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IS GAYNESS CATCHING?

A professor takes a look into the deepest mysteries of homosexuality, and discovers that while you might not be able to get it from a toilet seat, it still works on the same principle as a runny nose, or venereal warts.



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SCHOOL DAZE

Dissatisfied with American public education? If you, like so many others, have "probing" questions about the way children in our society are brought up in our churches and schools, here's a man who may be able to correct things.



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HELP, POLICE!

A gay brother who infiltrated the NYPD tells a searing story of cruel discrimination, ugly "practical jokes," and grotesque miscarriages of justice directed against himself. You'll think twice about New York's "Finest" after this!



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Have you got the **balls** to subject yourself to this very revealing "Gay Quotient" personality examination? Be careful—you may find out more about yourself than you wanted to know!



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THE FIRST GAY REVOLUTIONARY?

At last it can be told: George Washington was bi-sexual! Like so many military geniuses—Alexander the Great, Charles V, Machiavelli, Napoleon—the aristocratic Virginian made his choice for a gay lifestyle early in his career.



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THREADS FOR WOMEN

Today's Liberated Lesbian requires a wardrobe that reflects her existential decision to be a proud, independent, fighting, loving, fashion-conscious woman. Here's the New Look for Activist Sapphists.

One Man's Meat

Trouble For Our Boys In Uniform



Recent reports in the Anderson column that a new Watergate-type fiasco is about to break out concerning alleged homosexual influence in the U.S. Armed Forces were drastically confirmed last week with the "leaking" of secret documents to this paper, among others. While the source of these controversial papers must be concealed, pending the report of a top-secret grand jury investigation, he is positively identified as a ranking member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who had pleaded guilty to a minor misconduct charge, in return for his testimony as a non-indicted co-conspirator in the coming trial.

As for ourselves at GAY, we can only throw up our hands in horror and anger as this tacky situation develops. Our philosophy of a Gay Revolution has always been that one should strive for constructive change in the social order in an open, honest, and above-board fashion. Such circuitous persiflage and sinister behind-the-scenes manipulation as allegedly engaged in by Curtis LeMay and his cohorts in the so-called Rimmers Project stinks of plain old straight-style Machiavellian intrigue, and it all just bores us silly!

The various branches of the Services have always been known as the veritable Horn of Plenty for confirmed homosexuals. The Navy, especially, has ever proved a fruitful vocation for any confirmed, secure homosexual who is able and willing to counterfeit his true inclinations until he attains solid Lifer status, and forms the natural alignments with colleagues sharing his interests. This system served its purpose admirably: it provided comfort, security, and even happiness for countless thousands of gays who just couldn't face up to the discrimination and demoralization of straight society. Now the outrageous and indiscreet machinations of the self-styled North American Gay Command threatens to spark a massive investigation of the Armed Services which will move these poor, brave gays right out of house and home.

Was it necessary, for example, to start a "health" program requiring each recruit to undergo a prolonged rectal examination—**blindfolded**—as part of the standard entrance physical? Did it further the cause of gay servicemen to then require each recruit to sleep in the bunk of his NCO at last once a week, until promotion? And **Gawd**, it was nothing less than outrageous how they worked Drop-The-Hanky, Red Rover, "Advanced Strain Kneeling," K-Y Maintenance and Squat Tag into Basic Training. We decline to comment on the misappropriation of federal funds for Tiffany lampshades on all long neon barracks lamps, bidet installments at all base latrines, and Binaca in every field ration kit. About the only thing of which we **halfway** approve are some of the smart new uniform designs, especially the crimson satin calf-length Marine dress tunic with the cunning thigh-high eight-buckle paratrooper **bdots**.

Heads will roll for all this, assuredly. Because of a few well-intentioned but misguided and over-zealous gay partisans, the cause of homosexual liberation will be dealt a blow from which it may take years to recover—years of anguish, years of love! Our analysis of the situation puts the blame squarely where it belongs: on the Vietnam War, throughout which the standards of acceptance of the Armed Forces sank so low that their ranks became populated with misfits and retards. The quiet, grave military subsector of practicing homosexuals simply had to take the situation into their own hands, lest America's defense community be irretrievably injured. They went a little too far, that's all—an error for which we all must share the blame, ultimately.

Remember only the valiant words of the Symbionese Liberation Front: "Brothers and sisters, we will get our asses licked—and we will win!"

100% Mail



MORE MIDLER

Dear GAY,

Looking through the boards for this issue, which is on its way to "bed" as I write this, I saw nary a **word** on Bette Midler, nor a single **picture**, needless to say! Now, as you have good reason to **know**, I don't often "put" my own "trips" on you "girls" at GAY! No, I just put up the **money** for it! A **thankless** and **embarrassing** business, as I don't mind telling you! **Well**, then, I just think you **might** take the "trouble" and print something for **once** that will **sell** this "turkey." And what faggot worth his "vaseline" wants to read a paper with nothing "in" it about **Bette Midler**? For gosh sakes! So why don't you write up a "chotchka" about how she says she hates faggots but really loves them, because faggots are the only assholes dumb enough to "go" for that godawful boring, boring, **boring** Forties Nostalgia "hogwash." Without you "ladies," she'd be in "Queer Street" for **sure!** So get that "Lake Tarn" sissy to write her up, and run a picture that shows her **legs** or **tits**, so we can "hook" some "straights" this time! Flunk **this** one and I'll replace all of you with a whole new **staff** of "straights."

James Buckley

THE LAST WORD

Dear GAY,

Please be advised that the Central Coordination Council of the Opinion Formation Vanguard of the National Phalanx of Women Activists has re-assessed our official position regarding male homosexuals. Retroactive to 12 July 1972, the NPWA strongly condemns male homosexuals as oppressive, chauvinistic, counter-revolutionary, anti-feminist, sadó-masculinist (sic). The dedicated women of the NPWA are united in their determination to root out and expose all male homosexuals in

every sector of the pig masculine American military-industrial conspiracy against the Rights of Women. Any male individual who henceforth advocates the illusive and inimical cause of "gay rights" will be severely dealt with by agents of the NPWA.

Sincerely yours,
Bathsheba "X" Starkweather
Terrorist-Without-Portfolio
NPWA Disciplinary Flange
[Oh, GAWD! You're ALL just so BUTCH! -Ed.]

THANKS LOADS!

Dear GAY,

Thanks ever so much for your extremely insightful article, "Love and Fear: A Re-Evaluation of Sadomasochism." My lover Ivan and I had always been strangely fascinated but morally repelled by things of this nature, due to our lack of understanding and the false values programmed into us by our straight parents and educators. Especially we were appalled and confused by last summer's Houston "sado-murders," and indeed, had been questioning the very nature of our gayness, until your article put these events into perspective for us. Again, thanks, thanks, thanks! After reading it, Ivan and I had a real heart-to-heart talk and decided once and for all where each was in reaction to the other. My only question now is this: my asshole has been bleeding, on and off, for three days now, and the flow is just getting heavier all the time. How do you stop it?

Sherman Guitierrez
Bronx, N.Y.

[Gee, Sherman, you should've read the fist-fucking article in issue no. 109. It's probably too late now.]

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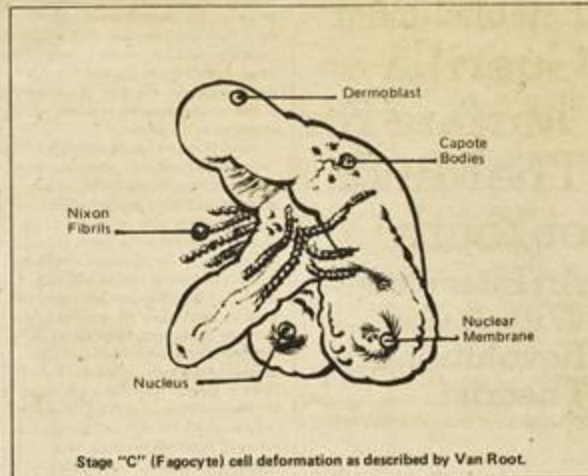
Hither And Yon Scoops From The Gay World

Rx For Gays

"Homosexuality is not a disease," flatly affirms Stanford University researcher Fritz Van Root. "Neither is it a chronic genetic condition. It's **both!**" A six-year study conducted by Prof. Van Root, in the course of which 1,379 male homosexuals were observed, tested, psychoanalyzed and dissected, indicates that the primary factors in all cases of homosexuality are twofold: first, a pre-existing genetic malformation, and second, a mysterious virus called **Root A/17**.

"The virus we isolated as far back as 1971," says Van Root, "but we kept it a secret until the completion of the study because it didn't have the same homotropic effect on everyone." Out of 58 "straight" volunteer subjects who were infected with **Root A/17** at Atascadero State Prison under Van Root's direction, only three subsequently developed symptoms of homosexuality. "So we suppressed the study for the time being," reveals Van Root, "lest other researchers start looking for a cure right away and inadvertently confuse their studies with our own. We went back to the lab and concentrated on the genetics tack."

Ultimately it was shown that each homosexual studied by Van Root's researchers exhibited a subtle genetic deformity: "The cytoplasm in the Skurski quadrant of their chromosomes was improperly pigmented, leading us to suspect that a deficiency of melanoanilinamin might be the villain here. When this subse-



Stage "C" (Fagocyte) cell deformation as described by Van Root.

quently emerged as positive, we knew we had it cracked." According to Van Root, an individual with this condition may be quite normal and healthy to the layman's eye, until such time as his system is infected with the **Root A/17** virus, whereupon the homosexual syndrome invariably appears.

Van Root's research team is already developing a prognosis which should be

materially helpful in most incidences of homosexuality. "We don't want to divulge this cure right now, says Van Root, "for fear other researchers may horn in on it without the necessary laboratory backgrounding. It involves prolonged isolation, of course, and some rather extensive radium, pentathol, and electroshock therapy, but there, I've already said too much. Don't you **da**re print this!"

Papist Baboons Do it Again!

BY LAKE TARN

Is it possible to be a genuine homosexual and a practicing Catholic at the same time? One would be eager to say yes, out of simple concern for humanity and fair play, but all too often the Church puts unnecessary stumbling blocks in the road toward a sincere and productive union of Gay and Catholic lifestyles. Just such an instance of non-productive pettifoggery on the Church's part occurred here in our city last month, when some high chancery officials of the Archdiocese of New York impulsively disseminated a petulant trade against the gay rights bill pending in the City Council.

It was all very embarrassing, especially since one of the original **sponsors** of the bill, which calls for an end to anti-gay discrimination in housing and employment, is the rector of St. Athanasius Church in the Bronx, the Rev. Louis Gigante. It must have broken his heart, the last week in April, when the **Catholic News** ran a tawdry front-page "letter" from Cardinal Cooke's auxiliary hatchetman, James "Sancta Croce" Mahoney, fulminating luridly that the gay rights bill "will endanger the freedom of every citi-

zen to protect his family from a serious immoral influence," promoting the positively **antediluvian** bugbear of an army of slaving homosexuals out to bugger-rape the children of the upright.

"There will be no effective way," shrieked Mahoney, "to decline to welcome into the two-family dwellings homosexual 'couples,' nor decline to employ homosexuals in positions of sensitive personal influence such as elementary and high school teachers, counselors and persons on the staffs of organizations that provide services to children and youth, boys and girls." Better to fill these spots with Bible-thumping pseudo-celibates, eh, Jim? **Much** healthier that way.

Well, of course Mr. Mahoney—or "Reverend," or "Father," or "Your Bleeding Holy Worship," or **whatever** the ladies call him—is certainly entitled to have his say, we'd be the last to stop him. His superstitious blatherings, though, are bound to have a nasty and upsetting effect on many of our gay brothers and sisters who like to fancy themselves good Catholics—God knows **why**—and may even drive some of them further away from the Church than ever before. Not that this Cooke-Mahoney epistle lacked corroboration from **any** Higher Authority.]

you'd think people like Cooke and Mahoney, who are forever bawling about their dwindling congregations, would think twice before making themselves even **more** repulsive to anyone possessed of intelligence and taste.

Possibly the good gentlemen in the Chancery only did this to advertise to each other what grand faggots they **aren't**. Such creatures still abound, you know. Remember your Latin, girls: **muta-to nomine, de te fabula narratur!**

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In the interests of fairness—this is a "fairy" newspaper, after all—Lake might have mentioned that the Archdiocesan Senate of Priests, who outrank Cooke and Mahoney, are anxious to reaffirm their vigorous support of equal rights for homosexuals. The Rev. Raymond Rafferty, chairman of the National Federation of Priests' Councils, insists, "I strongly favor equal job and housing rights for gay persons, as I do for all minority groups," and points out that the Cooke-Mahoney epistle lacked corroboration from **any** Higher Authority.]

Infiltrating The Establishment Guerilla Warfare For The Minds of Youth An Interview With A Gay Revolutionary Theorist

BY HARLEY X SHABAZZ DAVIDSON

BSA: Bisexuals for a Stronger America. Already this odd-sounding acronym is becoming the catchphrase of controversy from coast to coast. Half-witted "moral pundits" excoriate it, enthusiastic gays celebrate it, Mr. and Mrs. Middle America worry and are fascinated by it, and hardly anybody, it seems, really knows what it's all about.

According to a recent self-styled "expose" in Newsweek magazine, BSA represents "the final solution, as propounded by a surly and self-righteous coalition of gay activists, to the Straight Question." Going on to speak rather hysterically of "an elaborate and inconceivably Byzantine plot to gain control . . . of the education and clergy of America (and) plant the seeds of homosexuality in young minds, Johnny Appleseed-fashion, until a national substratum of gay activists blooms from Coast to Coast," Newsweek identified Dr. Herman Wrogan of Washington, D.C., as BSA's founder and spokesman. All other details in the piece were so lurid and unrealistic, though, that GAY searched out Dr. Wrogan for ourselves last week, and were privileged to record this interview.

Unfortunately, as you will see, the less said of Dr. Wrogan himself right now the better. A quiet, fair-haired, scholarly gentleman in his late 30's, Dr. Wrogan is considering the possibility of "going underground" to avoid reprisals from the straight fascist police state we call America. His present whereabouts are unknown even to us. We only hope that after reading of his inspiring program, you too will help carry out the ambitions and revolutionary programs of BSA.

"It's not hard to join BSA, if you're a true and liberal gay," says Dr. Wrogan. "Just ask around. You're bound to know somebody who knows."

Q. Mr. Wrogan, many straight commentators to date have expressed concern that your ideas offer an implicit incitement to homosexuals to calculatedly influence education and religion in America to "come out," as it were, and encourage the fostering of wide-scale homosexuality in youth across the nation. How do you answer these obvious-



ly inflated straight fears?

A. Well, that's just what they are: straight fears, pure and simple. The straights right now are as afraid of gays as they were of Communists in the 50's, and of campus agitators in the 60's. The fear of homosexuals has always pervaded the American unconsciousness, and it is only now that this fear is finding its true focus, its actual expression. The fear of Communism in the 50's was just a screen for the fear of homosexuals:

"anti-American" was subconsciously equivalent to "anti-masculine," and so-called Red subversives were endowed with the traditional stereo-typical characteristics of gays—devious, lying, smirking criminals who would stop at nothing to impose their inverted, effeminate moral values on a hypothetically super-virile, hairy-chested Mr. America, and, in effect, rape him. Ditto for the spurious campus-agitation scare of the 60's: here we saw this mythically super-virile Mr. America lashing out at his own children, because with their long hair and gentle hippie lifestyles they seemed so insidiously free, and tender, and sweet—in other words, homosexual. And so now, thanks to the efforts of Gay Liberationists like myself to radically expand the profile of homosexuals



in American life, to unashamedly identify ourselves and firmly announce our solemn commitment to participate meaningfully in the political, social, cultural and economic life of America; why, of course they're scared. And you'll remember what they did to people they accused of Communist tendencies during the McCarthy era—how they blacklisted and imprisoned them, and ruined their careers. And you'll remember how they shot "campus agitators" down in cold blood, and railroaded them into kangaroo-court political trials, and tried to turn the whole country into a police state just to repress them. Well, all that was just to strike out at the doppleganger of homosexuality! Imagine what they'll do now, with the real thing staring them in the face, unless committed gays take effective defensive action!

Q. In other words, are you saying that gays in education and religion should consciously work, in a kind of conspira-



cy, to instill homosexual tendencies into a wide cross-section of American youth?

A. Instill? You make it sound as though gay love was something alien and artificial, that had to be foisted onto unsuspecting individuals. The opposite, of course, as any truly liberated gay knows, is the real truth. Homosexuality is natural, is the original orientation with which every single one of us was born. Far from having to be instilled in anyone, homosexuality has to be repressed out of him by the false, artificial, sado-masculinist programming of straight society. The original, inborn love with which God endows every person, love that is for his or her own sex, has to be perverted into a false, biologically pernicious lust for the opposite sex. This is already being done, has been done for untold centuries by the criminal sado-masculinist oligarchies who have ruled our world for the economic aggrandizement of a limited, elite number of fascist straights. All I'm proposing is that gays in education and religion, who by the very fact of their gayness already have a clear view of the realities of life and history, should work to preserve this native gay innocence in their pupils and congregation. More than that, they have an absolute obligation to reinforce inborn homosexual tendencies in youth and to destroy the false sado-masculinist straight programming that other educators may already have inculcated into these poor children.

Q. You really cut to the quick of the situation, Mr. Wrogan. In other words, it's not merely a matter of gay teachers "plotting" to spread homosexual values among our youth. It's more a matter of getting right down to the basic concept of education, which is to bring out the best capabilities in every individual, untrammelled by artificial, oppressive superstitions of "masculinity" and "decency."

A. Precisely. You have to resign yourself to the fact that the majority of straights will never be able to understand the basic justness and rightness of our intentions, which are to turn every single high school boy and girl into a practicing gay by 1982. Don't be shocked: this

is an absolute priority. If we have to engage in what looks like high-pressure tactics and clandestine practices, that's only because it's absolutely necessary to turn the whole world gay right now, before the inevitable social, ecological and economic collapse that will ensue if the world continues along traditional straight sado-masculinist lines. Gay is the higher good, it's that simple.

Q. That certainly is a persuasive case. I'm not even going to ask you about this point-by-point summary of BSA's activities, published in Newsweek. The Newsweek reportage was so obviously slanted away from your true aims and intentions that it would be an insult to go over this now.

A. Ah, but you've got to learn how to interpret anti-gay propaganda, in the context of the higher truth of universal gayness. The Newsweek writer made much of the "policy bulletin" distributed among BSA members in 5,382 elementary and high schools across the country last month. Of course we encourage teachers, especially in such "liberal arts" areas as English and history, to—shall we say—emphasize the influence of gayness on the subject. Since so much of English literature, and especially drama, was written by homosexuals, of course this should be given its appropriate significance. The instructor should gently lead a class into a discussion of, let's say, Shakespeare's MacBeth, using the customary straight textbook interpretation of the work. Then, once he's gotten their interest, he should develop the points which Shakespeare, the greatest homosexual genius in history, really wanted to make: the utterly ghastly nature of the insane boy-sacrificing Lady MacBeth, at once wife, whore, mother and primal castration-goddess; the tender homophile love between MacBeth and Banquo, leading to a glorious, ennobling fulfillment of sex in bloody death, not unlike the misinterpreted Houston "murders" last year. To fully appreciate the works of these great homosexual writers, it's absolutely necessary that one should be a homosexual himself; thanks to BSA, educators are beginning to realize this. As for history, it's an incontrovertible historical fact that all the great positive events in history were brought about by homosexuals, while the great disasters were the results of anti-life straight sado-masculinist intrigue: Hitler and Nixon, for example, are the very epitome of tight-assed murderous straightness, while Alexander the Great, who spread the glorious civilizing benefits of Greek Culture all across the face of the known world in the Fourth Century B.C. was a proud, angry gay. It's merely necessary for the instructor to present the facts as they really are, and the student will opt for the correct choice. Then there's physics: through the works



EPITOME OF YOUNG ADOLESCENCE to be promoted through "radical gay education" in churches and schools. How could even the most rabid straight deny such a vibrant, Apollo-like ideal?

of brilliant homosexuals like Albert Einstein and Max Planck, the fundamental processes of the Universe itself have been demonstrated to operate on basically gay principles. It's only necessary to develop the New Math a little further before it becomes Gay Math, comprehensible only to those students who have decided on a basic homosexual orientation. As for physical education, well, the possibilities for gay education in this area are so obvious as to not warrant mention. All I'll say is, it's simply delightful to learn how many high school gym coaches responded affirmatively to our secret BSA questionnaire circulated last December. All the 117,608 coaches who subsequently agreed to participate in our Gay Gymnastics program now have the instructions on how to proceed. If this kind of thing horrifies Newsweek writers, well, all I can say is—someday, after they've come to grips with their own beautiful gayness, they'll look back and just laugh. Q. Right on! And how about telling our brothers and sisters in the clergy how they can contribute to BSA's gay missionary program?

A. Well of course, a public forum like GAY is hardly the place to broadcast the details of our Gays For God Movement. We haven't reached the stage, you see, where we can afford to risk igniting the repressive machinery of the straight fascist American Government—that'll have to wait until we incoerce, organize the gays in legislation and law. However, it can be revealed that our basic ontology proceeds from the fundamental conclusion that God is gay. Irrefutable Biblical pronouncements to this effect are sufficiently abundant, we're sure, to make that a foregone conclusion. All Sunday-school lessons, prayers, sermons and church youth community activities should be geared around this crucial a priori. Exciting new discoveries in archaeology, especially of a First Century papyrus found in Turkey which conclusively proves that Jesus and all the disciples were gay orgiasts, should be made part of every clergyman's stock in trade. But the area in which every gay pastor and priest can function most effectively is that of family counseling. Parents who wouldn't listen to influences from the media, who would never consult a psychologist, who would even regard school teachers with resentment and suspicion—these people are suckers for advice from their clergymen. So when these mothers—always work with the mothers—come to you worried about their son's sex life, you should tell them gently but firmly that yes, the boy's gay, he'll always be gay and that's the only way he'll ever be happy. When a minister tells that to a mother, she picks up on it so fast it makes your head spin: she'll make the kid a homosexual herself, and have enough yarn left over to work on the old man.

Fruit on the Force I Was the First Gay Cop

BY CLIF JURGINS

[Editor's note: On February 29th of this year, after almost two years of court fights and demonstrations, Clifford Jurgins, 23, became the first homosexual ever to be appointed to the New York City Police Department. We are proud to present this exclusive report on his first few weeks "on the beat."]

Let me tell you, the Police Academy wasn't the picnic I thought it would be. Not that I didn't expect a rough time—I knew it would be rough, plenty rough, and I was ready for it, but I certainly didn't expect to have to spend three hours locked in a garbage bin my very first day of training.

When they released me from that horrible ordeal, my commander, Sgt. Malachy, told me, "Go shower up. You smell like a piece of fruit." When I entered the shower, everyone who was in there abruptly picked up their towels and left. When I came outside again, I could hear them all snickering: "If you drop your soap, don't bend over to pick it up."

It was like this all through training. In combat exercises, most of the guys refused to have any physical contact with me, and those who did were often excessively brutal. Also, they played cruel practical jokes on me. One night I came in after a hard day of training and found my locker broken into, and the contents strewn all over the floor, and my jockey shorts, soaked in urine, nailed to the bulletin board. When I asked around about it, everyone said, "What jockey shorts?"

On January 10th, on the firing range, a bullet missed my head by half an inch. When I reported this incident to the firearms instructor, he called me a "first troublemaker," which I didn't think was very nice at all. Deciding I'd had enough, I called my attorney, Gerald Lefcourt of the Law Compons, who was supposed to observe my training from a legalistic standpoint, to prevent undue harassment. When I got his office, though, his secretary told me to hang on, and I could hear Mr. Lefcourt saying something in the background, and his secretary giggling hysterically. When she regained her composure, she told me, "Mr. Lefcourt is out of the office right now, and started laughing again. This happened several times, and I finally stopped calling."

It certainly was tough. Many nights I cried myself to sleep. The only friendly face I ever saw was that of the toothless old first-aid instructor, Sergeant Edward "Pops" Crogan, who would often smile grotesquely, pat me on the tushy, and say, "Buck up, son!" Sometimes late at night though, a crank whose voice sounded strangely like Crogan's would call me on the telephone and say, "What'sa matter, Cliff? Ya like ta suck cock? Ya like ta take it up the ass?"



AFTER A HARD, THANKLESS DAY "pounding the beat," Jurgins heads for the Baths.

Come on, why don'tcha tell me about it? How! How!"

Despite all this, I readily adapted to training. On the written exams, I scored at the very top of my class. On graduation day, the police commissioner, Mr. Codd, said, "Boys, today is a historic occasion," and I thought he was going to cite me for my excellent performance. However, he made a statement to the effect that the police had finally "broken the back" of the Black Liberation Army.

Because of my orientation, I was expecting to be used as a female decoy in Central Park, but instead, I was assigned to the 97th Precinct at the far end of Staten Island, patrolling the beach alone on the midnight-to-8 shift. Well, I knew they were trying to vex me, but I didn't let it get the best of me. Instead, I rather enjoyed the rustic flavor of my lonely beat, the feeling of solitude in the dark night. Nothing ever happened there, anyway, and once I got my bearings, I would often take my uniform off, hide it in a niche under the boardwalk, and go for a midnight dip in the ocean. One such night, when I came out of the water, a red-headed stranger was standing on the beach, also naked. He said, "I'm Randy." Immediately, I felt the ground swaying under me, and I could not make contact with my own body, but slowly, yes slowly, he drew me to the warmth of his own, and I was saved, I was made whole again, I was renewed by this mysterious stranger in the night.

Thereafter, we often enjoyed long walks and swims together. One night, though, as we were coming up the beach, "in the buff," we found that our clothes, including my uniform and service revolver, were missing from their hiding place. Being trained to respond to all situations with a calm eye, I didn't lose my head, but Randy panicked immediately, and started running back and forth, screaming, "Those bastards! Those dirty bastards!"

I chased him around, trying in vain to get him to calm down, but escaping from my clutches, he ran out onto the highway, and continued screaming. It just so happened that at that very moment, a car was hurtling down the highway at no less than 75 miles an hour, and to avoid hitting the naked Randy, it swerved wildly, skidded out of control, bounced into a light pole, and turned over three times, landing on its roof in a cloud of smoke and flying debris. Despite my nude condition, I maintained my cool and rushed to the scene of the emergency. WELL, if I had any shoes on, I certainly would have jumped out of them, for who was trapped in the wreckage of the car, screaming in agony, but Reichsmarshal Dessalines of the Haitian National Socialist Liberation Front, with two of his terrorist accom-



CLIFFORD'S DREAM is to join the Tactical Police Force Anti-Mugging Patrol, as a decoy to attract those horrid batch lesbian dildo-rapists.

plishes, and their hostage, the beautiful young socialite, Annie Richfield, who was kidnapped five years ago. I recognized them from their wanted posters at the station house.

What a break! Quickly, I shoed Randy away with the admonition, "Later, lover," and announced that everyone in the car with the singular exception of Ms. Richfield was under arrest. Then I read them their rights as per the Amanda ruling. Since they were all trapped in the wreck, there was no need to guard them, so I then ran up the road to telephone for help. Before I left, though, I noticed a flimsy Japanese sarong, hanging off one of the broken windows, that had apparently been torn from Ms. Richfield by the impact of the crash. Figuring that she didn't need it anyway, I lifted it off, shook out the broken glass, and put it around my

shoulders.

I called the station house to report my fantastic catch. Sgt. Wilkins, the desk man, said, "What'sa matter, Jurgins, you cold out there?" and started laughing.

"Very funny," I said, "but you'll never guess who I just caught." When I told him what happened, Wilkins began sputtering, and finally said, "I'll take care of it." Ten minutes later, 20 police cars and vans pulled up from 13 different directions, and Wilkins was with them. To my surprise, he handed me my clothes and told me, "Get in uniform," then informed me I would be lucky not to be given a departmental trial for "sodomizing." Meanwhile, several TV camera crews arrived, and an inspector I had never seen gave them an outlandish account of how he and his men, through excellent sleuthing, had "discovered the

whereabouts of the perpetrators."

By rights, I should have received a department citation for this arrest, but instead, Captain O'Brien called me into his office Monday morning, and chomping on a cigar, said, "Jurgins, since you like to chase niggers so much, we're transferring you to Harlem." In Harlem, though, things began looking up. On my first day on car patrol, my partner, Patrolman Wyzinski, told me, "I don't got no prejudices, Jurgins. We're both on this job to make a few bucks, and I respect that desire in anyone, even a queer." And with that, he handed me an envelope containing several crisp \$20 bills, my share of the day's take. At last I was an accepted member of the force!

[Editor's note: Patrolman Jurgins is now on extended sick leave suffering from a rectal fissure.]

Are You Man Enough To Be A Fag?

Ask Yourself!

If you're like us, you're getting pretty sick and tired of all these "ten-percenters" who have been trying to pass themselves off as true gays lately. It takes a lot more than a limp wrist, a floral shirt, and a cleft palate to qualify one as a genuine homosexual in this day and age. Today's gay is a sincere, committed individual who isn't just going through the motions of gayness in order to get a stiff cock up his ass. Gay is a way of life! To find out if you should have the balls to show your face around the Limelight or Le Gardin, just see how you shape up on this Gay Quotient Test.

- On your first date you:
 - Selected a corsage to match your girlfriend's dress.
 - Wanted to kiss her until you got close enough to smell her body.
 - Worried so much about your mother sitting up waiting that you broke out in hives.
 - Went up to his room and got fucked in the ass.
- For recreation you prefer:
 - Neighborhood team sports such as league bowling, softball, etc.
 - Public steam baths.
 - Supervising youth activities—Boy Scouts, Boys' Clubs, Big Brother, YMCA, etc.
 - Opera.
- On the job you:
 - Keep alert to possibilities of personal advancement within the corporation.
 - Make sure you're on intimate terms with gays in higher positions.
 - Pretend to be a colorless cipher, but cut loose in the Village on weekends.
 - Eat lots of wheat germ so your semen is thick enough to please the most discriminating palate.
- Your favorite living celebrity is:
 - President Nixon.
 - Richard Chamberlain.
 - Little Richard.
 - Dean Corll.
- You spend most of your money on:
 - Installment payments on major appliances.
 - Clothes.
 - Your mother.
 - Rectal surgery and Preparation H.
- The last thing up your ass was:
 - A proctologist's forefinger.
 - Your forefinger.
 - Your lover's penis.
 - A black elbow.
- To promote meditative thought, you:
 - Drum your fingers.

- Pick your nose.
 - Scratch your asshole.
 - Polish your whips and chains.
- Your solution to race tensions is to:
 - Ship them back to Africa.
 - Bus children to achieve racial integration wherever possible.
 - Have whites sucking off and getting fucked by blacks.
 - Dress everybody up like women.
 - Your ultimate aim in life is:
 - To raise a healthy family in conditions of financial security.
 - To rejoin your teenage lover and live happily ever after.
 - To be a big star.
 - To take it in all the way up to Leroy's elbow.
 - Your idea of exquisite decorating taste is:
 - A Walter Keane original hanging on a knotty-pine wall.
 - A subtle interplay of elegant traditional with unobtrusive modern (stereo speakers in Louis Quinze console).
 - Clipped-out and taped-up hard-core photos from GAY.
 - Florida tattoos from rape to ankle.

- Your idea of a perfect pet is:
 - A friendly, intelligent Collie.
 - A loud, vicious watchdog.
 - A big butch well-hung German Shepherd.
 - A submissive poodle.
- When you get stoned you:
 - Make sure to throw up before you get home.
 - Get the munchies and turn your roomie into a depleted wreck.
 - Freak out on hallucinations of your mother.
 - Cut yourself a lot.
- Your ideal of a lifelong mate is:
 - The body of Raquel Welch and the mind of Sandy Duncan.
 - A sensitive, well-read older man.
 - Your mother.
 - Leroy.
- John Dean is:
 - A damn liar out to save his own skin.
 - A tortured, driven young man upon whom the truth dawned too late.
 - Just a crashing bore.
 - A cute little blond you'd like to introduce to Leroy.

HOW TO SCORE YOURSELF

For all A's that you checked, give yourself one point. All B's earn two points, C's earn three points, and D's earn four points. Merely total up your points and see how you fit into the following Quotient chart.

60-80: Congratulations! You are a 100 per cent bona-fide, secure, liberated, self-expressive Homosexual Citizen. What's more, you're a credit to the gay community, and one of the vanguard of proud, angry gays who are doing so much to make this country a better place in which to live. Don't take shit from anybody.

30-59: God, what a nelly you are! Some people were born to be doormats, that's all, and you definitely do spend most of your life in a prone position, don'tcha? But there's no cause to despair, Mary: if you ever grow weary of your hopeless, trapped, treadmill lifestyle, it shouldn't be too hard to find a real secure type (see above) to be your lord and master.

20-29: Although you may not know it, you possess real possibilities for development into a vibrant, productive, ecstatic, secure homosexual personality. Behind that tiresome and awkward veneer of "superstud" masculinity beats a spirit yearning to soar free as a nightingale. Release the poetic potential of your homosexual inner being! Touch the roots of your genuine orientation! Come out now!



That Old Black Magic A Mummy Is Forever

BY HERMES APHRODITUS



At this late date, it may seem entirely fatuous to segregate the elements of purely Greek magic, **a la** the Eleusinian Mysteries, Pythagorean "alchemy," Ptolemaic Neoplatonism, etc., from the thoroughly cosmopolitan superstructure of Osirian Death-Worship, or **Necromancy**. If you followed all the instructions in last week's "Old Black Magic" column, certainly you may have been tempted to dispose of the remains of your sacrificial victim after the manner of the Greeks, *viz.*: to burn the thigh-bones, wrapped in fat, on an altar dedicated to Olympian Zeus, and to eat the rest. This, however, is the same kind of folly most dabblers in magic commit, when they involve themselves in the popular thaumaturgical fads and delusions of the day—Tarot, Kabbalism, divination by runes and the like—and ignore the fundamental roots of all magic and religion, the Osirian Cycle. For one to thoroughly partake of the Osirian mysteries and be effectively transfixed by them, the dismemberment of the victim is only the **initial phase** of the holy ceremony.

The next step is to emulate nothing less than the agonized quest of the distraut Isis, collecting the parts of the body of her beloved father/brother/husband, and her triumphant synthesis of them into the original form of Osiris. Here is where your gayness will be comprehensively tested. It will be necessary to **replace** the severed members to the areas from which they were removed in the following order—head, arms, legs, and genitals, in **reverse** order to their prior removal. As each member is replaced, you should intone the following litany: *Homage to Ra as He rises in the Eastern quadrant of Heaven. Here I give back to Holy Osiris his (head, arm, leg, genitals). Be he whole in Thy sight.*

This is why I emphasized the necessity

of making clean incisions in the last installment of **Old Black Magic**. Once the body is re-assembled, then it's time to embark on the conservative process of **mummifying** the victim, in order that he should last forever as a physical avatar of Osiris. Your source work for this part of the ceremony should be Herodotus' **Histories**, which can be purchased in any university bookstore. In the third book thereof, dealing with pre-Ptolemaic Egyptian society, there is a concise, knowledgeable, and very practical dissertation on primitive embalming methods.

To begin with, "As much as possible of the brain is extracted through the

nostrils with an iron hook," and then the skull is rinsed with drugs. Although Herodotus doesn't specify the kind of drugs used, I imagine Lysol or Brillo ought to do the job. After this, an incision is made on the right side of the belly with a flint knife. The bowels, liver, heart and other litter are removed, and the cavity is washed once with palm wine, and again with "an infusion of pounded spices"—sage, marjoram, rosemary and thyme, probably.

After drying, the cavity is filled with "pure bruised myrrh, cassia, and every other aromatic substance **with the exception of frankincense**" (emphasis mine), and the incision is sewn up. Now you shroud the body entirely in linen, and the shrouded body is immersed in a full-length vat of "natrum," and left to



soak for seventy days.

Now, so far as I have been able to determine, "natrum," being the Greek term for "sodium," probably refers to nothing more complicated than salt water. Awkwardly enough, at this writing the body of my late friend Perry still has a couple weeks left to soak before I can determine for sure whether salt water is the proper ingredient here. If

the body is quickly removed from the natrum and washed thoroughly. A full sheet of linen is then "cut into strips and smeared on the underside with gum"—gum Arabic, that is, procured from the Nilotic Sudan—and this is wrapped tightly around the body from head to foot. Please take care that the arms and legs, after being individually wrapped in gummied linen, are then wrapped together—in the case of the arms, on each side of the trunk—with another gummied sheet. Finally the body is to be sealed, standing upright, in a sarcophagus. The proper decoration and storing of your sarcophagus will be outlined in the next installment of "That Old Black Magic." Until then, have fun!



you've been following the "Old Black Magic" installments with a consecrated victim of your own, I suggest you go ahead and place him in salt water (a solution of one part NaCl to 300 parts H₂O, for those living inland from the ocean, ought to do the trick); if it turns out bad, you can always get another victim.

The most imperative thing here is not to let the body soak any longer than 70 days. Possibly there is some heavy numerological significance to this 70-day period, since Herodotus emphasizes it again and again. Not a **minute** longer than 70 days! At this very critical time,

Homos In History

George Washington Mother Of Our Country

BY LAKE TARN

As if any more proof were needed of the two-faced verbal duplicity of the straight publishing industry, we sadly present the case of gay historian Llewellyn P. Reese, who has been unable to sell his latest biographical novel, **George Washington: Patriot In Petticoats**, to a reputable publisher. Although recognized as an unimpeachable leader in the field of gay historical research, Prof. Reese has encountered nothing but straight hostility and paranoia in his attempts to find a worthy publisher for this very serious book, five years in the making, which proves beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt that the so-

called Father of Our Country was a self-confessed and ardently committed homosexual. "When I exposed the homosexual makeup of such non-controversial historical figures as Jesus, Mark Antony, Mussolini and Ramses II," complains Prof. Reese, "the publishers positively gobbled it up. I was solemnly promised by any number of persons in the book business, gay and straight, that I'd have no trouble publishing further works of this nature. But as soon as I touched on a person a little closer to home, now . . . Well, you can see how

much their precious promises are worth."

Although understandably reluctant to divulge the wealth of biographical minutiae he has assembled for his revealing portrait of a homosexual Washington—"I'd rather this bombshell burst after I have a few kopeks in my pocket," he explains—Prof. Reese has obliged GAY with a synopsis of his interpretation of Washington's military tactics during the Revolutionary War. "Only a true gay could have brought off the American Revolution successfully," insists Prof. Reese. "Only a gay would have triumphed over such seemingly insurmountable odds, and only a gay would have committed the highly revealing errors Washington made."

First of all, Prof. Reese takes note of the two cities which Washington felt were the most tactically sensitive in the American colonies—Philadelphia and New York, both the recognized and traditional sites of gay American communities as far back as 1617. "American homosexuality was born in Philadelphia," he points out, "and found its highest Colonial artistic and cultural expression in New York. In choosing Philadelphia as the site for the First and Second Continental Congresses in 1774 and '75, Washington—and indeed, the so-called Founding "Fathers" in general—was selecting that community where he and they felt most at home and secure, and where so much gay history had already been made. Then, when he subsequently made New York the focus of his military attention, essaying the liberation of the gay community there from straight British colonial oppression, until 1781—well, what other interpretation could you possibly make?"

Straight historiographers have always faulted Washington with concentrating such intense attention on New York, while the major theatre of military activity in the early years of the war was in Quebec and upstate New York. But Prof. Reese maintains he knew what he was doing: if the critical gay communities in Manhattan and Brooklyn were to be destroyed, then even if Washington prevailed over the British in the end, any subsequent American republic that would be formed would lack any significant gay subsector. "Washington," Prof. Reese affirms, "didn't want to preside over a straight Republic. He knew that such a creature would immediately destroy itself with straight infighting, and ugly straight chauvinistic campaigns of imperialistic aggrandizement in the West and Cuba. He preferred a quick, clean defeat to such a hopeless straight future."

It was out of Washington's perhaps over-zealous concern for gay New York that he set up his headquarters in Brooklyn Heights after chasing the British out of Boston in 1776. While a



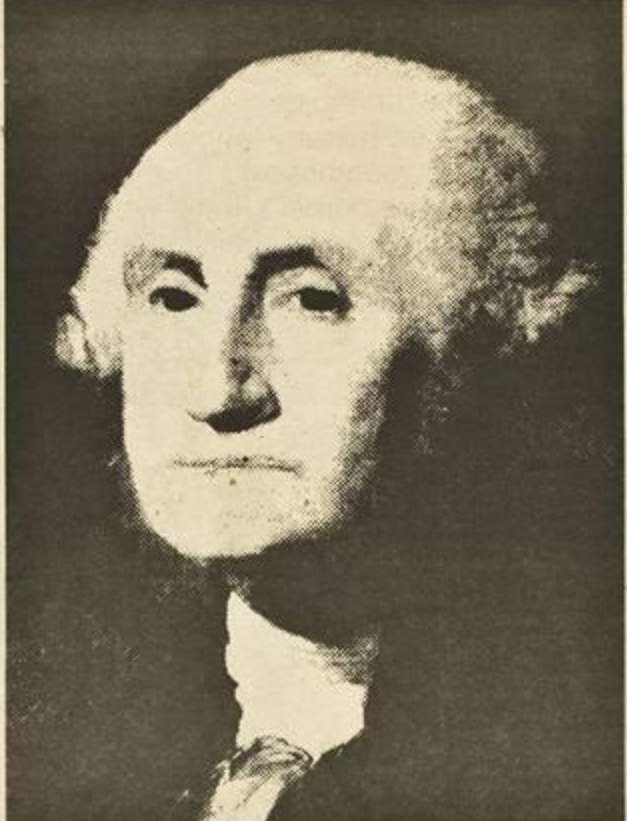
DEVOTED YOUNG PATRIOT warms his guns for "General George" at Valley Forge.

more or less tactically awkward site for a sensitive military encampment, the Heights, then as now, was a predominantly gay community, established and secure, and must have offered Washington a highly agreeable respite from the labors of the two-year campaign. This respite, however, was short-lived: General Howe promptly landed a huge force of redcoats and butchy Hessians in Washington's rear, and goosed him right off Long Island onto Manhattan. There the valiant and harried general barely had time to make the rounds of Greenwich Village before he was forced to retire upon White Plains, the nearest gay night-spot that also offered at least minimal tactical advantages. Pushing on against Washington in a typically aggressive sado-masculinist behavior pattern, though, Howe cut Washington's troops to bloody ribbons at White Plains and drove him all the way across New Jersey to Valley Forge.

It was a tragic, but fetching sight presented by the Foundress of our Country at Valley Forge that winter: barely 2,000 boys under his command, shoeless, ragged and malnourished, he fairly shrieked out for pity and assistance. It was at this time he began an assiduous courtship of the French, as always a people with a decided affection for the valiant and downtrodden, and a corresponding distaste for the pushy, brawling, ill-mannered British. His efforts in this direction gained Washington the acquaintance and subsequent life-long love and tenderest affections of the Marquis de Lafayette. A tall, tousel-headed, heavy-lidded French dish of staggeringly heroic proportions—"Equal parts," Prof. Reese describes de Lafayette, "Dean Martin and Bob Guccione,"—de Lafayette was not long in coming over to Washington's embattled army, where he spent several enjoyable weeks as **aide de campe** before taking charge of the Continental forces in the Virginia.

Everyone knows the firmness of action and elegance of tight-breeked leg shown by Washington on Christmas night of 1776, when he re-crossed the Delaware and took Trenton. Howe, of course, had been superceded in command of the British forces in New Jersey by fat, balding, dithering old General George Cornwallis, who was easily pushed back upon New York in confusion and embarrassment.

So Washington laid siege to New York and continued his flirtation with the French. Although his cunning and strenuous advances toward our Gallic allies were successful in the long run, Prof. Reese reveals that George's shameless exploits with various French ambassadors so alienated his erstwhile-beloved staff that it nearly sank the whole Revolution. In October of '77, Generals Gates and Arnold—the Benedict Arnold—defeated the redcoats under Burgoyne



at Saratoga in upstate New York, a devastating come-from-behind triumph that decided the French finally in favor of the Colonies. Paris promptly officially recognized Washington's sovereignty and sent troops and money.

Philadelphia meanwhile had been occupied by a British force under General Sir Henry Clinton. Dismayed at the prospect of being hemmed in by a French naval embargo, Sir Henry retired in the direction of New York. Washington intercepted Clinton at Monmouth, N.J., and would have defeated him there, but for the defection of Washington's formerly closest aide, General Charles Lee, who helped Clinton join Cornwallis on Manhattan. "Lee's pride and resentment at being out of Washington's tent by Lafayette was strong enough," explains Prof. Reese. "But when Washington fairly threw himself under a succession of painted, smirking fairies from the French Court, Lee felt jilted once and for all, and left poor Georgie high and dry, as it were."

Nothing daunted, though—and perhaps a trace relieved to be shut out



"Clinging-Vine Lee," as the Continental troops disrespectfully dubbed him—Washington moved 50 miles up the

Hydson River and set up housekeeping at West Point with his old, dear friend Benedict Arnold. "Nobody—not even de Lafayette—showed a better leg in tight knee-breeches and hose than 'Mopsy' Arnold," remarks Prof. Reese. "Their reunion was stormy and passionate. Washington was later to remark that Arnold took more out of him in a fortnight than all King George's bloody Hessians had in four winters of campaigning. Years later, in England, Arnold himself admitted that he still bore in his forehead a precious splinter from George's wooden uppers." This idyll, though, like so many others in Washington's tragic love-life, was of short duration.

Arnold was definitely of an aggressive, extroverted, impetuous "butch" orientation in his gayness. Put off by Washington's more effete inclinations toward pretty, delicate, simpering French youths, Arnold became heavily involved with a handsome mustachioed Hussar cavalryman named "Johnny Andrews." Of course, this was none other than the notorious redcoat spy John Andre, who deftly entangled Arnold into the devious web of intrigue and espionage that eventually made poor "Mopsy" into America's Number One Traitor. Fortunately for Washington, Andre was seized one night, in full drag, by a company of love-starved Continental soldiers, who were vigorously gang-banging him when a packet of papers fell out of his petticoat. These were the infamous documents that implicated Arnold in a plot to turn West Point over to the British in return for a safe conduct to George III's court, where he would be made an honorary flogging-master at Eton school. Washington confronted Arnold, in tears, with the papers, and gave the bitch four hours to pack and get out. Andre, of course, was hung. Arnold never forgave Washington for this.

Arnold's betrayal was the last straw for poor George. He had to regain his only true love, de Lafayette, even though all his Majesty's dragoons and Hessians lay between them. Appalled by the ferocity of Washington's advance, Cornwallis retreated all the way to Yorktown, Virginia, where de Lafayette soon bottled him up on the Yorktown peninsula between the James and York rivers. Washington soon joined de Lafayette, and the two had a glorious week together while Cornwallis fretted and clucked with his 7,000 demoralized troops. Cornwallis capitulated on 19 October 1781, and the rest is history.

"This of course is really the driest portion of my Washington biography," protests Prof. Reese. "If only I were as successful at conquering straight bigotry at Dutton as Washington was at Valley Forge, we could see the really spicy portions in print."

Dyke Fashions

Fashion-wise, this has been a sensational year so far and, without a doubt, our lesbian sisters have contributed their share of the darling new styles currently in vogue. It certainly wouldn't be fair any longer to credit them solely with that tiresome "sweatshirt and trou" look they introduced back in 1956. They've come a long way, baby, and here's just a sampling of some of their most recent creations.



The gay march a couple of weeks ago brought out quite an assortment of stylishly-garbed ladies, foremost among which was Kathy Leech in her ever-so-far-out "Commander Jacket." This all-weather, all-purpose jacket with Commander emblem and epaulettes sparked the afternoon for a number of bystanders. And when that early Spring breeze began a-blowing, Kathy had the envious eye of many a sister as she whipped out her matching stowaway hood. Being the smart owner of this lightweight, coated nylon, waterproof shell, with draw-string waist and elasticized cuffs, Kathy undoubtedly was not ope to be caught frazzled when a few raindrops threatened to put a damper on the march. In fact, right down to her Dingo Man boots, it was obvious this girl was prepared for anything.

For the more elegantly inclined, Mother Ferguson's attire, as late, to the **Gay and Proud of It** fund-raising dinners definitely warrants mention. Catching everyone's eye in her nifty satin-peak-lapel all wool evening suit with pleated shirt and satin bow tie, Mother is **something else**. The perfect touch is obtained with her Silver Rhodium cuff links and studs. Close contact with Mother also reveals her groovy total in-touchness with what turns on her lesbian suitors—that provocative scent that instinctively calms and yet arouses the basic animal desires, Musk Oil for Men. As the manufacturer promised Mother, "It may not put more women into your life but it will put more life into your women."



Illustrations: Burnette Kornstein

Buxom Frieda Clitsist, the aggressive barmaid at the popular uptown lesbian haunt The Lib, is yet another stylish dresser influencing fashions today. Her big bold scottish-plaid sports jacket, for example, has become quite a hit among the younger set with its perfectly patterned wide lapels, trim waist and slanted hacking pockets. Frieda often embellishes the outfit with a charming bold pre-tied plaid bow tie, baby sharkskin buckle-on boots and a fabulous wide brim safari hat with pheasant band. Her slacks, in contrast, are usually basic black. Striking is the only way to describe it.



Back in the Village, a lot of attention these days is being paid to Bertha Fuchs, who startles onlookers nightly in her abrasive ensemble featuring an Eisenhower-style leather jacket with insignia from the 37th Panzer Division, a delightful khaki military shirt and a pair of custom-made leather jodhpurs. Naturally, Bertha wouldn't be caught dead in this outfit without her hand-woven riding crop, garrison belt and helmet, though for many, the last might be optional. Just super that some of the sisters are now discovering modes of dress that we in the gay leather crowd have been into for years. Bertha's "bad-ass" look is definitely right on!

Along sportier lines, there's gorgeous Lorraine Pusco, the talented trombone player. At one of her recent appearances with her all-girl band, stunning Lorraine had the audience in an uproar with her dashing Denim Shirt, an up-dated version

of the grand old Navy work shirt, faded just the right shade of blue and complimented by a perfect little pair of beige flair slacks—rawhide tough, as Lorraine likes them; brushed denim soft, to please her girlfriends.



Hair-styles too have been improving on the lesbian circuit. Barely a month ago, glorious gay sister Murphy Gross showed up at one of her favorite night spots, Bonnie & Clyde's, donning the very latest rage this season—the Dry Look from Gillette. As expected, Murphy's name created quite a stir among the chic crowd

frequenting the place. Within a week, there wasn't a fashion-conscious dyke to be found that could bear the thought of ever again appearing in public as a wet head. Indeed, this one appears to be no passing fad.

Keep up the good work, girls!

Gay Classified

HOW TO PLACE A CLASSIFIED AD IN GAY

CLASSIFIED AD RATES: 10 cents per word
MAIL TO: Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

GAY is unable to accept phone numbers for Classified Ads. Phone numbers will be printed only on display ads.

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SEND this along with your check for a 26- or 52-issue subscription and it's free. Otherwise send \$2.50 (10¢ each additional word). Make checks payable to Four Swords, Inc. Mail to: Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Wanton Ads

HORNY, YOUNG, HANDSOME male with beautiful shaped rod & lovely rounded rear seeks males for mutual pleasure. Looks & age are not as important as character. I'm financially well off & can travel anywhere at any time. Fred A., Box 232, Babylon, NY 11702.

SLAVE, versatile, young, white guy available for your pleasure. Skilled, obedient & eager. Males only. Your fantasies come true. Phone no. to Box 336, Lenox Hill St., NYC, NY 10021

DOMINANT, EXPERIENCED Master will cater to your needs. M/F or couples. Am handsome, tall, but above all sincere. All answered. Write: Box 318, Brooklyn, NY 11234.

SCHOLARLY BLACKS LOVED, unhesitatingly!! Phonebook: Ulric, W. 98.

AMPUTE E WANTED, leg A/K, white, for a unique friendship. PO Box 4253, Phila., Pa. 19144.

MALE-24, husky, would like to meet young guys to 21 as pen-pals, friends, lovers, whatever. You must be sincere, inexperienced ok. I'm a very warm & understanding teacher. No weird scenes, I like movies, music, travel, railroading, theatre. Write: R.E. Churman, 20-23 46 St., Astoria, NY 11105.

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY MALE, 30, 5'9", 135 lbs., seeking other thin butch males for good times. Photo gets mine in reply. Honest only need write. PO Box 137, Dunellen, NJ 08812.

MALE, WHITE, 24, 5-9, 135 lbs., solid build, well hung, goodlooking, looking for young males, clean, goodlooking & well hung who are French active &/or Greek passive for fun times. Have own apartment & car. Photo if possible (will return). Phone & time to call, am discreet, no pros. PO Box 699, GPO, NY, NY 10001.

HOT CHOCOLATE GOODIES galore. Nude black & Latin babes of truly classic proportions prove clothes don't make the man. The long guys hang out. Eight top quality 5x7 pictures \$5. Please add 50¢ postage. Alexander, PO Box 1275, Manhattanville Sta., NYC, NY 10027.

TONGUE IN CHEEKS. Go-go boys, call boys, truck driver, bartender, all turn bot-

tom up & spread cheeks. It's a clear day & you can see forever. Eight tongue tantalizing top quality 5x7 pictures \$5. Please add 50¢ postage. Alexander, PO Box 1275, Manhattanville Sta., NYC, NY 10027.

YOUNG ATHLETIC TYPE. I dig scuba, ski & football. 20, white, attractive, good build. Looking for similar. I travel often. No s/m. I am very sincere. Send photo & letter to: Steve, PO Box 375, Sarasota, Fla. 33577.

DUTCH MASOCHIST, 42 (looking 32), dark blond, slim, cultural interests, will meet in NY in March a sedist for lasting relationship. Cor Bakker, 4-Dusseldorf, W. Germany, Flingerstr 43.

MALES AVAILABLE. For the discerning male with high standards who knows he can find what he needs or wants when it comes to models, massages, pen-pals or just social get-togethers in America's number one all-male publication. Order your copy today for \$3. Acculturation Intl., Box 390, Dept. "C," Melrose Park, Ill. 60160.

WANTED: sincere masculine men who think there should be more to life than just sex. I'm 28 yrs., 5'11", 160 lbs., blondish. Write G.L., Box 447, Bowling PO, NY 10024.

TWO TOGETHER BLACK MEN in 30s desire to meet men & women who appreciate inclusive anal sex, from devices to fists. Send synopsis of self & activity preferred. Philadelphia, Box 15782, Pa. 19103.

YOUNG, GOODLOOKING WHITE MALE, 25, 5'9", 155 lbs., seeks friendship with same. No heavies, phonies, fems. Photo, phone or sincere reply assures answer. PO Box 56, Jamaica, NY 11431.

GOODLOOKING W/M, 29, straight. Seeks (non-hustling) attractive transsexual or TV with feminine face, figure & attitude into erotic photos for occasional intimate daytime gettogethers. Send photo. PO Box 2067, New Hyde Park, NY 11040.

MALE-24, HUSKY, would like to meet young guys to 21 as pen-pals, friends, lovers, whatever. You must be sincere, inexperienced ok. I'm a very warm & understanding teacher. No weird scenes. I like movies, music, travel, railroading, theatre. Write: R.E. Churman, 2023 46th St., Astoria, NY 11105.

W/M, 20, SEEKS nearby gay to mid 30s for sincere relationship. Am into art, music & photo. Explicit information & photo ap-

preciated. No s/m. Box 846, Stratford, Ct. 06497.

THE HARMLESS anarchic courteous honest rational unenvious communicative needing affectionate together & sensuous kindly write Lee, 306 W. 20, NYC 10011.

DELIGHTFUL NEW DESIGN for maximum combination of deeply sensual pressures & pleasures. Caressingly stretches & relaxes: the right places, the right ways. Lovingly crafted of finest exotic hardwoods. Hygienic laquer finish. Your choice diameter to 2 1/2", length to 12". Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund. Specify desired choice & mail with \$24 to: Superdil, 1270 Queen Emma no. 109, Honolulu 96814. Special! Design-Your-Own; send me description for price estimate.

VIRGINIA MALE, Cauc., 5'10", 165 lbs., 24, owns brick home. Will spread ass cheeks to please. Also French you. Come visit or can travel. Photo a must. Bobby Macke, PO Box 9242, Hampton, Va. 23670.

YORK-HARRISBURG AREA, W/M, 27, 5'10", 140 lbs., seeks sensitive, sincere guy 18 to 35 for fun & friendship. Box 546, Hanover, Pa. 17331.

WHITE MALE, 23, seeking friendships with others age 18 to 20. Send photo & letter to Box 641, 29 Jay St., Schneckady, NY 12301.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK MALE, 31, 160 lbs., 6', I'm affectionate, intelligent, sincere & masculine & am interested in meeting new friends. White & Latin types preferred. Have many interests & am well established. Honesty & discretion assured. Please send photo. PO Box 29, Soundview Sta., Bronx, NY 10473.

ATLANTA, GA. GUY, 37, 5' 7 1/2", 150 lbs., white, brown hair, will be vacationing NYC in May, 1974. Will be going to plays & other type entertainment. Would like to meet someone for a drink, have dinner, or whatever. I'm shy, otherwise personable, discreet, clean. D.B., Box 7324, Atlanta 30309.

BOOTS & LEATHERS FETISHIST digs other black leathered bikers in high, heavy loggers & engineers. Photo & letter to Box 1743, Shavertown, Pa. 18708.

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lbs., huge blk eyes, quiet, into music. Seek permanent relationship with s/m, tall, slim, under 25. Will answer all with address, telephone & photo in first letter. PO Box 20054, South Ozone Park Sta., South Ozone Park, NY 11420.

TITTY CHUBBY, 37, with lots of love to give. Seeks virile masculine man to show the way to deep passion. Write, telephone no. & photo if possible. Occupant (Pete), PO Box 4874, Grand Cent. Sta., NY, NY 10017.

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SKIPPER'S GUYS GUIDE No. 5 contains 425 personal ads from men seeking correspondents & friends. Ads from all areas of US plus Canada. All ads guaranteed genuine. Sent via 1st class in carefully sealed, heavy plain envelope. For your copy of "Skipper's Guys Guide No. 5" send only \$1 & signed statement attesting you are over 21 to: Skipper's Guides, Box 92, Danville, Ky. 40422.

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Auntie Randy

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DOES HE LOVE ME?

Dear Auntie Randy,

I am a girl 19 living with a boy 28. I say "girl" but you know what I mean. My problem is this, Auntie Randy, we have been living together for nearly two whole months now and although at the start of our relationship we agreed that there would be no sticky obligations between us, now I know I truly do love him more than life itself, more than I have ever loved anyone, and him too. I know he really loves me no matter what he says. Although he isn't around much really because he has to go into the City a lot to sell dope, I know he's only doing this until he can get together a little "nest egg" for us, and then we will move out to the Coast and live together in the mountains, just the two of us, where no one will ever bother us again. My problem is this, Auntie Randy: I want to have a real wedding, with a gown and a minister and everything, but he says that's stupid and he won't have anything to do with it, and it doesn't mean anything anyway. Please say that's not true, Auntie Randy.*

Waiting and hoping,
Clark, N.J.

Dear Waiting,

Yours is a difficult situation, dear. You must understand that men often feel quite differently from girls about things like this. You say that you've been "living with" this older person for quite some time, suggesting that you're having relations together. This puts you at quite a disadvantage, really, when it comes to bargaining about something as all-important as marriage. I don't want to scare you, but he's liable to be wondering why he should take on this new responsibility when all along you've been giving him the most precious gift of your love for nothing. Why buy a cow, in other words, when milk is so cheap? My advice to you, dear, is to cut off his supply of bedroom favors, and see if he still loves you quite as much as you believe he does. Perhaps you'll find that he's really a bit too old for you, and you should be using the experiences you've learned from him to help you develop a more realistic relationship with a boy more your own age.

HE'LL NEVER LOVE HER

Dear Auntie Randy,

I am a boy in the 8th grade who

doesn't like girls. But there is a girl in my class who is always pestering me. She sits at the desk behind me, and she is always pulling my hair when the teacher isn't looking, or pushing my chair back and forth with her feet. Once she put bubble-gum on my chair seat, and ruined my pretty new party slacks. The worst thing though is during recess in the playground when she comes up behind me and puts her arms around me and picks me off my feet and swings me around in a circle. She says she is just playing, but Auntie Randy, it makes me feel just awful! When I tell the teacher, he just doesn't seem to care and says girls will be girls. Now all the other kids are saying I'm this girl's boyfriend, and they make fun of me all the time. I don't know how long I can go on like this, Auntie Randy. What can I do?

Bothered in 8th Grade
Potdam, N.Y.

Dear Bothered,

It is inevitable that in any group of children your age, some will be what is called "aggressivist over-developers." There are always, even in this day and age, certain parents and teachers who fail to realize the dangers implicit in allowing such a child to persist in such behavior, and let her or him continue to be a threat to others. "Girls will be girls" is no excuse for allowing this individual to victimize you! I suggest you go to your guidance counselor: tell her or him not only that this girl is molesting you sexually, but that your teacher is encouraging her. And if all else fails, try biting her arm or kicking her in the shins.

WHEN LOVE IS GONE

Dear Auntie Randy,

When Shellie and I were married by the Rev. Clark Squire in the GAA Firehouse in 1969, we were simply the rage of the whole town. They showed the wedding on Eyewitness News, the reception positively backed up the Continental Baths, and every last fairy in town tried like the dickens to come between us and break us up. And I don't mind telling you, Randy dearest, this went on for years! (You yourself, if memory serves, succumbed to a certain "cattiness" on occasion, but who remembers?) But in the beginning, of course, Shellie and I only had eyes for each other, and in the excitement and glamour of being a top-billing Soho celebrity couple, maybe we overlooked certain mutual imperfections in ourselves. In any case, sic transit gloria mundi—and what is so impermanent as fairy fame? The party invitations got rarer and rarer as time went on, even Alex Bennett forgot about us, and last summer we actually had to advertise in the Village Voice for shares in our Fire Island bungalow. And as the excitement and glamour faded, we found ourselves left to our own devices, and wouldn't you know it—we're just good friends! We have the same tastes, the same drives, the same looks

even—what are we supposed to do, bump pussies? So we'd like to go out and trick at long last, but now it seems that since we're both over 30, the boys we go after just aren't interested any more. What would you do in a situation like this, Randy?

Bernice
Soho

Dear Bernice,

Well, darling, I think I'd just go suck eggs!

SHE LOVES TOO MUCH

Dear Auntie Randy,

My problem is my mother, Auntie Randy. Ever since my father left us three years ago, and then my sister married and moved to Detroit, Mom has been getting more and more "protective" about keeping me close to her. I can certainly understand her concern, but sometimes I just feel so confined by her restrictions on my social life that I almost feel like running away from home, although this would kill her. Like just a few weeks ago I met this really great guy, Ted, and we made a date for the movies that weekend. When Mom heard about it, she said it was OK, but I had to be home by midnight. Well, Auntie, one thing led to another with Ted, I guess, and when I got home two hours late, there was Mom in her quilted paisley kimono, white-faced and red-eyed, and she made me tell her every single detail. I didn't want to, Auntie, but she made me, and then it was all I could do to keep her from calling the troopers on Ted. And now she says I can't go out at all, for at least a month. Auntie Randy, do you think it's fair for Mom to treat me like this, when my 26-year-old baby sister can have a life of her own outside the house?

Penned-In Peter
Bethlehem, Pa.

Dear Penned,

Well, this does sound like one exception to the general rule. "Mother knows best." It's sad but true, that some mothers, especially in your "brokan homes" situation, just invest so much love and caring in their children that when the flock begins to leave the nest, these poor women feel as though their very lives are ebbing away. Such women often become seriously ill, or emotionally upset, after the last child leaves. Now, even as "penned-in" as you sometimes surely feel, I know you wouldn't want to do that to your mother! Isn't there some way you two can work out a compromise? Talk to your mother, tell her your feelings, and try to understand hers. Maybe you can have your dating privileges restored, and even lengthen your curfew, if you give Mom a number—say, the bowling alley or movie theatre—where you can always be reached on any given date. You can work this out if you really try. And you know you really should!

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