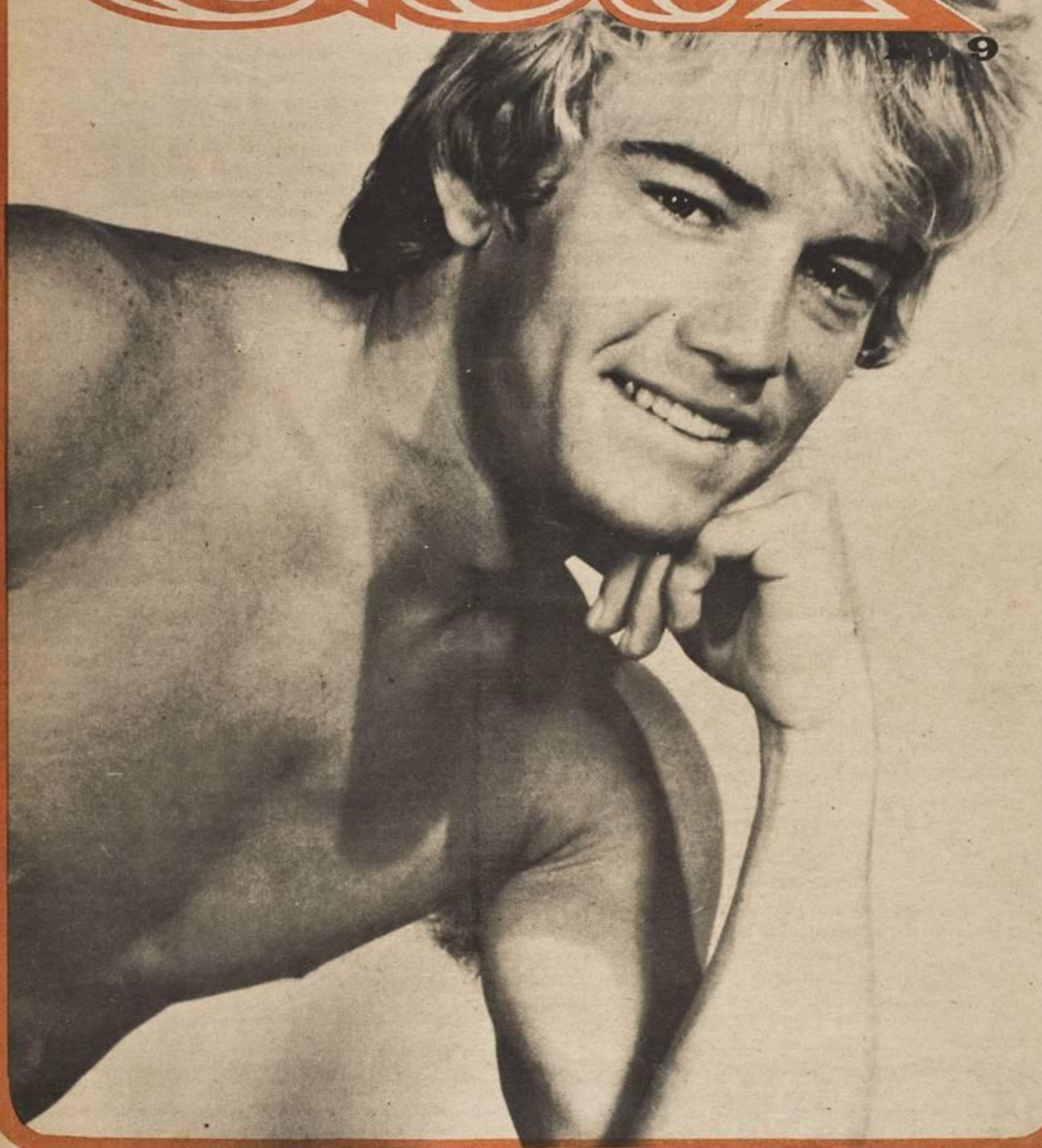


GAY

40¢
OUT OF
NYC 75¢



**BABOONS, BULLS AND
BUGGERY P.7 IS PAUL
GOODMAN A "NIGGER?" P.8**

PHIL BARTON: A PAT ROCCO STAR

The Editors Speak:

WILL MAYOR LINDSAY LISTEN?

It is time for Mayor Lindsay to acknowledge the rightful demands of civil libertarians on homosexual issues: enticement, entrapment, antiquated laws, and the harassment of baths and bars.

It has been the understanding of New York's gay community that the Mayor had called a halt to enticement and entrapment, and that police would no longer seek out homosexual victims. However, experiences have shown that this may not be the case. The March 5th demonstration by youthful members of the Gay Activists Alliance on City Hall poses several pertinent questions for the Mayor: can homosexuals rely on him to protect their rights as free citizens, and work meaningfully within the established system? or (as radicals and gay liberationists demand) will the homophile movement fall prey to anti-establishment sentiment?

The Mayor must be made aware that most homosexual citizens would prefer to work with him rather than to see their civil liberties organizations drift toward the far left. The time for meaningful action is NOW.

Mayor Lindsay's press assistant, Robert Laird, reports that Michael Dontzin, the Mayor's counsel, considered the Gay Activists' properly presented grievances valid, and that he will pursue them and report directly to the Mayor. We await with interest Mayor Lindsay's response.

IS ABC-TV AGAINST US?

ABC-TV's coverage of the Gay Activists Alliance demonstration at City Hall was an insult to the homosexual community. Snide remarks such as "limp wrists stiffened today" and "pickets marched under a slightly effeminate statue" exposed the network's bias. ABC's firing of Leo Laurance, one of its West Coast editors, (known as a homosexual) also demonstrates the network's antiquated and vulgar approach to the homosexual question.

DAVID MERRICK: BROADWAY HUSTLER

We were appalled and amused (mostly amused) by the corny prose in Broadway producer David Merrick's article, "Must Smut Smother the Stage?" appearing in the March issue of *Reader's Digest*. Merrick, whose play, *A Patriot for Me* portrayed homosexuals as poor security risks, attacks the off-Broadway production of *And Puppy Dog Tails* on the grounds that it was "used only as an excuse to have men go to bed together."

No doubt David Merrick is frightened by the proliferation of honesty which threatens his own inane and simplistic approach to drama. Luckily, *A Patriot for Me* was a dismal failure. Merrick's attempts to denigrate homosexuals should be noted by Broadway's gay actors.

FROM THE LEFT AND THE RIGHT

Eldridge Cleaver, H. Rap Brown, the Panthers 21, and Leroi Jones are not the only ones who are calling their enemies "faggots." Now, U.S. Attorney Thomas A. Foran, the prosecutor of the Chicago Seven, has used this derogatory term to describe the revolutionaries who are serving sentences as a result of his efforts. Homosexuals are attacked from both the left and right. Extremists in both camps are intolerant, uptight sexual prudes. A pox on both their houses!



Columnists: Dick Leitsch, Angelo D'Arcangelo, Lily Hansen, Randolph Wicker, Robert Amsel, John Francis Hunter, Dr. Leo Louis Martello, Dr. Stephen Kato, Ian J. Tree

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HOMOSEXUAL POSTMAN FIGHTS BACK

San Francisco, Calif. — David Carpenter, a postal worker, has revealed that he was subjected to lengthy government investigations of his private life to determine his "moral competency."

Carpenter received a letter on Dec. 5th, 1969 from the San Francisco Civil

Service Commission stating: "...The investigation developed information which raised a question as to whether you meet the suitability standards of Federal employment. After carefully considering the facts, we have decided that you do not meet the suitability requirements for employment in the competitive Federal

Service under the provisions of section 731.201 of the Civil Service regulations because of the unfitness evidenced by your conduct in living with a person of your sex, who is a homosexual and impersonates a female and representing yourself as living in a matrimonial relationship with this person."

Carpenter has sent an appeal to the Federal Civil Service Commission in Washington, D.C., and is now waiting for an answer. Says Carpenter, "A lot of guys would just quit first because it would be too embarrassing for them. And that's the reason we've always been pushed around—UNTIL NOW."

HOMOSEXUAL NEWS AND COMMENT RESUMES

New York, N.Y. — "Homosexual News and Reviews," the weekly gay newscast of radio station WBAI, has returned to its usual time slots. It can now be heard on Thursday nights at 8pm or, in rebroadcast form, on Friday mornings at 10:30am. Rotating commentators for the series are Barbara Gittings, Charles Pitts, Baird Searles and Pete Wilson.

GAY ACTIVISTS CONFRONT CITY HALL

New York, N.Y. — Over 30 members of Gay Activists Alliance converged on the City Hall March 5th to demand that Mayor Lindsay speak out against and take action to end legal and economic discrimination against homosexuals in New York. Among the many picket signs carried by the group was one which read: "The Gay Voting Bloc Swung the Mayoral Election."

The group was forcibly prevented by police from entering City Hall to seek an appointment with the Mayor, although Jim Owles, president of GAA, threw himself repeatedly against the police line while television cameras filmed.

"The rest of the public is going in. Why is City Hall closed only to homosexuals?" Owles called out. "This is an affront to homosexual citizens who wish to see their elected official."

Police on foot and on horseback proceeded to push and shove all members of the Gay Activists Alliance out to the sidewalk on Broadway. The group then commenced a two-hour picket which drew hundreds of onlookers and newsmen by the dozen. It was then learned that Mayor Lindsay was in Buffalo.

Within an hour, word came that Michael Dontzin, the Mayor's counsel, would talk with representatives of the organization. Owles and others entered City Hall and spent half an hour with Dontzin, telling him that New York's gay community wanted no back room promises, but insisted that the Mayor take a public stand against police harassment of homosexuals, and in favor of ending all job discrimination, public and private, against homosexuals.

Dontzin said the Mayor was sensitive to the problems of the homosexual citizen and that he would present the Gay Activists demands to the Mayor. He said the group raised valid points.

The action was precipitated by recent police harassment of a gay-bath house. One picket sign noted, "Police on Gay Spree as Muggers Go Free."



MARCH 29, 1970, Volume 1, Number 9



The sign in Barney's Beanery

Photo by Pat Rocco

LA GAYS BOYCOTT BARNEY'S BEANERY

Los Angeles, Calif. — A longstanding sign saying "Faggots stay out" posted in the famed *Barney's Beanery* on Santa Monica Boulevard, precipitated a boisterous demonstration by over 100 homosexuals on February 7th.

Picketing and distributing leaflets was conducted by the Committee for Homosexual Law Reform, the Committee for Homosexual Freedom, the Homosexual Information Center, and the L.A. Gay Liberation Front.

Signs saying "Say it Loud, we're Gay and Proud," "More Deviation, Less Population," and "Gay is Just as Good as Straight" were flashed by NBC-TV cameras covering the event. Other news media as well as gay film maker Pat Rocco were on hand.

Carrying transistor radios as planned, picketers danced together, embraced and walked hand in hand in one of the most colorful and joyous homosexual

demonstrations in history. Many who felt unable to actually picket but who, nonetheless, wanted to lend support drove past the picket shouting "Gay Power" giving the victory sign.

The Reverend Troy Pery of the Committee for Homosexual Law Reform and Morris Kight of Gay Liberation Front entered the Beanery, confronted the management, proclaimed their homosexuality, and demanded to be served—and they were served without any quibble. They then proceeded to contest the morality of the sign with the manager and bartender. Reports indicate that the joyous mood of the demonstrators was not shared by those allied with the famed Beanery.

Hundreds of persons watched the three-hour demonstration in amazement, and many customers were said to have observed the boycott as Gay Power surfaced once more in Los Angeles.

WEST COAST CONFERENCE DRAWS DELEGATES FROM 22 GROUPS

Los Angeles, Calif. — First reports are in from the West Coast Regional Homophile Conference attended by over 100 delegates from 22 organizations. The conference was held in the First Unitarian Church on Feb. 13-15, and was filmed by NBC-TV.

According to the Berkeley Tribe (Feb. 20), homosexuals would be allowed to adopt children if the conference's Statement of Aims were adopted in the U.S. Homosexuals would also:

- Be guaranteed fair housing.
- Be free from illegal police harassment.
- Be allowed to attend public schools and colleges.
- Be allowed to teach in public schools and to serve as clergy in churches and synagogues.
- Receive "married" rates on insurance for gay couples.

Reports from both the *L.A. Free Press* and the *Berkeley Tribe* indicated that reformist views won over those of the more radical faction in the conference, but only by a narrow margin. The most radical measure adopted by the conference was the demand for reparations from organized religion of \$90 billion "for the genocidal acts instituted, perpetrated and perpetuated by the churches."

The resolution, called the Declaration of Los Angeles, is being acted upon by Morris Kight of L.A.'s Gay Liberation Front. Calling himself Pope Morris I, he tacked a bill for \$90 billion on the door of the First Congregational Church of L.A. on Feb. 23rd. He declared, "The Congregational or Puritan Church is one of the most guilty. In New England during the 18th Century, thousands of people were burned at the stake, charged with sodomy. I hope the straight Christians will pay their just bill and learn a little bit about love." Kight plans to present the bill to other churches as well as to Pope Paul VI when he travels to the U.S.

Attending the conference were homosexuals of all political persuasions and from all walks of life, a fact necessitating many debates and many compromises. A key resolution to continue the traditional policy of non-alliance with non-gay movements was defeated. Speaking in behalf of non-alliance, Marcus Oversteth, Editor of the *San Francisco Free Press*, warned "To call ourselves part of the political revolution is cutting our heads off. To identify with the New Left is dangerous." His remarks were aimed at several Gay

(continued on page 10)

SPIRO AGNEW: EXPERT ON GREEK CULTURE?

BY BOB AMSEL

Most homosexuals of my acquaintance are romantic enough without having to turn to the ancient Greeks for inspiration. It's true that the old pederasts found their sexual lives better accepted and even approved of by society in general, but pumping one's way to bliss did not equal the sum of one's duties. If the Spartan soldiers openly indulged in homosexuality, the other aspects of their lives would be considered appalling to us today, unless we happen to be mindless, gang war fanatics (which, some of us unfortunately are). In spite of their beautiful bodies and sexual frolics, the Spartan soldier could not expect to live to a ripe old age. (In fact, in most ancient Western civilizations, no one expected to live terribly long.) And it was fashionable to die young for the glory of the fun-loving gods, if one was foolish enough to believe in these amorous, though sometime violent, deities. In fact, those moderns who screech, "Kill a commie for Christ" would have fished in quite nicely. For example, Spiro Agnew who is of Greek parentage would have been at home.

Of course, it may be argued that the Athenians were quite different, turning their smiling faces to the esthetic way of life. But don't forget that most people then did not have the opportunity of applying themselves to the "finer things." In the "first" democracy, an elite aristocracy could afford to get away without working. Those glorious orgies were for a selected few, and the common man had to do with screwing his ugly wife. Actually, in a number of ways homosexuality was a privilege. If a boy was handsome by Greek standards (and they were a helluva lot higher than some of ours), he was courted by older men and when he finally chose one of his likings, he was given an education—a complete education. Then, discovering that he himself had grown older he was prepared to find a young boy to fulfill his own dreams. Of course, the roles changed at this point: From the passive boy, he became the aggressive man. He had a wife to bear children; but a boy for the finer things.

Oddly enough, such habits still exist on some of those tiny Greek islands we only hear of in regard to their scenic pleasures. I once had a Greek friend who was raised in a naturally bisexual climate. He was sent to the United States for an education and found himself in a Southern prep school for men. While working out for a sports tournament with a male gym teacher one day, he decided that he had developed a strong

attachment for the older man: "I would like very much to go to bed with you," the boy simply stated.

The gym teacher was shocked: "You shouldn't say things like that!" he screeched, although ultimately, he submitted quite willingly to the boy's advances. At the time, though, the Greek boy shrugged and wondered why not. What had he said wrong? He simply wished to express physically what he felt emotionally. He just couldn't understand

the teacher's rebuff. After all, no one had ever told him that homosexuality was wrong.

Later, when the same Greek boy was several years older—and wiser—he returned to the small island of his birth. A party was given by his relatives in honor of the occasion. One handsome young cousin of thirteen approached the young man's mother and said, "I would be very honored to sleep with your son." The mother was both thrilled and complimented. The fact that her son had been educated abroad was enough to make all of her relatives wish to express their pride and love thusly. But the thirteen-year-old was at just the right age to be able to offer his nubile gifts. So, the mother approached her son and asked him if he would like to shack up with the adolescent. The son was delighted with the prospect and readily acquiesced. Everyone was happy, especially the two cousins, who, for a night, turned the old traditions into a reality.

Now there are many Greeks of today who deny that any of the old pagan customs (quaint as they may be) still exist. But I wish to challenge them. In fact, I heartily recommend the Greek Orthodox Church as a beautiful place for a pick-up. In fact, my lover and I attended a Greek wedding a year or so ago. As I was being assaulted in the men's room by a Greek bearing a pretty big gift

(while his ugly wife and three ugly children sat quietly alone at a table), my lover was experiencing a first-rate grope job at our table by a man with five ugly children and an ugly wife. It never fails to amaze me that there are so many good-looking Greek men, and so many frightening-looking Greek women with the exception, of course, of Melina Mecouri. Could this be why so many Greek men have "proclivities"? And so, I would probably suggest a summer vacation to the Greek Islands if it were not for the U.S. supported junta which terrorizes Greeks while gobbling American tourist money.

Of course, homosexuality on the Greek mainland has become much more hypocritical. People still do it, but their religion has taught them to verbally ignore this part of their lives. But alas, homosexuality is only a hangover stemming from a dead civilization. The puritanism of Christianity has long since taken the joy out of any kind of sex. Despite a number of new Oliver Cromwells and Joseph McCarthys, Americans are beginning to accept homosexual urges with more honesty and less guilt. And maybe, we will be able in time to surpass our Greek forefathers who grooved on both genders. They fucked and fought. Perhaps we can learn to fuck without fighting. . . instead of fighting without fucking as we do now.

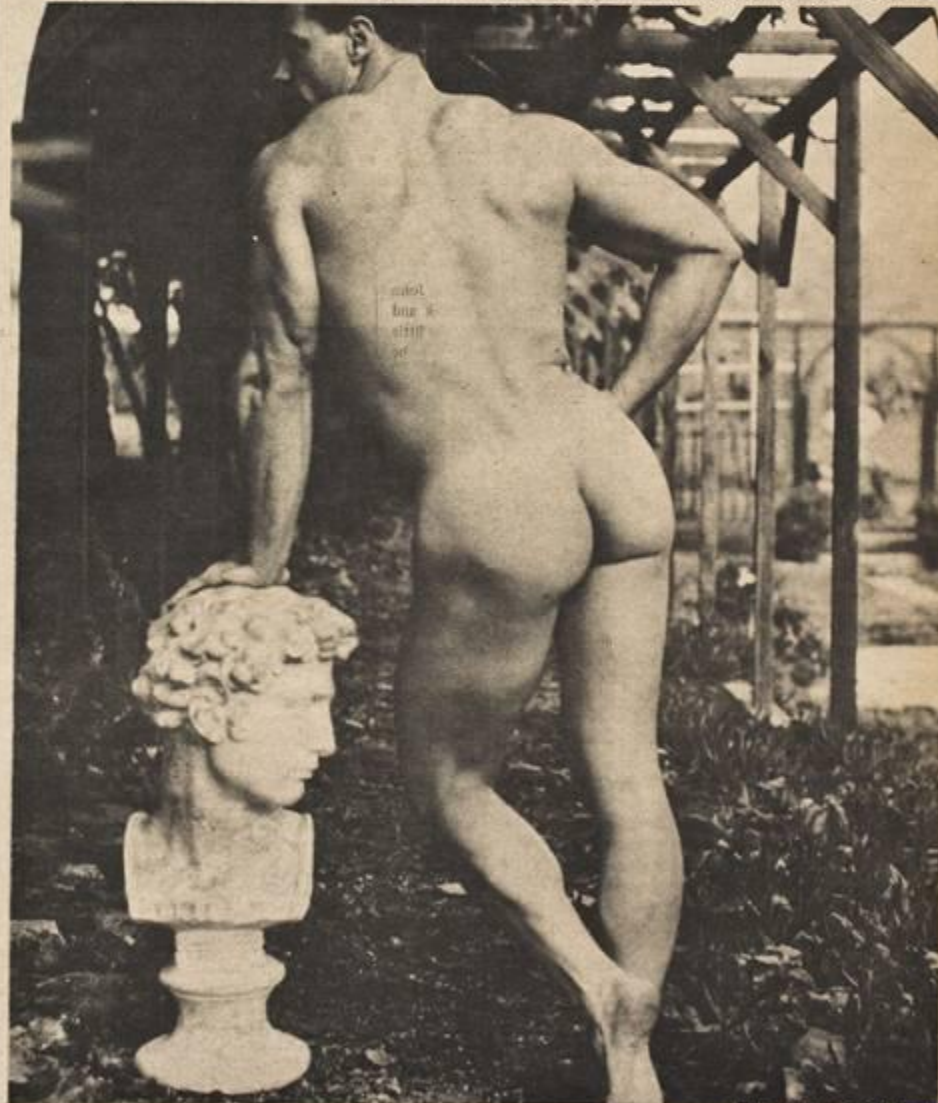


Photo courtesy of Colt Studio.

GOLDEN GATE PARK: FOG, FAGS, & FAMINE

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

Everybody talks about deprivation, but very few people ever experience it. There used to be some talk about artists developing through "suffering". I always heard that shit when I was a student. People don't give much lip service to that any more. Somebody seems to have discovered it to have been a propaganda device of the rich to keep art prices down.

Still, there's something to be said for whatever catharsis one experiences which matures one, whether through pleasure or pain. I personally prefer pleasure, but that may be because I just happened to get mine the other way. I got it in San Francisco. I found myself there, a young painter, able, and willing to do most anything legitimate or otherwise to get ahead. Alas, it was Eisenhower time; the recession. That means, as we will all find out soon enough, no jobs, no money. Not being out of work isn't necessarily the worst thing for one. I'm told independently wealthy people aren't troubled by it at all.

San Francisco, by the way, is now and was then the gay capital of the U.S. That means, among other things, that flesh is so cheap there, unless you're in a wheel chair and have a harelip, you can make out. Yet even people with both conditions, and worse, can and do make out on Market Street. What to do if you're down to your last five and you wouldn't mind throwing splendid midwestern head to some kindly gentleman with an hour and a twenty to spend? In San Francisco, not much. No matter what you're offering, you can be pretty sure somebody's gotten there before you with more. Slim pickin's. And so, with not much money for my pictures, and part-time jobs low and getting scarcer, and cash vanishing, and friends too, I got hungry.

It seems to me the first thing I recognized about it was that I had gotten along for longer than I should have with luxuries and surpluses taken much too much for granted. I found I had been devoting far too much of my time to consumption: consumption of food and liquor, unnecessary goods like silly clothing and well, it all went by the board. I lived on about five bucks a week—penny by penny. I found out that as Bessie Smith sang, nobody loved me when I was down and out: not even at twenty-three (except very quickly). San Francisco, a two-week town in every sense, became by personal two years in hell; it was the kind of town where anybody will buy you a drink, most will lend you a dime, but nobody will give you dinner. You don't get fat on olives and marischino cherries. Hunger, dear friends, the extremity to which one can go, has a way of pulling one's head together, along with slow, agonizing slimming down: the fat comes off one's rib cage as well as off one's soul.

Well, by the time I decided to sell every solid object I owned and head back east, I had found that (a) suicide isn't necessarily the best way in or out, and

that (b) as long as I was going to have to hang around this globe I'd have to contribute something to it and work for it and very hard, too. And (c) the popularity contest was not only over, it had never been held despite the posted notices. All that surplus luggage thrown overboard, Angelo traveled faster and farther.

That little lesson in malnutrition was worth learning. It's helped me much over the years. I could have learned it in San Antonio or Sanduskie, but I didn't. No



matter. I got "hung-up" on *Survival*. That, babes, seems to me to be the whole point of the living experience. Which reminds me of a poem written by, I think, John Chiardi. He describes a small black and gray and white spider; rather an ugly little beast, who looks like a bird turd when he sits still on a tree trunk. He imitates the stuff well and attracts butterflies and such, which he eats. The title of the poem was, I think, "Life will do anything to make a living."

It was about the time of my stay in the bay city that the whole of San Francisco got a lesson too. I must digress here and say simply that with the Berkeley riots and demonstrations and riots in and around the schools in the Bay area very much in the news these days, things were terribly different then. First, the best and most courteous cops, the coolest, the cleanest and best educated, were the Berkeley cops. The pigs were the San Francisco cops. They were really horrible. Gross, ignorant, rude and pugnacious, they entrapped and tried to intimidate everyone. One had to go to the other side of the bay if one expected to be treated like a citizen.

One of the best reasons for going to San Francisco at all, if one lived in Mill Valley or Berkeley or on the Peninsula, was the Sunday Brunch at the Black Cat. The Black Cat was a venerable, seedy bar down near the docks. Sawdust on the floor, lots of atmosphere. Nutty. Very anti-elegant. A good make-out bar. But, all that aside, on Sundays, Jose did an opera.

Jose was tiny, Cuban, balding and heavily accented in the Maria Montez mode. He was a high swish with a rapier tongue. On the sabbath, on an improvised stage, Jose would do the classics, *Pelleas*

et *Melisande*, *Carmen*, *Die Walkure*, you name it, he did it, and all alone, changing voices and costumes willy-nilly. He was very very good, and very funny. Many people came. Straights, butches, dykes. People who didn't care for the pink tea scene came just for the entertainment.

One day, or one night, (probably after I had sung *I Cover the Waterfront*) the place was raided, or given a summons for some trumped-up misdemeanor. Well, as we all know that's nothing new as gay bars go. The next Sunday, during

goals are good, nobody can disagree with that, but working so directly against a system can crystallize the opposition against even a good, even a liberal and worthy movement. Sometimes one can "camp" reform into being (not always, but sometimes). I think one should take the city and state constitutions and putting on this or that outfit, hat or badge, ad-lib some life and some amazement into the old things, just as Jose did to ho-hum operas. Can you picture Candy Darling running for mayor? Or Mario Montez? Nothing deflates bureaucracy faster than ridicule, and few things are more ridiculous than using the weapons of the establishment against those people who take advantage of public apathy to gain their own ends.

You know, I remember Haight and Ashbury Sts. before they became what they were until recently, because I've lived in that section, but it always seemed to me that the kids there could have benefited from an example like the one I just mentioned. Let's, in the future, try to get at least one clever drag queen into every commune. Look around you. Have you noticed how many hippie-type postal employees there are nowadays? Isn't it grand? And women mail carriers? Super! Well, why not hippie cops and more women on the force? That's the way. Divide and conquer! Male Meter-Maids? Pre and Post men? Which demi-drag Dominatrix is ready to replace deputy commissioner Bonacum? Monique Van Cleef? Let's not abandon the brickbat, but let's not ignore the ballot either.

And now, because you've all been so fucking sweet, I'm going to leave you with my show-biz tip for the week. There's a new musical due in this summer, guys'n gals, called *HELLO LAOS HELLO!* A real genocidal romp. Or have you all forgotten the Fugs' great chanson of yesteryear, *Strafe that Gook In The Rice Paddy, Daddy?*

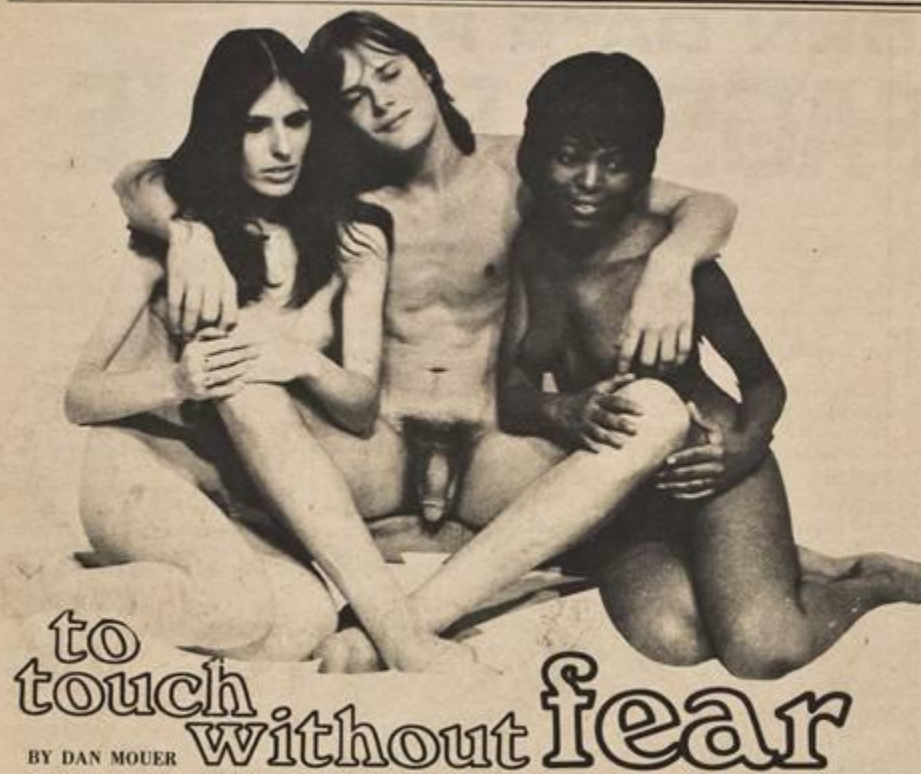
Look for all this and more ad nauseum, Dick and Pat, The Overkill Kids, play Truth and/or Consequences. Remember.....

YOU CAN TAKE YOUNG MEN OUT OF THE COUNTRY, BUT..... YOU CAN'T GET THE ARMY OUT OF ASIA.

Yes, kids, your tax money will finance this and other amusing television blood-sports. Thanks to your tacit OK, meglomaniac productions like these are financed by the people who pay most of the taxes: single people of middle income with no dependents. Whom do you suppose that means?

Well, the one trouble with the televised shows of the Vietcong Shuffle was the bad musical score. The second war had music by Richard Rogers. You'd think they could at least get something danceable for killing out of Burt Bacharach. You know: "Napalm fallin' on m' head, but I don't mind because m' friends are all stone dead; Better dead than red. Still... Mei Lai 'n me are prettin' seen on TV an' so I'll die a star, of musical war."

Sing along out there next time you watch the newsteels on your TV screen. Just follow the hono-ine-still.



to touch without fear

BY DAN MOUER

Ruce was first. He was 14, I was 12. His was large, mine was small. We would read his old man's *Playboys*, find the hidden rubbers, beat our meat beneath the covers. Sometimes we would do it for each other. It was always better that way. To be delivered by another's effort... something I am always seeking. And yes, too, to deliver another.

Occasionally we would play cards and wager "sucks." We never completed with the mouth... only the required number of bobs to make the bet good. It made the game good, too. And the friendship, I liked him in my mouth taking my energy, returning my pleasure. Adolescent tickles, the loss of innocence. Sometimes I wonder. Only sometimes... mostly I know.

And there were girls. Janet and Hide 'n Seek, we would hide and never come out. When she was twelve she had big tits I kissed... And then there were Tony and Luigi, the brothers; they stole their mother's Camels and we smoked them in the woods. Pissing the longest stream was a game. The winner was rewarded by hand, from both ends. Who cared? The only shame was Luigi's who was embarrassed because he hadn't been circumcised. Played tricks and staked claims to secret camps in our woods. Lit fires with lawnmower gas, cooked hotdogs, took turns sneaking to the cellar bathroom to steal toilet paper for rituals around the magic shithole.

Class. I was hungry for people then. There were Bob and Ernie. Sometimes, I didn't care enough for them, but they were there... willing friends.

Building hi-fi's and speculating philosophies, boasting conquests, yet comfortable in our actual virginity. Too busy analyzing, Bob's house sometimes we'd all beat off together, each to ourselves. Our hands hiding our organs but our faces naked with vulnerable passion and often frustrating guilt. I touched Bob once and offered to help when he couldn't come. He said he wasn't queer.

Ernie and I got drunk on his pastor-father's garage stash of sacramental wine and beat off in Kelly's back yard in broad daylight. I realized for the first time how exciting a male organ could be.

I was turned on watching him and we were too drunk to be suspicious of our pleasure. I would have liked to take him in my hand. But, of course, I didn't. Instead I finished myself in fantasies of Bruce and I so young. Rubbing pricks. Sticking them between our legs. Freely touching. I remembered making him come on a microscope slide so we could see the sperm swim around. We didn't see them.

We fucked. Gang-Bang on Beck's Hill with two quarter-kegs, Frog's sister and her friend Charlotte the Nympho. (Is it right to want to apologize for a piece of ass from so many years and lives ago? Charlotte, in our hunger we never saw your starving...)



through others. It is in other hands and mouths that I obtain my definitions, and my certainty.

Dropped out. The army. Holly, my wife, became everything, and why not? Our life came well together and the singularity of that relationship is the sort of thing we always cherish. But fulfillment doesn't come so far with those so strongly themselves, I hung in a suspension state reserved for poets. A special purgatory where neither thought nor fantasy can gratify.

New York, finally, working in films, then writing. Working more and more, sublimating passion. Wearing away the fine edge of sensitivity that allows us to create. But pressure sometimes drives ideas together. And money helps.

There is a friend from the past and we were close. Three of us often got drunk or stoned and groped at something we rationalized long ago but hadn't allowed. We tried to cut holes in the bullshit around us. In our clumsiness we sometimes touched, and touched well. When we did, we knew it had been good.

But these events are too close for scrutiny now. It is still too soon from the sex smells and sounds of flesh together. Cock and cunt and binned defenses. My visions have returned again as flesh; They are the textures of other people. Unique loves I've been touched by. My lesson has been of faith and love. And love mostly.

To have learned to reverse any man's love. To smile on love wherever you see it, even if it is your lover's love for another. And to accept love from wherever it is offered. And to dispel jealousy as our own ego's dupe and see it as an enemy of any real communion between people. Fear and possession drive us from fulfillment.

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

Homosexual Behavior Among Males: A Cross-Cultural and Cross-Species Investigation by Wainwright Churchill, M.D. Hawthorne Books, 1967, \$7.95

For anyone wanting straight simple facts regarding homosexual behavior among animals and an understanding of the homosexual's ever changing social status throughout history, Wainwright Churchill's tome is definitely the diamond in the coal bin.

For instance, the prevailing popular mythology that heterosexuality is the only innate instinctual sexual urge found in nature conflicts with scientific studies of homosexual behavior among monkeys, dogs, bulls, rats, porcupines, guinea pigs, goats, horses, donkeys, elephants, hyenas, bats, mice, lions, rabbits, cats, raccoons, baboons, apes and porpoises—to name just a few.

Sexually aroused lower animals will attempt copulating with the nearest partner regardless of that partner's sex. Such facts should help alleviate the misinformed's unnatural-urge guilt complexes. More comfort should come from learning some mammals can be so homosexually conditioned that they reject females all together.

Homosexuals, contrary to what they may think or have been taught to think, are not lacking in mammalian heritage. For example, how many people realize that young bulls or steers are often used as "teasers" to arouse mature bulls in preparation for the collection of ejaculates used in artificial insemination? Even vacillating bisexuals should be heartened to discover bulls will frequently react more readily to a teaser of their own sex—especially if a heifer has been used as a "teaser" during previous sessions. Variety seems to be the spice of life, no bull.

Chicken lovers, take heart! Most homosexual relations between mammals occur between older and younger males, the younger male usually assuming the passive role. See, shades of Greek love in mother nature.

The higher the level of primate, the greater the exclusiveness of homosexual behavior. But only man remains exclusively, monogamously homosexual throughout life. Nevertheless, Flipper fans will be thrilled over the periodic fidelity found in homosexual "affairs" between porpoises.

"Batch" and "fem" types will be fascinated by their monkey-missing-link heritage. To begin with, there is much "role playing" in the homosexual behavior of subhuman primates. Younger primates may assume a feminine posture in the effort to secure the attention and protection of an older male. These young males may offer themselves in homosexual intercourse with a dominant older male. The male that is playing the feminine role may reach backward and handle the penis of the partner and sometimes the passive male masturbates while the active male screws him.

Among our curled-toe cousins, the older male protects his young homosexual favorite and bestows favors on him. Some might call that love; others could charge the monkeys are just aping sugar daddies.

Baboons, Bulls



and Buggery

Of course not all homosexual behavior among animals is limited to such relationships. Sometimes younger males will copulate with one another or mount older males. Baboons, especially, tend to favor group sex and not infrequently whole groups of male baboons are involved in sexual alliances. So, you might say natural law dictates a "baboon room" in every Turkish bath.

The foregoing eye-openers are just some poignant highlights from one chapter, "The Phylogenetic Base of Homosexuality." Succeeding chapters deal with the development of sexual practices among all types of life, documenting (as opposed to theorizing) how all mammalian sexual behavior is shaped by learning experiences.

Homosexual institutions are traced from the first male prostitutes found in the temples of the early Hebrews, through the rise and fall of Greece, through the corruption of homosexual relationships by the Romans and finally their slow and brutal repression by organized religion during the Dark Ages.

Homosexuality in a sex-positive cultural environment is compared to

homosexuality in sex-negative cultural environments. The repercussions of the law and its slow liberalization over the last two centuries is recounted.

Popular unscientific prejudices which make so much of today's writing and research regarding homosexuality sloppy, inaccurate, and irrelevant are laid bare and examined. Anyone undergoing or considering therapy for homosexually related problems will find Churchill's chapter on "Sex, Sin and Psychiatry" particularly helpful.

Homosexual Behavior Among Males does not lack an editorial viewpoint from simple opinion is called for. "Sexual virtue," Churchill maintains, "begins with the joyful acceptance of one's own sexuality and the sexuality of other people." "Homosexuality, unlike sin," he notes, "does not originate in man's will to be destructive but in his will to be creative; unlike crime, it does not exploit and corrupt but instead offers inspiration; unlike disease, it is not a distortion of man's natural capacities but a utilization of them. It cannot, therefore, ever be totally or finally suppressed."

Of the dozens of books this reviewer has plowed through searching for both unbiased information and self understanding, Wainwright Churchill's *Homosexual Behavior Among Males* stands heads and shoulders above all others. It is an invaluable scientific supplement to valuable early polemics such as Donald Webster Cory's *Homosexual in America*. Although available only in hardcover and underpromoted by its publishers (they reportedly don't like its positive outlook), the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookstore (on Mercer Street near Broadway and E. 8th St., New York) reports that it is their best selling hardback—something which should encourage those optimists among us who would like to believe "quality finds a market" and that "truth can't be suppressed."

Get a copy of this book. Read it. Lend it to your friends. It may set you back \$7.95 but it will do a lot to straighten your head out, increase your self understanding, and improve the very quality of your life.

Could any book do more?

Ln essential ways, homosexual needs have made me a nigger. I have, of course, been subject to arbitrary insult and brutality from citizens and the police. But except for being occasionally knocked down, I have gotten off lightly in this department, since I have a good flair for incipient trouble and I used to be nimble on my feet. What is much more niggerizing is being debased and abashed when it is not taken for granted that my outgoing impulse is my right; so I often, and maybe habitually have the feeling that it is not my street. I don't mean that my passes are not accepted, nobody has a right to that; but that I'm not put down for making them. It is painful to be frustrated, yet there is a way of rejecting someone that accords him his right to exist and is the next best thing to accepting him; but I have rarely enjoyed this treatment.

Allen Ginsberg and I once pointed out to Stokely Carmichael, how we were niggers, but he blandly put us down by saying that we could always conceal our dispositions and pass. That is, he accorded to us the same lack of imagination that one accords to niggers: we did not really exist for him. Interestingly, this dialogue was taking place on national TV, that haven of secrecy.

In general, in America, being a queer nigger is economically and professionally less disadvantageous than being a black nigger, except for a few areas like government service, where there is considerable fear and furtiveness. (In more puritanic regimes, like present-day Cuba, being queer is professionally and civilly a bad deal.) But my own experience has been very mixed. I have been fired three times because of my queer behavior or my claim to the right to it—and these are the only times I have been fired. I was fired from the University of Chicago during the early years of Hutchins, from Manumit School (an offshoot of A.J. Muste's Brookwood Labor College), and from Black Mountain College. These were highly liberal and progressive institutions, and two of them were communitarian. Frankly, my experience of radical community is that it does not tolerate my freedom. Nevertheless, I am all for community because it is a human thing, only I seem doomed to be left out.

On the other hand, my homosexual acts and the overt claim to the right to commit them have never disadvantaged me much, so far as I know, in more square institutions. I have taught at half a dozen State universities. I am continually invited, often as chief speaker, to conferences of junior high school superintendents, boards of Regents, guidance counsellors, task forces on delinquency, etc., etc. I say what I think is right, I make passes if there is occasion—I have even made out, which is more than I can say for conferences of SDS or Resistance. Maybe such company is so square that it does not believe, or dare to notice, my behavior; or more likely, such professional square people are more worldly and couldn't care less what you do, so long as they do not have to face anxious parents and yellow press.

On the whole, although I was desperately poor up to a dozen years ago—I brought up a family on the income of a sharecropper—I do not attribute this

to being queer but to my pervasive ineptitude, truculence, and bad luck. In 1944, even the Army rejected me as "Not Military Material" (they had such a stamp), not because I was queer but because I made a nuisance of myself with pacifist action at the examination center and also had bad eyes and piles.

Curiously, however, I have been told by Harold Rosenberg and the late Willie Poster, that my sexual behavior used to do me damage in precisely the New York literary world; it kept me from being invited to advantageous parties. I don't know. What I observed in the 30's and 40's was that I was excluded from the

soul. There are queers and blacks belonging to both these parties. Queers are "artists," blacks have "soul"—this is the kind of theory which, I am afraid, is self-disproving, like trying to prove you have a sense of humor. In my own case, however, being a nigger seems to inspire me to want a more elementary humanity, wider, less structured, more variegated, and where people have some heart for one another and pay attention to distress. That is, my plight has given energy to my anarchism, utopianism, and Gandhianism. There are blacks in this party too.

My actual political attitude is a willed reaction-formation to being a nigger. I act

liberation movements, since freedom is indivisible. What is needed is not defiant pride and self-consciousness, but social space to live and breathe.

In my observation and experience, queer life has some remarkable political values. It can be profoundly democratizing, throwing together every class and group more than heterosexuality does. Its promiscuity can be a beautiful thing (but be prudent about VD). I myself have cruised rich, poor, middle class, and petit bourgeois; black, white, yellow, and brown; scholars, jocks, and dropouts; farmers, seamen, railroad men, heavy industry, light manufacturing, communications, business, and finance; civilians, soldiers and sailors, and once or twice cops. There is a kind of political meaning, I guess, in the fact that there are so many types of attractive human beings; but what is more significant is that the many functions in which I am professionally and economically engaged are not altogether cut and dried but retain a certain animation and sensuality. HEW in Washington and IS 210 in Harlem are not total wastes, though I talk to the wall in both. I have something to do at peace demonstrations—I am not inspired by guitar music—though no doubt the TV files and the FBI with their little cameras have probably caught pictures of me groping somebody. For Oedipal reasons I am usually sexually anti-semitic, which is a drag, since there are so many fine Jews. The human characteristics which are finally important to me and can win my lasting friendship are quite simple: health, honesty, not being cruel or resentful, being willing to come across, having either sweetness or character on the face. As I reflect on it, only gross stupidity, obsessional cleanliness, racial prejudice, insanity, and being drunk or high really put me off.

In most human societies, of course, the sexual drive has been one more occasion for injustice: the rich buying the poor, males abusing females, whites using niggers, the adults exploiting the young. But I think this is neurotic and does not give the best satisfactions. It is normal to befriend what gives you pleasure. St. Thomas, who was a grand moral philosopher though a poor metaphysician, says that the chief human use of sex (as distinguished from the natural law of procreation) is to get to know other persons intimately, and that has been my experience.

A criticism of homosexual promiscuity is that, rather than democracy, there is an appalling superficiality of human contact, so that it is a kind of model of the mass insanity of modern urban life. I don't know if this is generally the case; just as, of the crowds who go to art galleries, I don't know who are being spoken to by the art and who are being bewildered further. "Is he interested in me or just in my skin? If I have sex with him, he will regard me as nothing" — I think this distinction is meaningless and disastrous; in fact, I follow up in exactly the opposite way, and many of my lifelong personal loyalties had sexual beginnings; but is this the rule or the exception? Given the usual coldness and fragmentation of community life at present, I have a hunch that homosexual promiscuity enriches more lives than it desensitizes. Naturally, when I give occasional talks to the Mattachine Society, my invariable pitch is to ally with all other libertarian groups and

Sometimes it is sexual hunting first of

all that brings me to a place where I meet people—e.g., I used to haunt bars on the waterfront; sometimes I am in a place for another reason and incidentally hunt — e.g., I call on my publisher and make a pass at a stock-boy; sometimes these are both of a piece — e.g., I like to play handball and I am sexually interested in fellows who play handball. But these all come to the same thing, for in all situations I think, speak, and act pretty much the same. Apart from ordinary courteous adjustments of vocabulary—but not of syntax—I am the same, say and do not wear different masks or find myself with a different personality. Perhaps

are secure enough to be aristocratically egalitarian themselves. Yet the fact that I am not phony or manipulative has also kept people from disliking or resenting me, and I usually have a good conscience. If I happen to get on with someone, there is not a lot of lies and bullshit to clear away.

Becoming a celebrity in the past few years seems to have hurt me sexually rather than helped me. For instance, decent young collegians who might like me and used to seek me out, now keep a respectful distance from the distinguished man—perhaps they are now sure that I must be interested in their skin, not in

cannot take the GNP very seriously, nor the status and credentials, nor grandiose technological liberation movements. For a starving person, the world has got to come across in kind. It doesn't. I have learned to have very modest goals for society and myself, things like clean air and water, green grass children with bright eyes, not being pushed around, useful work that suits one's abilities, plain tasty food, and occasional satisfactory nookie.

A happy property of sexual acts, and perhaps especially of homosexual acts, is that they are dirty, like life: as Augustine said, *Inter urinas et feces nascimur*. In a

beach, and the washroom of trains are all adequate samples of all the space there is. For both good and bad, homosexual behavior retains some of the alarm and excitement of childish sexuality.

It is damaging for societies to check any spontaneous vitality. Sometimes it is necessary, but rarely; and certainly not homosexual acts which, so far as I have heard, have never done any harm to anybody. A part of the hostility, paranoia, and automatic competitiveness of our society comes from the inhibitions of body contact. But in a very specific way, the ban on homosexuality damages and depersonalizes the educational system. The teacher-student relation is almost always erotic; if there is a fear and to-do that it might turn into overt sex, it either lapses or becomes sick and cruel. And it is a loss that we do not have the pedagogic sexual friendships that have starred other cultures. Needless to say, a functional sexuality is incompatible with our mass school systems. This is one among many reasons why they should be dismantled.

I recall when *Growing Up Absurd* had a number of glowing reviews, finally one irritated critic, Alfred Kazin, darkly hinted that I wrote about my Puerto Rican delinquents because I was queer for them. Naturally. How could I write a perceptive book if I didn't pay attention, and why should I pay attention to something unless, for some reason, it interested me? The motivation of most sociology, whatever it is, tends to produce worse books. I doubt that anybody would say that my observations of delinquent adolescents or of collegians in the Movement has been betrayed by infatuation. But I do care for them. (Of course, they might say, "With such a friend, who needs enemies?")

An evil of the hardship and danger of queer life in our society, however, as with any situation of scarcity and starvation, is that we become obsessional about it. I myself have spent far too many anxious hours of my life fruitlessly cruising, which I might have spent sauntering for nobler purposes or for nothing at all, pasturing my soul. Yet I think I have had the stamina, or stubbornness, not to let my obsession cloud my honesty. I have never pruned a young fellow's bad poem because he was attractive, though of course I am then especially pleased if it is good. Best of all, of course, if he is my lover and he shows me something that I can be proud of and push. Yes, since I began this article on a bitter note, let me end it with a happy poem I like, from *Hawkweed*:

*We have a crazy love affair,
it is wanting each other to be happy.
Since nobody else cares for that
we try to see to it ourselves.*

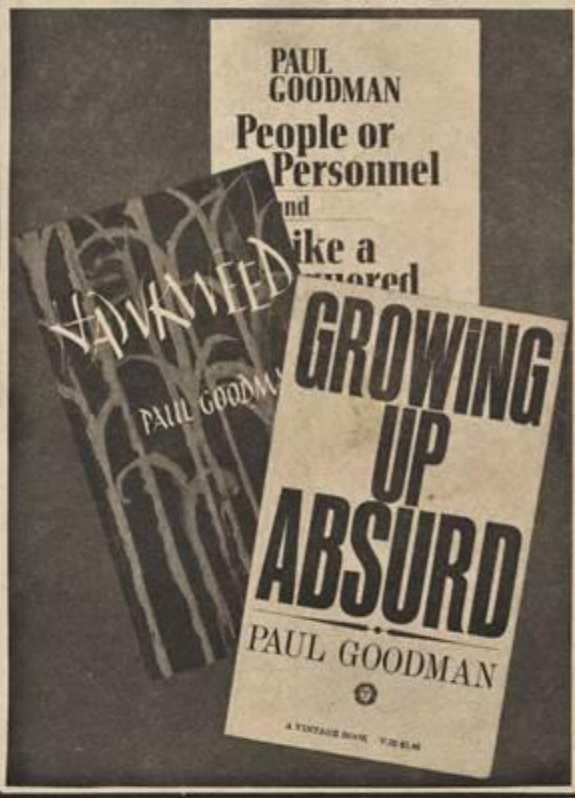
*Since everybody knows that sex
is part of love, we make love,
when that's over we return
to shrewdly plotting the other's advantage.*

*Today you gazed at me, that spell
is why I choose to live on.
God bless you who remind me simply
of the earth and sky and Adam.*

*I think of such things more than most
but you remind me simply, Man,
you make me proud to be a workman
of the Six Days, practical.
Paul Goodman*

memoirs of an ancient activist

BY PAUL GOODMAN

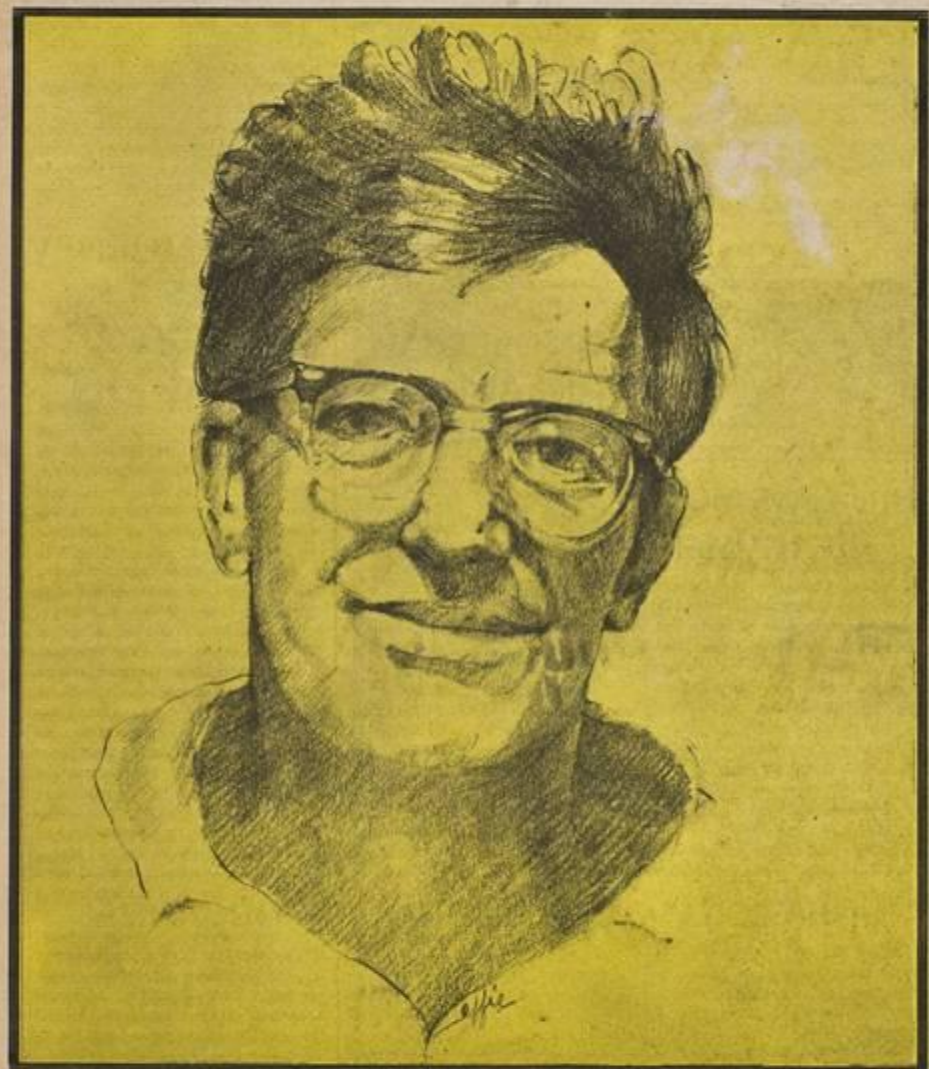


profitable literary circles dominated by Marxists and ex-Marxists, because I was kind of an anarchist. For example, I was never invited to PEN or the Committee for Cultural Freedom. Shucks! (When CCF finally got around to me at the end of the 50's, I had so turn them down because they were patently CIA.)

To stay morally alive, a nigger uses various kinds of spite, the vitality of the powerless. He can be randomly destructive; he feels he has little to lose and maybe he can prevent the others from enjoying what they have. Or he can become an ingroup fanatic, feeling that only his own kind are authentic and have

that "the society I live in is mine," the title of one of my books. I regard the President as my public servant whom I pay, and I berate him as a lousy worker. I am more constitutional than the supreme court.

In their ingroup band, Gay Society, homosexuals can get to be fantastically snobbish and a-political or reactionary, and they put on being silly like a costume. This is an understandable ego-defense: "You gotta be better than somebody," but its payoff is very limited. When I give occasional talks to the Mattachine Society, my invariable pitch is to ally with all other libertarian groups and



there are two opposite reasons why I can maintain my integrity; on the one hand, I have a strong enough intellect to see how people are for real in our world, and to be able to get in touch with them despite differences in background; on the other hand, I am likely to shut in my own preconceptions so that I don't even notice glaring real obstacles that prevent communication.

How I do come on hasn't made for much success. Since I don't use my wit to manipulate, I rarely get what I want; since I don't betray my own values, I am not ingratiating; and my aristocratic egalitarianism puts people off unless they

them. And the others who seek me out just because I am well known seem to panic when it becomes clear that I don't care about that at all and I come on as myself. Of course, a simpler explanation of my worsening luck is that I'm growing older every day, probably uglier, and certainly too tired to try hard.

As a rule I don't believe in poverty and suffering as means of education, but in my case the hardship and starvation of my inept queer life have usefully simplified my notions of what a good society is. As with any other addict who cannot get an easy fix, they have kept me in close touch with material hunger. So I

society as middle class, orderly, and technological as ours, it is essential to break down squeamishness, which is an important factor in what is called racism, as well as in cruelty to children and the sterile putting away of the sick and aged. Also, the illegal and catch-as-catch-can nature of many homosexuals acts at present breaks down other conventional attitudes. Although I wish I could have had many a party with less apprehension and more unhurriedly—we would have enjoyed them more—yet it has been an advantage to learn that the ends of docks, the backs of trucks, back alleys, behind the stairs, abandoned bunkers on the

(continued from p. 3)

Liberation Front leaders who have publicly identified with the New Left. A standing ovation was given to WAC Privates Antonetta Garland and Sandy Hagen who went AWOL and proclaimed their homosexuality over radio and TV. Introduced as brave and courageous martyrs, they announced plans to be married before surrendering to the Women's Army Corps.

The conference was moderated by the Reverend Troy Perry.

HOMOPHILE ALLIANCE GROWS IN WISCONSIN

Madison, Wisc. — The Madison Alliance for Homosexual Equality has sprung into being, according to an article in *Kaleidoscope*, Milwaukee's underground newspaper.

The writer for the new group states, "We here in Madison have always lived at the front line in the conflict between the old established system of values, symbolically nestled in the besieged fortress of the State Capitol, and the amorphous forces of a fervent new consciousness born in the late 60's and bringing with it a cry for a new morality and sexuality. No one has felt this new breeze more significantly than the present homosexual generation, tired of legal and moral repression and refusing to accept the guilt feelings of past generations."

"There is a fresh new breeze of moral change bringing with it a new life style, new ideas about sex and marriage and the breaking down of male and female roles, and most important to us, a new homosexuality."

The members of the Madison Alliance for Homosexual Equality hope to work with the community at the University of Wisconsin as well as the general public. They state that "a series of discussions with dormitory housefellow and counselling of dorm residents is planned in order that students might be reached who would otherwise receive no help for fear of repression and harassment characteristic of the dorm system."

The Madison gay group has adopted the following goals:

- 1) We are an organization dedicated to the creation of a society characterized by responsible sexual freedom. In order to obtain this end, we seek the active participation of homosexuals in this community and of others seeking fundamental change in our society.
- 2) We believe that the society should be educated as to the true nature of homosexuality, and that this education will benefit people of all sexual orientations.
- 3) We seek the repeal of antiquated, repressive sex laws.
- 4) We do not seek tolerance; we demand human dignity and respect.

The address for Madison Alliance for Homosexual Equality is P.O. Box 2021, Madison, Wisc. 53701.

ART GALLERY FEATURES "THE HOMOSEXUAL"

New York, N.Y. — For its fifth exhibition, The Gallery of Erotic Art is presenting a group show titled "The Homosexual."

Stripped of the characteristic labels such as "Drag Queens", "Hustlers", "Transvestites", etc., "The Homosexual" is an exhibition of paintings and sculpture concerned with the label... "human."

Exhibiting artists are Joseph Kurhajer, Richard Etts, Michelle Stuart, Richard Banks, Tosun Bayrak, Carlin Jeffrey, Betty Dodson, Bert Zagory, Robert Rosinek, Hal Frederick, Oded, David Louis, Rip Colt, Steven Kreigeman, Ramon Lago, Doric Wilson.

Sculptor Carlin Jeffrey's contribution to this exhibition is himself nude, chained to a six-by-eight foot silver cross titled "The Silent Soldier". It is his tribute in memory of the countless homosexual servicemen who gave their lives for their country in past wars and especially in the Vietnamese War. Mr. Jeffrey feels that war does not discriminate whether one is black, white, homosexual, heterosexual, Christian or Jewish... yet our society continues to do so. The exhibition will be open to the public through March 28th, 1970 at The Gallery of Erotic Art, 1240 Park Ave. Viewing is by appointment Tuesdays through Saturdays from 11am - 6pm. Phone (212) 369-4701.

OHIO GAYS MEET 30 CLERGYMEN

Columbus, Ohio. — Bread was broken for the first time between the Columbus homosexual community and representatives from the Ohio State University Campus Ministry, the Ohio Wesleyan Foundation, and other interested groups. The dinner was attended by approximately sixty people with thirty representing the Gay community through the Society for Individual Rights of Ohio Inc. (SIR) and thirty religious leaders. The participants gathered in intimate dinner groups of six to eight to discuss homosexuality. Each group was hosted in

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO GAYS ORGANIZE

Chicago, Illinois — A Gay Liberation group has been formed at the University of Chicago. The group began when a University of Chicago student placed an advertisement in the student newspaper which read, "Tired of prejudice? Gay Liberation NOW! Call....."

A number of people responded, and the first meeting was held at the student's house on a Sunday afternoon with twelve people attending, six women and six men. The tone of the meeting was rather timid to begin with, but as group reinforcement developed, a new phenomenon for most in attendance, the mood rapidly developed into one of militancy.

Group meetings continue to be held on Sundays at members' homes, and consist of internal education and discussion of possible actions. In addition to the regular meetings, members meet at least twice during the week for lunch and rap sessions at the Blue Gargoyles, an independent coffee house near campus.

the home of a homosexual. They then proceeded to tour gay bars. A questionnaire has been prepared for distribution among the sixty participants to determine the effectiveness of the discussion and the four-hour get-acquainted session.

The purpose of the confrontations was to establish dialogue between the church and the homosexual. Tom Lewin, President of SIR said, "Only two of the clergymen seemed uptight and unable to communicate. I think it's fair to say all the rest found their fears based on lack of knowledge, but at least a basis for understanding was established. Most found new insight into the problem confronting the homosexual and are anxious to participate in future programs. Several similar projects are being planned."

"There is no doubt that the "First Supper" was a tremendous success for all concerned. Next time we intend to include leaders from other professional fields. Perhaps special sessions will be arranged with court judges and policemen as this is the area where the homosexual civil liberties are most frequently violated."

The Society for Individual Rights of Ohio Inc. may be contacted through Post Office Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio 43206. Telephone 614-469-0154.

HOMOSEXUAL APPEAL GOES TO SUPREME COURT

Washington, D.C. — An appeal carried forward by Civil Liberties Union lawyers to the Supreme Court will soon test the government's authority to withhold security clearances from homosexuals. It also seeks to establish a Constitutional right for homosexuals to be given the same job rights by the government as other people.

The lawyers site Freud, Kinsey and more current researchers in the recently filed appeal, claiming that homosexuals are no less trustworthy than any other group of human beings. They contend that there is no evidence that homosexuals are less capable of controlling their sexual impulses than heterosexuals.

The case centers around Richard L. Schlegel of Philadelphia. Schlegel had worked for Army transportation for eleven years and had reached the level of administrative officer when he was dismissed from his job in 1962. His boss had filed a routine request in 1961 to upgrade his security clearance from secret to top secret. After being investigated for homosexual activities, he was told he would be removed from his job "for immoral and indecent conduct."

Schlegel fought his dismissal, carrying it through the Civil Service Boards of Appeals and Reveal and the U.S. Court of Claims. He has also asked for lost pay. His current appeal to the Supreme Court cites a report by the National Institute of Mental Health that "discreet homosexuality, together with many other aspects of human sexual behavior, is being recognized more and more as the private business of the individual rather than a subject for public regulation through statute."

U.S. ATTORNEY ATTACKS CHICAGO 7 AS "FAGGOTS"

Chicago, Ill. — The nation's young people are being lost to a "freaking fag revolution," according to Thomas A. Foran, chief prosecutor in the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial. His remark was made on Feb. 26th before the Loyola Academy Booster Club. The U.S. Attorney added that of the defendants, "Bobby Seale had more guts and more charisma than any of them and he was the only one I don't think was a fag."

In quick response, James Bradford, president of Mattachine Midwest, told the press that Foran "sounds like a dirty-mouthed little boy who has discovered a new swear word. His statement evinces profound contempt for human beings, for dissenters and for the democratic process. His is a totalitarian mentality at work." On March 6th, it was revealed that the Justice Department had requested Foran's resignation.

This provides a good opportunity for members to become accustomed to appearing in public as homosexuals, and to include their heterosexual friends in the discussions.

The organization received a great boost when the news director of WHPK-FM, the university-owned, student-operated radio station offered to broadcast a news special featuring members for Gay Liberation in a roundtable discussion. Participants discussed the oppression of the homosexual in society and the homosexual student on campus, and how the homosexual can fight this oppression.

Members of the group hope to liberate themselves and other homosexuals from the social, political, and economic prejudice directed towards them by heterosexual society, and to liberate heterosexual society from the ignorance and fear of the homosexual

which causes its prejudicial sentiments.

The first action taken towards this goal was their attendance at a campus dance, where the homosexual members of the Gay Liberation group danced with members of their own sex. As was anticipated, even at the liberal University of Chicago, some people were offended by the sight of homosexuals dancing together.

Further actions are planned, including more participation in campus activities, with the ultimate goal being for the heterosexuals to accept and welcome homosexuals in society. The members of the Gay Liberation of the University of Chicago are prepared to cope with whatever reactionary sentiments may develop from the actions they take towards the attainment of their goals. The University group can be contacted through The University of Chicago, Gay Liberation, c/o Henry Wrenhoff, 5310 S. Harper, Chicago, Ill. 60615.



atch your balls, men! Forget about thalidomide, the Pill, and all those female pitfalls. There is a giant conspiracy which is directly aimed at every ball-bearing man who can afford (or choose to wear) underwear. Isn't that a sly cunty way to get at your balls? Talk about penis envy!

This is no joke. Several serious scientific studies have indicated that the continuous use of jockey shorts can cause sterility, impotence, or even noticeable atrophy of the male crown jewels. Just look at the surface facts. These disgusting, cunningly disguised castrators, had to have been designed by women or *emuchs*. They are hideously uncomfortable if your meat is too large or too small or cannot coil up like a constipated snake. If you have to take a leak, they have cleverly placed the fly-hole in the most inconvenient location possible and made it so small that you need a lubricant just to slide your thing out. Furthermore, they have sneakily woven the pouch for maximum concealment, which they brainwash the male public into believing is for *testicle support*. Do they think the goddamn things are going to fall off if they aren't imprisoned in a cotton vise?

There is something sinister going on here. Why are they after our balls? Who are they? Can they be underwear manufacturers so greedy they could not care less if they sterilize entire nations of men, including their sons and themselves? Can they be women who like to fuck, but who prefer their men to be sterilized without prior consent or knowledge? Or could they be malevolent castrati or man-haters, who just want to fuck us all up in a way that is so gradual, so underhanded, so viciously masked as a *health aid*, that we are de-balled before we can realize that we have also paid for the dubious privilege... by buying those fucking jockey shorts?

The facts below the surface are even more horrendous, if possible. Ignore the question of discomfort for a moment. How about the impotence and/or atrophy danger? How does that grab you? One may imagine that not too many of our readers are worried about reproduction of the species (a very small loss to the planet, in the author's learned opinion), so we can skip the sterility angle. But—and a very large *but* it is—how about impotence and atrophy? Do you have so much that you are indifferent to shrinking a few inches here or there? Are you so bored with sex that you no longer care if you will be able to get a hard-on? Do these prospects fill you with delight, or does it feel like Myra Breckenridge is on the rampage with the dildo again?

One of man's greatest pleasures is to stroll along with his genitals swinging free and easy between his legs. Only a man can do that, of course, so who would want to deprive us of our physical heritage? Only somebody without balls, right? Or somebody who doesn't want us to feel so *male*. Who needs the uninvited and unnecessary support of a pouch, unless one has a hernia or is about to engage in violent sports? Another angle of this devious plot is to so conceal our male privates that not only is everybody deprived of the ancient pleasure of basket-shopping, but it has become almost impossible to distinguish which is

Let It All Hang Out!

BY HECTOR SIMMS

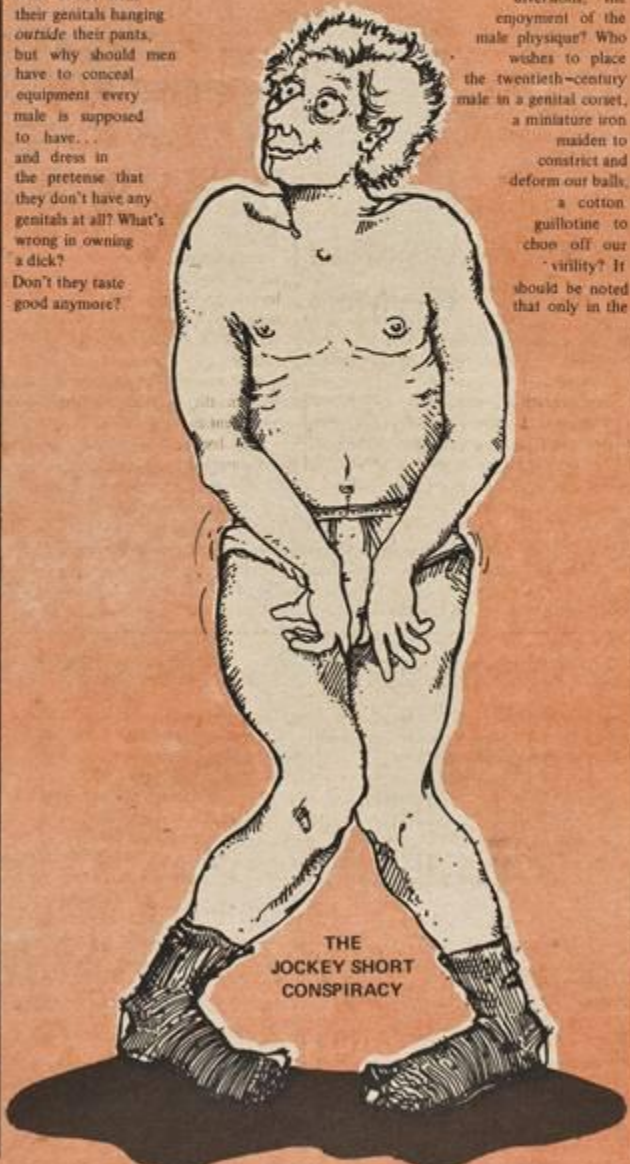
the boy, should a couple be dressed in the modish unisex fashion. As a matter of fact, if this conspiracy against our balls continues much longer, it won't matter which is the boy. Only esthetically.

If a man is possessed of a nice-sized dick and graciously swinging balls, why shouldn't he please himself and whoever else wishes to glance at them by permitting them to subtly outline themselves in his trousers as he walks around? Why should he be compelled to hide them, as though they were criminal oen? Only a few citizens are demanding that men

walk about with their genitals hanging outside their pants, but why should men have to conceal equipment every male is supposed to have... and dress in the pretense that they don't have any genitals at all? What's wrong in owning a dick? Don't they taste good anymore?

Hector Simms is not overly concerned with the Women's Liberation Movement. He is, however, quite concerned with men. Lots of men. Nice friendly men with nice unatrophied, healthily potent, free-swinging cocks and balls. Why not? It must also be freely admitted that said Mr. Simms spends more time enjoying the sight of voluptuous baskets than voluptuous bosoms. Who is behind the dastardly plot to cheat Mr. Simms and millions of his fellow gay males—and even the straight ones who sneak a glance at each other—of

his favorite artistic diversions, the enjoyment of the male physique? Who wishes to place the twentieth-century male in a genital corset, a miniature iron maiden to constrict and deform our balls, a cotton guillotine to chop off our virility? It should be noted that only in the



so-called civilized countries of the western world (those psychically deformed and cheated by Judeo-Christian culture) are such degrading objects as jockey shorts to be found. How about all that big meat in Africa and the Arab countries? How about those horny numbers in New Zealand and Samoa? Noe of those men are being conned into strapping themselves up so tightly that it would take a fluoroscope to detect a sign of genitals. The question may be: who's fucking whom? And why?

The federal government and such institutions as the Ford Foundation are spending billions of dollars on peculiar research, such as the nocturnal masturbatory habits of the two-toed sloth. How about spending three or four dollars to ferret out this menace to human reproduction? Isn't this threat to our balls a hell of a lot more important than some moonic little marsupial jerking off in a tree in Tasmania? They are Marsupials, aren't they? Surely Henry Ford II and our lovely Presely have balls of their own. If they wear jockey shorts, they'd better forget all about that marsupial bullshit and get down to the nitty-gritty of their future erections. (You can't say *hard-on* when writing of a President. Noblesse oblige or something.)

The scientific surveys on this matter as well as this article, are in deadly earnest. Write to the U.S. Department of Health demanding more information on this subject. If they deny they have any demand that they obtain such information. Write to your senator and demand that he form a committee to investigate this conspiracy. It's a lot deadlier than any red menace. Ask him if he wears jockey shorts and/or if he's having trouble these days getting a hard-on. Tell him it's not the booze: it's his balls all knotted up in those goddamned jockey shorts day after day while he's sweating away on his country's urgent business.

It is doubtful if the Vatican or the Women's Christian Temperance League are behind this, but *somebody* is. Is it Valerie Solanis? Is it Christine Jorgensen? Is it Billy Graham? We know damned well it isn't Randy Wicker or Lige Clarke. Who is lurking there on Seventh Avenue in some fabric house plotting the downfall of the twentieth-century male? Very few guys in Puerto Rico wear any shorts at all, so we know the conspiracy wasn't born there. Dublin is too poor to worry about such matters. Paris is too selfish. Copenhagen too liberated. London too cold. Maybe it's a German plot. After all they found the concept of genocide quite amusing.

We had toyed with the idea of the culprit being an elderly Boston Protestant millionairess in the throes of a very painful extended menopause, but we cannot just sit idly by until we trap the villain or villainess. We can simply start boycotting this garment and either buy comfortable boxer shorts or stop wearing underwear altogether. If there is any question whatsoever of our balls being in danger, we have no business quibbling about custom or fashion. Forget the fucking shorts and make sure that your balls are safe (unless you wish to place them in danger yourself), such as in a strange mouth or something. Caution, men, caution. STAMP OUT JOCKEY SHORTS!

The Lord Is My Shepherd And

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

In a man who gets down on his knees to suck cock also kneel to worship his god without feeling hypocritical or schizophrenic? Should one devoted to the former forget the latter, considering himself an abomination in the sight of the Lord?

If you think these are shocking or blasphemous questions, how about this one: Can a man of the cloth proclaim himself a homosexual and still effectually lead a flock? If you were mortified by the conjecture involving the sheep, how do you feel about that involving the shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Puritan America?

Out of the glittering pasture—or wilderness or eclectic paradise—of Los Angeles come some answers, if not the Word in the orthodox sense. Out of Los Angeles, with its tawdry or splendid tradition of evangelical exploitation by the likes of Aimee Semple McPherson in her Angelus Temple "built on the pennies of the poor," clandestine celebrations of the Black Mass, fervent enthusiasm for multi-varied Buddhism, Zoroasterism, and Mammon worship, and decades-old passion for astrology comes also a new messenger from the Almighty. He preached his first (Pentecostal) sermon at the age of fifteen. An aunt who spoke in the Unknown Tongue (glossolalia in the Episcopal church) predicted for him a special ministry. He is young, strong, dynamic, sexy—and Gay. In his presence you conjure up more an essence of gym socks than incense. You want to kiss him and not his ring. His name is Troy Perry. Reverend Troy Perry.

Now what was the question? Oh, yes...

Until a very few years ago such a question, or questions, as those irreverently but seriously posed in the opening paragraph were not openly advanced among the homosexual community at large, and if they were presented to theologians, the answers were generally in the negative if provided at all. Most theologians, with notable exceptions such as Bishop Pike, would rather ponder the puzzler about how many angels could stand on the head of a pin. The majority of homosexuals as well as preachers (they've never been mutually exclusive entities) seemed to prefer that such questions not be asked at all. To the straight world, which dominated and set the life style, the homosexual either didn't exist, like Red China, or else he was considered a sick man and an unregenerate sinner. The straights paid the preachers, and the homosexual, like the Devil, could take the hindmost. (We won't pursue that or we'll get away from our kneeling-to-suck-cock organizing theme!)

Popular psychologists/propagandists like Edmund Bergler (*1000 Homosexuals*) dismissed homosexuals who didn't plead to "be cured" as willful perverts. Pervert and sinner were synonymous. The idea of a self-confessed homosexual cleric was

He Knows I'm Gay!"

unthinkable—until late 1968 when Troy Perry surfaced as a stunning example of the so-called New Homosexual and, more accurately, the New Conscience.

Perry is a phenomenon of the Late Sixties who by the end of this present decade may seem about as novel as an earth-orbiting astronaut or the recipient

of a heart transplant. But for now he is absolutely rare, an innovator, a rallying point for Gay activists, a pioneer—and as much a freak as the Jesus he worships and promotes from the pulpit of his Metropolitan Community Church temporarily housed in the Encore Theatre at Melrose and Van Ness.

If this reporter had an extra million dollars he would build him a temple. Because this man's potential for uplifting the average homosexual is staggering. Via the sheer theatrics of formalized religion—if not its supernatural potency—he is expounding a personal gospel that even an avowed iconoclast

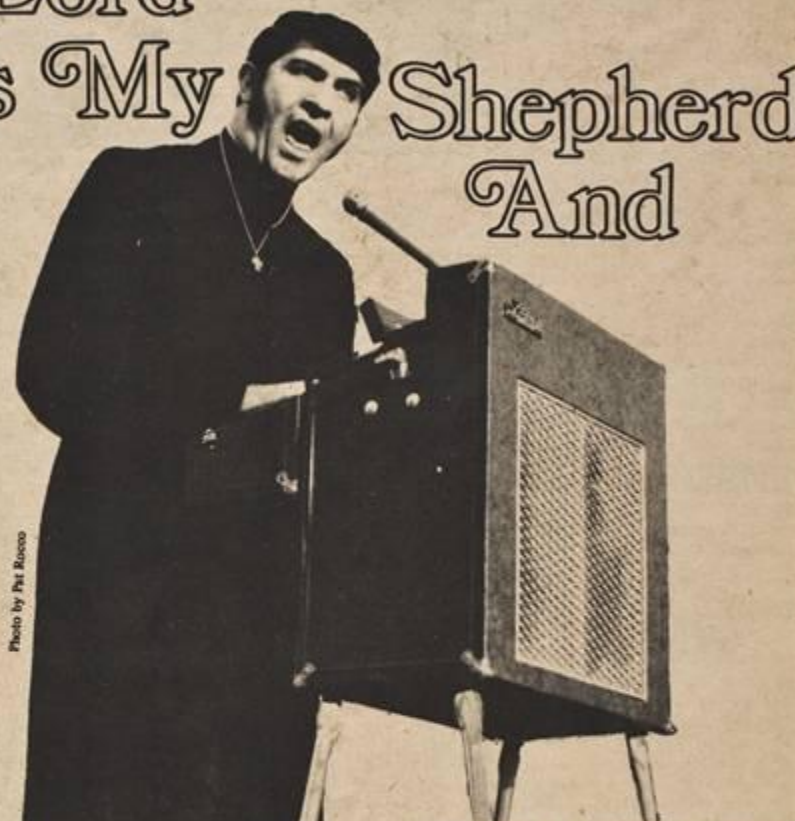


Photo by Pat Rocco

Church services are well-attended in Hollywood's



Metropolitan Community Church

like Lige or Jack or D'Arcangelo of GAY could not fault. He knows more than where his head is at—he knows about heart. I think he's located his soul, too, but I don't want to alienate my atheist friends and employers.

I would have felt disrespectful at asking the dazzling black-haired preacher in the Anglican vestments if he approves of going down on someone. But I felt perfectly comfortable inquiring whether he has a lover. He talks freely and jubilantly about love. Lust is surely in his lexicon, too, but when you are with him you are much more interested in love.

Though there is no precedent that either he or I know of to his peculiar ministry, his principal message is as old as pure Christianity itself:

"My principal message is the message of love," Perry proclaims forthrightly wherever he goes. Also, "The Lord is my shepherd, and He knows I'm Gay."

Whether exuberantly haranguing his congregation of more than five hundred worshippers (actual membership is in the neighborhood of three hundred now) to be themselves and proud of it, or sweetly Perry-ing the snide thrusts of Max Rafferty, California's arch-conservative superintendent of schools, on a TV panel, or sitting quietly across from me in the office of his seedy paragon on North Virgil Avenue, he talks of love:

"A love of self, a love of God, and a love of this country. I believe that the homosexual has to love himself before anybody else can love him and that includes God... I feel that you have to come to terms with yourself, know who you are and what you are and know what you want out of life."

He also admits to waving the flag a little, partially because he can freely lead orderly demonstrators down public streets in the shadow of banners that read "Happiness is Legalized Love," "Oral Can Be Moral," "Legalize Love. All Ways," "We Are Ten Per Cent," "Twenty Million Americans Do It Differently," "We're Not Afraid Any More," and the aforementioned claim that God knows he's Gay. A country that has come this far, though admittedly with a long row yet to hoe, has to be pretty great, in Perry's estimation.

He may be mild-mannered and soft-spoken on a panel with Rafferty, Vincent Price, Liz Renay, and Sal Mineo, and demure at the head of orderly files of marchers, but when he is in the pulpit his style is that of a fire-eating Fundamentalist hooked on Hubert Humphrey happiness pills. Reared a Pentecostal in rural Florida, Perry does not harp on the fire-and-brimstone, sinner-repent, theme in his regular sermons, but he exhorts his followers like a hip Billy Graham to hold their heads up, face up to what they are and what they can do to build a better life, and cry "Amen!" to positive living.

His congregation responds sometimes en masse, sometimes spottily, as it is made up of diverse religious backgrounds. From austere Episcopalians who feel comfortable with the generally Episcopalian pattern of worship to zealots of Perry's own ilk, the congregation in terms of its sexual orientation is guessed to contain 70% male homosexuals, 15% female homosexuals, and 15% heterosexuals—certainly making it the

most unorthodox church in America today.

Unorthodox, though, is simply not a big enough word to describe Perry, his "sister ministers" (his designation), his choir, his aides, or his communicants. Nor the work of his church. Whatever one thinks of organized religion, on the lunatic fringe or in the bosom of the ancient establishment, one has to view the MCC group as a sociological entity of enormous psychological and sociological potential. Already it has put forth a tentative offshoot in Orange County, pastored by a fre-faced, bearded young minister, and there is another Gay



The Reverend Perry teaches even dogs to pray.

Photo by Pat Rocco

congregation in San Francisco whose "bishop" has visited MCC but which is independent as future Gay churches are likely to be. Perry is a leading light in homophile activities on the West Coast, but he has announced no plans for organized religious proselytizing across the land. If he is to become a kind of Gay pope, there are no indications to date. Besides, he springs from a maverick Protestant sect that eschews elaborate hierarchies and hierarchical authority and believes in the autonomy of individual congregations something like the Baptists.

Furthermore, Perry has his hands full at home. Homosexuals are highly diverse, contrary to straight opinion, difficult to organize, constrained by conditioning and law and prevailing popular attitudes toward docility, fearful of losing their jobs if "discovered." Unlike the Negro, identifiable on sight, the homosexual can and does hide. He is more like the Jew who could always change his name. However, only in that they have been discriminated against by custom and legislation do the homosexuals bear much similarity to other minorities. Moreover, the homosexual has an additional difference to be contended with, or examined by any leader wishing to bring him together with his fellows for more than fun: his sexual orientation, of course. One can't help thinking of the old joke about the black boy seen reading the *B'nai B'rith Messenger* on a bus who, when asked if he was Jewish, ran a delicate finger across his eyebrow in a

caricatured homosexual gesture and replied, "Heaventh no, that would be too much!" Perry is dealing with "too much" at every turn.

In addition to his ministry, the kindly blue-eyed minister is president of the Western Homophile Conference, chairman of the Los Angeles Committee for Homosexual Law Reform, and a board member of the Council on Religion and the Homosexual. He can generally be found at the forefront of any march involving homosexual protests in behalf of removing hateful ordinances that interfere with the individual's right to make love in private the way he

chooses—or even protesting against discrimination in public places.

On Sunday evening, January 11, Perry led some two hundred and fifty marchers under the aegis of the Homosexual Law Reform group up Highland past Hollywood High School onto fabled Hollywood Boulevard. The blasé boulevardiers (and boulevardiers) had never seen anything like it.

Then on Saturday, February 7, Perry made his way into a greasy spoon on Santa Monica Boulevard called Barney's Beanery where for years the offensive "Fagots Keep Out" sign has shrilly celebrated its management's misspelled and benighted prejudice from above the bar.

During church service on the aforementioned Sunday, Perry good-naturedly told of being called by a city official to ask how many demonstrators he anticipated showing up. "Maybe a thousand," Perry claimed to have estimated.

"A thousand!" he quoted the man as replying. "Are there a thousand homosexuals in Los Angeles?"

"That really blew my mind," Perry cried as his congregation roared. "I explained if there weren't a thousand there certainly were a lot of imitations running around!"

While he is heavily involved in advancing the cause of sexual enlightenment and freedom from harassment in his community, the seemingly indefatigable Perry's first commitment is to his church. The variety

of activities and services besides Sunday morning worship include prayer meetings and Bible classes; an "Alcoholics Together" group; a class for the deaf; marriage ceremonies (performed for couples who have been together for at least six months); a ladies' auxiliary designed partly to counsel wives, mothers or sisters of homosexuals; and a Rescue Squad which responds to telephone hot-line pleas from homosexuals in immediate trouble—whether it be with the law or themselves when a love affair has ended and rejection has become overwhelming to them or the indifference of the world to their suffering has grown unbearable alone. Perry offers understanding and extends a welcome to those who feel that they do not belong anywhere.

Homosexuals are not openly invited into most churches in America; in fact, in many places of worship they are scorned.

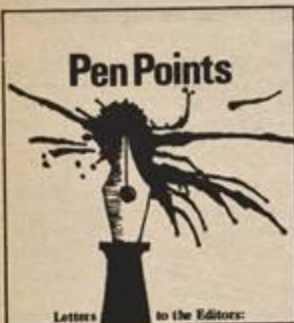
In answer to the question, "What do you feel is the origin of homosexuality—genetic or acquired—or do you feel it is as much a part of the Natural Order as heterosexuality?" Perry muses:

"About the origin of homosexuality a thousand different psychiatrists have a thousand different answers... They have decided now that a child's sexual orientation is set by the time he is three years old. I think they're going to find that it's much earlier than that. I tend to agree with Dr. Evelyn Hooker of UCLA who seems to feel that in some—and I think that will be expanded to include all—homosexuals there is a biological reason for being homosexual, that chemically the body is tipped in such a way that you become homosexual. I feel that the homosexual is created so. I don't believe environment has a lot to do with it. I would disagree with almost every homophile leader in that respect... If they go back and find that the origin of homosexuality is in the foetus, then you don't control it... I believe that I was created a homosexual and that's why I had no suffering or guilt feelings or hangups about it. I'm God's creation, a part of His creation. I believe it's just as natural to be homosexual as it is to be heterosexual!"

Thus the bonny reverend resolves the question as to the compatibility of homosexuality and Christian participation. It's as simple as that. His mission in life is to serve all men, but especially to serve his own particular kind: the Homosexual Christian. He does not exclude those of other sexual or religious persuasions from his congregation, though his own sexual and religious positions are absolutely obvious.

After contemplating the expressed theology, philosophy and life style of Rev. Troy Perry, I feel I can safely surmise this would be his sentiment: If a man wants to get down on his knees for whatever reason, it's his business. Troy Perry's business would appear to be to tell him his posture is beautiful, whether it be erotic or prayerful.

(Next issue: WHAT IS A SWINGING GAY CHURCH LIKE? John Francis Hunter describes several services at the Metropolitan Community Church and goes into its interpretations of Scriptural attitudes toward homosexuality. Don't miss it!)



FROM THE MOTHER (and "mother-in-law") of THE EDITORS:

Dear: Tonight I read the issues you sent. I'm ever so pleased with much of what you published, and the Editors Speak but, as a friend said about topless dancers, "you see two you've seen 'em all." I don't approve of some of the pictures and can't see the reason for some of the four-letter words. I approve of your aims, but question the means of achieving your end. (pardon the pun). I'm happy that things are going so well, and that you're so enthusiastic. So - good luck dear ones. You do your thing well, and I'm proud of you. The picture of you was good - keep your clothes on, it's cold. Much love to both Mom

VIBES FROM VIETNAM

Dear GAY: I recently was fortunate enough to see a copy of your newspaper GAY while on a visit to the United States from the Republic of Vietnam. Although I searched for subsequent issues, my search was to no avail. The subscription order blank was missing from the one issue I was able to procure, so I am writing this letter in hopes that it will suffice. I very much would like to subscribe to your publication, which I think is a tremendous breakthrough in making the world recognize the "gay" and the world in which he is forced to live. Best of luck in your efforts. Again, let me thank you for bringing this to the public eye. Closing, I am, Sincerely yours, R.M. APO, San Francisco

LIKE RIDING A BIKE!

Dear GAY: I was with a national paper once. We found that you always had to keep a mild campaign going against something: in our case it was the first Socialists, then the KKK, then the Communists. Just a gentle campaign against someone who can't hurt you and is pretty much anyway an object of universal hatred. Your campaign against entrapment, against persecuting pigs—all wonderful. But at the same time, never go out of your way to offend anyone, any sizeable group. Why estrange potential customers?

Half your Gays are Catholics, I'm sure of it. They may not go to church or talk about it, but when the chips are down, they'll stand up for their faith. Being a Catholic is like riding a bike, or swimming. Once you learn, you never forget. When you knock religion, the RC Church, God, the X Commandments, priests, nuns—every Catholic is chilled and loves you just a little less. Then one day he may reach for GAY on the newsstand and a second thought may stay his hand. Never forget; The Church did not make guilt feelings. It's the other way around: Guilt feelings made the Church. And they're in us all, innate I think. That is what keeps the shrinks in business. And GAY is not going to put shrinks out of business, or the RC Church. So don't be a Don Quixote.

A Roman Catholic priest New Mexico

[Ed. Note: That the church doesn't create guilt, as you say, is open to question. We're sure, however, that it does encourage and perpetuate guilt. We cannot remain silent on such questions. J.N.]

WE'RE YOUNG!

Dear GAY: I like your paper because it is young-sounding in the best way: honest and relevant, yet not full of aoo those exasperating little grunts of hysteria that pass for journalism in most of the so-called "with-it" youth shit. Yet, GAY

is—thank God—utterly without all that even more boring, delicate, vaporing pathos of those among us who think the word "gay" is only a perverse irony that mocks one's tired little martyrdom.

Sincerely, C.U. Minneapolis, Minn.

I FOUND MY TRICK.....

Dear GAY: The other evening, while riding home from work on the subway, I was reading the column, "The Well of Possibility" (Gay no. 7) and I noticed a rather groovy guy standing and trying to see what I was reading. I looked up, gave him a seductive smile and discovered that he was playing with himself under his coat. When I came to my stop, I motioned to him to follow me and he did. After a hot session in my king size bed, he admitted to me that the photo of the two nude guys in the GAY column had turned him on. I was a bit put out that it wasn't me but the paper that did it, but I pass this experience along to your readers. Maybe you should make up a subway poster to read, "I found my trick through GAY."

Sincerely, Dick Griffio N.Y.C.

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



BY LILY HANSEN

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



PART II

The single homosexual, lonely and searching, without the "accreditation" of a mate, has the hardest job confronting his parents with his homosexuality and trying to prove that he's not "warped." If he's had a few love affairs which didn't work out, he's in even worse shape, for people are likely to pounce on this fact to confirm their suspicions that homosexual relationships are doomed from the start.

In spite of these drawbacks in his life situation, the single individual, if he really cares to establish an honest relationship with his parents and/or other relatives, should attempt to do so. Who knows what pleasant surprises may be in store? Perhaps the family will be much less shocked than anticipated and their hangups on this subject fewer than expected. I know of one straight girl who suspects her sister is gay—and doesn't mind—but doesn't know how to approach discussing it with her. She wants to let her sister know that there's no need to hide her homosexuality, but the gay sister seems to be scared, or at least doesn't expect understanding from home. This example indicates that some of us may be overly pessimistic about our "outcast state" and are resigned to be automatically rejected by everyone straight, especially family. A few years ago, a charming Spanish girl dramatically described her situation: "If my father knew I was homosexual he would wash the streets in my blood!" I think she had read too much romantic poetry. Her father, a highly educated man, many of whose friends are homosexual, probably would not relish the idea of his daughter's inclinations, but he probably would be more understanding than she thinks.

Nevertheless, the task of revealing one's gaiety is not a cheerful one. We should carefully prepare the delivery of the news and try to put our best foot forward, displaying sensitivity for our family's feelings and avoiding defiance. Never, never should we resort to such sneaky tactics as the accusation of "you-made-me-this-way"—a disgusting bit of blackmail designed to humble by exploiting guilt feelings.

Our behavior should show that we are balanced individuals and that our way of life is perfectly worthy of being chosen, rather than being a fate one would avoid if at all possible. If we like being gay, if we truly think gay is good—or can be good—then let's try to convince them of it.

Homosexuality is a "pro," not a "con." It is an attraction for the same sex, not a reaction against the opposite sex. We must correct this fallacy in people's minds, i.e., that homosexuality results from hate of or disappointment with the opposite sex. Most gay people enjoy the company of the opposite gender—there's just no chemical reaction!

We must prove to our parents that to be homosexual, to quote Rod Steiger in the movie No Way to Treat a Lady, "doesn't mean you're a bad person!" Some of the gay people we know are among the most human human beings, among the most talented, intelligent, and admirable people on earth. We know it, but our parents usually don't, and we have to educate them. We must show them that we have faith in ourselves (a prerequisite!)—and faith in them that they will at least try to understand. What honest person can remain closed to an honest discussion of a topic, no matter how controversial?

We may say that it's not fair! Why should we be examples of super-well-adjusted individuals? Everybody has his hangups—why should we make more than ordinary efforts? Why should our thinking and acting be

more enlightened? Why must we become "spokesmen"?

The answer is: Because we're in the spotlight and represent living propaganda. We may be the only direct means our parents have to gain insight into a homosexual life style and therefore provide their one authentic chance for re-education. Society is comprised of many sets of parents. If we can change parents, we can alter public opinion and thus society as a whole.

Naturally, it isn't fair to expect the homosexual to be perfectly adjusted—when, after all, he is an outcast and has to struggle hard to maintain self-respect in the face of those who grant him none. It's twice as difficult to achieve balance as a gay person than as a straight one. However, no matter how unjust this scrutiny and harsh judgment to which we are subjected, we must come to terms with it. People simply insist on investigating the "maturity" and "stability" of the homosexual and comparing it, unequally to be sure, with people who never have to undergo the emotional pressures most homosexuals endure. The average person does not see the illogic inherent in comparing the emotional security of an individual placed by society symbolically (and often actually) behind bars, i.e., a prisoner, with someone whose freedom and right to exist in accordance with his individuality have never been denied. Minority groups have always been confronted with irrational indictments, arrived at by judging a person via stereotypes or judging him not in accordance with his actual life situation. If we can prove ourselves emotionally stable, responsible, dedicated, etc., etc., we eventually defeat the stereotype in our parents' eyes. But we still must tackle the obstinacy of hand-me-down prejudices.

(I acknowledge that this may seem like an overly conservative view of methods to Maybe it's asking too much, but used for improving the homosexual's lot. The Gay Liberation Front would be

contemptuous of them, for it is fighting for total acceptance of the homosexual in all his colorful and unfettered glory with an aggressive approach of take-me-as-I-am or be damned! These tactics may be useful in confronting certain institutions in our society, but I ask you, is this the way to approach your Momma??)

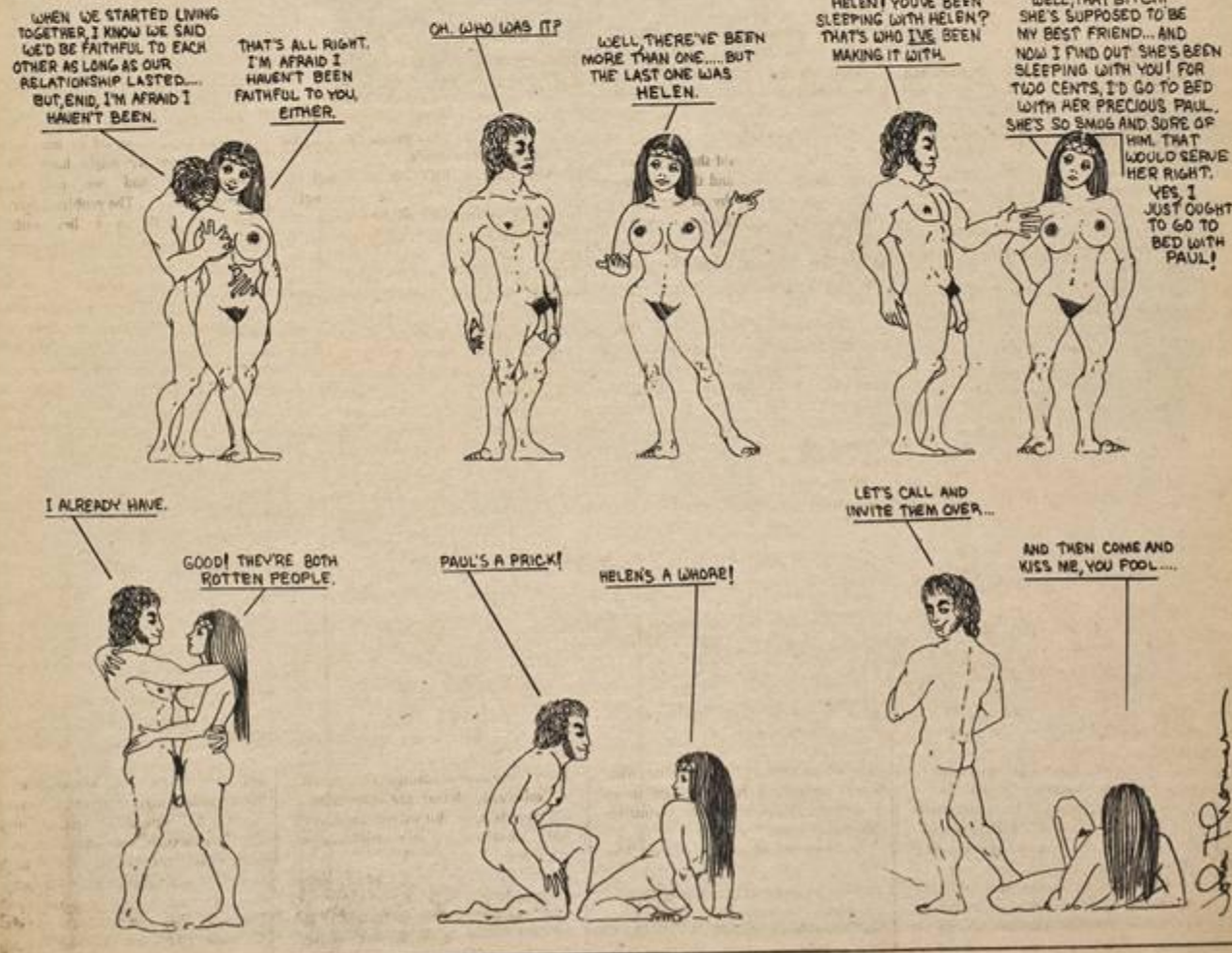
The pillars that sustain our parents' convictions often rest mainly on tradition, and the promotion of that tradition by society. Tradition, good and bad, is lumped together and accepted as a whole. Most people don't examine and analyze the reason for their holding certain beliefs. One just isn't brought up that way—not yet at least. One grows up as a member of a group, not as an individual, and our system of education makes no provision for the "different" person, no matter what his difference is, letting him struggle alone to find a justification for his life and a personal code of ethics. The "different" person, including every one of us, must have special courage to find his own value framework and must, in order not to become bitter, establish a conciliatory relationship with existing society. nevertheless, we must try to understand the society in which we live as strangers, in order to accomplish two purposes: 1) not to be oppressed and stunted by our outcast condition (for the fear of homosexuality results from lack of self-confidence to cope with the unfamiliar and testifies to a basic insecurity), and 2) to change our society's values by exposing prejudice for the fraud it is. To enlighten people and reason with them, we must dispel their fear, and work toward forming a society based on trust, cooperation, and humanity.

Therefore it is we who must be patient (to a reasonable degree) with those who are prejudiced against us, for they are uninformed, sometimes through no fault of their own. It would be interesting to consider how we might have regarded homosexuals had we not become homosexual.... The problem, therefore, lies not with us—it lies with the heterosexual. And we must be somewhat charitable.

So why not start at home—where charity should start. Homosexuals must help heterosexuals overcome their irrational fear of "queers," who usually turn out not to be strange at all. Once we, as individuals, have found our self-respect, we are able to help liberate others of their prejudices and inform them about the various modes of life which can coexist peacefully. To quote Frank Kameny, "Diversity is no threat!" But in order to help, we ourselves must first become inwardly free.

Should we wait until we are a finished product of well-adjusted humanity to try communicating with our families? Not at all! Our continuing efforts to be honest with ourselves and with them will win their trust. And that is, after all, what we want to establish, or rather maintain: a mutual trust and respect.

Hypocrisy, lack of communication, silence, estrangement—are these really the price we want to pay for an artificial, sterile peace? The attempt to be truthful and to create an atmosphere of understanding may represent too great a sacrifice for some of us. And yet, if one day homosexuals are acknowledged as worthwhile individuals, full human beings, it will be due to the efforts of those who attempted to and did establish communication with the society in which we live. And some of these crusaders started where their life began: at home.





BY DR. STEPHEN KAISO

column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hangups, 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. Ten of my twenty-six years have been very happily spent in a well-adjusted gay social and sexual life. I have no reason to complain about a minute of it, because it has been a highly pleasant life. Recently, however, I have frequently found myself being strongly attracted sexually to women of my own age. I have gone to bed with a number of them and have been completely satisfied. This astonishes me, because I have only been with men before now and have always enjoyed them so much. I still enjoy men, but now

I also want to have sex with women. This new bisexual thing of mine is interfering with nothing, and I must admit I am having fun. Only one thing is bothering me. Bisexuality somehow feels immoral to me. What do you think?
R. D., Houston

A. If you are enjoying it, and if you are sure your new interest in women is not based on sado-masochistic motives with the usual accompanying put-down fantasies so often discussed in this column, go ahead and do your thing. And if your physical pleasures are not hurting you or anyone else—and they are fun—why should you cheat yourself of the pleasure? Leave the questions of morality to the theologians who are so mired down in the sacred anachronisms of antiquity, they can't tell an orgasm from an artifact.

Q. My friend and I have been together for thirteen years, and we intend to spend the rest of our lives together. Ours has been a beautiful relationship in every way, but one annoying problem has been bugging the hell out of both of us. We have always enjoyed and practiced the sixty-nine as the most mutually satisfying thing for us both, but every three or four months my friend gets the urge to screw me. I find it very painful, and I hate it. He does not want me unhappy, and I don't want to make him unhappy, either. We have agreed to abide by your advice. What do you suggest?
A. F., Detroit

A. Keep sucking!

Q. I have a lover of 55. I am 18. I have had two other lovers. They are both now about 49. I am masculine with a very nice body and an unusually handsome face. I am often cruised by young guys and know I would have no trouble making out with them, but young people don't turn me on at all. I have never been sexually attracted to anyone but older men. I realize my lover now is almost old

enough to be my grandfather, but I find him very exciting sexually and am completely hung up on him. He drinks too much, is an evil cunt most of the time, and loves to argue with me, but I wouldn't trade him for the best looking kid in the world. I have never been able to figure out why I like old men. Sometimes it bothers me, especially when I see people looking at my lover and me in a funny way when we go dancing or drinking. I know most kids my age prefer other kids or guys fairly close to their own age. Why should I only dig these older men?
H. B., NYC

A. Well, honey, you probably tell yourself that you prefer older men because their long experience makes them so much better in bed; their sophistication and knowledge of life makes them more interesting; you can learn a great deal from them; they make wiser and more affectionate lovers than kids; they are more capable and willing to help you solve your problems, etc., etc. Most boys with your not too rare hangup tell themselves exactly the same things, which are basically true but have no relation to the real reasons you seek out older men.

It is a venomous heterosexual myth that most older homosexuals are actively pursuing young helpless boys. Such men are a tiny, not particularly admired, minority in the gay world. Most older homosexuals who prefer younger lovers (not nine-year-old victims) search for gay boys who want older lovers. The heterosexual myth ignores the fact that there are countless boys with your hangup who are looking for these men as eagerly as they are looking for you. I am NOT REFERRING TO THE HUSTLER-JOHN SCENE but to the noncommercial relationship which passes as romance among the inhabitants of your scene. By the way, both you and the older men in your game constitute a small minority within the larger gay minority. Most homosexuals prefer their

contemporaries or near contemporaries. These are the only relationships that have any decent chance of survival. May-December love affairs that endure are as rare as straight matrons in a women's prison.

There are two major reasons you prefer older men. On a superficial level, the first one is that it gives you a sense of power, therefore bolstering your ego. These men are flattered or pleased by your obvious genuine interest in them and your enthusiastic sexual response. In turn, they cater to your whims and fancies and permit you to be THE STAR, free to demand and free to regally dispense your favors when you please. You can dominate and manipulate them much more easily than you could a boy your own age, who has as much to offer as you do (or think you do). Your lovers enjoy this game as much as you do, and you rule by permission. You appear to hold all the power, and it feels good.

On a deeper level, the main reason for your preference is that you do not have to compete among your peers, on their terms and with the same assets. You have a deeply buried fear that you are inadequate to compete and win among people your own age. Therefore, you choose older men, for whom there is little competition, and you will almost invariably win. While other boys are cruising each other and taking their chances in life's usual lottery, you are seeking to fix the game by selecting the older man you are sure will not reject you. You cannot be "The Star" among the other boys, unless you really are exceptional. In a gathering of older men, you will always shine as the lovely jeweled prize for whom you imagine all these men are competing. Boys like you rarely have friends their own age and prefer not only lovers but social companions far older than themselves. Again, no competition. It is not easy to unhook yourself from this hangup, because the inadequacy fears are so deeply buried, but it can be done. Counselling would benefit you greatly.

sexual fascism is as old as man's struggle to gain absolute power over his fellow men. Would-be demagogues and politicians with more ambition than humanity know that sex—and homosexuality—are particularly useful as political weapons.

I've always thought someone should write a book or make a study of this phenomena, of which there are many facets. John Gerassi, in his *Boys of Boise*, produced a somewhat superficial study of politics behind the moral crusades and "clean-ups" affecting homosexuals. Gerassi's book did help to cut ground from under many politicians who crusade against homosexuals (or "pornography", or just "vice") to cover their political and financial maneuverings.

Someone should expose the use of the moral stance by politicians who mask their own wrongdoings. This gambit dates as far back as the Old Testament, in which King Asa of Judah who wanted power, deposed his own mother in order to get it. Lest anyone think that he was immoral, Asa made large offerings to the Temple, and staged a "clean-up" in which "he took away the sodomites out of the land."

Mayor Wagner often used this same technique to distract the citizenry from the many inadequacies of his rule in New York City, and Senator Dodd, when under fire for alleged misuse of campaign money, immediately wrote an anti-obscenity bill and started making speeches denouncing pornography and "perversity". How can anyone accuse a "decency" defender of being a crook?

Another useful political ploy that has interesting social and psychological implications is the exploitation by would-be demagogues, of anti-homosexual sentiment to gain power. The classic example of this is the late Senator Joe McCarthy. He gained power by campaigning against communists and homosexuals—two groups nobody was willing to defend in America during the 1950's. Had he chosen only communists, McCarthy might have gained only a small amount of support, but even those who would have defended a man's right to be a communist were not ready (or even knowledgeable enough) to defend homosexuals.

The "silent majority", of course, feared both groups, and McCarthy exploited that fear for all that it was worth. One of the most interesting things about exploiting the fear of homosexuality for political gain is that it doesn't seem to work anymore.

In the Presidential election of 1964, the Goldwater people tried to use the Jenkins Affair against Johnson. Jenkins was, of course, the top Presidential assistant who was supposedly caught carrying-on in a Washington men's room. The historian, Eric F. Goldman, summed up the results of that effort in his book, *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson*:

"Fifty, or perhaps even thirty years earlier, the charge of a homosexual on the White House staff would have loosed a flood of sustained and severely damaging moral indignation... So marked was the change in educated circles that G.O.P. efforts to exploit the Jenkins disclosure actually may have cost Goldwater votes. In any event, the polls showed little or no damage to the LBJ cause.

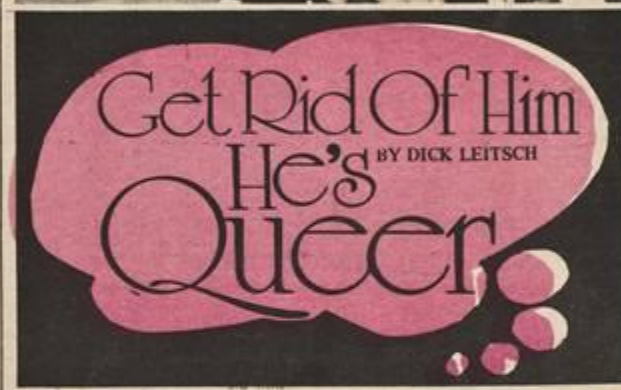
A related gimmick often used by police chiefs, prosecutors, or other

small-time politicians seeking publicity and headlines has been to exploit public animosity toward homosexuals. Frequently this is done when there is an unsolved major crime, or a politically important, but unsolvable, case.

The cops are told to arrest a likely person—a homosexual, a heroin addict, a child molester—or, more recently, someone who uses LSD—and accuse him of the crime. The "logic" behind this is that people will be so turned off by drugs or homosexuality that they'll assume the individual charged to be guilty of anything.

lives of the defendants. The press refused to be lured from the real issues, and Garrison found himself in hot water.

The trial could be postponed no longer. It continued for a long time, with Garrison trying one desperate trick after another to save face. Finally the jury went out, and returned in less than one hour with a unanimous verdict (obtained on only one ballot) of "Not Guilty". Garrison not only lost his bid for a free publicity ride to the White House, but is now being sued for five million dollars by the surviving defendant.



"Big Jim" Garrison, the New Orleans District Attorney decided to become a national political figure by getting himself involved in the assassination of John F. Kennedy. He arrested a convicted child-molester (who later died, conveniently for Garrison) and a homosexual, and accused them of having conspired, planned and set-up the assassination of the late President.

He got his headlines, and not just all over the country, but all over the world. Eventually reporters started to ask embarrassing questions such as "What evidence do you have against the defendants?" Garrison said he was holding confidential information for the trial, and went on to speak about the sex

The Goldwater and Garrison attempts to capitalize on social disapproval of homosexuality failed miserably. This seems to indicate that society is no longer irrationally repelled by homosexuality, and in fact, is willing to deal rationally with homosexuals. The Mattachine Society, founded in 1950, during the peak McCarthy years, has done its job well.

But the "scapegoat" approach to homosexuality is still an issue in some quarters. Both the radical right and the radical left are playing that game now. A recent pamphlet put out by a Birchite outfit headed by Robert Welch was the biggest camp of the lot. In it, the author argues that there is a new communist

threat to American security. This takes the form of a Moscow-initiated and directed effort to turn the youth of America into homosexuals and masturbators, through the glorification of homosexuality and the dissemination of pornography.

The chief conspirators, who take their orders directly from Moscow, are the "half-million member" Mattachine Society, the National Council of Churches, the Mafia, the Episcopal Diocese of New York, and the New York Times.

Presumably, we're going to turn everyone on to homosexuality and masturbation, and the communists will beat us by outbreeding us. Perhaps the makers of birth-control pills and contraceptive devices, as well as the "pornographers" who publish SCREW, are co-conspirators.

Is American youth revolting (in every sense of that word)? If so, you know whom to blame, and if you don't, Thomas A. Foran, the U.S. Attorney who prosecuted the Chicago Seven, spelled it out. Recent articles in both the *Times* and *Post* quoted him as saying, "We've lost our kids to the freaking fag revolution."

If something is wrong in this world, it's the fault of homosexuals. This is so now, and it was so in the 17th Century, when a Lutheran priest announced that the existence of homosexuals caused "earthquakes, famine, pestilence, Saracens, floods, and very fat, voracious field mice."

It is generally agreed on by today's scientists that we all have a mixture of homosexual and heterosexual tendencies. The "straightest" heterosexual has some homosexual tendencies, and the most outrageous "screaming queen" has some heterosexual tendencies. Most of us sort ourselves out and deal with our sexuality sensibly. However, some heterosexual people fear their homosexual tendencies and some gay people worry about their heterosexual tendencies.

This is very useful for the empty-headed political figures who deal in the politics of invective, rather than issues and causes. Thus, Foran, the U.S. Attorney, called the Chicago 7 "fags". The Panther 21, here in New York, refer to the police, the District Attorney and Judge Murtagh as "fagots".

This sort of thing tells more about the person calling the name than about the person being called a "fagot". Eldridge Cleaver is the spiritual, if not the actual leader of the Panthers. In his book, *Soul On Ice*, he deals harshly with homosexuals. (If this "revolution" succeeds, homosexuals will have worse conditions to deal with than now exist in Chicago).

Poor Cleaver cries about having been emasculated, and worries about finding his "manhood." To a man with that hang-up, homosexuality is a threat. Perhaps that's why Cleaver saves his worst invectives for poor James Baldwin, who is guilty of nothing more than being successful, and making his success without having to play a super-butch role.

Politics, like war, is basically a heterosexual game, though we're too often forced to play this little game—primarily as pawns, I might add. Perhaps it's because most of us have such busy sex lives that we just don't have the energy and pent-up aggression that seems to give politicians and warmongers their drive. Maybe if heterosexuals would screw more and fight less, we'd all be better off.

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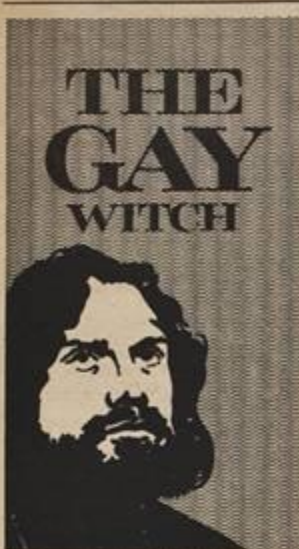
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BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER

A past column briefly touched on Numerology. To simplify things I'll repeat the chart given.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
A B C D E F G H I
J K L M N O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z
The above is used to determine the number value of any letter. From this you can break down any name

numerologically. Let's start with two words pertinent to this newspaper: *Homosexual* and *Gay*. Adding up each letter and their equivalent number *Homosexual* comes to 8 6 4 6 1 5 6 3 1 3. Add these all up: It comes to 43. Add 4 and 3 and you get the number 7. Now let's take *Gay*: G = 7; A = 1; Y = 7. Add them: It comes to 15. Add 5 and 1 and it's 6.

Every number has both positive and negative aspects, the dark and the light, the good and the bad, the yang and the yin. Let's analyze the number 7 in relation to the word *homosexual*: It means change, variety (many numbers?), rest, recreation, a turning point, inconsistency, the beginning and end of cycles. Every 7 years the cells in your body totally renew themselves; the 7th day is the "day of rest." There are 7 days in the week. One speaks of a "seventh heaven." In Genesis 41:17 the Pharaoh tells Joseph his dream of 7 fat cows and 7 lean cows, the latter eating the former; he also speaks of 7 ears of corn and 7 withered ones, the latter again eating the former. Joseph interpreted this dream to mean: 7 years of prosperity followed by 7 years of famine. Again in Genesis 2:2 "And on the seventh day God finished his work which he had done, and he rested on the seventh day from all his work. So God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because on it God rested from all His work which He had done in creation."

The number value of *homosexual* being 7 means that this is a changeable, inconsistent, moody, "variety is the spice

of life," easily bored. "Don't fence me in," personality. The number is also one of the most revered of numbers, Pythagoras calling it "the vehicle of life." It contains body and soul, spirit and matter, because it contains both the triangle (3) and the square (4).

Number 7 is called the "number of life" because 7-month babies usually live while 8-month babies don't. It is referred to as a "virgin number" because it is the only one that cannot be multiplied or divided to produce another number. Called Minerva or Virgin, the number 7 is said to be motherless and fatherless, believed to be born out of the crown or back of the father, meaning, the mind. It is also the number identified with the Moon and holy mothers: Ishtar, Virgin Mary and Aphrodite. The most positive aspect of the number 7 is the realization that in change there's growth.

The word GAY standing alone comes to 6. This number means completion, "getting the job done," attaining goals, completing tasks, the time it took for God to create "the heavens and earth," and is associated with work, ability, effort, and especially *creative energy*. The 6 is symbolized in the 6-pointed Jewish Star of David; and in the Wheel of Vishnu, or Chakra; and to Pythagoras it represented the perfection of all parts, "the form of forms."

The Latin name for SIX is SEX. The numerological breakdown of the word sex is 156, or 12, last two numbers added comes to 3. As everyone knows 3 and 3 is six, or as our Latin friends say, SEX. This is why 6 is often a symbol of marriage

because it is made up of two triangle, one masculine and one feminine. In Freudian symbology a triangle may represent the female genitals, just as the number 3 (penis and testicles) is a masculine sex symbol. The number 6 also represents health since it is the number indicating balance, both symbolically and chronologically. Six is complete unto itself: 6 x 1 = 6; 3 x 2 = 6; 3 + 3 = 6. This can't be done with 7... there's always an odd number left.

In terms of Gay Power the number 6 is healthier, more practical, less erratic, with greater chance of success, than the word *homosexual*. GAY IS GOOD, complete unto itself (6) while *HOMOSEXUAL* (7) has inherent in it the inconsistency, the changeability, the potentiality for great heights but also accompanied by the dangers of degradation. GAY is all aspects, whether the name of this newspaper, a description of unclouded joy, a positive identification of those who "love their fellowman (and woman)" represents SIX SEX (as opposed to sick sex!), healthy, harmonious, and happy...69 comes to 15 or 5 and 1 = 6!

Your questions are welcomed on all phases of the occult. Those requiring a personal reply must include a self-stamped envelope. GAY readers interested in my books on ASTROLOGY, CARD READING, WITCHCRAFT, HYPNOTISM or GRAPHOLOGY must enclose a stamped envelope. Address Dr. Martello, c/o GAY, Four Swords Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

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