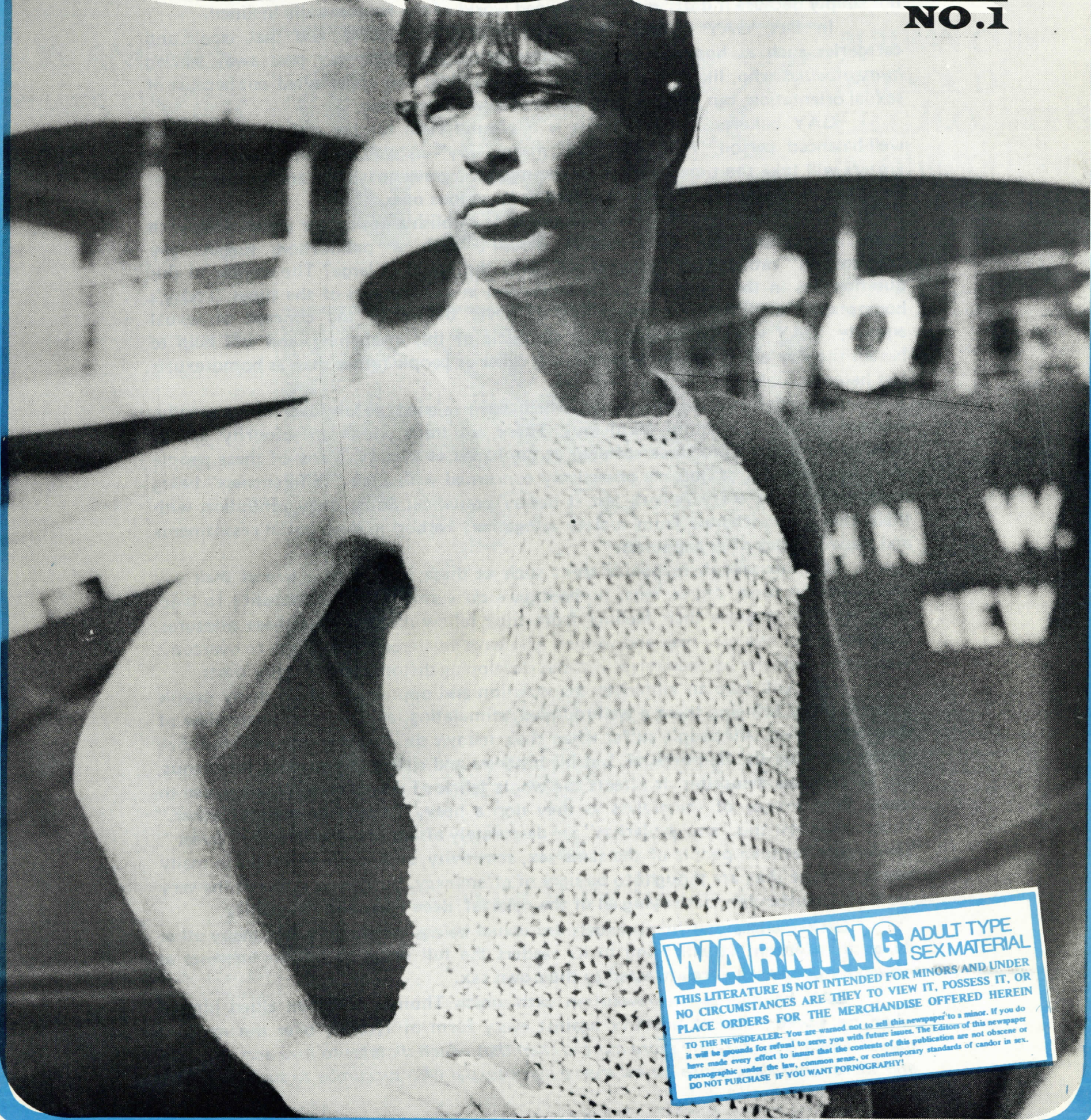


GAY

40¢
OUT OF
NYC 75¢

NO.1



WARNING ADULT TYPE
SEX MATERIAL

THIS LITERATURE IS NOT INTENDED FOR MINORS AND UNDER
NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE THEY TO VIEW IT, POSSESS IT, OR
PLACE ORDERS FOR THE MERCHANDISE OFFERED HEREIN

TO THE NEWSDEALER: You are warned not to sell this newspaper to a minor. If you do
it will be grounds for refusal to serve you with future issues. The Editors of this newspaper
have made every effort to insure that the contents of this publication are not obscene or
pornographic under the law, common sense, or contemporary standards of candor in sex.
DO NOT PURCHASE IF YOU WANT PORNOGRAPHY!

**IS HOMOSEXUALITY
CATCHING? P.7**
A LESBIAN RAPS P.11
THE GAY WITCH P.16

The Editors Speak:

GAY is pleased to welcome you to a new experience in the field of publishing: a newspaper which is interesting, entertaining and informative on its *own* account, and not simply because it deals with the tabooed world of the homosexually-inclined.

In fact, GAY believes that there is only *one* world, and that labels and categories such as homosexual and heterosexual will some day pass away leaving *human beings* who, like this publication, will be liked and appreciated not because of sexual orientation, but because they are *themselves* interesting.

GAY believes that happiness is a natural state for the well-integrated, and well-balanced person. Thus GAY will mean "Joy" as well as homosexual, and its writers will take the time to laugh in the midst of grave questions, and to realize that all of life has its humorous aspects as well as its serious ones.

Why, it may be asked, is it necessary to publish a newspaper which deals with issues concerning the homosexual? Doesn't such a publication suggest gay "segregation" rather than "integration" with the world at large? The answer to this question lies in the repressive social fabric and in the currents of the times. Today's homosexual community is awakening as never before to the concept of sexual equality. GAY will act, in part, as a chronicle of this awakening, and will help to hasten the day when people relate to each other as people rather than as homosexuals and heterosexuals.

The effects of discrimination which have reigned so long over homosexually-inclined people are subtly pernicious. There are traits which *all* minority groups develop because of pressures suffered at the hands of society. Many of these people erect ego defenses or become obsessively concerned with their "differentness" being hypersensitive to every remark lest it betray prejudice. Some deny affiliation with their kind and withdraw from society altogether, harboring deep social resentments and showing signs of unhappiness.

All homosexuals recognize traits such as these in at least a few of their gay associates. To some degree most homosexuals *do* suffer from the necessity to hide, cover up, and disguise their feelings from their fellow men. Despite these pressures, there are many swinging men and women who have mustered the strength to overcome such inner obstacles by themselves without developing distorted personality traits.

GAY will help to eliminate the isolation and oppression which many people experience by bringing them a well-rounded, stimulating, and compassionate view of their fellow men. *All* people suffer when their fellows do. Anti-homosexual prejudice affects not only the homosexual, but his brothers and sisters, his parents, his friends, and his business associates. It affects the whole fabric of our culture, allowing men to create false images of themselves as they don a heavy "masculine straight-jacket." Those who wear this "straight-jacket" are desperately afraid of being thought "queer". Tenderness between people of the same sex, sensitivity, and poetic vision die in many hearts because they are thought to be signs of effeminacy. Such fears strike at the very roots of American life, destroying all of the colorful, deep recesses of humanity.

GAY realizes that homosexuals are sexual beings incidentally, but many other things in addition! It will bring to its readers the full range of human interests as viewed by people who are attracted to their own sex.

GAY belongs to the revolution with which Thomas Jefferson allied himself when he swore "eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." *There is no tyranny more morbid than that which dictates to love and affection and there is no slave more pitiful than a homosexual who succumbs to such dictation.*



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FEDERAL GOVERNMENT REPORT SUPPORTS GAY DEMANDS

A 14-member task force for the Federal Government's National Institute of Mental Health, headed by Dr. Evelyn Hooker of UCLA, is asking individual states to erase laws which make homosexual intercourse a crime for consenting adults in private. This task force consisting of psychiatrists, sociologists, anthropologists, lawyers and

a theologian is also asking that the government and private employers reassess their standards in the hiring of homosexuals and that a center for the study of sexuality be established. It also asks that teachers, youth counselors and law officers be better informed about homosexuality.

The report states that "The extreme

opprobrium that our society has attached to homosexual behavior has done more social harm than good and goes beyond what is necessary for the maintenance of order and decency."

Time Magazine (October 24) described Dr. Hooker as "an erudite, compassionate psychologist who is one of the nation's most distinguished

researchers in the field," and went on to say that "The Hooker report's sobering implication that society has been grossly unfair to the homosexual is sure to stir controversy, and its recommendations are bound to be adopted only slowly. Still, the research makes clear that Americans can now recognize the diversity of homosexual life." ■

LOS ANGELES TIMES UNDER ATTACK

The *Los Angeles Times* has received a complaint from the Homosexual Information Center, a homophile group, which says it will ask the U.S. Justice Department and the Federal Communications Commission to stop projected *Times* mergers and acquisitions because the newspaper has rejected its ads.

The Homosexual Information Center said in a statement: "It is the stated policy of the *Los Angeles Times* not to run any advertisement with the word homosexual in it. The *Times* does not go so far as to say it is prejudiced against homosexuals—just the word by which they are designated. For economic reasons, naturally, the *Times* does carry advertisements for products and services that appeal to homosexuals.

"The hypocrisy of their position is incredible, and it was carried to the point of absurdity this week when the paper's advertising department refused to accept an ad because the wording included the name of our organization, which happens to be the Homosexual Information Center.

"We don't mind the slight for ourselves, but the *Times*' attitude shows that it is cold and indifferent to the efforts of homosexuals to improve their legal and social position in America. Our organization is a part of the over-all homosexual movement taking place in the U.S. today. It is a legally chartered California corporation.

"We think the paper is wrong. And so, in the face of the *Times*' unswerving prejudice, we call on all individuals and organizations interested in civil liberties and justice to avoid buying the *Times*. We urge everyone to avoid the firms and businesses that advertise their products in the *Times*. We ask all concerned citizens to write the paper and its advertisers, explaining their disapproval.

"Further, we are calling the attention of the anti-trust division of the U.S. Justice Department to the *Times*' conscious bias. We are asking the Justice Department to stop the merger of the Times-Mirror Corp. (owner of the *Los Angeles Times*) and the Dallas Times Herald Printing Co. (owner of the *Dallas Times Herald* and KRLD, tv and radio stations) to prevent expansion of the bigoted firm.

"We have also asked the FCC to investigate and prevent the take-over of the television and radio stations by Times-Mirror Corp. on the grounds that we believe the company's prejudice against homosexuals and homosexuality will prevent it from giving fair treatment

GAY NEWS

DECEMBER 1, 1969 Volume 1, Number 1



Photo by Larry Brill

ANTI-WAR MARCH INCLUDES GAYS

New York's Gay Liberation Front (GLF) found its way into the plethora of news on the war moratorium held October 15. GLF joined in the moratorium on the following basis, as explained in its leaflet:

"The war is making America a militaristic society. Militaristic, authoritarian societies are traditionally antagonistic to human freedom, to diversity, to individuality, to non-conformity, to dissent, to difference—and to those who, rightly or wrongly, are unpopular.

"The solution to the problems of the homosexual, as to the problems of other

groups, demands immediate attention to our nation's internal affairs. As long as the war continues, we will at best maintain the status quo, if not regress. Progress will be impossible.

"Homosexuals as homosexuals so often feel themselves at odds with the vast majority of heterosexuals and this is a deplorable division in our society. Gay Liberation Front therefore welcomes this opportunity to join in common cause with heterosexuals supporting this moratorium, knowing as it does that millions of homosexual men and women have precisely the same anti-war views as millions of heterosexual men and women." ■

to this minority on the publicly-owned airwaves it would be licensed to use."

Robert Nelson, vp and general manager of the *Los Angeles Times*, told Advertising Age: "It [the homosexual group's statement] isn't going to affect our decision a bit.

"You can't just take the words by themselves. We try to use good judgement to have ads that are acceptable in contemporary society. Our paper is read by people of all ages. Our readers are paying for the newspaper, so we have a responsibility to them," he said. ■

AUTUMN CONFERENCE OF E.R.C.H.O. MEETS IN PHILADELPHIA

by Madolin Cervantes

Fourteen homophile organizations comprising the Eastern Regional Conference of Homophile Organizations met in Philadelphia over the November 1-2 weekend for their Fall conference.

A proposal to substitute another kind of demonstration for the traditional Annual Reminder, which has been carried on for five years in the form of a picketing march in front of Independence Hall in Philadelphia on July 4, was to drop the July 4th demonstration in favor of a street demonstration each year on June 28 to commemorate Christopher Street Liberation Day.

Those favoring the new proposal argued that July 4th had become a kind of catch-all for all kinds of demonstrations for freedom and human rights and that the Annual Reminder had lost some of its effectiveness, while the Christopher Street riots following a raid on a gay bar last summer had marked a new turning point in the fight for freedom for the homosexual.

The proposal for the new demonstration was accepted by the assembly, but only with the proviso that signs, banners and publicity should make it clear that the demonstration did not speak for all homosexuals; only for those groups whose names were plainly set out.

A resolution offered by the radical wing of ERCHO that the convention go on record as supporting participation by all homosexuals in the November 15th peace demonstration brought on some of the most acrimonious debate, with the more conservative delegates pointing out that no group of organizations could presume to speak for all homosexuals, since homosexuals, like other people, ranged from the most conservative to the most radical in their political and social thought. The resolution was finally withdrawn and the general agreement was that individual homosexuals who wanted to would probably take part in the demonstration, but that ERCHO could not and would not take a formal stand on the question.

Another group of resolutions were offered by the radical wing demanding freedom for the individual's own body; freedom of sexual roles; and freedom from political persecution and unwarranted taxes. These resolutions came in for considerable debate, but were finally accepted with some modifications. Radicals attempted to align the homophile movement with other movements ranging from the repeal of abortion laws to the endorsement of

(continued on page 10)

GREEPING

A According to a recent nation-wide survey, ONE MALE IN THREE IS A LATENT HETEROSEXUAL. Even if we assume that millions of these potential deviates will apparently conform to the sexual norms of our society, we are still left with thousands of heterosexuals who practice - and sometimes flaunt - their perversion.

This group is coming to exercise an ever-increasing influence on our lives as they gradually gain acceptance in business, in the professions, and even in the arts.

Yet, in the midst of nation-wide controversy, only one thing seems clear: not enough is known about heterosexuality.

"There are all sorts of rumors and half-truths told about us," says one prominent heterosexual who refuses to let his name be published. "Most people have the idea of this big, hairy, masculine-acting guy. They say they can tell us by the way we walk or dress. But

seems the one common denominator of all heterosexuals.

One man said, "Buddy, I couldn't live without broads. I see one, and something happens inside...I got to look, I got to touch. If I'm alone, I'm thinking about broads. Looking at pictures of them. I ask you, could you live like that?"

"They can't live like that all the time," says a well-known New York psychiatrist who has treated many heterosexuals. "They realize that our society is against them. It has laws and social patterns, and it has the means of enforcing these. Sooner or later men ask themselves 'Why am I like this? How did this happen?' and they want help.

"According to modern psychoanalytic theory, a man becomes a heterosexual because his development isn't arrested in time. Instead of identifying himself with his mother (and working out his ambivalences in terms of her), the potential heterosexual becomes fixated



FRED WHAMBO

listen, for every heterosexual who fits the stereotype, I can point out a dozen whom you'd never suspect. Some of them are dress designers, playwrights, actors, and even hairdressers."

But on the other hand, the heterosexual tendency to say that all successful bankers, longshoremen and steel workers are "grim" (the in-group slang for heterosexual) is an exaggeration in the opposite direction. "Thank heavens we're not all 'grim,'" says Tad "sugar-foot" Wilkins, one of America's most successful cattlemen. "My God, how infinitely dreary. But I will admit, darlings, that there are lots of them in the cattle trade - it's positively crawling with them, in fact. And I stay away from all those 'grim' parties - too yawn-making."

When the heterosexuals themselves describe their lives, they speak of a tragi-comic world of "grim" bars and bowling alleys, motel rooms and oil fields. Frequently the talk turns to that brooding sense of dissatisfaction which

on his father...who is usually a dominating, success-oriented figure. Once the identification with the father is complete, the subject begins to look outside the family group for a female sexual partner. If he is lucky, the first female he approaches calls him a schlemiel, steps on his foot, and rides away on her motorcycle. But if he finds a female to act in complicity with his new urges, often a single experience will make him a confirmed heterosexual.

"However, we're making major advances in treatment. Meanwhile, the most important task of the psychiatrist is to gain the heterosexual's confidence - just as I've gained yours, sweetie."

A Park Avenue M.D. is concerned with the medical problems that follow heterosexuality. "Wherever you find heterosexuals," he says, "you're going to get a lot of pregnancies. These cases come in here all the time."

A San Francisco policeman says,

"Well, we're a pretty tolerant town. Sure, there are a few heterosexual bars here. Even night clubs and dance halls. But we don't interfere unless a fight starts or the other customers complain."

But a bouncer at a private club on New York's Fire Island takes a different attitude. "You can't let 'em in, honey," he says. "First you get a few and then they bring their friends and pretty soon you've got a lot of heterosexual women too - and that's how the fights start. And once you get a reputation as a 'grim' bar - well, this town won't stand for a lot of bars 'turning grim', especially during the season."

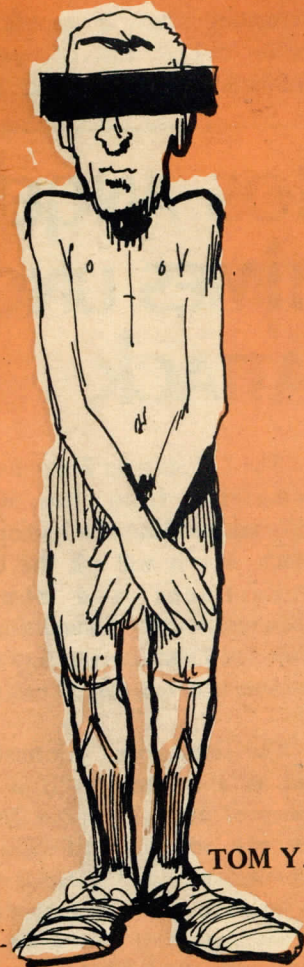
And what of the heterosexuals themselves? How do they regard their own lives? Three representative heterosexuals talk about it.

FRED WHAMBO. Like other minority groups, heterosexuals have their own slang, and they have terms for several different types of heterosexuals. The stereotype heterosexual (and the subject of so many books, operas, and dirty jokes) is called a "stud" meaning that he affects all the regalia of exaggerated heterosexuality - masculine manners and appearance, untidy masculine clothing, smelly armpits, dirty fingernails, and open and unapologetic familiarity with women.

Fred Whambo is a self-proclaimed "stud." When approached by reporters, his first reaction was to turn to his companion and say, "You want I should paste this guy?" But when asked whether he was really a "stud," he replied easily that he was. He had been "that way" ever since he could remember, declared he liked being that way, and said he felt he'd made the best possible adjustment. "Christ," he said, "I was born that way. Grew up in Seattle. Married five times. The only thing that'll stop me is a heart attack." When asked whether he ever wondered if he might want to make a change, he grew thoughtful, finished his beer, and then struck the reporter.

TOM Y. Tom Y. is a successful New Jersey interior decorator. He has a roommate and an apartment on Christy Street in New York. ("It's my friends I want to protect," he said when asking that his name not be used.) Tom is what is called a "nice." Unlike Fred Whambo, Tom went through long, anxious years of wondering about his heterosexuality. "I had almost finished my senior year at the Larchmont College of Interior Design," he says, "When I had my first heterosexual experience. Afterwards I was ashamed and for several months I tried to convince myself that it was a momentary aberration. But then I got a letter from my heterosexual 'partner' asking me to spend a weekend in Florida. I remember I looked at the letter and then I looked at myself in the mirror and said, 'I am a heterosexual.' I knew from that moment I couldn't escape it. I went to Florida.

"My roommate knows and accepts my problem - as a matter of fact, he has made it possible for me to live with it. But I don't think anyone else suspects. And because of his understanding, I don't have to make sordid rendezvous in cheap



TOM Y.

motels or 'grim' bars. I'm one of the lucky ones."

NERVO CANTICAS. Senor Nervo "Cojones" Canticas, international yachtsman, scoutmaster, and playboy, is not the heterosexual of the popular stereotype - in America, at least. He enjoys puttering in the kitchen, tating, Tiffany glass, pop art, and the ballet. But in certain international circles his heterosexual activities are well-known, and Senor Canticas makes no effort to deny the rumors. "I was told it was how you say latent in me. This my governess she tell me. So I say, it is the will of Dios, and I follow the instincts. First with my governess. Then with the upstairs maid. Then with my cousin. Then with..."

Intimates of Senor Canticas say that his heterosexuality is obvious when he is among friends. "It is usually disguised behind his sensitive concern for women," says a Palm Beach matron. "But I've seen him flaunt it when he's been drinking. It's not common in our set, but we've learned to tolerate Cojo's little idiosyncrasies."

Fred Whambo, Tom Y., and Nervo



NERVO CANTICAS

HETEROSEXUALITY

BY
JUDITH
RASCOE

MOTHERS: IS THIS YOUR SON?

Cantigas have one thing in common besides their heterosexuality: they've managed to stay out of trouble with the law. Many groups and individuals are willing to allow the heterosexual the right to lead his own life - as long as his "partners" are consenting adults. What worries the experts is the heterosexual's well-known inability to grasp the fine distinctions between consenting and non-consenting "partners" or between adult and underage "partners."

For example, take the case of Harold W., a first offender. Harold W. said that he'd never imagined himself capable of a heterosexual assault. "I'll never do it again," he said. "But now I've got a record for this, and word will get back to the agency. And what will I tell Mother?"

His victim, a 22-year-old instructor at a local self-defense center, alleged that Mr. W. had lured her to his apartment with promises of coffee and a talk about her analysis. "I never figured Harold was that kind of guy. I mean like once in a while I suspected he might be 'nice' - but golly, that was because of the way he walked. I had just used his phone a couple of times and suddenly he was all over me. Frankly, it makes me sick to talk about it."

The terrifying truth is that this girl is one of the 15,500 innocent victims of heterosexual assaults committed within the past 18 months; perhaps twice as many such encounters go unreported. Already, in large cities and small, there are bars, streets, and even hotel lobbies where a young woman alone is not safe after midnight. Those who would protect the heterosexual must recognize the danger of allowing unlimited freedom to these men. A wave of pregnancies, marriages, schoolchildren, fist fights, and mixed dancing will follow.

Those apologists who point to primitive societies where heterosexual behavior is tolerated neglect the fact that our present society built on a non-heterosexual basis. As these men infiltrate key positions in the communications industry, in government, and in business, they threaten to wield enormous power over all our lives. Many years ago, a dedicated minority of teetotalers were able to impose prohibition and all its attendant evils upon our nation. They succeeded because the majority "didn't see anything especially wrong in the idea" and thought "they might have a point" and "they're harmless anyway." In short, many people thought that the advocates of prohibition could not affect *them*.

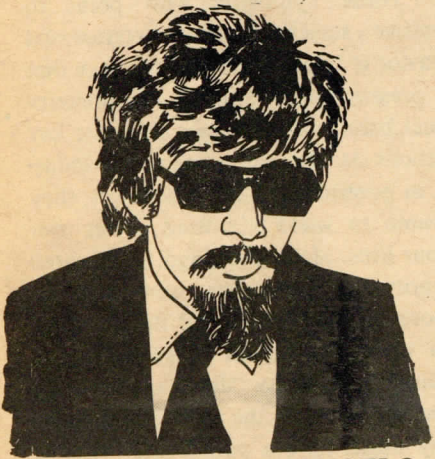
Similarly, sexual deviates, given an atmosphere where they are tolerated, are capable of imposing their heterosexual tastes on the society which accepts their presence. No one is calling for a program against sexual deviates. But any approach to the problem must include a decent regard for the majority. Society must reward the men who struggle against this problem in themselves, instead of rewarding those who turn their own abnormality into a profitable way of life. ■

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A Little Night Rap



BY ANGELO D'ARCHANGELO

In my curious capacity as *espion pede*, I am able to report on current trends in entertainment. Before going further, I would like to state, unequivocally, that the "Revolution" is going full swing. It has been successful in most major cities. In fact, one could say it is an unqualified success. But the success of a revolution poses a problem: you can well picture, say Lenin, on a balcony saying to Trotsky above the crowd, "Now that we've got it, comrade, what do we do with it." Simple. Freedom is to ENJOY.

There are pockets of stiff resistance, however. In a recent article on bars and bartenders in a New York magazine, citizens of a loving disposition were

divided into two categories; "Grownups", and others. "Grownups" are those people of any age who hold nine to five jobs of any type; social class seems not to be a criterion. These nine to fivers are pictured as the cream of it all. Be warned! This is liquor-promoting bullshit, bartab surveying. The more appropriate appellation for hooch-guzzlers so employed would be "Grownolds." It's no secret, friends, that fewer and fewer of us even want to be nine to five drabs, and the fact is that despite middle-class loathing, the Martini has lost out to Pot, for example, in the Nirvanah sweepstakes. No, we can't consider anybody "with it" simply because they may wear bells on weekends, or own a Mickey Mouse watch, or profess a liking for acid. The lack of a job is not a disqualifying factor in the pleasure syndrome; there are worse things. We must be particularly careful of anybody who professes to like, understand, or read *Dance Journal* in the Voice. Grownolds!

That new and nebulous term "Life Style" comes to mind. The new adult Life Style presupposes that work is of secondary importance to joy, that physical beauty is only a close second to physical pleasure, and that all possessions, all relationships, are or should be, disposable.

The Pop and Psychedelic crazes of a few years ago worked. They are still working further inland, but here the new people, the plastic angels have taken the lesson quite like manna, to heart. They have become simply a way of Life-Style.

This is what the new people are like. They are to be seen at the Thrush. We saw them there. They saw us. Seeing people is one of the things you do there.

Thrush, that prune-juice speakeasy, occupies most of the ground floor of an office building on east twenty-fourth. If you've no private party to go to, go there. It's the same party; usually the same people.

You enter a long room. There's a bar to the left, and yes, Virginia, prune juice,

peach nectar and like *that!* Dollar a throw. Which means Thrush can stay open past all decent hours; it's legit. If the big M runs it, and I'm told it does, they play it safe without the booze. So tank up beforehand, Grownolds. (Smoking on the premises is discouraged.) People are seen sipping from bottles: rather a High School Prom scene, but not any the less attractive for that. At any time you will see mobs of the most beautiful spaced-in people of both sexes.

Now a certain element of the new Gay Power establishment is agitating for integration within the heterosexual social framework. This is to my mind very much like the agitation of a few years ago from militant but conservative members of the Black minority. Like that particular agitation, it's rather a little and somewhat late. Anybody who wanted black and white fraternization could find it; you just had to go to certain places. Same here. If you want that kind of mixing, here it is, without tears.

Personally, I've noticed that whenever people are interested in pleasure they generally associate freely and without strain. The emphasis is upon the *sexual* end of hetero-homo social contacts, and as everybody always knew, people of either specialty have more in common than otherwise. Indeed, there are members of both sexes and sexual temperaments who prefer to socialize together. I know many straights who feel very suspect about any fun function which doesn't include a good many gay people. Many straight women like these surroundings because it seems to bring out the best in their men. Conversely, there are gay people of both sexes who find the exclusively "gay" bar, even the dancing bar, dull and declassé.

But I'm perverse. I happen to enjoy going occasionally to an exclusively gay bar. One of the choicest spots is, in my opinion, The Gold Bug.

The G.B. is nuts! Everything is wrong with it. It has no class. It looks like an old whore's bar outside Cannes: banquettes,

white sirocco mirrors, black or prune purple draperies, T.V.'s in good measure, and I don't mean Television sets. (Check the waitresses!) And as I say, no class.

That does not, however mean no pretensions. It's not uncommon to hear some creature at the bar scream, "Gay! Gay! Gay!" or even, "Get you!" that witty catch-all of yesteryear. A hoot! As for fashion, Ban-Lon and stretch gold lame is all the news.

Every time I go in I feel as though I'd just stepped back into 1951. To tell you the truth, I rather hate to mention the Bug, because if it becomes fashionable, well, look what happened to the Sewer, or the Table Tops.

And so, if Rock personalities are the leaders of our "Revolution", and its anthem is that song everybody is dancing to this week, we have, as good cell members, one clear duty, and that is to go out and enjoy ourselves. That's an important duty! This freedom wasn't just lucked upon. It's threatened too. Don't forget that Tricky Dicky's favourite theologian is Billy Graham who has declared open war against pleasure.

Be militant! Patronize your local unisex boutique! Stay stoned! Patronize your local gay bar! And when that bar closes, when the party's over, be sure you go home with somebody. As many bodies as possible. Remember, God meant people to sleep in threes! (A simple examination of your body proves this.) Meanwhile, have these two lines printed on a card and always carry that card in your breast pocket. Refer to it whenever threatened by inhibition or funk.

Love is whatever makes you happy.

Happiness is whatever feels good. ■

Angelo is the author of **THE HOMO-SEXUAL HANDBOOK**, a run-away best seller which is the *Power of Positive Thinking* written in 'camp supreme' for those who need tips on "how to do it" and where. His wit and wisdom are welcome in these pages.

IS HOMOSEXUALITY CATCHING?

“DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME WITH GUYS WHO DON'T KNOW WHERE THEIR HEADS ARE.

PICK A FRIEND WHO IS RELAXED ABOUT HIS SEXUAL DESIRES.”



BY ROBERT AMSEL

I've been gay for years. I didn't catch it, and I wasn't born that way. I'm not going to go back and rake up the coals of my past, and tell you that my mother saw two guys screwing when she was pregnant or that my father used me for target practice, or that I got laid by a counselor at summer camp. I'm neither a clergyman nor a psychiatrist, so I don't have to make any excuses for enjoying myself. Plain and simple, I like men.

Homosexuality is not catching when you're gay, because you already know where you're at. The only people who worry about it are uptights who *think* it's catching, and if they think they can catch it, then they can. For people who like making problems for themselves, that's a great way to begin. But guilt-ridden people bore me, and I don't have the time to be bothered. I like my men to be well-adjusted, and I don't like futzing around with closet queens and other hung-up people. I can try to understand them and feel sorry for them, but that's as far as it goes.

Well-meaning straight friends say to me, "The REAL reason you don't make it with chicks is because you hate them or they frighten you, right?" Bullshit. I'll have you know that some of my best friends are lesbians. Yeah, and I like straight girls, too, but I'd rather "prove my manhood" to a guy. When you come right down to it, a cock is a cock and a cunt is a cunt, and you've either got one or the other, so use it anyway you feel like using it. It's yours, isn't it?

Once, during a college bull session, this fat bully yenta type, blindly, if not stupidly unaware of my inclinations, started talking about a "fag" who lived on the next floor. It seems the yenta had just found out that the guy was gay, and told me that for this reason, he broke off all contacts with the boy. Innocently, I asked him why. "People will think I'm that way," he blushed. "Well, are you?" I asked. "Of course not," he said suspiciously. "Then, what's your problem?" A moment of silence. "O.K.," I said, "What are you afraid of?" Trapped, Yenta lowered his voice, "It might rub off." "It might WHAT?" "Rub off."

"Explain," I said sadistically, gleefully watching his puffy cheeks redden. "Well, I don't know about those things; I don't know how people get that way or anything."

The gay guy we were discussing was quite handsome in a piano-key-smile sort

of way. The idea of him choosing to seduce elephant-thighed Yenta was almost hilarious if you dug sick humor the way I do. "You mean you're afraid that you may be a little gay yourself, is that it?" A moment of great thought. "Yeah, I guess that's what I mean. I don't know, it might be catching."

The poor insecure slob. At least, I knew where I stood, but my heart went out to those poor fraternity types who couldn't go out on a date with a chick unless accompanied by three other fellows with their dates. And yet, they read *Playboy* every single month. Hugh Hefner, what have you done to America? While you sit in that big Chicago mansion of yours surrounded by Bunnies and truckdrivers, what have you done? These frat types, the youth of America, look up to you for advice, and you leave them flat. I'm sorry, Hugh, I know you try.

I don't mean to imply that ALL heterosexual college boys could make the gay scene. Just most of the ones I've met. They never will of course. It's easier to dump on faggots, than to face the reality that we could groove on sheep if we really put our minds to it.

A wise and wonderful girl, who everyone assured me was crazy, once remarked, "Anyone, I mean, ANYONE can be made." "Cara, my dear, you're absolutely right," I told her. "I know I'm absolutely right."

For the benefit of all the teeny boppers listening in, I want to remind you that we are not lower animals. We do not emit a sex spray that causes everyone of the opposite sex within miles to come running. As human beings we are equipped with minds that allow us to choose. As we evolved, we lost those lower animal instincts that guided our sexual performance. We have to learn where to put our cocks and how to put them. We can learn to love either eighty-year-old strawberry blonde hags at our local supermarket or Puerto Rican boys who like to try all our clothes on first.

I've got the whole world to choose from, and I've learned what I like. I like men. I'm not a size queen, but if YOU are, fine! Sucking toes isn't my bag, but if you like to suck toes, BEAUTIFUL! And if I like to suck cock, I don't want anybody in television land to tell me not to! I promise, I'll do it anyway. As Mae West, bless her dizzy old heart, used to say, "You can't put a good man down." Now, *there's* a grand old dame who knew what sex was all about, until the *Catholic Legion of Decency* put HER down. That's probably why she keeps herself so beautiful; she's been waiting for her comeback all these years, and now the time is ripe. How'd ya like them egg rolls, Legion of Decency?

Now, some folks tell me that the hippie movement is dead. I've heard that they left the East Village in droves. At least, that's what the *Daily News* says, and we all know that the *Daily News* never lies. It's such a fine, upstanding, clean-up-smut kind of paper in spite of all its sex crime stories and pictures of bikini-clad beauty queens from Iowa and

other uninhabited states. I didn't know what sordidness meant, until I picked up a copy of the *News* at an early, impressionable age. Say, I bet THAT'S why I'm gay. I must have read one of those lurid stories and said to myself, "Gosh! I never ever want to do anything like THAT to a girl," and so, dropped out entirely.

But getting back to the hippies, even if what the *Daily News* says is true, there is one really great thing that has emerged from the movement. The hippies were the first to show that role-playing is full of shit. Sorry, Doctors Freud, Bergler, Bieber, and Socarides. As a child, I personally had no desire to emulate Big John Wayne, who was sort of a symbol for American masculinity. I never even wanted to emulate one of Big John's gals, who even if he ever got finished with his horse, would no doubt have to lie back and suffer while he did his thing to her.

You hear all these people from Queens or Brooklyn (minus the Heights) or New Jersey squawking, "Gee, Mildred, you can't tell the guys from the girls anymore." Now, if Mildred had any sense, she'd say, "In that case, there must be something radically wrong with you."

Unfortunately, Mildred doesn't have any sense.

But where is all this leading to? What's so good about the loss of sexual role identity? It's simple. Getting it in the ass will no longer be looked upon as "slightly effeminate" and sucking cock won't turn a guy into a faggot automatically, because there won't be any faggots. There won't be any heterosexuals either, because there won't be any reason to classify people. People will simply be sexual, the way they are at birth, before people start telling them that they're supposed to dig one thing and hate another.

Sure, I'm being idealistic. I'm projecting far into the future, and the way the world is running now there may not be a future for any of us to worry about. There are many things wrong in this world and in America. Sexual attitudes are just one of these many things, but correcting these attitudes is a great venture. If you say, "Sure, I agree with you, but what about my friends?" Well, if that's your attitude, I don't give a damn about your friends or about you. YOU are going to make the changes. If you're satisfied with the way things are, then YOU can wallow in it.

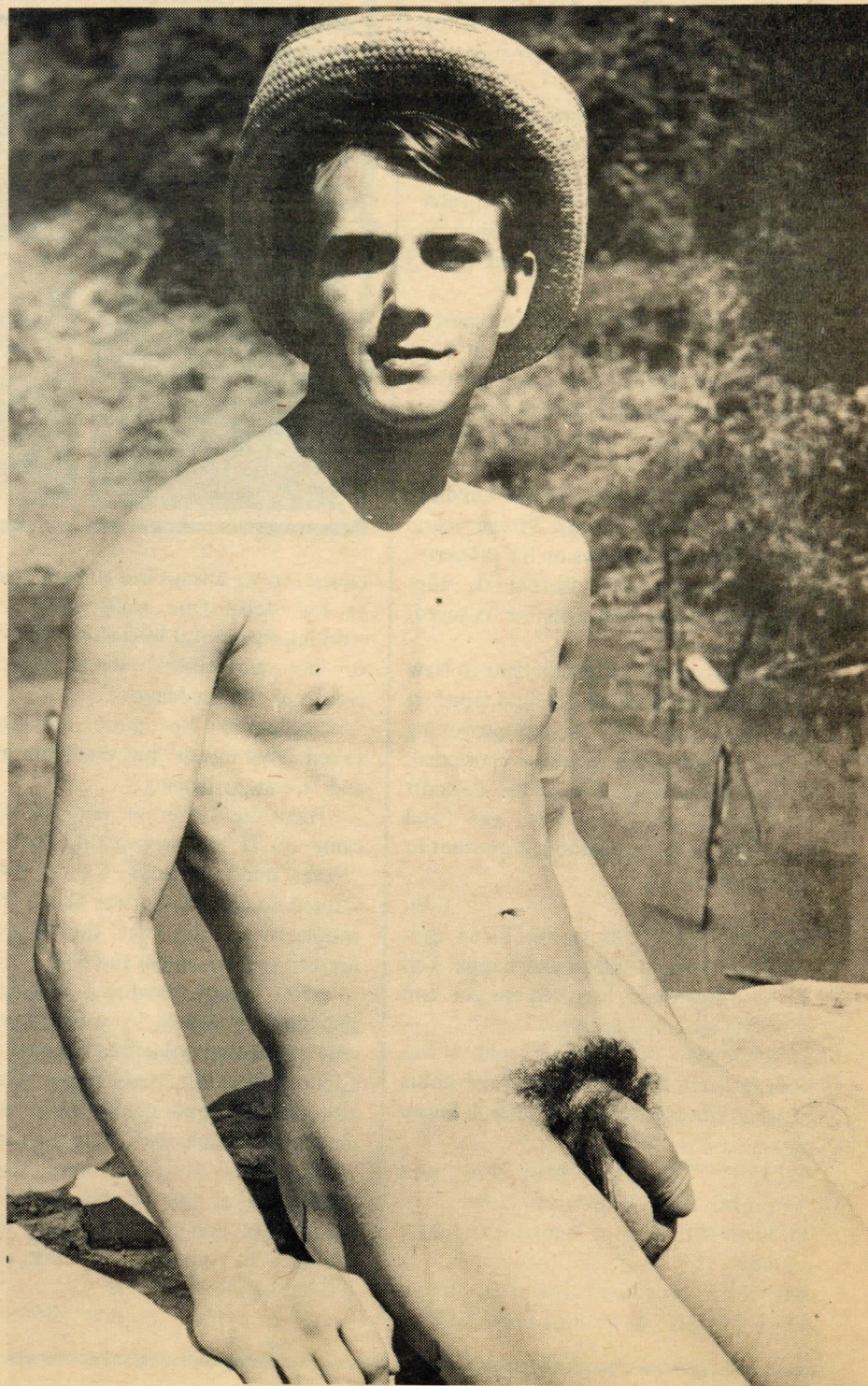


Photo by Paul Rocco



At the foot of Boston's fashionable Beacon Hill, not far from the Massachusetts State House, lives Prescott Townsend, an elderly Boston blueblood who happens to be both a homosexual and a bohemian.

Prescott's home, a narrow brick building dating back to 1810, snuggles between three or four equally ancient structures clustered together at the terminus of a block-long, car-cluttered 'private way' called Lindall Place. His house, like those of his neighbors, has seen better days. Once a four story family residence, it has long since been converted into a rooming house.

Prescott's car can usually be found parked among the dozen or so vehicles which sometimes completely fill the narrow street that passes beneath a train trestle just a few feet from his door. It's a battered 1951 Buick, its mashed-in trunk held shut with wire, its upholstery ragged and soiled, its seats and floorboards obscured by auto parts, dirty rags, gasoline cans, rumped maps, yellowing newspapers and similar items of value.

As a young man, P.T. (as his friends address him) was one of Boston's most dashing figures. In *Boston and the Boston Legend*, Lucius Beebe describes him as "a rangy youth" who was "a constant associate" of Elliot Paul, "the Hill's most authentic Bohemian." "Townsend," Beebe wrote, "was, perhaps, the only strictly solvent member of the early Bohemians of '22 and '23. He emerged from Harvard Law School, possessed and wore a raccoon skin coat that was the envy of Cedar Street, and could talk informatively on any given subject for the space it required his auditor to consume precisely a quart of gin."

Since graduating from Harvard in 1918, P.T.'s life has been both varied and unusual. He was one of the founders of the Barn Theater, second outdoor theater in America, where playwrights such as Eugene O'Neill first presented their works.

On a trip to Mexico he uncovered some huge taltic stone heads in the forests of Rio Blanco and a new species of salamander which was subsequently named after him, 'Oedipus Townsendentis.'

Prescott has always enjoyed building things and during the past fifteen years has built three bungalows on his property in Provincetown with driftwood, ship beams and other materials he salvaged from the sea.

During one of his recent visits to New York City, we cornered P.T. and taped an interview on the anxiety-provoking subject of facing old age as a homosexual. The highlights of our talk follow. Prescott Townsend, despite his age and eccentricities, has something important to say to each of us.

R.W.

WICKER: Let's talk about being gay, growing older and still staying happy. Tell me, Mr. Townsend, how old are you and how long have you been gay?

TOWNSEND: I'm 75 years old. I was born on June 24, 1894, within five hours of King Edward VIII, in a horse & buggy age.

WICKER: How long have you been involved in the so-called "gay" life?

TOWNSEND: I came out at the age of nineteen.

WICKER: Let's see, that was around 1913. Did gay life in those days resemble

homosexual society of today? For instance, where there gay clubs and the like?

TOWNSEND: Oh no, there were no such things. Everything was very much undercover. 'Homosexuality' was unmentionable, nobody ever mentioned it. They even avoided saying the word. In those days, even in colleges they were just beginning to read Freud and discuss things like the Oedipus complex.

There were no gay bars at all. The first gay bar was in the back of the Waldorf during Prohibition. It wasn't even a bar, it was just a place where we congregated. The first real gay bar came into existence during the middle thirties in Scollay Square. I remember it well. We all started to dance together and everything, and I thought it was wonderful.

Prohibition was still in effect of

opened—including one for girls—and a private social club for students and younger people. At the private club, you had to sign up at the door and take out a so-called membership at the door.

WICKER: During the nineteen-teens and the nineteen-twenties, did there seem to be as many gay people, percentagewise, as there are today?

TOWNSEND: I think there were very few gay fellows at Harvard during the time I attended school there. I only knew one other fellow in my class, he and I came out together. But that was probably because I didn't recognize them.

WICKER: Were homosexuals more guilt laden during those days than they are today?

TOWNSEND: I don't know. I didn't ever feel guilty. I wasn't guilt laden but I was very frightened. I wanted so much to

And so, I began to become interested in older people even though I didn't consider myself old. Even now, I don't consider myself old, because I believe in intergenerational contacts.

WICKER: Did you notice any changes earlier. For instance, around thirty-five or forty did you find making out was harder, or that your potency or sexual urges were very much on the decline?

TOWNSEND: I've always had a hard time making out because I am so conservative. I've generally had one friend who I kept for a long time. One friend lived with me for twenty-five years. We agreed never to be jealous of one another and we never were. He still comes around to see me occasionally.

WICKER: You had a friend for twenty-five years. Did you find him attractive right on through middle age? Do you still find him attractive today?

TOWNSEND: Yes, oh yes. But I don't see him too much these days because he moved out of the city and he's been sick lately.

WICKER: You say you're interested in intergenerational sex.

TOWNSEND: Intergenerational "contacts," that's the correct sociological term.

WICKER: Do you find you're able to have enough "intergenerational contacts" to satisfy your emotional and physical needs these days?

TOWNSEND: Oh, it isn't too difficult because I have a house, I have money, I have an automobile. Whether you like to admit it or not, that always is attractive. I also have a house in Provincetown where people like to come and stay.

WICKER: This is an informal thing then, people come and share your house with you. What about out-and-out hustlers who ask for cash on the line?

TOWNSEND: Oh no, I go in for mutual satisfaction. Even in the old days when we would have a gang bang, we would have some fellows come over for entertainment. When it was all over, I might give them each fifty cents. That would be twenty cents for cigarettes, the rest being for coffee and five cent hamburgers. I didn't consider that paying them off. I just knew they were hungry, I knew they wanted cigarettes.

WICKER: Does it bother you, sometimes, that some of these people seek you out not because they like you personally but only because they want you to do something for them?

TOWNSEND: Oh no, I don't have any around that are that way. If they want to work for me, I'll let them work for me and I'll pay them. And, incidentally, I might have some sex sometime. But I always make them work for their money and pay them the money for something other than sex. I've never paid for sex directly in my life.

WICKER: What mistake do you think most homosexuals make as they grow older?

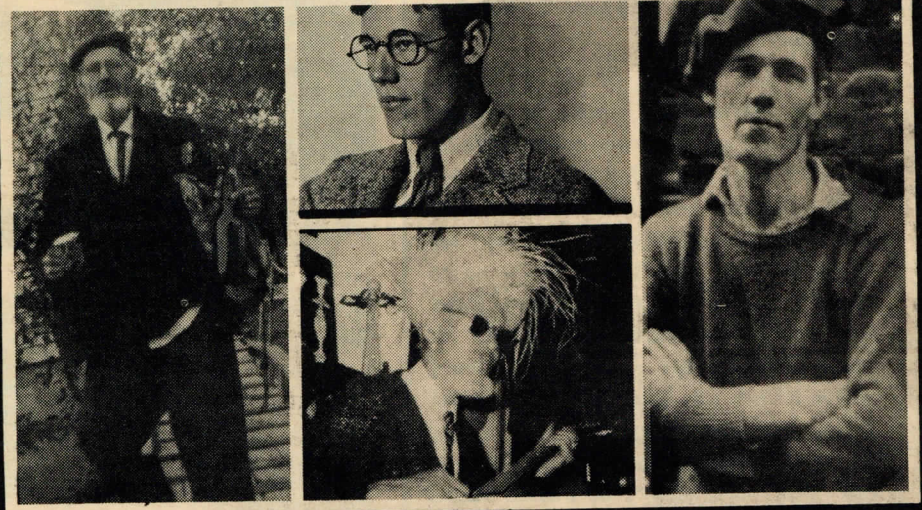
TOWNSEND: They don't socialize. They don't do enough for other people. If you do things for others—"uplift" I call it—you find people are always around you. Instead, they isolate themselves. I'm a joiner, I belong to thirty-five different organizations.

So far as cruising is concerned, I don't go out to cruise because I don't need to. I have my own friends and I stick to them. That was what made it difficult for the

BOSTON'S BOHEMIAN BLUEBLOOD

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

AN IMMODEST INTERVIEW WITH A HAPPY OLD MAN



course, so we always had someone posted at the door. One night while I was working the door, I looked out and there, to my amazement, stood both the Governor and the Mayor.

"Stillpalm! No more moving!" I yelled. That meant "put the liquor away" and "no more dancing."

Then the Governor and the Mayor came in. It was wonderful. They said: "Never mind us boys. Go on, we just wanted to see what it was like." Then, a couple of minutes later, they thanked us for letting them watch and left.

After repeal, Boston's first 'public' gay bar was opened by a fellow and his wife. He was an influential member of the Liquor Dealers' Association and he educated the liquor dealers on the subject generally. I think that is one of the main reasons why we don't have any real harassment of gay bars in Boston even today. He and his wife are still in business, by the way, and their original gay bar is still in business.

After that, a few more clubs

meet someone, and I still regret one time when a very attractive fellow tried to pick me up and because I was scared, I didn't take him home.

I had my first experience at nineteen but after that I really didn't have any more contacts during the World War. Becoming involved in gay life was a slow process for me because I was so busy going out to dances with girls and working hard on my studies. My brothers before me had been very active with girls socially. Because of this and because I was in the social register, I was always being drawn into things.

WICKER: Getting back to the subject of aging, at what age did you realize that you were really getting to be an older person?

TOWNSEND: Well, when I turned sixty, I said to myself, "I must be getting older even though I still feel the same as I did at twenty. I think I'll join the age center and find out how older people feel." I was questioned for 30 hrs. on my life and habits.

cops to catch me, they couldn't find anyone whom I'd had sex with. Who might squeal on me.

WICKER: What other mistakes do aging homosexuals make?

TOWNSEND: I think everybody is different. I happen to be very sexually oriented. Mainly, I go in for affection now. I like to kiss people. So, I have many people that want to get favors from

TOWNSEND: Most of them I've met through the meetings I hold at my house on Lindall Place every Thursday night. My friends have friends. That is how I meet new people—through my friends. I don't go to cruise at the meetings I attend, I go to talk about all kinds of people I call "rejected people."

This is the reason I emphasize the Menninger Report (*Man Against Himself*)

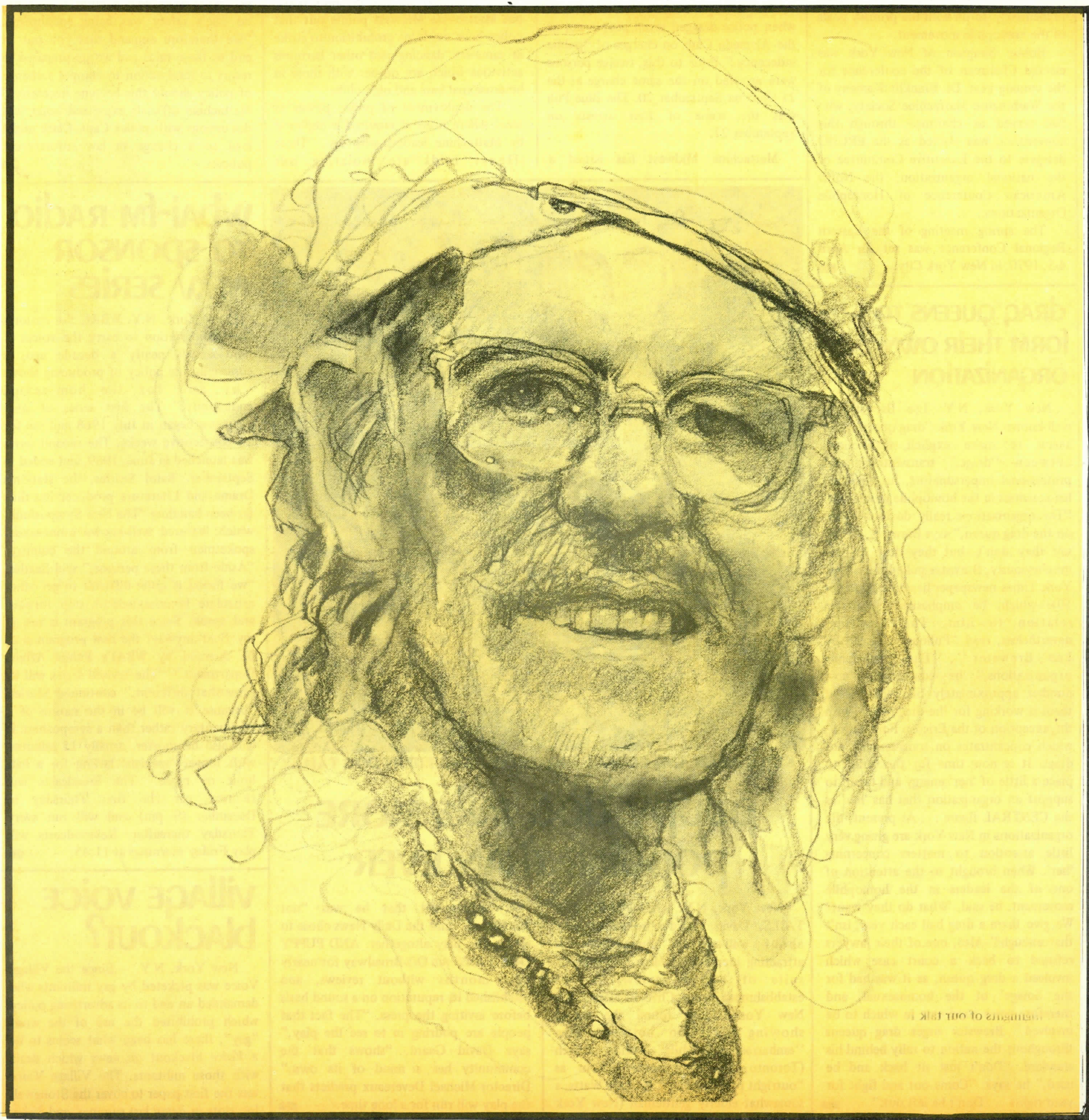
self-destructive impulses into constructive, life-enriching activities.

In the sexual area, I think society is going to have to change both its values and its customs. For instance, a speaker at the last homophile convention pointed out that the general public wasn't prejudiced against just homosexuals but against sex per se. Society says sex is bad, bad, bad and that you're sick, sick, sick if

especially guilty and frequently act out these guilt feelings by spending their husband's money.

WICKER: I see that we are running out of tape, do you have any particular points you'd like to make in closing.

TOWNSEND: Yes. I hope that *GAY Magazine* will print this idea that older people can enjoy themselves, that they must sublimate their energies into helping



me. Some live with me, all like me. I kiss them quite a deal in private without having any sex with them whatsoever. Of course, as I used to say, "It's better to sleep with the landlord, but you don't have to."

WICKER: How have you met the most interesting people, the most interesting homosexuals, during the last ten or fifteen years—by going to these meetings, cruising gay bars, how?

whenever I give a talk to a gay group. I have a motto which I believe can be the key to a good life for anyone: Love, Money, Uplift.

"Uplift" comes indirectly from the Menninger Report and means sublimating one's masochistic tendencies into art and one's sadistic tendencies into leadership. It is only by adopting the concept of 'uplift' and integrating it into one's life that you can channel your aggressive and

you go in for sex.

This, of course, affects everyone. Just this afternoon I heard a radio discussion during which some marriage counselor suggested that one reason why American women are so extravagant and why their husbands so frequently go along with it is because both marital partners violate their own concept of "good" whenever they have sex with each other. Women, the marriage counselor said, feel

other people.

Each of us can change his outlook on life and we don't have to undergo psychoanalysis or be hypnotized in order to do so. We can do it by simply getting out and helping other people. For many, a good first step would be to join Mattachine, ECHO, the D.O.B. or some other homophile group. Do something, anything, for other people and in doing so, you will find happiness.

AUTUMN CONFERENCE OF E.R.C.H.O. MEETS IN PHILA.

(continued from page 3)

some extremely leftwing radical political groups, but the more conservative spokesmen in the conference voted down such proposals by a narrow margin.

In general, the arguments were that some parts of the resolutions had nothing immediately to do with the primary goals of the homophile movement.

Bobby Simpson of New York was elected Chairman of the conference for the coming year. Dr. Franklin Kameny of the Washington Mattachine Society, who had served as chairman through this convention, was elected as the ERCHO delegate to the Executive Committee of the national organization, the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations.

The spring meeting of the Eastern Regional Conference was set for April 4-5, 1970, in New York City.

DRAG QUEENS TO FORM THEIR OWN ORGANIZATION

New York, N.Y. Lee Brewster, a well-known New York "drag queen" who seems to make explicit distinctions between "drags," transvestites, and professional impersonators, has dropped his activities in the homophile movement. "The organizations really do look down on the drag queen," says Brewster, "They say they don't, but they do." Smiling mischievously, Brewster pulled out a New York Times newspaper headline (October 10), which, he emphasized, bore no relation to him. The headline, nevertheless, read "Pullout Is Urged by Lee Brewster." "The homophile organizations," he continued, "now number approximately 50. Not one of them is working for the drag queen, with the exception of the Ericson Foundation, which concentrates on trans-sexuals, not drags. It is now time for the 'drag' to place a little of 'her' energy and talent to support an organization that has 'her' as the CENTRAL figure . . . At present, the organizations in New York are giving very little attention to matters concerning 'her'. When brought to the attention of one of the leaders in the homophile movement, he said, 'What do they want? We give them a drag ball each year, isn't that enough?' Also, one of their lawyers refused to back a court case which involved a drag queen, as it was bad for the 'image' of the homosexual, and therefore not a good case in which to be involved." Brewster urges drag queens throughout the nation to rally behind his standard. "Don't just sit back and be used," he says. "Come out and fight for your rights . . . Don't be left out."

CHICAGO POLICE RAID THREE GAY BARS

Mattachine Midwest Threatens Action

Chicago, Ill. — In a wave of arrests, unprecedented since Illinois dropped its sodomy statues for adults in 1961, Chicago police are cracking down on the city's gay bars.

The last raid occurred on October 9, when police dragged seven people out of the Alameda Club on charges of "public indecency." Prior to this, twelve persons were arrested on the same charge at the 21 Club on September 20. The Blue Pub was the scene of four arrests on September 27.

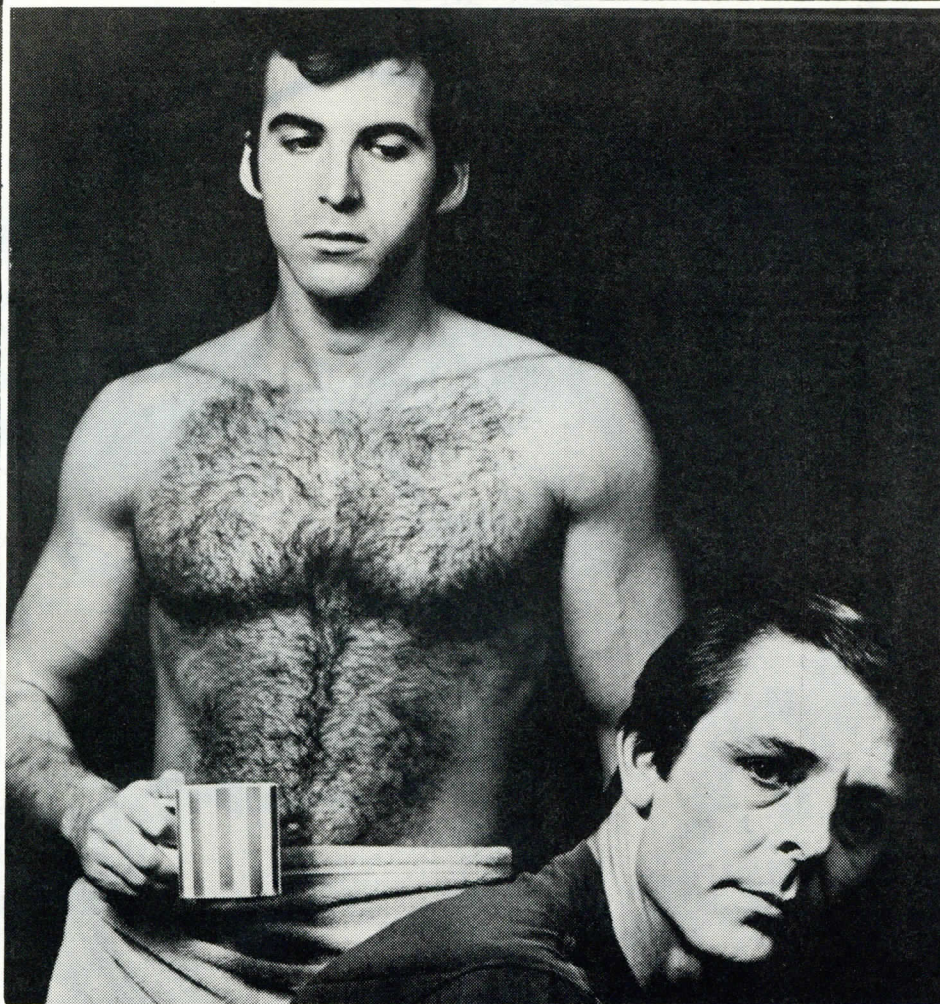
Mattachine Midwest has issued a

strongly worded protest and has indicated that the organization will commence legal proceedings against the police if patterns of harassment continue.

Public indecency has been defined as "lewd fondling" of any person's body, but Mattachine Midwest points out that police have used this prohibition to strike at same-sex dancing and other harmless activities which are on par with those in heterosexual bars and nightclubs.

The deployment of police power in areas where none is required is deplored by Mattachine leaders who say, "These illegal raids are violating our

constitutional rights of free assembly and free association. The arrests so far have been unlawful and without foundation. We want them stopped now." The homophile organization also stated that no crimes were being committed and that no one's safety was being endangered. "We therefore demand that you put an end to these raids and we are prepared to resort to legal action to compel a change of policy should this become necessary." Mattachine officials expressed hope that discussions with police Capt. Clark might lead to a change in law enforcement policies.



KEN KILBAN AND GEORGE REEDER IN "AND PUPPY DOG TAILS"

puppy dog tails MORE POPULAR THAN EVER

New York, N.Y. AND PUPPY DOG TAILS, David Gaard's humorous play about well-adjusted homosexuals, is attracting increasingly large audiences in spite of biased reviews in the establishment press. Clive Barnes of the New York Times found the scenes showing affection between men "embarrassing" while Nathan Cohen (Toronto Star) condemned them as "outright pornography." Richard Watts, a somewhat elderly gentleman (New York

Post) announced that he was "not stimulated," and the Daily News chose to ignore the play altogether. AND PUPPY DOG TAILS ran Off-Broadway for nearly two months without reviews, and established its reputation on a sound basis before inviting the press. "The fact that people are pouring in to see the play," says David Gaard, "shows that the community has a mind of its own." Director Michael Devereaux predicts that the play will run for a long time.

wbai-fm RADIO TO SPONSOR NEW SERIES

New York, N.Y. WBAI, the nation's first radio station to carry the voices of homosexuals nearly a decade ago, is continuing its policy of producing shows "by and for the homosexual community." The first series of such programs began in July 1968 and ran for 26 consecutive weeks. The second series was launched in June, 1969, and ended in September. Baird Searles, the station's Drama and Literature producer has thus far been handling "The New Symposium" which featured well-known homosexual spokesmen from around the country. "Aside from these persons," said Searles, "we found it quite difficult to get other articulate homosexuals to step forward and speak. Since this program is not in my field anyway, the new program is to be directed by WBAI's Public Affairs Department." "The revised series will be somewhat different," continued Searles, "because it will be in the nature of a commentary rather than a symposium. It will also be shorter, usually 15 minutes, with longer 'specials' lasting for a half hour or more." The broadcasts will resume on the first Thursday in December (9 pm) and will run every Thursday thereafter. Rebroadcasts will play Friday mornings at 11:45.

VILLAGE VOICE BLACKOUT?

New York, N.Y. — Since the Village Voice was picketed by gay militants who demanded an end to its advertising policy which prohibited the use of the word "gay", there has been what seems to be a Voice blackout on news which deals with those militants. The Village Voice was the first paper to cover the Stonewall Inn riots in detail last summer, and Voice reporters wrote about the ensuing march from Washington Square to Sheridan Square in what they described sympathetically as a "Gay Power" rally. But militants were angered by the Voice's frequent use of such words as "faggot" in its regular columns, and by its refusal to print "gay" in its classified ads. "We don't care about any press coverage," said one, "since we cannot count on the press being fair to us anyway." "Our picket was successful," said another, "and the Voice finally agreed to print the word 'gay'. The paper would not agree, however, to censor its writers who use words like 'fag' or 'faggot' in their articles."

WASHINGTON POST SAYS MILITANCY GROWS

Washington, D.C.—Nancy L. Ross, a feature writer for The Washington Post has written an objective appraisal (October 25) of the growing militancy among homosexuals throughout the United States. "As among black leaders," says Miss Ross, "controversy has developed within the ranks of homosexuals as to the best methods of

achieving their ends." In San Francisco Leo Laurence, an avowed militant, "revolutionary" homosexual, has allied himself with organizations like the Black Panthers. In New York, on the other hand, the managing editor of Screw magazine, "suggests peaceful protests such as a subway kiss-in and a dance-in to integrate straight night clubs." Miss Ross

believes that activities such as are underway in New York and California are "unthinkable" in Washington, "at least for the present." She states that Washington has no gay newspapers, other than the Mattachine Society's newsletter and "a nascent mimeographed sheet of somewhat the same genre called GAY BLADE." "There are no movie houses specializing in homosexual films," she writes, although 20 years ago only 2 or 3 gay bars existed in that city under "strict police supervision." Today, there are approximately 20 bars, restaurants and nightclubs catering exclusively to Washington homosexuals.



BRIDGE TO UNDERSTANDING

A LESBIAN RAPS WITH TWO BEWILDERED MEN



BY LILY HANSEN

The editors are pleased to present Lily, who is the former editor of THE HOMOSEXUAL CITIZEN, a Washington, D.C. publication in which this, her first column, originally appeared. Lily has worked for homosexual equality since 1963.

Meeting people outside of one's own social sphere can be an educational experience—for all involved.

I went alone to a gay bar the other night for a glass of beer and to people-watch. As I was contemplating the clientele, both straight and gay, one of two handsome young men at an adjacent table smiled at me. When I returned the smile, he and his friend came over to me. "Are you male or female?" were the first awkward words I heard. Since I had taken them for gay boys, I was amused. "Isn't it obvious that I am female?" I asked. "In this place one can't be sure," came the cautious reply.

"This is a weird place," commented one boy as he sat down next to me. "I don't find it so at all," was my appropriate answer. As I explained, when they came here, they had known it was a homosexual bar. Such an impartial reply was apparently suspect. "How come you fix your hair that way?" I was asked as they gave my no-longer-recognizable pixie cut the once-over. "One might mistake you for a Lesbian." Should I give myself away? "I am a Lesbian," I admitted and braced myself.

They hadn't expected candor. But they had always wanted to talk to a homosexual. A barrage of questions hit me from these two who didn't quite know what to make of me. I seemed harmless enough, but they weren't sure just how polite it was necessary to be. They confessed that homosexuals were a complete riddle to them; neither could imagine how anyone could find the same sex attractive. They wanted to know whether the entertainer was a girl or boy; why some boys like to dress up as girls; why some Lesbians wore such (to them) uncomplimentary clothes and haircuts. And which of the customers in the bar was gay—this one, that one, and what about that one? I tried to answer their questions discreetly—while discouraging them from pointing with their fingers. They were quite young (one was celebrating his 21st birthday) and wavered between an eagerness to learn more about the subject, bewilderment, and contempt. One of them was tempted to call the waitress over with "Hey, butch"—but fortunately was stopped in time.

Their questions and comments demonstrated how confused they were. To a certain extent I could have sympathy with their incredulity, awkwardness, and embarrassment at not knowing how to react to a situation with no precedent. (After all, isn't it dampening to a straight man's ego to invite a girl over to his table, only to have her reply, "No thank you, I'm waiting for a girl"? This had happened to one of my audience earlier.)

The contrast between heterosexual and homosexual attitudes stood out sharply in my mind as we talked. These uncomprehending persons in their effort to understand must have felt like astronauts floating in an inscrutable universe. Occasionally their sense of tact was definitely suspended—as if not applicable outside heterosexual respectability. Some people think "anything goes" when they are among what they consider social nonentities and outcasts—like homosexuals, Negroes, Puerto Ricans, etc. And yet, these boys would have thought twice about being loud-mouthed in any bar.

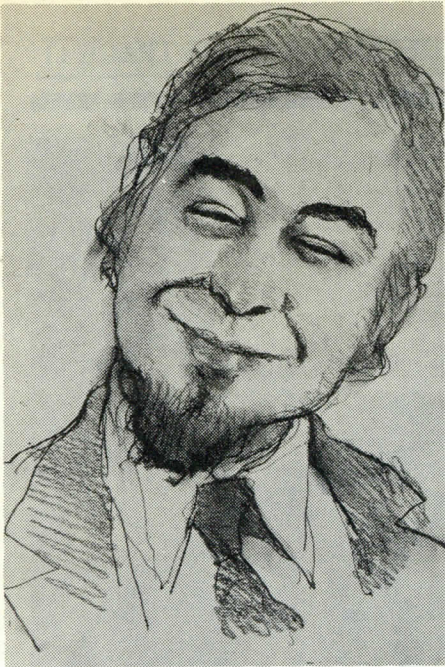
Sometimes they were coarse, but often they bent over backwards not to offend me with their questions and voiced surprise that they didn't embarrass me. How did I become a Lesbian? Did I plan to be "cured"? I tried to explain that I didn't consider myself sick and that a change to heterosexuality was no longer an issue—since in my opinion the most important thing about an individual was not his sexual orientation but the kind of human being he was and the degree of self-fulfillment he had achieved. Was this bit of philosophy too complicated? They didn't know what to say and had to "think that over."

I listened to their experiences with homosexuals who had approached them. They listened to my distinctions between solicitors and molesters who happened to be homosexual and the average, decent homosexual, who doesn't infringe on the sensibilities of others any more than the average heterosexual person. Naturally I

educated them about the Mattachine Society and described our pickets. They had never heard of the homophile movement and it seemed ludicrous to them at first that the concept of civil rights was applicable in this area. Yet they finally agreed that homosexuals were a minority just like Negroes.

By the end of the evening they had become quite enthusiastic about me and apparently wanted to show me off. They expressed their intentions to have me meet their friends. Apologetically they told me that none of them were homosexual—but that I wouldn't be made fun of. As a willing guinea pig I accepted the future offer, not without the ulterior motive of using this opportunity to advance the cause for a more enlightened approach to homosexuality. As a token of their esteem, they took me to a very nice restaurant and offered me "anything on the menu." When we finally parted, it seemed that through mutual recognition of our common humanity a glimmer of understanding had made communication between the heterosexual and homosexual view of life possible.

Will I ever see them again? Who knows—but one thing is certain: they will no longer be so ready to regard homosexuals as categories to be ridiculed. This is not to say that all their misunderstandings and fears had dissolved in an aura of benevolence and brotherhood. They did not lose their skepticism. But, through personal contact, they have begun to see the homosexual as other than a contemptible or dangerous outsider. ■



BY DR. STEPHEN KAISO

A 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 in this column, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 25 cents for handling.

Q: I am a homosexual, 37, quite good-looking, and in a top echelon executive position with a famous corporation. My problem is not being gay. It is my embarrassingly unusual taste in sex partners. I am only attracted to homeless vagrants, alcoholics I meet on park benches or in cheap bars, the most broken down hustlers and similar undesirable types. Undesirable to everybody but me, I know. I am deeply ashamed of my attraction to such people, but I can't have sex with anybody else. I cannot control this urge to go with them. Of course, I always try to help them out and give them money. I really want to help them. Can you tell why I keep doing something I hate so much?

EXECUTIVE

A. The name of the game is GUILT. Not charity, not sexual tastes, not even lack of self-control. Stop lying to yourself. You know very well you aren't going with this human garbage out of any noble desire to elevate them. It's strictly a business proposition on both sides. They want money, and you want to rent an appliance, not a PERSON. Naturally, you feel superior to an appliance. Who wouldn't? Trying sleeping with another executive. Neither of you will be able to play the put-down game, and you can concentrate on good old-fashioned fucking. It is very difficult to feel guilty during an orgasm. You can rid yourself of the pain of guilt by remembering the only curse affecting homosexuals are the ones they permit others to make.

Q: I have been considering sex-change surgery. What is your opinion?

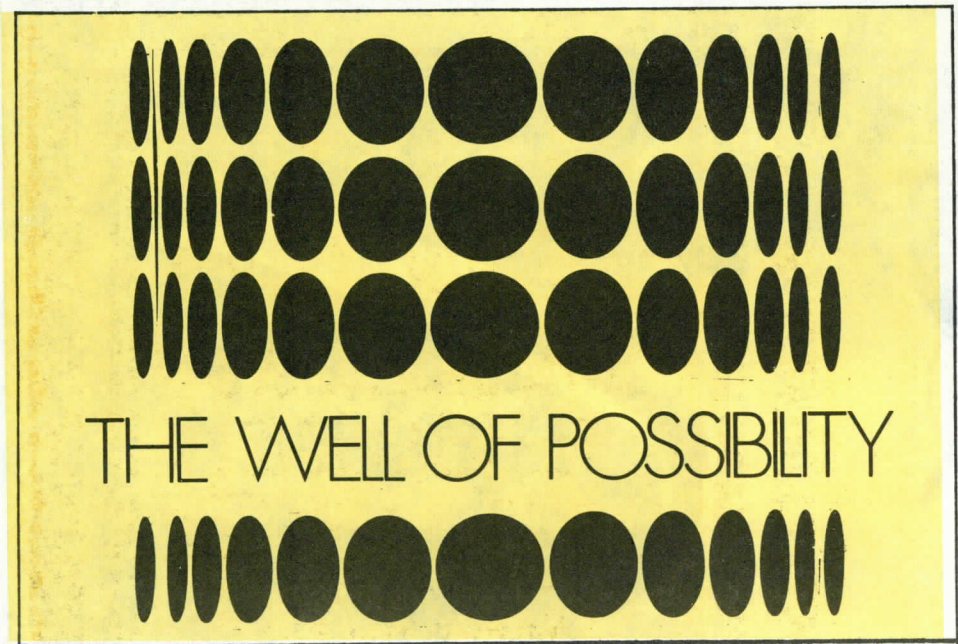
TIRED OF DRAG

A. If the question is to cut or not to cut, I say don't cut, honey. They can snip off everything but your brain, and that's where you really live. Plastic hearts, artificial pussy, nothing is really changed. You are still gay, only they can never sew that thing back if you someday decide you might have some use for it. And remember even women grow old.

Q: My lover and I have been together for what I always believed to be for both of

us a perfectly happy, mutually rewarding, four years. Recently, he stunned me completely by announcing that he intended to leave me and go off alone for at least a year, possibly forever. He wants, he tells me, time to experience other people and places and time to put his head more together. He is no longer sure of anything, he says. At the end of the year of search, he feels he will know whether our relationship is what he really wants and needs. He does not doubt the depth and genuineness of my love for him. I have never been unhappier in my life since he told me his plans. What can I do?

that is what love is about. If you really care for him so much, you must let him go to discover for himself whether you are the special person he really needs and loves, or whether some stranger in some other place is the one to complete his wholeness. His search sounds like an honest one, and he will probably return if he finds that you are more important to him than anything or anyone else the search may bring. If not, you have lost him, and you must accept this painful truth so the healing process can begin. Don't blame yourself; he is the one unable to give enough. It will help if you do not forget



MISERABLY PUZZLED

A. Very little. Rage or grief will change nothing. Perhaps your lover has never learned that genuine love cannot be exciting all the time. It isn't supposed to be. Understanding, peace, the fulfillment of each other's needs, the sharing of strengths and weaknesses and problems;

that you have had four wonderful years of love: and that what came to you once can come again if you permit it to.

Q: A negro lesbian of 25 has a mess of problems at any time. The one driving me crazy is that I only dig small blonde white chicks, and these affairs always end up being some kind of ugly S and M scene

with each of us trying to destroy the other. I'm looking for love, not guerilla warfare. Black girls don't turn me on at all, but I can't go on like this. Is there any hope? What's going wrong?

BUTCH

A. Yours is a classic case which is as common among male homosexuals as it is among heterosexuals. There is nothing wrong in itself with interracial affairs, if the MOTIVE is a healthy one. Usually, however, it is a cleverly disguised mental S&M scene. Each partner selects the other because he secretly sees him as either inferior or superior, according to the role required for the drama. Each, in the privacy of his own fantasies, then proceeds to degrade the other to a level of inferiority sufficiently low to gratify this sadistic need. It's the old put-down game again. Look into your head the next time you are in bed with one of these white girls. Do you really dig her as a person, or is it her whiteness - and supposed social superiority - which turns you on? If you permit yourself to watch one of your own fantasies during sex, you may discover how ugly it is and how totally impossible to find any love in such situations. You can only find love in people, not in sadistic fantasy figures. There are plenty of beautiful black girls. Try looking at one. It's not the color, it's the person who is important.

Q: Is there really any possibility of happiness in gay life? I am 29, handsome and attractively built, a very prosperous architect, well educated and cultured, and own a beautiful home and considerable other real estate. Wouldn't you think I should have been able to find a lover and some happiness with all the other things I have going for me?

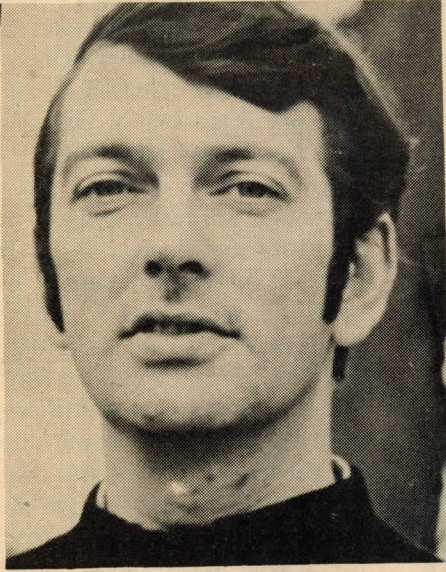
FRUSTRATED

A. You sound like a marvelous catch for anyone, so isn't it reasonable to assume that there must be something wrong with your scale of values if you still can't find love? This problem also exists widely on both sides of the sexual fence. If you are looking for someone who will love you because you are rich or handsome or own even ten cents, you are looking in the wrong place to find love. If they value only the externals, as apparently you do and expect them to; you're going to be frustrated forever. The only things of real value you have are inside you. The kind of person you are, not your personal appliances such as education or property, is the scale of values a sincere potential lover will apply to you. You should look for the same in them. You know what you're like inside. If it's worth having, there is someone waiting to share what they have with you.

Q: I am a gay junkie. There are lots of us in this city, and I'm sure most of us don't know why we want to destroy ourselves. We just keep doing something we all hate. Why?

A. It's that ugly monster GUILT again. If you accept the label of inferior outcast which so much of the misinformed heterosexual and the unhappy part of the homosexual world imposes on you, you will always try to find some way to keep running from such an ugly image of yourself. If you accept their opinions and evaluation of your worth as a homosexual, instead of forming and accepting your own as the person you really are, you're helping them place a crown of thorns on your head with your own hands. Listen to yourself for a change, instead of others. Did you know you have this right?

THE MOST ANTI-SOCIAL BOOK I'VE EVER READ



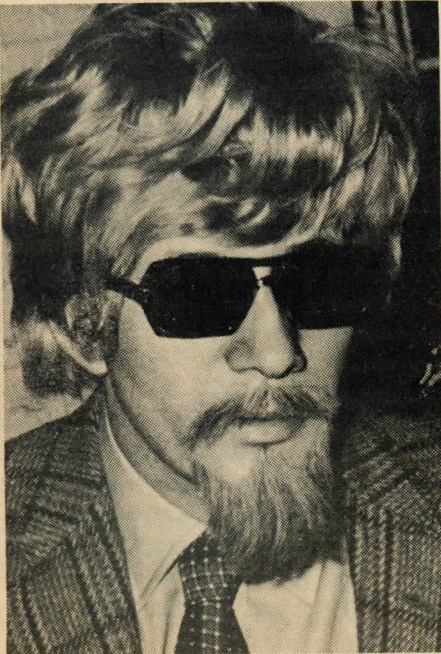
BY DICK LEITSCH

D'Arcangelo, Angelo, *THE HOMOSEXUAL HANDBOOK*. 1969, Ophelia Press \$2.25.

When I was 12 years old, I knew exactly what I wanted out of life: a man. I chased from one end of Louisville, Kentucky to the other, trying to find one who wanted me. Since I was "jailbait" and they were cowards (or blessed with good sense), I didn't get my first man until I was 17 and could pass for older.

I'd heard about the local gay bar, "the Golden Horse". That is, I'd heard that "queers" hung out there. I wasn't sure what a queer was, but I'd heard enough dirty jokes to have some idea and to know that I probably was one.

So, I pranced into the Golden Horse about 7 p.m. one evening. By eleven o'clock, when the crowd started coming in, I was juiced. The first thing I knew some nice man was buying drinks for me, and I somehow wound up in his bed. He asked if I was a virgin. I was ashamed to say yes, but hadn't the foggiest idea of what to do in bed with a man, how to talk to a "queer," or anything. I was so dumb that I thought you blew a man by exhaling on his cock, and while I wasn't sure there was any kick in that (I'd tried it on myself with an electric fan), I knew I'd like to get close enough to one to find out.



My whole education into gay life was one of *pretending* to know what was happening and how to proceed, then learning by *improvisation* and by just plain, old guesswork.

Thank god, that kind of education now belongs to the past, along with McGuffey Readers and horn books. In this age of teaching machines and televised lecturers we have just seen the publication of the first text book on "How to be a Happy, Well-laid, Well-satisfied Faggot." (Presumably, teaching machines and television lectures will come next.) Angelo D'Arcangelo has become the "gay mother" of us all, and has supplied us with an easy-to-read manual chock-full of helpful information.

Besides the practical, how-to-do-it information detailing the various sexual acts, some new approaches toward masturbating, codes-of-ethics covering behavior at orgies and public restrooms, etc. D'Arcangelo subtly preaches the standards and ethics of homosexual life and urges adherence to them. He also

shares with us the experience he has gained over his years as a (presumably) happy and well-adjusted homosexual.

In addition to being a very useful and very funny book, *THE HOMOSEXUAL HANDBOOK* is of historical importance as well. To my mind, there are few books that mark the progress of the homosexual from obscurity to his present state of almost being accepted. One is *The Well of Loneliness*, touted by many as the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the homosexual. Actually, I believe that title rightly belongs to Blair Niles' *Strange Brother* which as Birdie said in *All About Eve*, "has everything except the bloodhounds snapping at the hero's behind."

Another landmark was Cory's *The Homosexual in America* and, of course, Lonnie Coleman's *Sam*, the first gay novel, to my knowledge, which did not end in tragedy. The other landmark was not a book, but a scientific paper by Dr. Evelyn Hooker, published in 1957. Most headshrinkers had carried out detailed "studies" which "proved" homosexuals are all sick. Dr. Hooker was the first one

to use homosexuals who weren't psychiatric patients for her study, and found that we aren't sick because we're gay, although many gay patients in psychiatric therapy might be sick! (Or, why else would they be there?)

Now we have *THE HOMOSEXUAL HANDBOOK*, and quite a book it is as a symbol of how far we've come. In itself, it is excellent. As an example of the present status of the homosexual, it's positively amazing. In essence it would probably be called a manual for perversion by the moralists and uptight closet queens (who seem to run the world). Let's face it, this book will tell everyone across the country how to suck cock, to screw and get screwed, and where and how to make out. And, best of all, there's not even an attempt to put the details into clinical language.

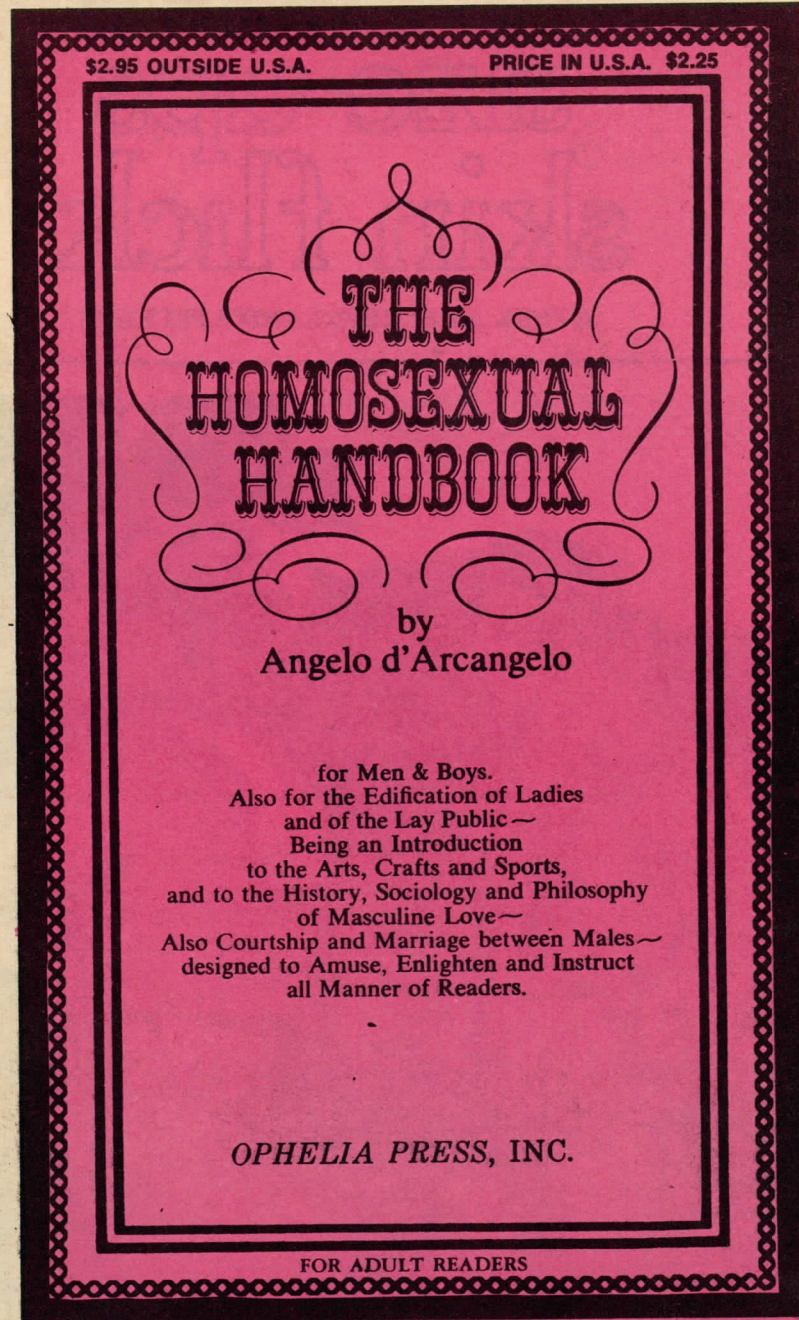
When D'Arcangelo tells you how to suck cock, he tells you how to suck cock, not "perform fellatio": "Don't forget one's mouth is not like a cunt or one's behind. You've got three hard surfaces to deal with, and you have to protect the cock from them, from teeth particularly, with only your tongue and lips. Of course, in the manipulation lies the fun."

Not only is the language anti-clinical, but the style of writing is excellent. This may be the first book to be written in good camp style. Remember "The Gay Cookbook" or "The Beginner's Guide to Cruising"? Forget them, and their sickly imitation of self-conscious camp. Apart from *Mr. Ladybug* and *The Day We Were Mostly Butterflies*, there has never been any good camp writing. The *HANDBOOK* will probably remain the classic of the genre for a long time. (For any straights reading this, I don't mean Susan Sontag's "camp", the noun, but camp, the verb, as in "to camp".)

D'Arcangelo has a definite philosophy he's pushing in this book, and it indeed needs to be pushed: "there are very few people in this life, son, who have the guts to look life in the eye and say, 'I'm gonna run you. You ain't gonna run me.'" It takes one hell of a backbone to dare to be happy. Sniveling neurotics are such a fucking drag."

The handbook is the most anti-social book I've ever read, in that it is against everything this society stands for in regard to homosexuality. In polite, and often not-so-polite terms, the author tells society to take its repressive laws and attitudes, its preachments that all homosexuals are sick, sinful, degenerated and perverted, and shove such ideas up their own giggles—with a meat hook (as Arlene Francis would say). All of the most sacred cows of the Establishment get theirs. Examples: "No sadist could possibly wish for anything better in his victims than a Christian faith. It is the perfect fodder for monsters and monstrous appetites. It weakens the defensive mechanisms and strengthens those of endurance: the perfect *ethos* for

(continued on page 18)





Such was the title of one of nine featurettes and short subjects which were on view at the Park-Miller Theatre a few weeks ago. I've always considered myself an adventurous type—willing to experience new things etc, and without being maudlin about it I suppose that would further imply an open-mindedness about things in general. Admittedly, though, it was with more than just a bit of apprehension (what! Me worry?) that I went to see and review (?) some of the current plethora of male nude flicks that have inundated "Fun City" (more fun for everybody) recently.

Now, as a movie goer, I'm sure that I'm close to being the world's worst—going only when I spot two flicks that I've been wanting to see, playing on the same bill (wanton cheapskate that I am). Also I tend to be super-critical with respect (disrespect?) to Hollywood fare since they are interested more in making a dollar than in making, with very few exceptions, a quality film ("Virginia Wolff" and the "Pawnbroker" come to mind.)

I surprised myself (I'm naive that way) because I realized that whatever apprehension I had conjured up simply did not materialize when I arrived at the theater late on a Saturday night (hmm). At any rate, my night vision took charge and I settled down for 2½ hours of "nikked men" (in color no less) not quite knowing how each film would handle its particular situation which would (should) lead to the inevitable (I'm jumping ahead of my story) love-making sequence.

At this point I would like to interject (despite my mother's pejorative words marking it as something impolite to do in mixed company,) a thought concerning things erotic and things sensual. To my mind's eye there is a difference, small, but discernible. A naked body, male or female, can be either—much depending on the surrounding situation and, to some extent, where your head is at. I feel that the sensual not only implies but "demands" a satisfaction or rather arousal of all of one's senses to some degree, whereas that which is erotic is not as comprehensive and tends to center on gratifying an aroused physical state (as soon as possible). I could continue (oh, could I continue) but suffice it to say, the men or rather the situations created (which is stretching it) were purposely erotic. It would be the mark of a sensitive and aware artist who could create both the sensual and the erotic (together and independent of one another) in a film especially the skin-flick type.

Well, to come to grips with things—as I said above, there were nine featurettes and short subjects with the following titles; Games; Athletic Supporter; Amateur Boy; Tattoo; Do Your Own Things; A Gay Mood; Ping Pong Anyone; Moving Daze; and Pot Party; To end the suspense (?) that I'm sure I've created with my brilliant writing so far, I must in all honesty say that for the most part I was bored. There was evidence of so little imagination—but perhaps I'm being unduly harsh in expecting something along these lines and hence, missing the whole point of the films.

Three of the films were really bad news, but definitely erotic in content—even though they contained a single participant in each instance. Each

involved a man (on a bed) having a great time gyrating his pelvis and going through all sorts of erotic and highly suggestive movements. It was valid, but boring. In one of these, the cameraman must have been going out of his head—it was obvious that our gyrating jerk-off was waiting for the cameraman to take his clothes off and join him. In the other two, our participants had something to divert them. One was getting his rocks off

embarrassing, and I'm sure to some (I wonder who?) an insult.

In "Athletic Supporter" and "Ping Pong Anyone" the ruse used was what I call "working up a sweat". Our "athletes" in one instance were fencing and not really knowing what the fuck they were doing. It was all so badly staged. I know enough about movie-making to know that the editing could have been a lot better. Added to the sweat bit! were some badly

BY IAN J. TREE

size-ups skin flick

A PEEK AT SCREENLAND'S PECKERS



reading a male sunbathing magazine—the other was aroused (?) while watching television—really bad news.

With the exception of two of the films, "Games", and "Pot Party", all the others were without even an ounce of imagination or at least some attempt to proceed with some logic from the opening sequence to the love-making. It was all so artificial and perhaps

staged sequences which involved one of our 'swish-bucklers' being injured by the other and slowly they were ripping each other's clothes off—until they were revealed—end of flick. In Ping Pong, the situation, playing ping pong, was a little more natural, but the same inane device of 'working up a sweat' was used. This one was more interesting in that both lads were attractive—not of the really

handsome school—but pleasing in both face and body. One lad went down on the other, or so they would have you think and it seemed genuine enough.

The two films that did show some twinges of imagination were, as I mentioned above, "Games", and "Pot Party." The latter's attempt at realism consisted of filming the opening sequences on a real live street (probably San Francisco) with real live people and cars passing by—and they even gave their "stars" credit. The film went down hill from there and consisted of a four-man orgy pot party—one or two nice bodies and faces. The other film, "Games" caught my fancy in that I feel that the film-maker was really trying to put some sensitivity and honesty in his film and (for lack of film and perhaps, money) I think he succeeded. It involved two young lads in the woods. It wasn't clear at the beginning if they were together and had discovered an abandoned barn in the woods or had come upon it independently. There was an added dimension (for me at least) to the film in that it was filmed during the autumn and the ground was strewn with leaves. Both lads, one in particular, were young and had the genuine look of innocence about them—that youthful sort of innocence with just a touch of naive—really beautiful and something which I still believe in. At any rate—the first lad discovered the abandoned barn and then the second lad (the camera focused on his face which set the mood of innocence) was watching the first through the trees and then he came out and they danced and wrestled around in the leaves—fell to the ground—and suddenly everything was still—camera shots of both their faces (one at a time)—the slow, agonizing (hesitant) scene where they touch lips lightly and tenderly—and then our film-maker employed a cinematic device which I call the split-second flashback—only this was a neat twist in that it was the split-second flash-forward. Of course, you couldn't tell this because the flash-forward depicted the two of them (in the barn come to think of it) undressing one another and then holding one another and kissing each other with tenderness and passion. This occurred two or three times and then the film caught up with itself and they were inside the barn undressing one another, etc. They then walk outside into the bright but dappled sunlight and walk through the woods holding hands, kissing and looking at one another. This to me was very sensual but not particularly erotic. The film ended with this sequence and I found myself wishing that the film-maker had had a larger budget so he could have developed it further. Too bad.

In all, I've not been put off by these films, mostly because there was some evidence of imagination in at least two of the films—so all is not lost. I've been told that Pat Rocco's films have all the good things which seem to be of importance and lacking in most male/nude flicks—sensitivity, honesty, imagination, realism, affection, etc. Despite a boring baptism into this new area, I intend to see Rocco's work and perhaps—if Jack and Lige dig the idea, I will assault your senses with more of my super-critical rhetoric in a forthcoming issue.

Ciao!



BRIAN REYNOLDS STARS IN "A BREATH OF LOVE", A PAT ROCCO FILM.

SCREW'S ZANY EDITOR (WITH A YEN FOR THE LADIES)

BLOWS OFF STEAM (AND OTHER THINGS...)

AL GOLDSTEIN'S



BAD MOUTH

H Hi fellow fags . . . this is "Big Al" and I do mean big, with a few words that will try to put you down and put you on. Some of my best friends are homosexuals. My father was a notorious cocksman with the F.B.I. and my mother—God rest her harlot soul, was a blowhard for the Wacks. Me? I am the All-American male and you sweet souls out there in gayland wish you were like me or could get into me. My purity is reserved for the ass of Jim Buckley and the mouth of his mustached and effeminate brother David, the Crown Queen of Media.

So why am I so nasty in this column after building up the reputation of the nice gay next door in the pages of SCREW? Simple. You pricks who buy GAY are too fucking serious and too plain damned serious. Being uptight is o.k. (in the anus route) but ridiculous in your generally heavy-handed approach to life.

YOU ARE BORES AND DULL WITTED IN YOUR GREY SENSES OF HUMOR. Get with it and if being gay is such a ball then start laughing at yourself and at life.

When I first met Jack and Lige they were much too serious and seldom laughed. After seven months of serving servitude with SCREW and sharing in the healthy atmosphere of our zany newspaper, they occasionally crack a smile a la Ed Sullivan which proves that even card-carrying homosexuals can learn late in life the joys of taking nothing serious including themselves.

I can hear the babble of your retorts that if I had been picked on and persecuted as much as you poor souls then I would be equally hypersensitive to put downs. BULLSHIT! My Jewish heritage though non practice of religion gives me ample opportunity to empathize with the plight of bullied-on minorities and I have developed a sense of humor as a defense. But, you creeps out there feel too fragile and take everything so damned seriously that "normal" people like

myself are put to sleep by the din of your polemics and clic-click of your precision feet that march in manicured and squared uniformity.

Don't get me wrong, I still like some homosexuals and not the Uncle Tom variety but rather those with the lust for life and sex which permits the enjoyment of the ridiculousness of the hunt and the acrobatics of the positioning.

Some may ask why is this hostile dosage of distemper on my part permitted in the pages of GAY, a so-called pro gay newspaper. Why not? All your lives you have clung together and joined groups and attended plays that were filled with self-congratulatory pap spelling out what superior souls you are. As devil's advocate I intend to pin-prick your delusions and self reinforcing crap.

If my straight friends and I have had to pour through the dull meanderings of Homosexual Citizen and Randy Wicker's trashy piece on "Up The Ass Is A Gas" in a recent issue of SCREW, then you wierdos will have to deal with my nonsense.

I personally like Randy but in a future column will attack his prejudices against faggot fat-boys and dirty old men like myself. I neither want to fuck Randy at this time or have him fuck me, so help me God, but what if I wanted to? Fat guys have rights too. Jesus, I sound like Leah Fritz. My next column will explore this flabby question more fully unless I have a better idea of how to fill this space. But that and other delusions on the part of my homosexual friends will make up the blanknesses in this area. Buckley thinks the concept of this column and my writing "style" is a blank anyway, but what the fuck does a fruity, snot-nosed kid who enjoys eating dingleberries know, anyway.

If this column appears to be brief, tough-titty. Working with the motley crew at SCREW demoralizes me and I would rather go home and beat my famous peter.

A Aleister Crowley, infamous occultist, referred to himself as Baphomet, the androgynous (bi-sexual) God usually associated with homosexuals. For a detailed account of his homosexual-occult involvements read *The Magical Dilemma* of Victor Neuberg, W. H. Allen, 1965, London.

In *The History of Witchcraft* by Montague Summers he writes: "One of the principle charges which was repeatedly brought against the Knights Templar during the lengthy ecclesiastical and judicial processes, 1307-1414, was that of the *osculum infame* given by the juniors to their preceptors. Even so prejudiced a writer as Lea (historian Henry Charles Lea, his book *The Inquisition Of The Middle Ages*) cannot but admit the truth of this accusation. In this case, however, it has nothing to do with sorcery but must be connected with the homosexuality which the Order universally practised."

Throughout history the homosexual has been high priest in most religions, sects, secret societies and cults. He has an honored heritage as shaman, soothsayer, prophet, psychic and witch. One of these gay-witch groups inspired the Marquis de Sade in his writings. The *Ordo Templi*

incantations over it, and light a match to it.

We all watched it disappear into smoke. And the place soon livened up. Things were always *popping* one hour after the ritual. I could never figure it out. Perhaps it was the words she uttered. Some strange voodoo."

During the Inquisition whether you were heretic or homosexual you were *burned as a witch*. St. Paul's condemnation of sodomy in the Bible is not so much for the homosexual act as it was because of its association with "pagan deities." Religious homosexuality abounded in Greece, Rome, Egypt, the ancient Jews, while the Far and Middle East have long had widespread religious homosexuality. In North Africa Lesbianism was considered sacred and many of the Arab countries brought boys up to be girls! In the Middle Ages homosexuality was part of the witches rites, the Black Mass and a form of anti-religion. Witches were believed to kiss Satan's backside during their sabbats but the "osculum infame" (infamous kiss!) attributed to the Knights Templar was more than likely fellatio performed on the male organ!

Dame Fortune is undoubtedly a drag Queen! Lady Luck a Lesbian! Priestly robes a form of theological transvestism!

THE GAY WITCH

BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTELLO



Orienteis... Order of Eastern Templars... practised sexual magic involving homosexual eroticism. Some chapters still exist but the one in New York City in 1930 fell apart because the members were more interested in "bewitching" each other than in witchcraft!

Other occult societies that practiced a gay group grope were the Thelemites, the Evadists, the Theocratic Society and Aleister Crowley's branch of The Golden Dawn. In New York City there currently is a coven of gay witches presided over by a black magician (literally) whose members perform their own unique version of the Black Mass. In the part that says "This is my body..." each witch fellates the huge organ of the high priest, taking turns, and when he reaches orgasm he screams "This is my blood!"

In Kenneth Marlowe's book *Mr. Madam* he describes the New Orleans madam he worked for using a witchcraft ritual to bring in business on slow nights: "Madame Sue passed a pair of scissors and an envelope around and each of us snipped off pubic hairs and put them into the envelope and passed it on to the next. When we were finished she would seal the envelope and put it in one of the large metal ashtrays, saying various Indian

The Gay Witch is very prominent today. Most modern male mediums (not all) are psychically bisexual if not homosexual. For a detailed analysis of this see "The Borderline Bisexuality of Many Mystics" in my book *The Weird Ways of Witchcraft*.

The witches broom is an elongated phallic symbol (as are candles, the musician's baton, the magician's wand). The domes and cupulas adorning many temples and mosques are monuments to the mammary glands! Many modern religionists who light candles while in a kneeling position would undoubtedly achieve more effective results if they shoved the lit end up their behinds! The manipulation of prayer beads a form of displaced masturbation. Established church rituals are dead. Back to the old religion: Witchcraft!

GAY readers are invited to send in their questions about any phase of occultism: Witchcraft, Black Magic, Voodoo, Astrology, Graphology, Hexing, Numerology, Love Potions, Mind Power, etc., for answer in THE GAY WITCH column. Dr. Martello is author of many books on the subject, including two new ones *The Weird Ways of Witchcraft* and *The Hidden Worlds of Hypnotism*. Address Dr. Martello, c/o GAY.

Camping Out With Aunti Butch

What a Mary-Go-Round life in your upper echelons of gay society is! And here we are to report it in every glittering detail, with an emphasis wherever possible on "tail." But you knew that . . .

It seems only yesterday that several affluent members of the Wet Set (which is what I call the more "mature" and therefore sloppier cocksuckers I've known from Coast-to-Coast, meaning Brava and Smeralda as well as East and West) were paying regular scratch to keep out of CONFIDENTIAL (remember her?). Now they're getting on positively *en flagrante* and dying for publicity! One of my dearest friends, who has arthritis so bad she can't roll his eyes, is bugged because when the local gendarmerie pulled one of its pre-election shake-downs at a posh afterhours place lately they didn't run her in for transvestism. Her bells weren't flared enough to qualify! So here I am to drop names willy-nil and make up for such oversights. The lions of Gay Society are to have their day at last. Isn't it marvy to be a free nigger?

Richter von Dingus, whose grandpapa was a real life baroness from someplace like the Principality of Pless, and Spurlock "Spur" Matta (of the Very Important Mattas) electrified the Too-Beautiful People with a brunch at their cunning Murray Hill garden apartment last Sunday by featuring a new thing called a White Russian Salad. Prince Alexi Jergoff provided the dressing in his inimitable way, Alexi having the farthest-coming cock this side of L'Hermitage, but you knew that.

Among the boulevardears (Third Ave., that is) present were Fuller Koch and Pud Pullman, celebrating their fifth (month); Hardin Cox and Jam Zipper (of the Seventh Avenue Zippers, who along with threads have holdings in junk and antiques, take your pick), wearing identical BB's with contrasting sashes, ascots and jockies. So chic. Fuller is an ex-lover of a certain composer of Broadway hits who is down again with the Rimming Complaint, so they say. Well, she deserves a rest.

Also present were seven other stunners, one of them a real Midnight Cowboy recommended by Scotty's successor out Hollywood way. Richter always invites an odd number (if you'll pardon the redundancy, and I know you will) so that in case anything group-y develops there's someone free to answer the 'phone.

I had to run out to catch the end of the Sunday-afternoon-Saturday-night recovery bout at Julius'—where the oldest college sophomores in the world gather and everyone *still* pretends to be so butch that she just dropped in famished for one of those greasy hamburgers. Never mention "cruise" in Julius', my dears. They still wear their boxer shorts down there—backwards, of course—, but dear Ronny (*his* grandpapa accumulated soap holdings—and Ronnie has picked up a few cakes in his time, too) traditionally presides over a coterie of the East Side's finest (if not humpiest), so I drop in when I can.

Often I pick up a tidbit such as that



Chess Harris will keep his cottage (yeah, 12 rooms and done by Billy Baldwin) in Bucks County open through Thanksgiving for his annual Gobbler Gayla, featuring Fat Glans and the Foreskins for dancing. If it's anything like *last* year's, when Angela You-Know-Who dropped in, I

advise everyone to leave his codpiece at home. *Everything* will be checked at the door. Won't it be fun?

Since no one every really makes out at Julius' (maybe it's the light, but I rather imagine it's the attitude), the Ronny

group ended up in sex-ions—some to the corner of Christopher and the Avenue of the Americas (the Too-Beautiful People eschew dowdy old Sixth Avenue), others to the trucks (particularly Pugh Bix and some back number she got engaged to the night of the costume competition, sic, at the Stud), and the die-hards to the Continental. (What a way to die!)

Pugh, by the by, informed me there are now thirty-one gay bars in Manhattan! But, of course, *our* group doesn't frequent them with any frequency, just one or two nights midweek usually. It's not chic to be seen out on weekends. But you knew that.

Playwright Edward You-Know-Who was at the baths wearing a body wraparound in poplin and Gucci scuffs. Eddie always brings her own personals, including flavored KY in case anyone changes his mind. I was just *spaced*, my dears, so I stayed only long enough for a sandwich. Didn't catch the names, but they weren't anyone *you* know. On the way out into that awful West Side autumn sun glaring down on those grubby streets (they're Spic over there, but hardly Span, as Hardin Cox, who's never been West except to Lincoln Center, says), I ran into Hogue Waller. Hogue was looking prune-y, though prosperous (why not—his mama is *the* Hogue Waller Pork Chip and Beef Jerky heiress, and Hogue doesn't even *need* that GQ caption-writing job).

Just had time before last night's deadline to meet Fermin Upp for a Bloody Udder at the Four Seasons (*you* know, V8 and Champale, it's *in*). Fermin is devoted to high vents this season, cut just below the shoulder blades and revealing Fornicato's new mauve hopsacking westkit with detailed rear piping. Divoon. We avoided Ayer Loeb (just too *limp* for the Seasons and still wearing pointed toes), who came back from a mid-season jaunt to Nassau *pale*. Not done. But, then, Ayer is the sort who thinks Bebe Rebozo would be a fun dinner companion. My dears, he is not, White House or no White House. Of course, speaking of the W.H., there *are* those I know who would like to get a grip on David Eisenhower's ears. But just once, and not for publication.

On for a quick bite and a grope in the head at the Country Cousin, which is low-brow to the Wet Set, but cozy. It hasn't been discovered by the Narrow Ties from Jersey yet and ruined the way Poppycock's was. Or Stage 45. Got an average blow job 'neath the 71st St. bridge, and then home to RSVP to Les Fincter and Lash Payne, who are hosting a Do-In up East Hampton way next weekend. Of course you'll *be* there. Bells and no beads, says Les. And underwear. Les and Lash are among those who like to keep their Do's tasteful and outwardly conventional, the dears, since they have so many drop-ins from the straight world up Hamptons way. So underplay your baskets, which is the fashion of the season among the Too-Beautiful People. Sic transit big cocks on display. That's for the stage, my dears. But you knew that.

What a Mary-Go-Round life in Gay Manhattan in the fall is!

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GAY IS GOOD!



IN THIS DAY OF FAST-CHANGING MORES, A NEW JOURNAL HAS STEPPED INTO THE PUBLISHING ARENA TO RECORD WITH DIGNITY THE OUTPOURING OF NEWS WHICH ENVELOPES THE HOMOSEXUAL COMMUNITY BOTH HERE AND ABROAD. EVERYWHERE ONE TURNS, GAY PEOPLE ARE ON THE MARCH, ATTEMPTING TO BUILD A BETTER WORLD FOR THEMSELVES, SEEKING EQUAL TREATMENT AT THE HANDS OF SOCIETY, AND CHANGING CENTURIES OLD IMAGES AND STEREOTYPES OF THE HOMOSEXUAL

IF YOU WISH TO KEEP ABREAST OF THESE EVENTS, TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE THEATRE, AND IN BOOKS, MUSIC AND FILMS (PARTICULARLY AS THESE AFFECT HOMOSEXUALS) YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITH-

OUT A SUBSCRIPTION TO THIS UNIQUE NEWSPAPER. MALE AND FEMALE COLUMNISTS AND WRITERS, WHO ARE AMONG THE NATION'S MOST ARTICULATE GAY SPOKESMEN, WILL MARCH INTO AREAS OF DISCUSSION WHICH HAVE ALWAYS INTRIGUED PEOPLE OF ALL SEXUAL PERSUASIONS BUT WHICH HAVE SELDOM (IF EVER) SEEN THE PRINTED PAGE.

YOU WILL WANT TO ASSIST THE GROWTH OF GAY IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY, AND TO WATCH PROUDLY AS IT ROLLS OFF THE PRESSES DOING ITS PART IN BRINGING ABOUT A SANER, HAPPIER, HEALTHIER WORLD FOR EVERYONE. SUBSCRIBE TO GAY NOW AND ASSURE YOURSELF THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE EACH EXCITING BI-WEEKLY ISSUE.

(continued from page 13)

slaves, wives and concubines, lackeys of various sorts, and if pets could pray, dogs."

J. Edgar Hoover: "He's got the records on everybody. That evil queen could blackmail the President and probably does."

"Of course, homosexuals are "complete" citizens... The wonderful freedom we enjoy as Americans is equality of oppression."

The HOMOSEXUAL HANDBOOK became a runaway bestseller before it was officially released. That was not because everyone in town was just dying to learn how to be gay (though it'll probably sell well for that reason too), but because the last chapter contains a list of a few score famous people, living and dead, whom the author lists as homosexuals. The first edition of this book in a green cover, with the imprint of "Traveller's Companion Series" was 50,000 copies at \$1.95 each. They were delivered to the shops and suddenly caught on with the show biz set, who read it to see which of their friends were listed. (Some who are: Joel Grey "the littlest star on Broadway", Tony Curtis "He has not been heard of since he left Forty-Second Street", Al Carmines, "The good fairy to much of Off-Broadway", Franco Corelli "Very much a la Mae Murray, but more sincere." Naturally, *Variety* publicized the book in its own giggly style.

Suddenly, the publishers called back the whole edition. They claim to have gotten half of the 50,000. The rest were being blackmarketed for up to \$20, and people who wouldn't dream of going into the porno shops on 42nd Street were suddenly cajoling and buddying-up to the sweaty little men who sit on high stools in those shops, trying to be the first in their set to have the HOMOSEXUAL

HANDBOOK. The air was rife with rumours of libel suits, and people were making book on which of the celebrities on the list would sue and risk becoming the Oscar Wilde of our generation.

Well, the new edition is out. This time as an Ophelia Press book, and priced at \$2.25. Twenty more names have been added to the list, and only one dropped: that of J. Edgar Hoover (who still gets his mention as "That evil queen" in an earlier chapter.

The list was probably just a publicity gag anyway, since it's terribly incomplete and arbitrary. It contains the names of unimportant people and some doubtful ones (Eric Satie, Pope Sixtus IV), and ignores others who are better known and have had more impact on our Western, and particularly, American, culture, (John Maynard Keynes, Paul Goodman, William McChesney Martin, Bayard Rustin) and who could have easily met the author's criteria.

I am enthusiastic about this book, and I recommend it highly. I think it's probably the most significant, as well as one of the most useful, books of our time. (Would you believe it's *The Power of Positive Thinking, How to Win Friends and Influence People* and *Peace of Soul* all rolled into one and wrapped in a camp package?) The one complaint I have is that the author stooped to the depths of bitchery in making his list of famous homosexuals. He's perfectly willing to list names of men who are married and have families (o.k., so the family might just be a "cover"), and of others who have taken great pains to hide their homosexuality. Then he turns around and signs a pseudonym to his book. Will the real Angelo D'Arcangelo step forward? If he's so willing to expose others, who probably have their own reasons for covering up their homosexuality, why not use his real name on the back of the book? ■

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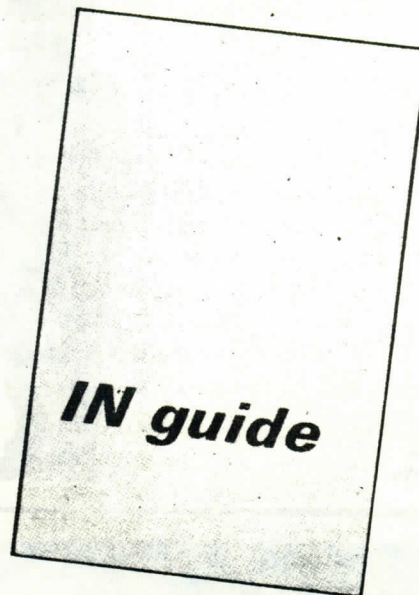
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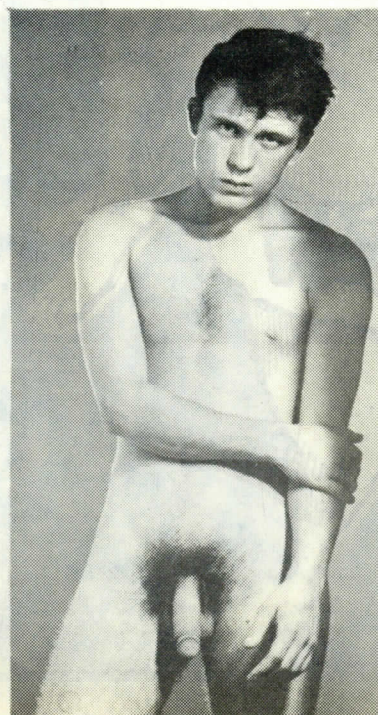
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OH, I KNOW ABOUT SAIGON... THE CITIES... BUT WHAT ABOUT OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE LIKE WE ARE?



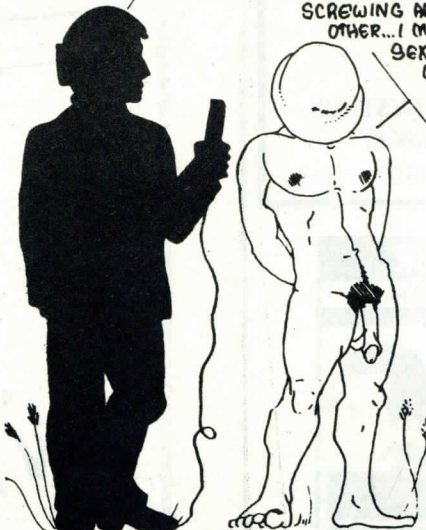
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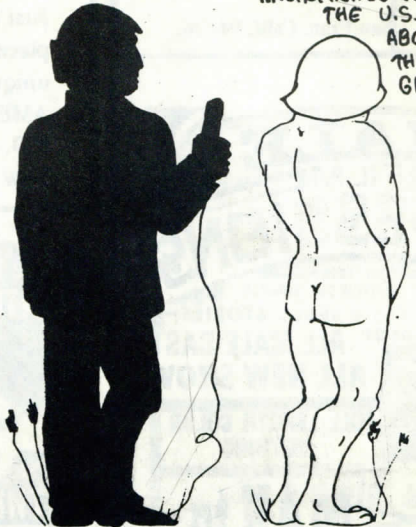
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