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MY BROTHER IS GAY P.7
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MORGAN ROYCE: Plays Ephraim in THE SONG OF THE LOON New York Premiere in April at the Park-Miller Theatre

BY MICHAEL KOTIS

Christopher Street, for the edification of the mainstream and those who are playing innocent, is located in the west Village and extends eight blocks in length between Greenwich Avenue and West Street. It is, since at least a typical Village street with its various shops, cafes, brownstones, apartment houses, and theatre. Although Christopher Street is heavily traveled, it is basically quiet in mood and quiet in character. It is, also, the most consistently amazing gay street in New York. On good nights, which occur with surprising frequency, the few stragglers disappear at an early hour, as if by enchantment, and the Street becomes a gay haven from one end to the other. All types of homosexuals can be found here, but the preponderance of glib, glibly who stand, walk and sit along the way make the atmosphere and interaction beyond comparison. As a mecca of homosexual types, the Street exhibits many things which are beyond belief, but thus, nonetheless, I have selected a few golden moments to recount in my own experience. In all probability you will not believe them, but most people who haven't seen at least these things themselves don't believe these either, unless they really know Christopher Street.

Imagine, if you can, that it is approaching 3 AM on a mild, sultry evening. You are standing on the corner of Christopher and Waverly waiting for The Answer To All Your Problems to come strolling by. There is an automobile traffic, and the quiet is so intense that you can hear a pair of little tight bell-bottoms creaking two blocks away. Suddenly an eye turns toward Greenwich Avenue in union to behold a vision riding down the center of the Street on a unicycle! With mouth open and eyes agape like children at a circus, you and your companions are entranced by this unending panorama as it glides forward, hails momentarily, jerks and quivers nervously, and then moves onward. At the intersection where you are standing, it stops to perform several whirling maneuvers and spasmodic forward-backward movements. And so suddenly as it appeared, the figure disappears into the night leaving the cheers and applause of an admiring audience piercing the silence.

And then there was the night that you noticed several vague figures stealthily emerge from a cafe at the corner of Washington and Christopher carrying signs with an air of uncompromising determination. "Another Stonewall protest!" you ponder. "But that was months ago." Slowly, but with increasing assurance, the group of shadows attempts to form a line while maintaining a "Do Your Own Thing" philosophy. The straggling line begins to move to the chant of "Power to the people! Christopher Street to the gays!" Approximately one block away, their destination is achieved, the Port Authority Trans-Hudson (PATH) station. "Power to the gays! Christopher Street to the gays! Liberate PATH!" Down with PATH! The chanting continues, the signs wave in the weak light; few people interrupt their cruising to take more than a moment's notice. After awhile, an indignant figure emerges from Dante's, the corner guy but, mutters some angry words to several protesters, and returns. She has several more chains are thrown and then the signed procession slowly

the view from CHRISTOPHER STREET



starts by its corner only.

In the same general area in which the protest took place, another golden moment came to fruition. While strolling up the Street and feasting your eyes on the bar stools, you hear a rasping sound which, for some reason, reminds you of your childhood. In the distance, a figure in a dark raincoat, black frocked hat, flowing mustache and beard approaches you at an amazing speed. The rasping increases as the figure gets nearer. When the silhouette emerges into the light, he looks up, smiles, and whizzes by on his roller skates. Two minutes later, he passes you again, after being expelled from Danny's, where they don't encourage customers on skates. Undaunted, you meet an unforgettable character reappears later in the evening at the International Stud, without skates, but with an American flag draped over his shoulder. Ah, patriotism.

One of Christopher Street's most golden moments was the Stonewall riot. By now, the facts and incidents have become legendary. Any who can or would want to forget the scene in which a lot of advancing, grizzled, like TFP cops were pushed by a kicking chain of fags, kids whose performance implied that of the Ruchettes. Or who would want to forget the sheer spite of the policeman who dropped his canteen and ran off after hearing "How would you like my Spanish cock up your little Irish ass? Or the story of the guy being chased down the Street who dashed into a telephone booth, dialed 911 (emergency police) and said, "Send help! Some big spot in blue sex after me with clubs!"

And then there was the night that Mattachine set up a table at The Corona (Christopher Street and Greenwich Avenue) to solicit signatures on petitions protesting police harassment. Within a short time the crowd grew to such size that no one could pass, not even the police. Manning the table was a young, blond, boy whose "hawking" ability created an immediate sensation with such lines as: "If you can't find an apartment, sign this petition and stop the population explosion" and "Sign the petition so the cops can have lavender gloves instead of dull blue dogs."

At the other end of the Street, there is the truck scene. It's quite a busy little area, and someday one of those trucks will pull away with an unsuspecting load of freight. The area is usually quiet, but you can recall the night when everything had been peaceful until some joker parked his car near the trucks, blew the phony police siren in his car, and disappeared while swarms of humanity emerged from nowhere, frantically pulling at their pants, and running in every conceivable direction, including the river. Those false alarms can be disconcerting.

These are only a few golden moments on the golden thoroughfare. There are other minor incidents: the stoops overflowing with people who verbally admire the passing crowd; the parade of dogs taking their owners out for a walk at 2 AM; the pink Cadillac which occasionally appears to delight the Street's habitues. Since it is difficult to be there all the time, I've missed some of Christopher Street's endless entourage of entertainment, but there will always be more. If you stop by some evening, you might be fortunate enough to catch a memorable moment, and then you'll fully understand why the Landmarks Commission declared the area a historical district. The first destination



Jon Iverson as Cyrus Wheelwright



A scene from SONG OF THE LOON



Morgan Hoyce

The Song Of The Loon

If you enjoyed Richard Amory's popular novel *Song of the Loon* you won't want to miss the technicolor film starring Morgan Royce as Ephraim MacIver and Jon Iverson as Cyrus Wheelwright. *Song of the Loon* is the first big budget film with a homosexual theme to be released in 1970. Originally published by Greenleaf Classics in 1966, the book became the first widely-read gay sexual fantasy. It concerns a young man who wanders into Indian territory in the 1880's and passes from one Indian to another enjoying a series of passionate liaisons. Nude scenes and masculine kissing, a part of the original script, have been adhered to in the film in a "tasteful" manner. *Song of the Loon* premieres at the Park Theatre in Los Angeles. It begins its run at New York's Park-Miller Theatre in early April.

DID OSCAR WILDE DIE FOR OUR SINS

BY DICK LEITSCH

Lid Oscar Wilde die for our sins? A growing cult of gay people look upon Wilde as a homosexual Christ-figure, the king (or perhaps, in this case queen) who had to die in order that we might live. Was Oscar a brave man who dared challenge the laws and customs of his time, or was he just a fool who blundered into a trap of his own making and paid for his stupidity with his career—and his life?

This issue, and Wilde's politics, writings and life ("I put only my talent into my work, but my genius into my life.") are examined in a new book published just in time to celebrate the 70th anniversary of his death. Part of Prentice Hall's *Twentieth Century Views* series, this collection is titled simply *Oscar Wilde*.

The finest essay in the collection is by W.H. Auden who, perhaps because he's gay himself, makes the most perceptive comments on Wilde and his life. Other contributors include Gide, Yeats, Joyce, Mary McCarthy, Brendan Behan and George Bernard Shaw among others.

Life, for this man who described it as "simply a *manvais quart d'heure*, made up of exquisite moments," ended on November 30, 1900. Since then, Wilde has been reviled as the epitome of degeneracy and extolled as the brightest light of a generally dark historical period. His plays have appeared in highly acclaimed anthologies and denounced as second-rate or worse. His political views have been alternately admired, ignored and denounced. He has been accused of being a poseur, and judged a genius. In all of this confusion, one thing is certain: Oscar would have loved it. He did say "There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about."

Wilde was a paradox, which is appropriate for a man who raised the paradox to an art form. The most famous homosexual (or most infamous faggot, depending upon one's point of view) in history, he was yet a bisexual and the father of two sons. ("Every experience is of value, and whatever one may say against marriage, it certainly is an experience.") He was a snob ("To be in [high society] is merely a bore. To be out is simply a tragedy.") and warned that one should never throw stones at the Establishment: "Only people who can't get in do that." Yet, he wrote a radical tract extolling Socialism, Communism, or whatever one chooses to call it. He praised agitators, put down charity work, and expressed an underlying anarchism that belied his Socialism. But he did say "I have always been of the opinion that consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative."

Wilde set out to be a public figure. He began by shocking people through his dress and conversation, and achieved enough notoriety to become the "HERO" of a popular underground novel, *The Green Carnation*, the central figure in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta and the frequent target of cartoons in

Punch. Later, he turned to hack writing, then to literature. He had several plays running on the London stage at the time of his arrest, wrote a "shocking" play, *Salome*, and a "scandalous" novel, *The Picture of Dorian Grey* (much of which he plagiarized along with a pseudonym he later used from his mother's uncle).

There is no doubt that Wilde "came out" at a late age. Some claim he was not yet out in 1884 when, at the age of 30, he married Constance Lloyd. That seems improbable, as he'd picked up Bobby Sherard a year earlier. Had he, by the way, had an affair with Bobby rather than Lord Alfred Douglas, there well may have been no scandal.

Wilde's marriage, Auden claims, "was certainly the most immoral and perhaps the only really heartless act of Wilde's life." Constance is on record as saying before the tragedy that her marriage was an unhappy one, and it became such hell after Wilde's arrest that she had to take the children, change their names, and flee to the Continent. If nothing else, Wilde stands as a warning to those homosexuals who would use a wife and children as a "cover" for closet-queens.

Oscar's downfall didn't begin with Queensbury's "slander," nor with his own arrest. It began the day he met Bosie, as he called Lord Alfred Douglas. Wilde was a snob and Bosie had a title. Bosie had youth (he was barely 21, Wilde was 37) and beauty (or so his contemporaries say—photographs evidently didn't capture it). Wilde was a famous literary figure, Bosie wanted to write—though nothing he ever wrote rises above the third-rate level. Also, Oscar was an entre to literary circles, and he was rich—or at least, he spent money as if he were. Bosie's father was tight-fisted and capricious and money was often not forthcoming. So, Wilde was used by Douglas for free—meals, drinks and hustlers.

The Wilde-Douglas affair proves that age doesn't always corrupt youth; youth often corrupts age. Oscar had always kept his love life quiet, and had confined his sexuality to partners of his own class. Bosie was a "trade queen" and was constantly being blackmailed—and Wilde paid up for him. Douglas showed Oscar the gay brothels and started him patronizing them. They appear to have had little sex together and even that was apparently unsatisfactory.

Oscar loved Bosie too much, and was much too indulgent. This often happens when an older man loves a younger one and allows himself to be exploited by the tyranny of youth. (Youth, I am increasingly convinced, is much overrated. I believe one should never make love to anyone under twenty five unless the boy has the mind of a thirty-year old.)

Oscar Wilde was not the first man—gay or straight—to be ruined by a selfish bitch with a pretty face. And a bitch Bosie was, even when he was too old to be so gracefully, long after Oscar was dead. In the 30's and 40's he spent time in jail for slandering several persons, including Winston Churchill.



Resentment was Bosie's ruling passion; resentment of his father, the Marquis of Queensbury, who never like his sissy son. In those days, resentful, bitchy sons didn't grow their hair long and run off to live in communes. Bosie saw in Oscar Wilde the perfect took to "freak out the old man," as our contemporaries might put it. He made sure Queensbury heard of Wilde buying dinner and wine for Bosie in the Cafe Royale. He arranged for the old man to hear of their affair and Wilde's flamboyant reputation. He let Papa know of the escapades in Alfred Taylor's all male brothel.

The ploy worked, and the elder Douglas who was not exactly mentally stable himself, went off the deep end. One day Bosie and Oscar were lunching and Queensbury came into the restaurant. There was almost a fight, but Wilde soon charmed the old man and they became friends. Bosie, chagrined, began a series of letters and postcards to Papa, who again freaked out and responded with other letters and postcards.

On February 18, 1895, the elder Douglas went to Oscar's club and left his card, on which he had written "To Oscar Wilde posing as a sodomite." A wiser man might have laughed this off. He could have done so with honor, as Queensbury's eccentricity was well-known. But Bosie, seeing a chance to disgrace his father, encouraged Wilde to sue for libel. Wilde did, and lost. He was then prosecuted for homosexual offenses. Convicted, he served two years in Reading Gaol, was released and went to France, poor and friendless—except for the ever faithful Bobby Sherard and a few other gay friends—where he died of cancer in Paris.

After his death the enormity of what society had done to him hit home. Many

people realized that jailing Oscar Wilde for two years did nothing for society or the common good. All it did was break and kill a good writer and he was a good writer no matter what Mary McCarthy says. His case has influenced legal thinking about the value of punishing homosexual offenses with imprisonment and did lead to law reform.

But a homosexual crusader Oscar Wilde was not. For all of his parlor revolutionary stance, when the chips were down, he was a cop-out. "Had Verlaine received Queensbury's card," Auden suggests, "he would have probably written on it, 'Mais oui, je suis pederaste,' and sent it back. Wilde simply panicked and allowed Bosie, that dizzy little queen to make the decisions. He opted for a law suit to embarrass his father and Wilde, to whom social approval was necessary, quickly agreed to try to clear his name. When that he was guilty only of a Platonic love, forgetting he was on trial for sexual offenses. Apparently he was not taking up the cudgels for homosexuality.

He was no crusader but only the victim of Bosie's feud with his father. The British crusader was not to come until later, in Peter Wildeblood, whose case directly prompted the reform of the British Homosexual Offences Act. That Wilde's case was kept alive in the public mind is not his own doing—he was content to quietly slip off to France and be forgotten. His friends, Bobby Sherard and Robert Ross, revived his reputation and his story after his death and it is because of them that Wilde is remembered today.

"Anybody can make history," Wilde once said, and he did make history, in spite of himself.

WHAT HAPPENS TO A SMALL TOWN GIRL WHEN SHE DISCOVERS:

"MY BROTHER IS GAY!"

BY NORI AMSEL KOSOK

Honestly, it happens in the best of families. But before my kid brother Bobby brought gay life to our hometown, there wasn't another gay soul there, except of course for those discreet gentlemen who are superfags underneath their grey flannel suits.

As for me, I was innocent, really innocent in those days. I couldn't have spotted a fairy if one flew over my head, and the only image the word 'cocksucker' conveyed to me then was a rooster, drawing lemonade through a long straw.

The fun all began on Bobby's 13th birthday, right after the Bar Mitzvah ceremony.

"Well done! Today you are a man!" cried Dad in a gruff voice, slapping Bobby on the back and winking.

Bobby smiled slyly as he pulled a copy of the latest *Mattachine* Newsletter from under his prayer book and winked back.

So little by little over a long period of time, my parents began to suspect that Bobby was gay. Their suspicions were confirmed one night when they came home unexpectedly and found him making out with his handsome history teacher on the living room floor. Since, unfortunately, this was being done in front of the picture window with the drapes open and "the whole street" watching, Mother and Dad decided that it was time to take action.

Mother acted first. She told Bobby that the next time he wanted to entertain any of his friends, he had better draw the drapes. Dad was tempted to pack his bags and take the next plane to Levittown, New Jersey, so he could change his name and join the local chapter of the John Wayne fan club. But he didn't. Instead he bought Bobby a football and ordered him to try out for the high-school football team.

I was rather peeved myself, because I was quite fond of that lovely hunk of history teacher and I stopped speaking to Bobby for a week! After that everything settled down to normal again except that it seemed there were always neighbors lining up outside our picture window.

Naturally, I was disturbed to learn that my brother is gay. Nobody, after all, is supposed to be happy about being a homosexual. All the straight people I've ever known have told me that!

But on the other hand, I was a wee bit pleased. Gay Bob had a lot more in common with me than Straight Bob would have had. The two of us would go down to our favorite spot, the neighborhood cemetery and sitting cross legged upon our favorite grave, compare notes on all the adorable men in our lives.

And now I would be spared the unpleasantness of having a sister-in-law some day. After all, women are such bitches. All except me, that is. Cat's honor!

Then too, my brother suddenly took on a new glamor. He wasn't just my bratty kid brother any longer. He was a young Caligula. Every morning I studied

his face to see if it was any more depraved than it had been the day before.

My parents expected Bobby to hide his gayness from the relatives in the same way they would have expected him to hide a case of leprosy. A secret leper, discreetly keeping his rotting parts well hidden, can be tolerated, but once he starts dropping fingertips into Aunt Yetta's hot chocolate or earlobes into Cousin Sherman's seltzer water, he's

tramp, Cousin Shirley, and for years now, those attending the "circle" meetings have been sitting around like vultures, picking their teeth with the last white slivers of Cousin Shirley's bones.

That is until Bobby gave them a new scandal, a stunning scandal. He even did it by long distance and everybody in the family is downright gleeful about it. Everybody but Mother and Dad that is, because they still don't know. If they did,

"How?" I inquired. "Is he advertising it in the newspapers?"

"Exactly," confirmed Cousin Bertram. "Exactly!"

Bobby had casually given an interview on gay bars that had appeared in a Long Island newspaper. Bobby didn't even see it. But Cousin Hettie, who now lived in Long Island, did, and being a very kind lady, decided not to say a word to the rest of the family. She wrote them a letter instead and enclosed the clipped-out newspaper article addressed to Bobby's god mother, Cousin Faigie.

Cousin Faigie trotted over to Aunt Zelda's clasping the article in her eager little hands. Aunt Zelda, who hasn't been on speaking terms with my father since they fought over the cost of my grandmother's funeral a couple of years ago, told her son, Cousin Bertram, and Cousin Bertram had just finished telling me.

I told Bobby that he was gay. Then Bobby and I got depressed because there was nobody around who we could tell who didn't know already, except maybe the butcher. And the butcher wouldn't have cared anyway. He was too busy cutting meat.

And then I remember the time that Bobby and I had an identity mix-up. Friends have often remarked that Bobby and I look so much alike that I could be Bobby in drag. But only once did someone think that I really was Bobby in drags.

Because of financial necessity Bobby had been forced to share an apartment with a rather nice guy called Lance and Lance's lover, Harry MacPherson (nicknamed Harry, Queen of Scots). Harry was as charming as curdled milk and he had a real hatred for Bobby. The evening that I arrived at the apartment for the first time, Bobby was out, Lance was asleep in the bedroom, and Harry was in the living room, drinking up a storm and teasing his pubic hairs.

"Well, Miss Bobby," smirked Harry, as he let me in, looking me up and down. "Whatever gives you the idea that you could pass for a woman?"

My eyes narrowed and my nostrils began to flair.

"And where did you get those two little bumps?" he said, pointing at my breasts. "In Klein's bargain basement?" And to illustrate his point, he ripped my blouse off. After which I pounced on him like an angry tigress and when Lance stepped out of the bedroom, rubbing his eyes, it looked for all the world like Harry, Queen of Scots, was rolling over the living room floor with a half-naked woman!

After that, Lance not only broke up with Harry, but Harry's entire reputation was ruined. Soon the whole city knew that he was a closet straight man and he never dated show his face around *Julius*'s again!

I'd love to tell you more exciting anecdotes, readers, but I think I'll restrain myself. I don't want to give you too many thrills all at once. Bye now.



clearly overstepping himself!

The relatives—They come in all assorted shapes and sizes with dispositions ranging from late Victorian to various species of snide and sneaky twentieth-century cat. They are splendid people, these uncles and cousins and aunts. Once a month they all attend a family circle meeting for the purpose of tearing apart the uncles and cousins and the aunts who are absent.

The last family scandal was the town

they'd join another family.

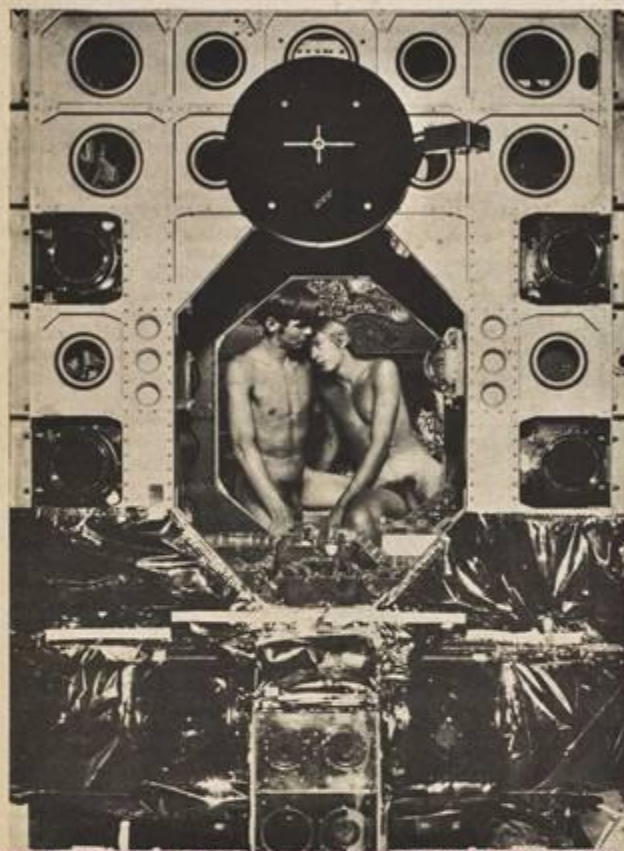
Bobby has been safely away in New York these past couple of years, and he's taken his gayness with him. That is unless it's catching and he's left traces of it behind.

But the other day Cousin Bertram, a dentist, paid me a visit during one of his occasional visits to the city.

"I hear Bobby's gay," said Cousin Bertram, staring at my teeth all the while in the way that dentists do.

COMPUTER ROMANCE.

DO YOU GET YOUR NUMBER?



BY J.P. FRANCIS

Remember the story about the horny chap who sees the "bachelor's friend" machine in an airport men's room and, thinking it is some sort of automatic screwing device, sticks his cock into the hole only to have a button sewn on the end of it? That is somewhat the way certain readers have felt about Man-to-Man, the latest and apparently most successful computerized dating service designed to match gay genitally male couples.

Man-to-Man, in its euphoric pitch to the lonely guy, promises that "you can now meet the really right people the safe, dignified, confidential way. . . Space age computer science now makes it safer and easier for you to make the friend you've always wanted to make. . . the truly discreet way."

Sounds heavenly, doesn't it? Like sitting home with the yellow pages and letting your fingers do the walking. The man who yearns for a means of meeting that potentially lasting companion—especially a man stuck off somewhere in the boon-docks where he lives a life most of the fifty-two weeks a year—is quite often the warmest, most sensitive and potentially most loving of

people. Denied access to the bar scene, rounds of parties, even a Central Park West (the world's longest floating meat rack), but having a healthy need for a companion with whom he has "everything" in common, he turns to the most depersonalized of services to fulfill his most personal of longings. He attempts to mechanize, machine-predict the one thing left to us which should be entirely manhandled, if you'll pardon the pun.

To find a mate who is polarized to you sexually and emotionally and yet compatible spiritually and socially is a tough proposition in a society where you must hide your inclinations and deny your feelings. Where you must paint your "off" stripes as it were. In heterosexual circles people are forever trying to fix you up. A single man is fair game for every mother, co-worker, amateur and professional matchmaker in the vicinity—and they are everywhere—at home, at school, at the office, at church. Since finding the "right" mate is of vital concern and recognized as such in the "open" areas of society, the popular arts and sciences of arranging are and always have been honored. "I've got just the girl for you!" are words which dependably

ignite the hopes and desires of the average straight guy. It's the same with gay guys, only several times over. They are human too—and we'd like to proclaim "several times over" if it didn't sound so prejudiced. But how is it possible to be more "human" than the vulnerable, gullible, Uncle Tom-ing, pretending, cultist (Judy Garland, Barbra Streisand), self-loathing, sentimental, vain, superficial, tender, gentle, "typical" homosexual male? Of all people should he, this arch-human, be the one to eschew matchmaking? God knows he needs help in that direction for every conceivable reason.

So are we being purely subjective in denying the possibilities of serving the mating urge by machine? Taking an arbitrary position because we believe that the only deep and lasting relationship must be forged out of the fire of search-and-discover, trial-and-error, for-better-or-for-worse on a face-to-face basis? Isn't the mechanical catalyst merely a substitute for the aforementioned living and breathing one? Perhaps so, perhaps a computer can get your number better and faster than the natural "fixer-upper" in your neighborhood, but so what good's a lot of data on you doing lying in a drawer? Though Man-to-Man claims to guarantee your meeting "at least 5 and up to 14 compatible people. . . no matter where you live in the U.S.A. we have received some evidence to the contrary. Writes a reader from Savannah, Georgia:

"I sent them (Man-to-Man, a gay cruising service which advertised in the *L.A. Free Press*) twenty-five dollars on the strength of the Mattachine Society's endorsement. That was last October 1. Late that month I called them to find out why I had heard nothing. Well, first they said they hadn't received my check, but when they discovered they had, then they indicated their computing matching system may not have turned up any matches for me that month. In any case, I answered their original questionnaire in such a way to make it very difficult *not* to find a match according to their own system. I have not heard anything whatsoever from them and it is now December. Also, I have heard that others have experienced the same difficulty and one gay person is going to go to the P.O. department charging fraud. . ."

Now, one can wonder how many gay subscribers the service has in and around Savannah (they claim only 6000 nationally out of an estimated 15 million gays, including genital females), right? The old machine can't program what isn't fed into it, can it? Nor, possibly, does the *human* gay matchmaker in Savannah have a very large acquaintance either—but the chances of one's ferreting out other males of similar tastes are a helluva lot better statistically speaking, than a sedentary machine's without fodder. Gay populations in smaller cities are burgeoning, and there's hardly a town of over thirty thousand that doesn't have some semblance of a gay bar. That's what we hear, but we're human, fallible, given to exaggeration in the interests of making a point for face-to-face man-to-man. We even believe that there's no such thing as a straight bar in San Francisco and that some of the lushist cruising territory in New York lies in and around the so-called "singles" bars on New York's upper East Side—if you call cruising self-deluding and

girl-deluding "bi" guys hush. We also believe in love and the worthwhile aspects of the ardent search for it. We believe what we want to believe.

Man-to-Man's questionnaire is a fascinating potpourri of superficial questions regarding income, political and social views (undisputably most important), drinking, smoking, social graces, affection quotient, hobbies, "motivations," et cetera—an elementary version of the personality tests given upon college entrance if not, now, high school. It's fun to scrutinize yourself and try to profile yourself—but how deep is the probing?

To find out what you *really* are is a quest of great magnitude and so worthwhile that the case for it must be made at every conceivable opportunity. To entrust the search to a machine is to abdicate responsibility and deny yourself the pleasure of your own company along the road to discovery. Moreover, to expect to find another person as richly complex, as undefined or highly evolved at the same moment, via a superficial questionnaire, a twenty-five dollar investment and lots of wishful thinking is to sell yourself short. It's a human job to find out about you—*yours*, chiefly. It's a human ritual, sometimes a *dance macabre* we admit, but an exciting one, to feint, flutter, plunder and ploy, cruise, agonize, advance and retreat in search of one other human who can love you and supplement or complement or serve your needs.

A computer cannot determine how the special warmth of two particular bodies will mingle for their mutual ecstasy on a cold night. A computer cannot predict an olfactory attraction, matching up the aroma in the hollow of a neck to the sense that seeks it, savors it. Chemistry isn't everything, but it's a beginning. If the "zing" is there, you have *something* to build on, no matter how fragile. Saying or holding that sex appeal is everything is foolish and myopic, too, of course, because the appeal diminishes in time as the newness wears off (in most cases). But it's compounded of flesh more than fantasy (generally), and it's tangible. Pick someone up or be picked up on that basis, though it's risky. But shoving your expectations into a machine, sending off twenty-five dollars hoping to find true love the easy way, is riskier yet. You won't get a button sewn on your dick, but you may find yourself with egg on your face and an emptier life because you have attempted to fill it up with impunity. Nothing ventured nothing gained means you have to get out there and work, Jack.

Furthermore—to end on a really grisly note—outfits like Man-to-Man, profit-oriented organizations feeding on loneliness, might sell their roster of "confidential" information and names to a variety of undesirable firms. If you're uptight or forced to be by circumstance so that you must resort to such a service, then you are vulnerable to exposure. So take care. Read GAY and jerk-off but stand up and be counted during the coming decade when the Sexual Revolution advances on your hometown. The boy next door may stand up, too, and that's the way to "find" each other. Through emancipation. Not Man-to-Man, but man-to-man, lower case and uncommercialized and guiltless in a truly free society. ■■

Dropping A Hairpin

A FOND MEMORY



BY LILY HANSEN

No, she didn't die. It's just that I'm leaving my job, and am leaving Natasha, my extraordinary boss: charming, shrewd, endearing, dictatorial, exasperating, irresistible, and ultimately disconcerting. Ah, what a woman! For a long time I have played Cinderella, performing the menial tasks of the business. Now it's time to say good-bye and try my luck elsewhere. But even as I am waiting anxiously for the last day to arrive, I know that a person like Natasha just can't be forgotten.

I remember our first meeting. An acquaintance had suggested I call her office to apply for a job. She already had an assistant, but decided to see me anyway. As I entered the room, she looked up and fixed me with an intense gaze, almost staring. It was as if I reminded her of someone. And then it struck me: she reminded me of someone—a former girl friend! Even her voice, in spite of its strong European accent, had a very familiar ring.

After interviewing me, she told me to stay a while and look around. I watched her work as she showed something to a client. Every so often she smiled at me and gave me that same look. Finally I excused myself, promising to check back in a month to see if she had a job opening.

That evening the phone rang. It was Natasha! She had decided to let her unsatisfactory assistant go and take me on instead. I was thrilled, for this was my first job in an entirely new field and one into which it was difficult to gain entry.

More than I ever expected, I was made to feel welcome. Natasha, the queen of the office, took me under her wing and began to teach me the ropes. She paid much attention to me, bestowing abundant smiles on me. I was flattered but didn't quite know how to react to this kind of welcome mat.

Right from the beginning, Natasha and I had some interesting conversations. She seemed fascinated by the topic of homosexuality and nonchalantly brought it up as often as possible, talking about homosexuals she knew or had worked with. And all this time I remained uncommittal and never "dropped a hair pin," so to speak. I never mentioned the fact that I was gay, or encouraged a discussion of homosexuality.

But there was no escape. One day, for instance, I asked her about the array of playmate-of-the-month that were tacked to the wall. Had her husband put them up, or why were they there? It turned out that the display was her very own handiwork. She elaborated: "You don't have to be a Lesbian to appreciate a beautiful woman."

Natasha has always been very friendly with everyone. She lavishes her attentions on men, and particularly on clients. Sometimes, in the past, I even sensed a twinge of jealousy, simultaneously feeling humiliated by the ridiculousness of the situation.

After a few months on the job, her husband asked me whether I would mind applying for a security clearance. Thinking it was only a confidential clearance, I agreed. But then I found out

it was one of those long things, which require the listing of addresses and an account of all time spent during the last 15 years. I called Frank K. of Washington Mattachine for advice. Then I spoke to Natasha, expressing my willingness to fill out the application, provided she be prepared for me to fight a denial, should it come.

At first I was vague about the difficulties in question, but then I decided to tell her that I had a general discharge (under honorable conditions) from the WACS on the grounds of homosexuality. She wasn't fazed at all. "I figured it would be something like this," she stated, seemingly pleased that her suspicions about me had finally been confirmed. Then she told me (again) about her long-time associations in the past with homosexuals. About gay boys she said, "I like to talk with them about clothes." Then she advised me to fill out the application. In the end, however, it was never sent out, because obtaining the clearance became unnecessary.

After that, I talked freely with Natasha about Mattachine and some of my activities with gay friends. She was interested and open. Without encouragement she once declared that homosexuality was not an abnormality but "a way of life." Her views, obviously, were far from conservative!

One morning I came into the office, enthusiastically describing the drag show at Johnnie's bar the night before. Very impressed, Natasha immediately told her husband that they, too, must go to the next show. Sure enough, Natasha and husband attended the next drag event—he somewhat against his will, but ceding to her wishes. There we sat around a tiny table, with five of my gay friends, who had come to meet my boss and who all came away delighted by her.

The seasons came and went. And I saw that Natasha's temperament had seasons of its own—sometimes quite stormy, and distressing to me. In time, a personality conflict developed between the two of us. In some ways we were too much alike! Also, my apprenticeship became less and less rewarding, since I didn't progress much beyond the slob jobs. Finally I became absolutely stagnant, and now I long to find challenge elsewhere.

So here I am, winding up my work these last few days. Natasha is friendly, trying to avoid hard feelings. The other day, perhaps in an effort to regain the lost familiar footing with me, she described an early morning talk show she had seen on TV. Fellini had been the guest and had talked about his latest film. A woman expressed reservations about his portraying of homosexual love, and Fellini is supposed to have replied, "What's wrong with it?" This effectively rendered the lady speechless—and Natasha and I both laughed. It was almost like old times. . .

At my next job there won't be a Natasha, a fact which both relieves and saddens me. I doubt whether any other boss can get under my skin—and get my goat—the way this one did. It's probably for the best. But although she often made me angry, she also gave me a rich legacy of inextinguishable, vivid memories.

"Unforgettable, that's what you are. . ."



(continued from p. 3)

question." Nickerson: "I tried the best I could."

Questioned along similar lines regarding sodomy and solicitation laws, William Vanden Heuvel:

Resume "I prefer to keep my private life private and I'm sure the questioner does too. What Mr. Nickerson said seems a valid principle of human conduct. I'm not necessarily for sodomy, but I don't want it to be illegal. In addition, I see no room for employment discrimination against homosexuals."

Thomas Mackell, Queen's District Attorney, had another question to handle: "What did you do to find and prosecute the self-appointed vigilantes who cut down the cherry trees in a public park in Queens that was reputed to be a homosexual cruising area?" Mackell's reply: "Those people mentioned as possible perpetrators were brought before a Grand Jury, but there wasn't enough evidence to prosecute them."

G.A.A. is a group of radical homosexuals who believe in working boldly and constructively within our present system of government to abolish laws and attitudes which adversely affect homosexual citizens.

"You can bet," said a prominent Village resident, "that after the questioning here tonight, each one of these candidates will go back to their headquarters and do some research so they will be able to take firm stands in public on these issues."

L.A. "CALCUTTA" dies. "CURIOUS" wounded

Los Angeles, Calif. The continued police harassment of the Los Angeles production of *Oh! Calcutta!*, Kenneth

Tynan's sex and nudity revue (see GAY News; No. 5), has brought its sudden closing shortly after the beginning of the new year. Police arrested the entire cast and production staff twice in a four day period in December. The arrests, on charges of lewd conduct and indecent exposure, halted the production on both occasions, causing high financial losses. The L.A. producer, Lou Shaw, had managed to get a federal court order restraining the police from further arrests when additional money trouble compounded the situation, and forced the production to close.

Shaw had been licensed by Hillard Elkins, the producer of the original, New York, staging of *Calcutta*: who arrived in L.A. claiming \$45,000 in royalties. Shaw claims that he hasn't paid the royalties because of Elkins' "misrepresentation" of production costs which he says were at least \$80,000 higher than the original estimate of \$165,000.

While *Oh! Calcutta!* was closing, L.A. city fathers set out on a wide-spread ambush of seven theatres showing the Swedish curiosity, *I Am Curious*, (Yellow). The film, which has already won several court battles, including some in Federal Appeals Courts, opened seven months ago in L.A., and has enjoyed an unblemished run at two large theatres ever since. Now, however, it has gone into general distribution bringing this major crackdown with it. Grove Press, the U.S. distributor, has secured a court order to restrain further seizures and arrests.

LORCA STATUE DESTROYED

Rio de Janeiro A statue of Federico Garcia Lorca, famed Spanish poet and playwright, was desecrated by right-wing extremists in Rio de Janeiro recently. Lorca, who was the literary spokesman of the Spanish Civil War, was executed in

1936 in Granada. It is disputed whether Lorca's execution was a result of his politics or his homosexuality.

ATLANTA SCENE BRIGHTENS

Atlanta, Ga. A drive to rid Atlanta's streets of "queers, hippies and other perverts" has eased with the installation of the new city administration under Mayor Sam Massel. During the pre-election period, a massive campaign which introduced blanket entrapment procedures against homosexuals had been launched, and was taking its toll in arrests of members of the gay community. One of the former mayoral candidates, Everett Milican, had publicly vowed to free the parks and streets of these "undesirable" elements which he claimed had "taken over."

As a result, the city police were pressured into making arrests which started a rampage of entrapment incidents such as the following:

Vice cops would pull alongside of a car with a lone man "suspect" in it, blow their horns, and then flash his picture when he turned to look.

Good-looking, young vice officers would stand in the street in knowk cruising areas, and wait to be approached.

Homosexuals and local street people defied the police action by continuing to frequent these areas and ignoring the harassment; conditions have now changed with the new administration.

When asked how he would represent all the people, including the various minorities, Mayor Massel replied that he would work with and seek the cooperation of all the people. The "action" on Atlanta's 10th Street is back to normal.

For several weeks, officials had refused to renew licenses to the city's exclusive steam baths, but now the legal

technicalities have been ironed out and baths are back in operation.

NEW PROJECT TO ENLIST CHURCHES IN GAY RIGHTS FIGHT

Los Angeles, Calif. A project being sponsored by the Southern California Council on Religion and the Homophile is attempting to mobilize church support for the homosexual cause. Chairman, Dr. Clarence A. Colwell, estimates the cost of the program over the next six months will exceed \$16,000. \$2,500 will be needed immediately just to get started.

Dr. Colwell justifies work with churches by saying that the organized religions have traditionally rejected homosexuals, and therefore, are largely to blame for widespread social prejudice. The CRH lists its objectives as:

"To challenge religious institutions to rethink their historical role in rejecting the homosexual as a worthwhile person.

"To promote a fuller understanding of the Biblical references into the context of modern society.

"To encourage the churches to change their view of the homosexual and to encourage homosexuals to participate actively in the life of those religious institutions.

"To get religious institutions to help change laws to permit sexual activity between two consenting adults in private.

"To persuade the churches to make public statements as a demonstration that they have changed their attitude to acceptance, rather than rejection of homosexuals.

"To challenge organized religion to support homophile organizations financially—"to place their treasure where their heart is."

whenever they can get it — are avid fans. Straight guys who like a bit of gay nookie every now and then, and gay guys who have been known to nibble on pussy are raving about GAY. Lesbians who don't know where to find ladylike action are pouring over its pages in hopes of finding the Isle of Lesbos.

GAY is proving that the gay world is not an isolated, separate phenomenon. Gay people are not lone stars shot into the skies. We are all a part of the human family... and GAY doesn't mean homosexual: it means happy! That's why even miserable closet queens are hung up on this exciting new paper.

Edited by SCREW columnists, Lige and Jack, GAY boasts America's finest

homosexually-inclined writers: Mattachine Director, Dick Leitch, Homosexual Handbook author, Angelo d'Arcangelo, Occult expert, Dr. Leo Louis Martello, Homophile President, Robert Amsel, Ladies expert, Lily Hansen, Businessman, Randolfe Wicker, Advice expert, Stephen Kaiso, Man-about-town, John Paul Francis, Film critic, Ian J. Tree, Rock Expert, Everett Henderson, and a host of other bright, snazzy, with-it people.

Shy closet-vault types will be relieved to know that GAY arrives in a plain brown envelope, first class. Step into the decade with a GAY new outlook on life. Subscribe immediately... if not sooner.

I understand that I will receive a copy of GAY in a plain brown envelope (first class mail) and that I will receive:
13 issues of GAY for \$6.00
26 issues of GAY for \$11.00
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MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011
I certify by my signature that I am over 21.
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ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS MAILED IN PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE

GAY IS GREAT



Who reads GAY? John Wayne? President Nixon? the Pope? If so, WHY? Because the Pope and President Nixon need to know what over 10% of the world's population is doing these days. John Wayne needs to know that there's an alternative. Mommies and daddies are reading GAY too. They are baffled because little

Billy was caught in the garage last week with another boy. Whatever it was that he was doing looked awfully suspicious. Mommy and daddy are hip parents and they want to be able to have good rapport with their charming little bugger when he grows up. Other people read GAY too. People who love pleasure wherever and

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

In epochs gone by, men built imperishable monuments. There are some left. Perhaps the most imposing and perhaps the psychological prototype for those that followed are the Pyramids of Egypt which stand as testaments to the fact that one can do damn near anything with a country at one's disposal, lots of slaves and unlimited bread. All of that stone to cover one corpse.

Or, we could skip ahead a few thousand and find ourselves in medieval Europe, watching whole cities hernate themselves about the foundations of something hidden by scaffolding which would not for generations, perhaps centuries, become what we now call simply cathedrals and avoid. More stone. Lots of pretty glass. Death.

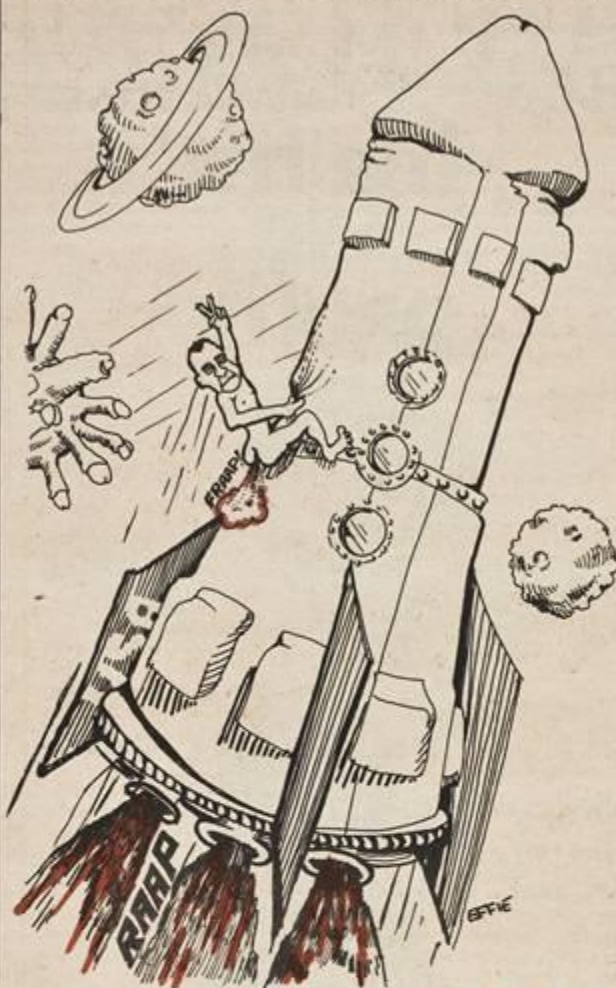
And of course there's always the Tower of Babel, but not, Nebuchadnezzar, in fact. Sorry, you've seen pictures of it. Actually it was just an ordinary run-of-the-mill ziggurat. What it seemed to visitors or slaves is what we got in religion classes. A worm's eye view.

But whether or not the monument in question is Babylonian, Egyptian, European, or what have you, ancient or modern, they all have one or two important characteristics which are not, merely, the elements of architectural style. These curious monstrosities are instruments of communication. They are always embellished with symbols. Think of the famous motto over Lincoln's Monument, "WE CAN'T overcome... or the stained glass windows of Chartres with their depictions of the wearying celebrities of Christendom. Think of the hispano-english graffiti on Grant's Tomb. Think, with me that all of these monuments are instruments designed to carry messages into time: into the infinite—to God, if you like. Into the future, or "Space," which is our new way of saying the same thing. Saying, "We are good. We are beautiful. We don't want to die. And we won't. Do these messages ever reach their destination? I think not.

I have before me a charming poster by Alan McKnight. It is not aggressively psychedelic. It is called, THE TOWER OF BABEL, and depicts rather well the relation of our country to its own Kufu Pyramid, the missile program. Briefly, the huge rocket stands like a great synthetic penis against the horizon. Freeways, the oceans and mountains are in the background. In the foreground right, city dwellers dispossessed and picketing (protected from each other by bayonet-armed soldiers) while their homes are demolished to make room for the monument. Foreground left is the bank, connected tightly by means of pipes to a complex of stores and churches, funneling its substance into the rocket. Armies of workers. Cranes. Belts carrying, what? Fuel? Food? The newest specimens of synho-embalming, that process for transporting men into the unknow in a suspended state?

A charming poster. Combine doom with POP and you get POOMOD.

Yes, and the skies are littered with junk now—satellites intended to facilitate communication. To whom? For what? I live just outside Manhattan and so help me, Don Amechie, I can't get a decent connection into midtown at midday on my telephone. I think the cables are by-passed through Saigon. I think half the telephones in the U.S.A. are taken up on official business: "We are good. We are



A LIMP DICK AIMS FOR THE STARS



beautiful. We don't..." etc. And Nixon is planning to be the first human being to have a mausoleum on the moon. (Zsa Zsa Gabor will, of course, officiate. She is at least as well equipped as anyone else in Lunar Science, and more amusing than are most authorities.)

But there are other bits littering the horizon, even here, closer to earth. Bookstores; I've written books. Newsstands; I write articles. Believe it or not, it's a communications system. I talk to, write for, people. I try to give something of value. (Can you dig it, Washington? Give the people something they can use! Something that works for them. NOW!) Little monuments. You sit and work for a span of months and, lo! a book. You beat the Olivetti a while, and there's an article. Not for the infantile. Not for some intellectually fashionable kink or clique. This litter negates "estrangement" and the inability to communicate. And unlike prayer, answers do come back.

For instance, from Port Chester, N.Y.

"Dear Angelo, I've just finished reading you ODE TO A LEATHER LOVER, and I have to say that I don't agree with your article in many ways except your logical reasons for the leather crowd in N.Y. But, I don't think that all of us who dig leather are goaled by hairdressers, and guys dripping 5's all over the floor.

I work in construction and electronics, and I have to wear heavy boots and jeans, and although I do dig other guys who wear the same, and look the same, (not swish) I don't dig games like beatings and the such. I can't get it up in that case. I dig just plain old sex and love-making. I work with guys who are gay and they're proud of it and with the exception of one or two who are into S&M so much, they sometimes can't come to work on Monday morning due to bruises, and exhausted muscles, or broken bones (and that's no joke). These guys did the same as your friend. I'm just trying to see what it's like—who are you kidding. Wow, look at them.

I don't find guys in suits attractive or

sexy, I like a man's natural body odor and not that of Canoe, English Leather etc.

I lost my lover 2 years ago in an accident in Manhattan while working on site on the supper east side. We had lived and worked together since 1958, when graduated from high school. I was sixteen and he was seventeen, we came to N.Y.C and lived there until he died so I took a job up here in Conn. I've met lots of great guys, real people, gay, but without all the backbiting, gossip and bitchiness of the usual gay guy. Some of them have become good friends, and one I could really go for, but right now I'm still comparing with my first lover and that's not good. Maybe in the coming year he'll stop reminding me of "first" and I'll see him as himself. (Understand?) If you want to print this, please do."

At the end of this anonymous letter my correspondent does something coy. He answers all eight questions all NO (i.e. from the article). The eighth was, "Do you think this article unfair," etc., and he says "NO—only generalized an categorizing." And you know, he's right. But, Uncle Fudge isn't too far off the mark; read the fourth sentence in the second paragraph of his letter. Nevertheless, these two yellow, lined pages with their ball-point scrawl are a very, very important to me. They are living proof that the d'Arcangelo Inter-Stellar communications system I working, and that the message is going through.

What can a writer do? Just suggest. Get people to think. About themselves of course. About who they are and who they want. If you stir people up a little bit they'll do the right thing. I believe that. In their own way, naturally. My correspondent knows he's doing something wrong for himself when he writes, "I'm still comparing with my first lover and that's no good."

The medium is not the message. Sorry it isn't. This is, a dark and confuses age—no doubt about that—but don't be like the muddled mother who saved the diaper and threw the baby away. The real, the only message is here and now. And it isn't death and how to escape, o enjoy it. Death is not interesting. Ever for us here in the shadow of that vast structure, our national mausoleum on glutinous and vindictive Disneyland o rockets and technological power—the message is still available, still pressing and pertinent. Love. It's still love. It always has been. The Beatles did not invent it and it's success and strength is no dependent upon Variety or Showbiz popularity, the Top Ten, or Scenes. Love. So in this our revolution it's a question o hand-to-hand combat, the object being to insure that both parties win.

This revolt will take a long time. The secret weapon happens to be that man or woman next to you. Frequent caressing engenders tremendous potential strength. Success is, I am happy to say, eminent. Soon enough we, doddering, or our children, will be able to stroll through the picturesque ruins at Cape Kennedy or that curious five-sided hulk in the middle of an overgrown park in Washington. We will pause, amazed that stone and steel can crumble so fast. Some child or other will ask what the plaog was, and you will say, "This is where they made dreams baby." And the child will want to know which dreams were made here that required such huge, ugly skeletons, and you will say or I will, if I'm alive, "The dreams of power, baby."

MENE, MENE TINKEL.

CASTRATION

FOR FUN AND PROFIT

BY BOB AMSEL

The public is not going to stand for today's pornography much longer, ratings or no ratings. And, very soon, I think we are going to see not only a boycott of that sort of product but an incontestable return to censorship."

The above statement was made by a Mr. Edward Small. Mr. Small is a producer. He has recently completed a movie entitled *Christine*. The film is purported to be the life story of Christine Jorgensen, a woman whose history was not exactly a drag.

Christine's autobiography rocked the nation for pure freak value. Although transsexuals have just as much right to change their sexes as chameleons change color, they should expect to be slightly nonplussed when John Q. Public lifts a non-tweezed eyebrow. To put it more simply, Christine Jorgensen's transformation was one of the most sensational occurrences in the 1950's. It may logically be argued that very little else happened during this flatulent decade other than a nondescript war and the inauguration of a golfplaying president.

But even so, Mr. Small is a prime example of the pot-like mind that calls its neighbor a kettle. He first attempts to cash in on an extremely sensational topic, then he tries to justify his actions: "In the first place, scientifically there was no such thing as a change of sex. But when the Danes developed the surgery, the public accepted it, just as it accepted Christine's written autobiography, which has sold millions of copies. And we have tried to stay as close as possible to that book, which was in excellent taste."

We assume that "excellent taste" means "non-prurient." If you have read Christine's autobiography, you will find that "excellent taste" is actually synonymous with "boring." This seems rather amazing, for Christine's life was extremely fascinating, but somehow, she got bogged down on paper. Still, we are sure that Mr. Small realizes the marketable value of a film version and is willing to exploit it for every penny he can. Many corrupt men should themselves behind anti-pornographic banners, and we seriously wonder if Mr. Small is an exception.

We have not seen the film yet, so we can not judge it. We do know that Christine Jorgensen herself was unhappy over the casting. "I have always thought of myself as a woman," she told us, "and it is difficult to get used to the idea of a man portraying me." The man in question is an ex-mouseketeer named John Hansen, a rather washed-out looking blond who does bear a certain similarity to Miss Jorgensen.

Although Christine was one of the first (and is one of the most famous sex-changes) she is no longer in a minority by any means. Many less-publicized operations have taken place in Scandinavia, and much of the "freakish" attitudes surrounding them have decreased. And yet, it is difficult for a known sex-change to function fruitfully as a woman. It is possible, but ghosts from the past have a way of pissing on a good thing.

In a recent British case, a transsexual model named April Ashley discovered that after seven years of marriage to a

man, her vows were not valid in the eyes of the law. Her marriage was annulled. Miss Ashley had this to say: "I am absolutely shattered. I shall fight this verdict to the highest court in the land. I have had ten years of practical experience as a woman and now after four weeks this man comes along with his judgement."

One transsexual of my acquaintance had certain social problems. Any time she met a fellow who turned on to her, he would eventually find out about her former life and freak out. "No matter where I go," she told me, "People recognize me. There simply is no escape."

And yet, she is glad she had the operation. "Look around the room," she told me. (We were in a crowded weekend barroom.) "See those queens? Well, they're all envious of me. I can get a man and fuck like a real woman. I've got the right equipment. They laugh behind their backs at me, but I've got the last laugh. I've got a real cunt, and baby, they wish they had one too."

From my limited experience, I have

been able to deduce that the most happily fulfilled transsexuals are the ones who exploit their new status. They realize that their transformation can't help but get around (if it is not already physically apparent due to a rather masculine bone structure), so like Christine, they write about their experiences or appear on television talk shows and even speak at colleges and churches. Christine became an actress and gave a rather successful performance as Madame Rosepetal in a touring company of *Oh, Dad, Poor, Dad*. . . It is ironic that a castrated man should portray a castrating woman.

So she became famous (or infamous to much of the American public). She was a token freak, a sideshow exhibition who vocalized her feelings and made people aware of a very real problem. And yet, Christine and others like her are products of their upbringing and environment. She was not an hermaphrodite. She was biologically 100% male, but because of a strong psychological identification with the opposite sex, she believed herself to be a woman. In order to be fulfilled, she simply found it necessary to readjust her physical self to her psychological components.

It would have been much easier had she been brought up in a society which did not demand that she identify herself with any particular sexual role. But this was not the case, and Christine simply made the most of unpleasant circumstances. Her autobiography may have inspired others like her to take the plunge into transsexuality. The film version may do the same.

But it seems highly probable that oncoming generations will not understand why Christine had to do what she did. For oncoming generations will not be subjected to the tight, rigid indoctrination of males into society. Times are changing, and the role of homosexuals is also changing. As closet doors swing open, more and more ordinary people emerge . . . people who are happy digging members of their own sex. The words "femininity" and "masculinity" may ultimately disappear.

But until then, people like Mr. Edward Small will continue to cash in on transsexual lives, blissfully exploiting their sensational existences under the name of "excellent taste."

BY TED ATWATER

It may amaze you to know that the greatest single bargain in motorcycles this year in the U.S.A. is a bike nobody wanted when it first came out. A bike that suffered from the "snob" when it was first introduced, and which is now being dropped from active sales in spite of inspired design, reliability, low cost and good looks. Anything can happen, but the advantages are yours if you want them.

The fully-grown interest in sport cycling isn't new anymore in the U.S. The old black leather magic has given way to a not less intrepid, but more casual and fun-loving breed of bike buyers. Business and professional people who never would have considered using or being seen on bikes, now belong to clubs. Women too, thanks to the wide range of make and size available in machinery now, cycle frequently. You've noticed, I'm sure, the commuters who find it easier to bring their cycles into town than their station wagons. To ride a handsome cycle today puts one in the same friendly position that driving an MG in 1949 did: people smile and wave and other cyclists are glad to talk with you and share experiences.

The most obvious reason for this change in public attitude is the change in cycles themselves. The giant Harley-Davidsons and Indians which set the standards twenty years ago, have been replaced in popularity by a varying tribe of well-mannered and more attractive machines, less loud, less heavy, and infinitely more reliable. Again, the only place for women on the old cycles, was either in the sidecar, or hanging on the back for dear wife.

Two-wheeled transportation got a strange kick in the pants after the war, when the first scooters appeared in the U.S.—I mean, the first Italian machine, not the old Cushman job. Nobody was prepared for the compactness, or the beauty of design put out by the Italians and their selling point was economy. One hundred miles per gallon of gas was not uncommon. They were light and agile. Hundreds were sold to people who otherwise wouldn't have dreamt of traveling in anything other than a Detroit sedan. Sears Roebuck distributed Vespa for many years under their Allstate name. And for those of us who cut our teeth on Lambrettas or Vespas, a taste for foreign hardware is only to be expected.

During the fifties and well into the sixties the increase of imported and exotic motorcycles startled everyone. In California where cycling is a year-round pleasur, dealerships for B.S.A. and B.M.W. began to mushroom, threatening our American heavyweight bikes. Then, the mid-weights arrived—the Jawa and Ducati. Fast and beautiful, they attracted many enthusiasts. This new breed of cycle sported many refinements of design and safety factors and a generally covered-up streamlined look.

Today, throughout the country, the Japanese machines lead in sales. They are the most popular, from the 90cc type of small machine suitable for students, housewives, etc., to the giant four-cylinder Honda road machine. But the great variety of machine types available has led the public and manufacturers to realize that the ideal size machine for our time is the 350cc. In actuality it's a bike anywhere

between what the dealers call 360 and 250. As a road machine it performs well and achieves high speed with stability. As a dirt machine it can chug through almost any kind of terrain, ford streams, climb trails, whatever.

Without giving a detailed description of my favorites, let me recommend the Yamaha 350, the Norton 250 trail bike or scrambler, and the Harley-Davidson Sprint (an Italian-American collaboration with a horizontal four-stroke engine) and the Benelli 360.

The Yamaha, in my opinion, is one of the most beautiful machines of this class. It's freshly designed, comes in wonderful colors, and is as fast as greased lightning and has a tachometer, electric starting, and all the extras.

The Norton is another wonderful looking machine, English to the core and very much in the racing tradition. It's very much the man's bike, what with a classic engine and a fierce, crisp design coupled with superb craftsmanship.

Harley-Davidson, long renowned for its monster-bikes, has entered the 350 field with its handsome and unusual Sprint. It's as well made as any of their other bikes and the engine is streamlined, the bike being fitted out with tachometer and most features including automatic oiling. Not as fast as the Japanese bikes, the H-D is nevertheless able to do about 90 mph. Readily available, Harley servicing ought to attract many.

Now for my baby! Of them all, the prize in my estimation is the Benelli 360, called Mojave. Why? And what's a Mojave?

Mojave is the arbitrary name of a cycle built for one of the giant American mail-order houses, Montgomery Ward, by the famous racing company Benelli. Its design is based on

that of the Rickman-Metisse machines. Sounds tricky, but it isn't. In the summer of 1968 it was introduced by Ward and it flopped. There were two reasons for this: (1) CYCLE magazine underrated it, favoring, obviously and I think unfairly, the faster and more exotic Japanese machines. However, they did give a good description of it as well as list its specifications. (2) The Japanese machines, particularly Honda introduced some months later, crowded almost everything else off the track with their full assortment of extras, their great speed, and their slightly lower price.

Well, so much for that. Then why am I touting a motorcycle nobody wanted? Follow along.

In the July 1968 issue of CYCLE WORLD, Joe Parkhurst describes a machine he's just bought and had customized, a Richman-Metisse. He removed the BSA Victor 500cc engine and replaced it with a Ducati 350cc. (Ducati and Benelli engines have very similar characteristics in type, appearance and performance and both have extremely flexible racing engines.)

The photograph below this article is of a machine which he says is both "beautiful" and "tremendously reliable." If you compare it to a photo of the Mojave-Benelli you'll immediately notice a striking resemblance, and if you compare the technical descriptions of both, you will find an even greater similarity. But the price is the great difference. The Richman-Metisse lists in kit form for about \$1,280. The Montgomery Ward Catalog for Summer 1968 listed their Mojave at \$849. Well and good, but getting better. Because nobody bought them (sorry about that, Ward) the price for these machines is now . . . NEW . . . many still in the crate! \$444. I couldn't believe it.

Still, if nobody bought them there

must be something wrong. There is, and there isn't. It depends where your cycle-head is. I look at it this way.

WHAT IT DOESN'T HAVE.

1. *Electric starting.* You have to kick it. Which isn't so hard if you're used to kicking cycles. Frankly, I'm amazed the guys at CYCLE found it so difficult. Weak ankles? It just takes a little practice, and after about 100 miles you won't have that difficulty. Cycle engines have to be broken in.

2. *Tachometer.* So what? I don't think you need one on a cycle this size unless you're deaf.

3. *Oil Injection.* This is a four-cycle engine. It's a single, but you don't pre-mix oil with the fuel as you do in some singles. The engine oils itself, as it were, by gear pump—that is, by bathing moving parts in its crankcase. And the engine is profoundly simple. Very few moving parts to lubricate.

4. *Oil Pressure Gauge and/or Light.* Unnecessary.

WHAT IT DOES HAVE.

1. *Beauty.* If you like the way the Italians do things with machinery—the way they polish, finish, and design, you'll like, I think, the simple structural beauty of this bike. It has a style which doesn't depend upon "trim" or the exaggeration of parts, bolts, levers. This is a machine with good manners. And it's got a certain heft, without clumsiness, a "feel".

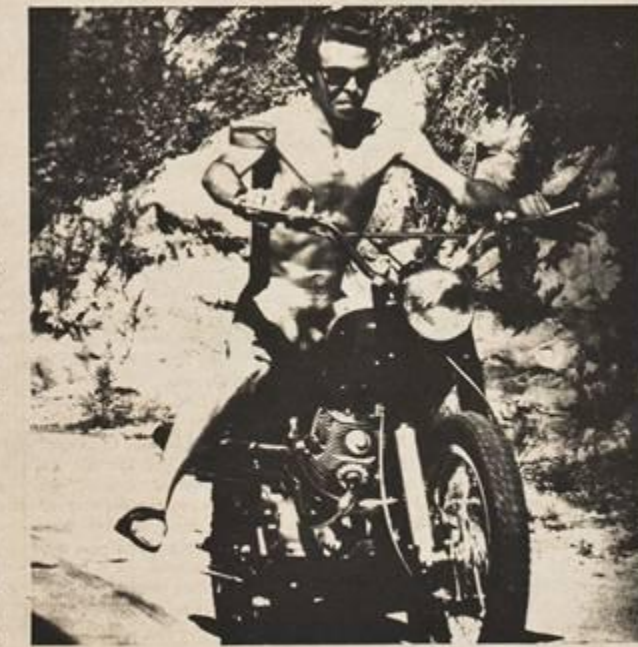
2. *Ease of Repair.* The bike is so brilliantly thought out and so simple, you can take the entire thing apart and put it back together again in minutes. It is not a mechanic's nightmare. Anybody who can change a lightbulb or build a bookcase can repair it. It comes with an Owner's Manual and a wonderful set of tools, and in addition, there's a parts list with complete diagrams available upon request. Should you be taking a cross-country tour, why, there's practically nowhere in the U.S. without a Ward's. All of them service the bikes, and there are regional parts depots. Specifications can be obtained by writing to G.O. BEN, S.p.A.—Gestione Officine Meccaniche F.LLI Benelli, Pesaro (Italy).

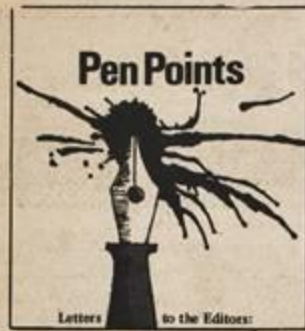
There! *Alto*, these bikes come in four flavors. The 360 street model, yellow. The 360 scrambler, red. The 260 street model, orange, and the 260 scrambler, blue. Figure about \$50 to \$100 less for the 260's.

3. *Reliability.* Nobody knows why they have it. It may be because the engine design is an old one, a classic, refined and worked upon for some years. Ducati and Benelli have that and they're flexible. Which means you don't have to shift frantically to keep the engine alive. Reliability means something more, particularly if you're new to cycling and you don't know an honest mechanic, or there's nobody around who can service your machine. Or, if like me, you're just poor and want to avoid a lot of bills.

4. *Price.* Frankly, I was considering another bike before I bought this one, and I would have bought it if I hadn't checked at the last minute and found that the price was cut in half. I look at it this way: the machine is comparable to one (Richman-Metisse) costing about \$1,200., or more (realistically, it compares in performance with the Ducati 350 which costs approximately \$750. \$444. . . that's about a dollar and a half a pound. . . Godamighty, you can't even get good steak at that price!

how to be an EASY RIDER





Pen Points

Letters to the Editors

TIMOTHY LEARY'S VISION

Dear Gay:

You did Timothy Leary an injustice "Timothy Leary Supports Gays Rights," Gay No. 5) by making him sound like a Johnny-come-lately. There's nothing "new" about the guru's "enlightenment." Before you, or I, were involved in the homophile movement, Dr. Leary was already speaking out for us.

On April 23, 1961, he addressed the Boston Area Council of the Mattachine Society and made the then-revolutionary suggestions that psychiatrists stop trying to push their "cures" on homosexuals, and that we be permitted to find our own solutions to the gay community's problems. Those solutions, according to Leary, lie not with researchers, clinicians or specialists, but in the gay community, which is equipped to provide them.

That approach is not even "radical" today, but eleven years ago it was as "revolutionary" as the idea that New York might someday have a groovy

all-gay newspaper that could be sold openly on newsstands. Give Dr. Leary a little credit for being in the vanguard of modern thought not only in the area of drugs, but also that of homosexuality and psychiatry.

Regards, Dick Leitsch, Executive Director, Mattachine Society of New York

COOL BLUE & HOT PINK!

Dear Gay:

I've just finished reading your magazine from cover to cover. I'm all excited over it! I bought it to read George Weinberg's article, but after Lily Hansen's Happiness Can be a Habit, and Bob Amiel's I used to be Snow White But I Drifted and Landmark's for Lushes, and Showered With Kisses, and, and, and... I want more!

But please. Let's see what can be done about that "plain brown envelope." Maybe you could change the color each month, or make it a happy yellow, cool blue, hot pink, snowy white or something!

Love, Helen

CONTINENTAL CRUSADE

Dear Gay:

Re: Your stand on the Continental Baths. Bravo!

But let's make it a knock out punch! If the fuzz are on a moral and decency kick, let us expose the straight hangouts and lovers lanes.

Let the gay community direct our finest to the lovers lanes of New York, where, in parked cars, the heterosexuals commit "criminal" acts just as we gay people are charged with when we carry on.

Under the Verrazano Bridge, along Ft. Hamilton Bay Bridge, and Prospect Park are places notorious for parked car sodomy and fellatio.

Yet these places are never raided. Why can't we have our docks and bath scenes if the straights can have theirs?

Remember—it's illegal and against the law for them too!

Thanks for listening. Tony New York City

Ed. Note: We've got no amnesty for straight lovers. If they can sodomize and fellate, good for them! Let's hope the fuzz lets everyone alone!

CULT OF SEX HATRED

Dear Gay:

"Confessions of a Gay Priest" is merely revolting. The kind of pudding-soft intellect revealed by the so-called "Fr. John Davies" offers no service to homosexuals or to the quality of sexual liberty in this one life we have to live. One thing shrills through Mr. "Davis" drive far more clearly than any other: sex is dirty. If not—then why in the hell "play it safe," as he says, and "confess."

The best thing for young men held in thrall by the Catholic (or any other) cult of sex-hatred is to get out of it, to live as loving human beings, and to learn that

sex can be an instrument of love and discovery wherever and with whomsoever it happens.

Charles Leslie New York City

P.S. Tell "Fr. Davies" my real name is Charles Leslie.

Ed Note: Amen.

STOMP THOSE BOOTS

Dear Gay:

Mr. D'Arcangelo's article in your fourth issue was truly inspirational. His inference that S&M sex is a disease similar in nature to "leprosy," "drunkenness," and "drug addiction" sent me reminiscing back to the good old days when such things were believed to be true of homosexuals in general.

Perhaps in a subsequent issue your delighted readers will be treated to a formal listing of which modes of sexual behavior your tabloid deems "acceptable" and which you deem "abnormal." Until that time gentlemen...

With little or no sincerity, J. Murray

ED. NOTE: Funny, we figured that kicking S&M around a little would make you feel good!

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

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

John Rechy, please note: Four days and nights in Los Angeles, and I have not yet gotten laid! This is something of a nadir for me. Why, I even got my cock sucked in an hour-long tour of the ruins of Pompeii not far back, and that is not a regular feature of the tour as far as I know. It isn't advertised. And yet here I am, ripe and desirable in West Hollywood, the very epi-center of gay activity, a veritable boys' town they tell me, and nothing...

The problem seems to be transportation—not the lack of it, but a matter of selection. I do not have a car, and if I venture out alone it's on foot or via bus. The bus business is somewhat complicated. If you do not stand beneath the sign, the drivers pass you by. I was gawking around on Santa Monica Boulevard this evening waiting for a Beverly Hills bus, and because I wasn't in the correct area, the driver bypassed me.

There are so many people milling around in this area, it's hard to tell who's waiting for a bus," said the friendly driver of the next one to come along. "Of course, you were obviously waiting for transportation."

Right, buster, but I wouldn't have minded getting blown or groped a little en route. I mean, I do not presently have a lover, all my starlet friends from ten years ago have either left and gone into insurance somewhere like Scotsdale where people die a lot, or else they are comfortably settled down in Laurel Canyon with a pool and a permanent mate. They need all their cars for private cruising on the sly and aren't about to lend me one of the extras.

Cruising is done by auto here, let me tell you. You cannot live the good Angeleno life without cars. The average driveway looks like the parking lot at Dave Chasen's too, as not only must you have about eight to twelve wheels per family, the make and model are meaningful (sic). L.A. is status conscious, and you are what you drive. I am trying to relearn this.

The first night I settled into an absent friend's apartment a couple of blocks south of the Strip. I went out searching for a mail box. No pun intended. Several cars slowed down, as if to ask for directions. One driver said something.

"Sir?" I asked, and I went over toward the car.

He said nothing further at all. Neither "Do you live around here?" nor "Do you have a match?" nor "Can you tell me what time it is?" Those are questions to which in New York I am entirely accustomed and for which I am automatically prepared. As a matter of fact, someone can ask, "Do you live around here?" and I can answer, "It's nine o'clock" without either of us breaking cadence. Having begun our conversation with amenities we proceed accordingly. But cruising in New York is such a simple thing.

In New York it's all done on foot, for one thing. You glance back over your shoulder once you've passed each other, then you stand looking into a store window waiting each other out. It is usually my luck to be in front of a hardware or plumbing supply shop, but, then, I am patient.



I do not speak first, ever. My shrink says this is keen, because it is normal behavior for a male bird to parade his plumage, and he should be come to. In L.A. everyone I have seen afoot or in a bar is apparently also a male bird, even if he has drab feathers and seems to be capable of laying an egg on the spot. (I'll go into that further when I do my regular Landmarks for Lushes column on Southern California, one of the reasons I'm out here, along with interviewing the leaders of the homophile movement on the West Coast.) The only aggressors are behind the wheels of cars.

You cannot get a good look at the driver, nor do you have much of an opportunity to sound him out before entering his vehicle. It is as chancey as the Fifty-third Street subway tearoom on the IND Eighth Avenue Line when the light bulbs are all busted. Also more hazardous, because you are generally required to exchange a few words. In the john you aren't and the only risks are fuzz or a cannibal. Here the penalty is boredom for a few blocks at the least, a feeling of obligation to go along with a dragon's designs at the worst. Since I hate to say no once I've gotten into something, I try to avoid getting in on wild speculation.

Having lived in Hollywood for some years awhile back, I recall that one basis of choice is the make of car. Now since I have resided lately in New York, San Francisco and Boston, in the concentrated midtown areas whimsically called "gay ghettos" (Gay, issue no.1), where I have relied on footpower, I have lost touch with the world on wheels and wouldn't know a Volvo from a Grand Pricks unless I saw the name on the deed. I have a fondness for old Jaguars and Lincoln Continentals, though, and can distinguish them from say, a declassé pickup truck.

A Lincoln Continental cruised by, hugging the curb and blinking the tail lights, as I waited for a bus a couple of nights ago. I didn't quite know what to do, whether to raise my pants leg, follow the car a few paces, or cup my joint. I cupped my joint. Because it itched. So the Lincoln pulled away and

rounded the corner. I shall never know whether he was waiting there or coming back around the block, as my bus arrived suddenly, and I got on. They are so infrequent out here you have to board without hesitating or gamble on that Lincoln's return or on another one's coming along... that is, you have to if your optimism is failing...

Proabably the decisive blow, which is an unfortunate choice of words considering my celibate state, was dealt me last night. I had been checking out a bar for GAY-honest—and had declined a ride home with a friend from N.Y. on his way to Acapulco. I knew he'd have a

"I'm not hirsute," I said. Good lord, a hair fetishist. I'm going to have to stop walking like Zebedy Colt. Or whistling The Man I Love. Butch carriage works for me just fine in N.Y., where it more or less indicates I'm going to fuck, but out here it's practically tantamount to carrying a bull whip in your rear pocket. I do remember now that an awful lot of legs used to go up into the air out here—but sometimes clad in opera stockings, leotard or just plain welts. I am a conventional lay.

He let me out at the next corner.

I'll confess I am longing a bit for Manhattan tonight, where I could wander into the Park and get my rocks off in the Grove or the Rambles or maybe take a stroll on Third Avenue or hit Christopher Street. Your cold or inclement weather there doesn't daunt me. I'm like the Pony Express rider when it comes to getting through to your destination. You know, neither cold nor rain nor snow will keep me from taking it out and putting it into a warm mouth.

Tomorrow night I am determined I am going to make it—and a call from someone I have previously balled or a proper introduction at a party just won't do. Oh, not that I'll say no in my present tense condition, but I am more bent on some kind of ambulatory conquest.

I am going to carry a flashlight tomorrow night. When they pull up I am going to turn it on in their faces and examine them carefully. If the face passes muster, then I am going to ask them what they are driving and what the year is. Finally, I shall say, "I am relatively glabrous, so if you're looking for a hirsute number, forget it." Anyone out here who looks right, is driving the right car, and understands what I am talking about is my kind of guy! If I don't find him on the street I'll go to Reverend Troy Perry's Metropolitan Community Church on Sunday and leave everything to God. Meanwhile, I am horny, and my feet are sore. But I'm still gay as a gibbon and think life can be beautiful even in Los Angeles. We'll see...



rented Rolls and would tell me how much it cost, and I figured walking alone would be more entertaining and less fatiguing. Also, I thought Mr. Right might come along with his top down or his interior light on so that I could accept a ride without getting a pig in a poke.

It was my night for black Lincolns. Or, rather, not my night for black Lincolns. As the corner where he stopped was exceptionally well-lighted and the terrain such that I could make out that the driver was more than passable, I got in.

Fine profile, and he smelled clean. Neither Canoe nor Jade East. So far so good. He asked me where I was going, another reassuring sign—allowing me to play the innocent straight hitchhiker role if I didn't groove on him. He is a gentleman, thought I.

Then he asked, "Do you have a lot of hair on your chest?"

I'M SICK OF EVERY AND ALL PEOPLE... AND THEIR FRIGGING INSECURITIES!



OH P

YES, I AM. EVERYWHERE YOU TURN ANYMORE, ALL YOU SEE ARE PEOPLE CLUTCHING AT THEIR INSECURITIES!



IT'S WEARINESS! PEOPLE AREN'T ANYTHING MORE THAN PULPY BLOBS. WHY JUST LOOK AT THEM.



WELL, I'M NOT SO SECURE, YOU KNOW. SOMETIMES I FEEL VERY INSECURE AS A MATTER OF FACT.

THEN YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM... JUST ANOTHER JELLY! WASHES YOUR CONFIDENCE!



EVERYBODY FEELS INSECURE SOMETIME.

SHUT! THAT'S AN EXCUSE. YOU'RE A WEAK NOTHING!

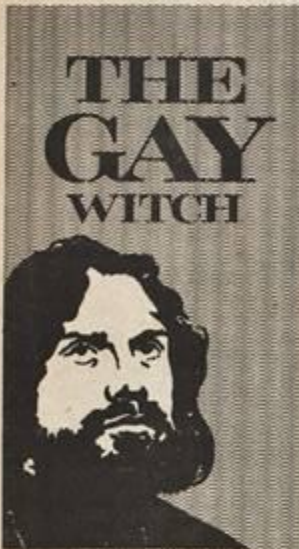


WELL, IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY, MAYBE WE SHOULD END OUR RELATIONSHIP...

END IT! WHAT DO YOU MEAN? ARE YOU TRYING TO DESTROY ME? YOU'RE ALL I HAVE TO HANG ONTO... YOU'RE... DON'T LEAVE... DON'T DESERT ME... MY GOD... DON'T YOU SEE... LOOK AT ME... I'M BEGINNING TO SHAKE!



John Francis Hunter



BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

GRAPHO-LOGIC

Handwriting Analysis (graphology) is no longer considered a mystic art. Taught in most European Universities as a branch of psychology, employed by modern psychologists as a projective technique, with some of our biggest industries using it to screen job applicants, as well as by the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), handwriting analysis has been taken out

of the occult and added as another appendage to establishment science.

All writings can be analyzed whether done by hand, mouth or foot, since it really is brainwriting. The hand merely carries out the muscular movements required. I've analyzed the handwriting of Freda Pushnik, born without arms or legs, and once a performer for the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus. She wrote with the pen held in her mouth. In my collection I have handwritings written with steel hands and with the toes. Years ago I analyzed the handwritings of Violet and Daisy Hilton, Siamese twins joined at the hip. No matter how any of them wrote their writings revealed their true character.

There are no two handwritings exactly alike, including identical twins, just as there are no two people exactly alike. Even though we may all learn from the same copybook, as we mature, our handwritings change according to our character. Years ago when I directed the American Hypnotism Academy in New York I did experiments with handwritings under hypnotic age-regression. A subject, say age twenty, was hypnotized and told to write. Then he was told that he was 19, 18, etc. on down to six years old when he first learned to write. At each age-regressed level his handwriting changed, became more childlike until at the age of six it was almost a scribble. Further checking on these handwritings I was able to obtain actual writings they wrote during those ages: The age-regressed handwritings and the actual samples were identical furnishing a graphic record of their character

development. I did experiments in age-projection: Under hypnosis I told a deeply hypnotized subject that she was five, ten, twenty years older, then asked her to describe her surroundings, her life, etc. The full account of these experiments is contained in the chapter "HYPNOGRAPHOLOGY: Handwritings And Hypnotism" in my new book THE HIDDEN WORLDS OF HYPNOTISM (\$1.12 copy, may be ordered direct). Another chapter is called "Dying Is A Habit" which deals with the fact that many people program themselves to live only to a certain age: "My mother died at 68" "My father died at 67" "My aunt died at 68 too." These people have subconsciously, oriented themselves to die at that age too. What led to my researches into this was that once when I hypnotized a thirty-year-old woman, and age-progressed her to age 68, and asked her to write, she didn't respond. I brought her back to 67 and told her: "Write." She did. I then asked: "Why didn't you write when I told you to at age 68?" She answered, "I couldn't." "Why not?" Her reply: "Because I was dead!"

The grapho-logic involved in reading character, and often aptitudes, from handwriting is as follows: If a person is consistently neat, fussy, fastidious in all he does his handwriting will be written in the same way: Every *i* dotted and every *t* crossed, etc. If a person is sloppy, inconsistent and changeable in his life his handwriting will be no different. If a person is flamboyant, exhibitionistic and showy; he'll make showy loops, curlicues, large capitals. If he is reserved, shy or

introverted his handwriting will have none of these features.

I've been a professional graphologist for over twenty years. I make analyses daily. I've appeared on numerous radio and TV programs, viz., David Suskind, Allan Burke, Mike Douglas, Barry Farber, etc. I've lectured extensively on the subject, my booking agency billing me as "The Guru of American Graphology." My two small books on the subject are *Your Pen Personality and Script Tips*. Both sell for \$1.25 each. However, as a special to GAY readers who'd like to know more about the subject, you may obtain both for a limited time only for just \$2.00

Q. Does handwriting reveal homosexuality?

A. Yes and no. If a person has accepted his homosexuality as a natural part of his being it will not show up. If a person has guilts about it, in the attempt to keep it hidden he will reveal himself in his handwriting. An example of this is when I received a handwriting for analysis accompanied by the usual \$20 fee. I knew immediately that it was the writing of a homosexual masochist. There were many symbols indicating chains, ropes and handcuffs. I couldn't very well tell him "You're a homosexual masochist," so I began the letter by saying: "Your handwriting reveals that you are frequently tied up in knots!"

NOTE: I'm doing research into handwritings of homosexuals. Please send me your handwritings, describe your sex preferences, ANONYMOUSLY. Readers who want a personal analysis must remit usual fee of \$20 with request. Address all questions to: Dr. Martello, c/o GAY. ■■



The Creators and Lyricists of HAIR: James Rado and Gerome Ragni

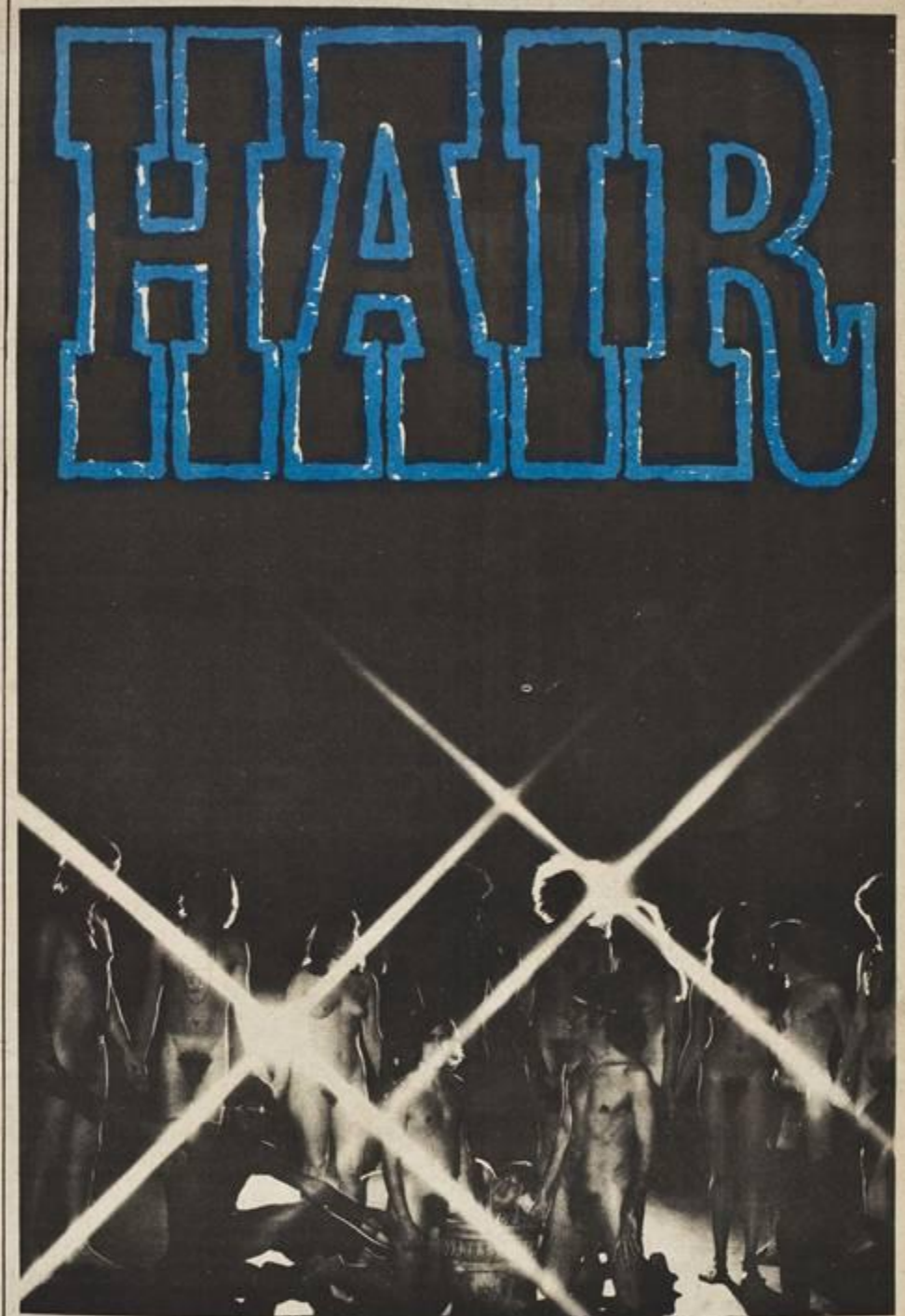
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BY EVERETT HENDERSON

For a great many people, *Hair* is probably the best-loved Broadway musical of all time. It is the first (and one hopes not the last) successful Broadway musical to dish up a hefty serving of the alternative culture and feed it to the largely middle-class citizens who still go to Broadway and think they are attending the theater. Just about everyone has seen *Hair*. Hardbitten students of the theatrical form may complain that this rock operetta is nothing but tinsel, and that may be true, but *Hair* is also communication—mass communication—and that has to be respected.

People who found their way to the Biltmore Theatre on Forty-Seventh Street found themselves truly entertained. They also were rewarded with a few concepts. What did *Hair* have to tell us? It told us that there was a profound value to be found in accepting ourselves, those of us, at any rate, who had freshness of vision, who realized that peace and love were the most important things in the world. *Hair* proposed that we live communally, sharing our possessions with each other, ignoring the economic rat race that seems to make the world spin. *Hair* pointed out that our commune would be shared by people of different races and different sexual preferences because these characteristics were not as important as one's innate capacity to love. A boy in *Hair* is madly in love with Mick Jagger and no one disapproves. How can one frown at another human being's capacity to appreciate beauty? *Hair* said end the war, stop the draft, smoke marijuana, feel, love, touch, communicate, sing, dance, be happy. The play was a celebration of freedom, a call for a new order to replace the way most people had been programmed.

This is not to say that most audiences



left the theatre with their life-styles radically altered. However, the mass culture could not help soaking up stimuli from the curious hybrid that is *Hair*. These stimuli can not help but produce change. Janis Joplin, in a recent interview, said "I don't know what really changes things. I don't think it will affect Nixon or anything. The way it will ultimately change is ultimately it influences people to your way of thinking, more people think that way, and ten, twenty years, it has changed." The seeds of that change are being sown now. The world of total sexual freedom in a context of love is being created by the *Hairs*, the GAYS, the Janis Joplins, all of us who have allowed our heads to be reprogrammed for the future.

RCA recently released an album entitled, "DisinHAIRited." It consists of songs that were written for or cut from the final production of *Hair* and the numbers are performed by the creators of the show, Jim Rado, Gerry Ragni, and Galt McDermott. The album is a mass-produced collector's item, interesting only to those who care to call themselves collectors. It has its moments but they depend on your interest rather than on the intrinsic worth of the material. *Hair* was originally an off-Broadway musical with a limited run. It has since become a gold mine. Two years later, its creators are returning to the same source and trying to tap it once again. This is not the path to fresh creation.

"DisinHAIRited" is minor Rado-Ragni-McDermott. It provides, however, a refresher course in the *Hair* philosophy and it presents a new song, "The Bed" which may very well become a Seventies standard. Here is its last stanza:
You can eat in bed,
And be beat in bed.
Be in heat in bed
Have a treat in bed.
You can rock in bed,
You can roll in bed.
You can lose in bed,
You can win in bed.
But you can never, never, never,
never sin in bed.
Thank you, Jim, Gerry, and Galt.
Now, it's time for a new show. ■■

BY DR. STEPHEN KAISO

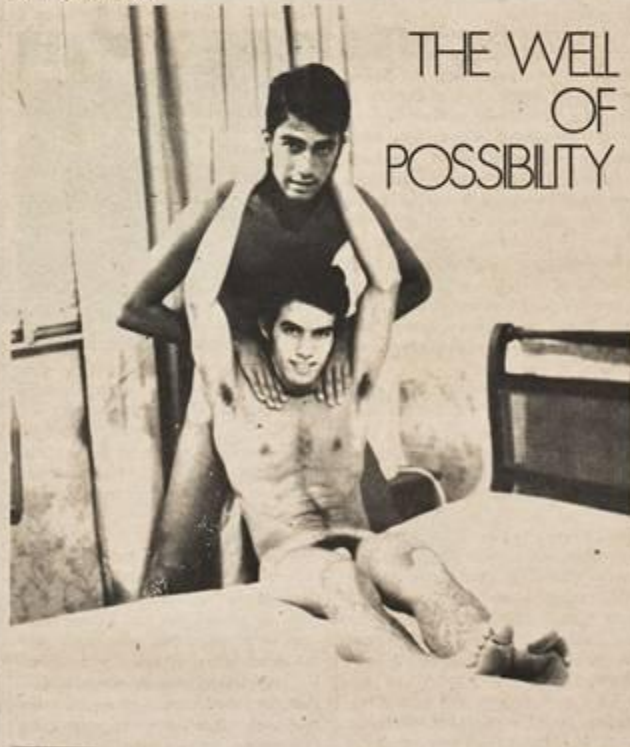
A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hang-ups or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published in this column, but all letters will be answered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

Q. Do you approve of legal marriage for homosexuals?

J.F., Newark

A. You are a camp, aren't you? What does a piece of paper have to do with a genuine relationship between two mature adults? Does it help anything? Does it bring harmony to the crotch or the living room? If you require documents to reassure yourself you are married, or because you imagine it will automatically insure the permanence of your relationship, you are simply an old maid from Kansas who wants to get married, not for love or for the man, but just so she can prove to the world and herself that she *could* get married. Marriage is in the head, anyway. Paper has nothing to do with it. After all, Nero legally married Sporus, and that turned out to be a mess. Not to mention the dismal failure of the experiment in Germany in this century. If two people dig each other strongly enough to wish to stay together as a couple, they are married. No other sanction is needed.

Photo by Pat Rocco



Q. Why don't you ever pass on the names and addresses of those who write to you, so we can get to meet some of them?

R.E., Scarsdale

A. This is completely against our policy. We must protect our correspondents from

schemers, kooks, and unwelcome intruders. We do, however, advise them of places they can go to meet the particular type or types of people they seek, if we think it advisable. Those who dig only Latins, we send to the BON SOIR. Those

who dig beautiful, groovy people of all ages and Latins who dig only Americans, we send to the HAMPTON WICK. Those who have a wide variety of types, we send to the GOLD BUG. All friendly places. We also suggest the dances and functions of the homosexual organizations, such as the GLF, WSDC and the Mattachine Society.

Q. I am 18 and recently discovered I was gay. I have fallen madly in love with a friend my own age. He is so straight he could pose for pictures as The All-American Boy. I am dying to have sex with him but don't know how to go about it. He is always horny, I know. We are friends and he tells me all sorts of things, so I know how he likes sex. I want to go to bed with him, and I think he might go for it, but I am afraid to say anything. What should I do? It's driving me crazy.

M.L., Bronx

A. If you value his friendship, and he is as straight as you think he is, forget it! Look for some nice compatible gay person who attracts you. It's not only wiser, but it will assure you of MUTUAL SATISFACTION. And they are not going to call you FAGGOT the first time they get angry at you, either.

NOTE: I have long specialized in the problems of young homosexuals. Maturity, experience, and education have provided me with most of the answers to their questions, which are rarely as complicated as they think. If you are young and troubled, don't be ashamed to write for advice. Helping you will be rewarding to all of us. ■■

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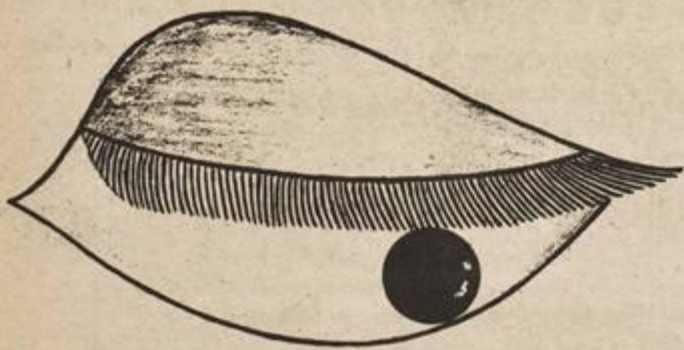


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