid experiences and part of everyone's education, if they permit it. Why must everything last forever? YOU WON'T! ■■

ACLU Sues Pentagon For Otto Ulrich

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The American Civil Liberties Union has filed suit in U.S. District Court to enjoin the Defense Department from denying industrial security clearance to an individual solely because he is a homosexual.



The ACLU complaint states that clearance was suspended when the plaintiff, Otto Ulrich (see GAY Nos. 20 and 21)—an avowed homosexual for more than ten years—disclosed his membership in the Washington Mattachine Society on a security questionnaire. (The Mattachine Society of Washington is an organization dedicated to protecting the legal rights of homosexuals.)

The Defense Department's own investigation showed that Mr. Ulrich, because of his open avowal of homosexuality, was not vulnerable to blackmail or coercion. In spite of this undisputed finding, the Department,

without any explanation or justification, demanded that he submit to inquiries about personal and private concerns which bore no relationship whatever to his trustworthiness with classified information, his job qualifications, or other legitimate government interests. When Mr. Ulrich refused to acquiesce to this unwarranted invasion of his privacy, his security clearance was withdrawn.

The ACLU is asking the court to declare that the suspension is unlawful and must be rescinded; to find that the standards used in suspending Dr. Ulrich were unlawfully vague; and to enjoin the Department from violating his constitutional right to privacy.

The ACLU volunteer attorneys in this case are Dennis M. Flannery, Robert A. Gerard, and Howard P. Willens of the firm of Wilmer, Cutler and Pickering. ■■

Nurse Claims: Jackie Onassis An Anti-Homosexual Bigot

(Continued from page 1)

to Rita Dallas' account, Jackie, worried about John Jr.'s possible problems in growing up without a strong father figure. "I can't imagine anything worse than having your son grow up to be a hairdresser," she said. ■■

had a revolver in his pocket and carried a suitcase stolen from a Delta Airlines stewardess on a flight from Chicago.

Miami officers answering a report of a man shot at the Warehouse Bar, SW 8th Street and 36th Avenue, shortly after midnight found the victim gone. Witnesses said his assailants had dragged him to his car and taken off in it.

South Miami police were the first at the scene of the crackup a short time later and reported the situation by radio to Miami. Miami units arrested the suspect on South Dixie and organized the hunt for the second man.

Police said the bar has an upstairs room frequented by homosexuals and that the shooting apparently was an outgrowth of an argument there. ■■

Miami Vacationer Murdered

MIAMI, FLORIDA—Two men allegedly shot and killed a third outside of The Warehouse, a well-known gay bar in Coral Gables. They took their bleeding victim on a wild ride to South Miami where they cracked up his car. The victim was a 27-year-old vacationer, Billy David Hodgekinson, from Detroit.

Billy Hodgekinson was found unconscious and near death on the rear floor of his car. He was taken to South Miami Hospital with four 22 caliber wounds in his head.

One suspect was captured at the wreck scene at South Dixie Highway and Sunset Drive where the car hit a utility pole. He

was identified as Edward R. Rosenberg, 19, of Chicago.

The other fled on foot and a short time later a man answering his description was arrested at the Miami Greyhound bus depot. He was identified as Anthony Bruno, 21, also of Chicago.

Police said Bruno wore a bloody shirt.

HORNYSCOPE

BY ORION

(For period Feb. 15 - March 1)

ARIES the Ram (March 21 - April 20). —In some way a friend may cost you money, may be through faulty advice. One hunch may be truly inspirational, others may be dead wrong. If you think the way out of romantic difficulties is finding someone new, that is probably your way of evading the issues. You will need more than a bold exterior to cope with an inner frustration late February.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21 - May 21). —Before the 18th watch out for an emotional upset that could come as a surprise... however, your basic loyalty will bring its own rewards the 20th. The 21st to 26th is not a time for loans and the 25th could shatter a hope and possibly a friendship. Don't let over-optimism lead to financial forebodings... be your practical self. Something favorable from a distance.

CANCER the Crab (June 21 - July 23). —You cherish the past and seldom forget about old friends... someone from yesterday may be the key to new dreams, but the 17th unexpected domestic hassle. From the 22nd to the 27th,



watch out for a wastrel at work who may spin a foolish yarn. Don't get hung-up in someone else's fantasy world... Though you trust your loved one, there are others who could deceive. The 20th spells security.

LEO the Lion (July 24 - Aug. 23). —On the 17th you will have to allow your partner more freedom, but the 22nd through the 28th don't spoil him. Status-seeking and speculation both could prove costly... if you want to buy love, better find yourself a hustler... at least you'll know what you're paying for. Warning, he may want to lick your cock, but he may not want to lick your boots. Someone at work cares.

VIRGO the Virgin (Aug. 24 - Sept. 23). —Getting all the facts may not clear up the mystery you're faced with. Remember, people aren't jigsaw puzzles and though he may need an analyst, you may not fit the bill. Possible misunderstanding re. money with a date the 17th, though the 20th you can be sure of love... even though late February you may be bewildered as to why you were so sure on the 20th. Let your head rule your heart, but let your heart rule your tongue.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24 - Oct. 23). —If you want to make the relationship more romantic, your mate may be delighted at such an innovation. You may have to get closer or let go... but you both could reach out for something higher... together. The 20th is a good day for giving a party at home, and late February good for communication, if you don't let optimism blind you to facts.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24 - Nov. 23). —Serious talk about love between lovers or you may meet someone new who is on the serious side. On the 17th you may be caught off guard in a romantic hideaway... a time to scrutinize something other than anatomy. Between the 22nd and the 28th, some of you will have to watch out for cops, others will have to watch out for robbers. More money may make you feel poorer. ■■

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23 - Dec. 21). —Stable, less flamboyant friends are accented, esp. around the 17th, though around the 20th, a new employee could prove to be a romantic interest. Gossip misleads, but late February keep in touch with those on the homefront... as something could be amiss. Luck still with you, if you don't let it go to your head.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20). —Around the 17th impulse works against you, and on the 18th someone hurts your feelings, but on the 20th romance gives a feeling of inner peace. It's worthwhile to pay attention to both charm and appearance right now, as intellect and intuition are at odds with each other. Maybe you can't trust your ideas right now, but a small gift or a smile will say what you cannot. Postpone travel plans.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19). —Around the 17th a loved one may make a quick trip or remark that keeps you wondering... some of you will find the answer to love's problems in solitude. A new friend has a new line, so be wary. The accent is on practicality, esp. re. finances late February. Don't trust others to give you the facts... become a private investigator. The 20th is a night for love, for those who missed it on the 19th.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20 - March 20). —Around the 20th friendship is rewarding and advice can be heeded, yet the 17th may mark the end of a relationship in a peculiar way. From the 22nd to the 28th, you are inclined to hide the truth, maybe from yourself, though some will come face to face with their own secrets on the 25th. Recommended reading: The Portrait of Dorian Gray. ■■



ARKANSAS WILLIAMS
So you're in here for gay activism, eh? You've got it easy. They baked 24 of us in an apple pie for marching on the palace!



AL GOLDSTEIN, FAMED CUNNILINGUIST AND EDITOR OF SCREW, was "travelling extensively" when he noticed a rather flamboyant young gentleman (hand on hip) staring at his (Al's) portly posterior. Goldstein, who says he's open to love "at any time, any place, and under any circumstances" was pleased indeed. He snuck around and photographed the kid from behind. "This photo is for GAY," he said, beaming proudly. "I guess you guys thought that nobody ever cruises me. Here's proof!" ■■

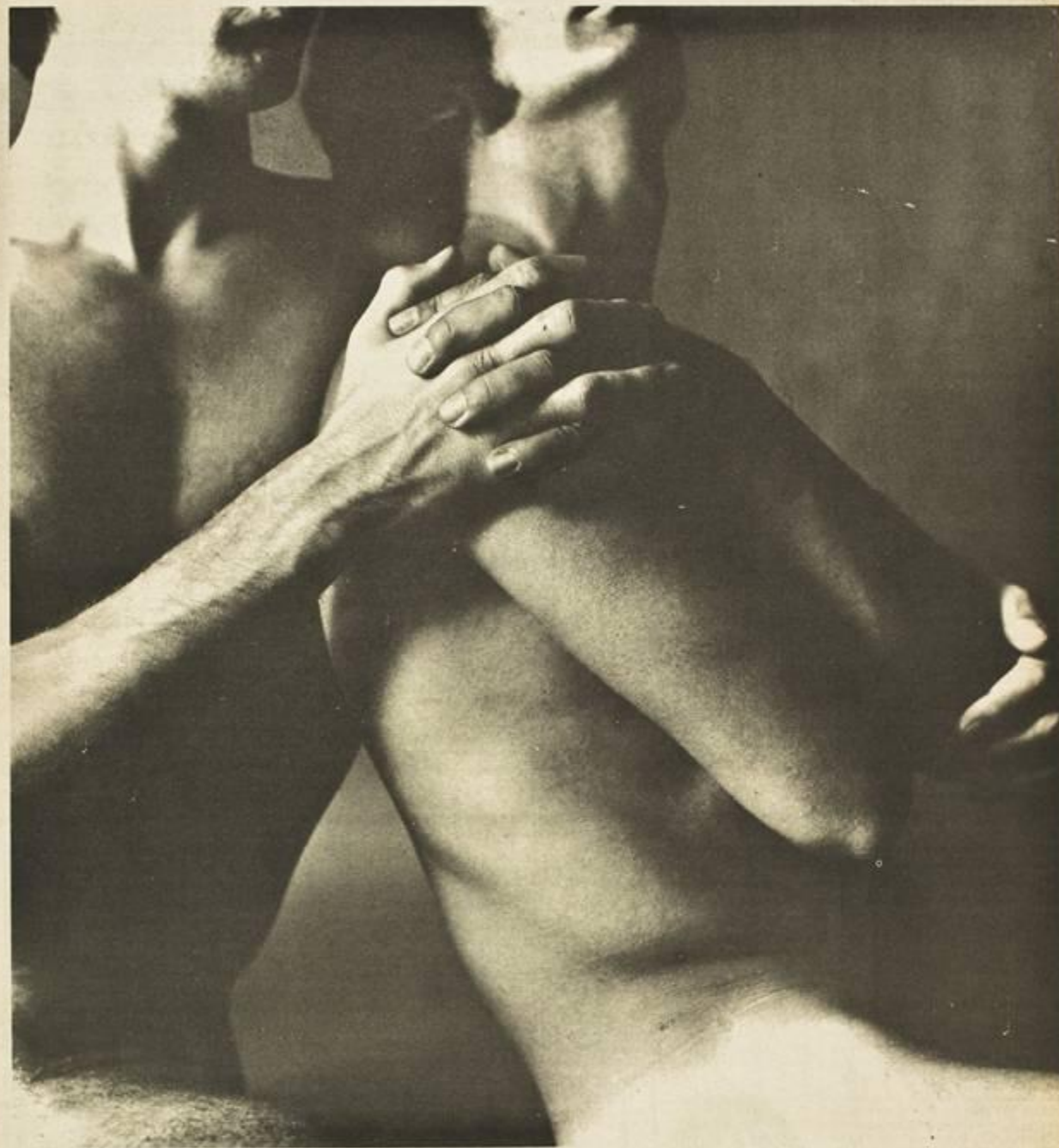


Photo by Roy Leigh

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SECRETIVE, HANDSOME light-skinned colored male from Jamaica, West Indies, aged 24 and college educated would like to correspond with other white and colored males between the ages of 18 & 41 for jolly times. Only the secretive and friendly types should reply to this ad. Send photograph and telephone number if available. PO Box 3283, New York 10001

IF YOU'RE UNDER 25, have a good build and dig enemas among other things, write me today. I am 25, well built and good looking. I also have enema pictures to exchange. Write to Franky Collins, 152 West 42nd Street, Room 504, New York, New York 10036

NUDE PICTURES of teenage boys never before photographed. If over 21, send \$3 to Markets Internationale, PO Box 14227, Dept G, San Francisco, California 94114

NJ GAY, age 27, college grad. wants to meet passive males from NJ, NYC for companionship, sex. Interested in more than one night stand. Send name, address & phone to: Boxholder, PO Box 522, Summit, NJ 07901

MALE, 26, DEAF. Desires to meet same. Especially Gallaudet graduate. J. Harris, Box 330, Red Bank, New Jersey 07701

SINCERE MALE, 30, 6'3", 150, seeks young man to 30 for lasting relationship. Will provide room, board, and expenses to relocate, for right guy. Send details (photo) to: Sleepy Hollow, Route 6, Frederick, Maryland 21701

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YOUNG NEGRO MALE MODEL available for nude posing and/or massage. Call Martin 982-0636 anytime.

MALE (45) white, well endowed seeks white gay males for sex in South Jersey area. Write: Occupant, Box 87, Lakewood, NJ 08733

RECENT PH D; likes opera, basketball (literally), cooking; works in east Sixties; lives East Bronx now; would like to meet persons of similar life style, could be college graduate, graduate student, or self-made. You should love yourself; I love myself. Write Bob, Box 3948, Grand Central Station, NY 10017

TROY YU 9-7246. Black model with excel. built. Tall, good looking, masculine & 21. Amateur - professional. \$35/session.

WHITE GAY DIABETIC, 26 yrs. old, 4 ft. 6 in. tall, brown eyes, brown hair, 100 lbs. Seeks very shy, quiet, home type; should love chihuahuas, cooking, ice skating, dance bar, boating, driving, fishing, must be under 5 ft. 3 in. tall. White or Spanish-American gay masculine lover for permanent relationship. No fags, drag queens, hustlers, or S&M. Send information and phone no. to: Apt. 1-D, 306 W. 18th St., NYC 10011

LONELY GAY MALE. 32, 5'6", 140 lbs., masculine, nice looking, very affectionate. Interested in lasting companionship. Honest, very sincere, reliable, appreciate same in others. Photo please. B. Busler, 525 So. Willard St., Burlington, Vt. 05401

GAY GUY, age 26, 5'10", brown hair and eyes, wants to meet butch looking passive males, age 18 to 26. From New Jersey and New York. I'm looking for a new lover. Send letter and phone number to: Fred Hemmer, 144 Montgomery Ave., Irvington, New Jersey 07111

WHITE MALE would like to meet TVs, queens, female impersonators for intimate times. Phone, photo if possible. Box 215, Midtown Station, 233-241 W. 38th St., NYC

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MODEL—5'10", 145 lbs., smooth body, dark hair, day or night service, \$25.00 per session. 288-1907 Andrew.

SEEKING BOY UNDER 22 who'd appreciate friendship with settled-down 25 year old heavy on warmth, enthusiasm, sincerity. Boy should be very thin, sensitive, hung. Photo appreciated. Box M-143, Bayshore, NY

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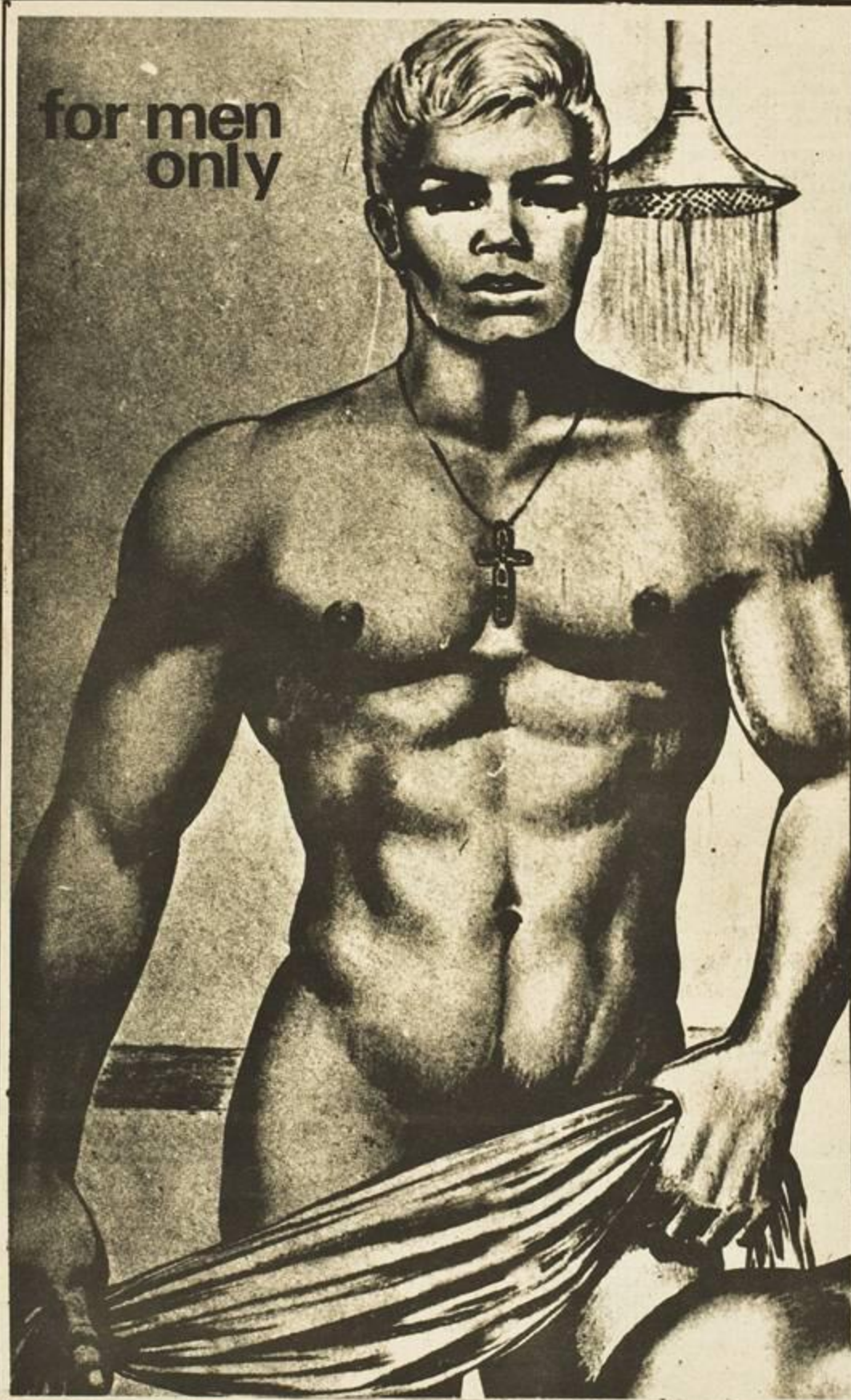
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 GLASSES HE HADN'T BEEN WEARING THE
 NIGHT BEFORE... AND MY GOD...!

THE THING IS IT TURNS OUT
 HE'S MY ANALYST, SEE... AND
 I THINK THE INCIDENT MIGHT
 HAVE PUT A KINK IN MY THERAPY!

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