TWICE MONTHLY

GAY

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VOLUME I, No. 10



THINKING OF "TOGETHERNESS"??

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

• The Third View

•

The Biased I

•

New Yorks Middle Class Homosexuals

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor

You must be very busy answering complaints about your last issue. May I suggest that you keep your proof readers and printers sober for at least one day a week. This would certainly improve the quality of the publication. I have no complaints about the content. I would like to meet any other subscribers in my area. However I presume you would not give out such information without the subscriber's consent. I therefore suggest to any subscribers that they write you giving their consent. You certainly have my consent to give my name to any subscribers in my area.

George Black. - Cleveland Ohio.

Dear Editor

It's about time some magazine or newspaper gave expression to the trials suffered by a group of almost every community who are misunderstood to the point of total ignorance I do like your publication, and I know it is treading on unfamiliar ground, However, I believe that with an ever-growing circulation, plus some advertising, you should be able to produce a somewhat better product. Certainly, there is a real need for such a product as Gay, and as a member of the minority it represents, I can only wish you continued growth.

L. J. - Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor

The more I see of Gay, the more I believe that this publication is the answer to this problems of a minority group which in many ways is well above-average in intelligence, earning standards, and, most particularly, in sophistication in this ever-changing world. I wish you good luck, increasing acceptance, and let me voice the hope that it will not be long before you will be able to put out a publication that will compare with any that represents a minority group anywhere. Personally, I am recommending it to many of my personal friends, and I suggest that other readers follow the same procedure.

J. R. B. - Saint John, N. B

Those who are so adept at telling others "where to get off at" should make commendable bus conductors.

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Editorials

OUR CREDO !

The growing number of requests we have received for information of a personal nature concerning our contributors, prompts GAY to issue the following statement:

" GAY HAS NOT, WILL NOT, and NEVER SHALL VIOLATE THE CONFIDENCE OF ANYONE CORRESPONDING OR SUBMITTING ARTICLES TO THIS TABLOID. "

We sincerely hope that those seeking such information will see the necessity of this policy. However, a letter addressed to this paper will be promptly forwarded to the designated columnist.

Hell of a situation, isn't it? Here are people engaged in a sincere creative endeavour, and yet they must remain completely anonymous. We sincerely believe that this will not always be the case, and, frankly, we see, even now, a more tolerant and sophisticated society emerging.

WE WANT TO SPEED THE PROGRESS OF THIS DESIRABLE END !

We are proud to be able to announce that since the incepption of our tabloid only four months ago we have become an international publication with distribution not only in Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton but also in New York, Chicago, and subscribers in both countries. Soon we will be in most large Canadian and U.S. cities. Due to this intercontinental expansion we are prepared to sell an interest in Gay Publishing Company Limited., to an active or investing partner. Investment fully secured.

Please write Editor, Gay Publishing Co. Ltd., 122 Wellington St. W. Toronto 1. Ontario. Canada. Telephone 368-3552

FRAGMENTS of PHILOSOPHY

Why should patrons to a show or game be dispirited by the sign: "Standing room only". Think of all those thousands of ancestors who, it is claimed, came over on the "Mayflower". S. Lloyd.

Platform

In each issue we will provide space for the use of our readers. Letters, essays, and manuscripts of various nature will be published, as a service to those readers who wish to express themselves openly. Submission of material indicates permission to publish same without further correspondence. Address all material to PLATFORM, Gay Publishing Co., 122 Wellington Street West, Toronto 1, Ontario. The editors of GAY magazine do not necessarily agree with opinions expressed in this column. GAY will not be responsible for the return of any unsolicited material unless it is accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

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THE BIASED I

by DON PHILIP

SEXUAL PROMISCUITY

Well, it's "Taboo Subject Time" again, and at the risk of subjecting myself to all kinds of abuse (anonymously through the mail, of course), I would like to discuss what to my mind is hte most singularly unfortunate and degenerate aspect of gay life: sexual promiscuity. So reach for your Freudian primer and let your ego down...

Definition

Let's try and define the term, "sexual promiscuity."

Traditionally, the word "promiscuous" has been applied to members of the female sex: artificially augmented and highlighted Epicurean babes with either a cigarette holder or plain end butt in one hand, and either a martini or glass of beer in the other, whispering sweet somethings into the ears of either Secret Agent 007 or Joe Smith, the local truckdriver.

But males can be promiscuous too. Well, for instance, just take the case of Secret Agent 007 or Joe Smith, the local truckdriver, or, for that matter, most homosexuals.

So what is promiscuity?

It's obviously not simply over-indulge

It's obviously not simply over-indulgence. (Nothing amuses me more than someone excusing his promiscuity on the premise that he's hyper-sexual.)

The best definition seems to be frequent "sex without feeling" or sex for the pure love of sex. The very phrase "love of sex" indicates exactly what sexual promiscuity is all about the substitution of a fleeting physical moment for a more permanent and lasting relationship of which the promiscuous person is incapable.

Rarely can there be love without sex.

It's a pity there's so much sex without love. It's tragic results can plainly be seen on the faces of thousands of homosexuals. It's even more tragic because behind the mask lurks disappointment, jealousy, insecurity and a thousand other emotions which they can't explain.

The Ego

For followers (or should I say, disciples) of Freud, the explanation of promiscuity is to be found in the structure of the personality.

Enter the villian: the ego, the "I" of our outlook, the self-satisfying voice that justifies all we do, the Narcissistic reasoner.

And getting back to Secret Agent 007, or Joe Smith, the local truckdriver, or most homosexuals, it's the ever-demanding ego which prompts their promiscuity.

For example: "I am attractive (or in extreme cases, "I am absolutely gorgeous"), therefore, I shall make a conquest tonight to prove this to myself. Even the expressions "make somebody" and "have somebody" indicate this subservience to the omnipotent ego.

Seeking out a sex object and securing it looms as a great adventure in self-satisfaction and rarely includes any even mild feelings of a permanent nature toward the other party.

The promiscuous individual does not often consider the lack of permanent relationships as important. In fact, often he will be resolutely convinced that he prefers to "play the field" and does not want to be tied down or involved. And therein lies the tragedy of the situation!

For he is denying him self one of his most basic in pulses: the desire to be loved, indeed, the need to be loved. Not for fifteen n inutes. Not for an hour. Not overnight.

And yet he doesn't know of his self-denial, for the omnipresent ego has convinced him otherwise!

Attitudes

What is society's attitude toward promiscuity?
It boils down to a hodge-podge of contradictions and hypocrisy.

Take the case of Joe the truckdriver, for instance. Joe has "slept around" and yet wouldn't consider marrying a girl who wasn't a virgin.

Or take the case of Secret Agent 007. Is society disgusted by his promiscuity?

We must, therefore, accept the inevitable conclusion: that despite the moral teachings of the Church, despite the legal apparatus of the law, society as a whole does not condemn promiscuity.

Promiscuity is, therefore, a personal moral matter. It is up to the individual as to what he thinks about sexual promiscuity and as to how he conducts himself as a result of that conviction.

It just seems an absolute shan e that so few homosexuals are equipped to think about the matter rationally!

If you don't believe that homosexuality is the result of psychological factors (a la basic Freud) then you can stop reading right now. Those of you who believe you were "born that way" can continue on in your abysmal ignorance. I pity you.

Those of you who do recognize that homosexual n otivation lies in the realm of personality and who have tried to find out something of your own n otivation, I admire you because it takes guts to do so.

Those who don't will always be promiscuous because they'll never understand the reasons for it.

The others have a chance to establish a personal moral code of conduct which can lead to a happiness and peace of n ind. A being that n eans something, not necessarily to the world but to you personally.

Somebody once said: "To thine own self be true." It's just a great pity that so n any people don't know themselves.

★★★



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When answering an advertisement in the "Ladies" or 'Gentleman's" columns, be sure to enclose ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) for each letter to be forwarded. And also be sure to enclose a stamped envelope bearing a 4¢ Canadian Stamp, for any Toronto advertiser, and 5¢ Canadian Stamp, for any outside advertiser. Americans can send coins instead of stamps. Address all mail to:-

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A two Gaiter man, interested in meeting men, who have appetite, for real love.

B204, Scarborough, Ont.
46, Good appearance, nice build and physique, enjoy life, looking for the lady of my life, can you help.

B-205, Toronto, Ont.
Looking for young interesting discreet friends, of both sexes, I will be more than willing to reply.

B-207, Buffalo, N.Y.
Would like to meet other exciting men. I am 35, 6' 2 " 180 lbs, would like to meet people who have special desires.

B-208, Winnipeg. Man.
Interested, in corresponding with people, who have knowledge of old fashioned discipline, of a mild nature.

B210, Winnipeg, Man.
Young single man, interested in meeting broad minded people, have varied interests will answer all.

B-211, Chapleau, Ont.
38, 5'10" 180 lbs. I would like to meet, or corresponde with anyone that could advise and educate me, in the exotic and unusual.

B-216, Willowdale, Ont.
Young muscular male, 27, interested in sunbathing, nudism, etc., would like to meet men in the north subs. of Toronto, but will corr.

B-218, Toronto, Ont.
Bachelor, in late 30's, interested in meeting broad-minded gentlemen that can educate me in the strange and unusual. Picture appreciated, all letters answered.

B-219, Mil. Wisc.
Handsome male, business man, interested in corresponding with males who have desires for the unusual. send photo if possible, in explicit letter.

(cont.page II)

To My Valentine

It was not easy to comprehend something I was not a part of. To think that a love other than that between a man and a woman could be beautiful, pure and right was at one time a disgusting thought for me. And now - as I reminisce and remember the great compassion and warmth which radiated between these two women - I, a normal person, admit that this type of Lesbian love can be, for those involved, an extremely rewarding and fulfilling experience. This romance is so vivid and colorful that it appears to be from a storybook. Yet - it is true.

I had no idea that Robbie was gay. She was an individual apart from our regular crowd. She appeared to be a complete extrovert, and my fellow teen-agers called her an oddball or beatnick. She would do things impulsively and become entangled in unbelievable situations. She believed in the saying "Live and let live", was open, blunt - and accepted anyone who accepted her as she was. Yet, few could understand her - and no one could become close.

I tried for a year and a half to make friends with her, but she seemed to avoid female company. Both males and females were drawn in by a magnetizing fascination which surrounded her. She dated constantly...but rarely with the same boy. I admired what seemed to be her never-ending strength and determination. She was self-centered - and said so herself. But she also claimed everyone else was too and that she was just honest enough to say it. Her clothes consisted of well-fitted pants and button-down shirts which accentuated her feminine figure. After about a year and a half I penetrated her great barrier, which later I was to find out was mistrust of other people.

As I came to know the real Robbie, I was shocked by the seriousness of her nature, her well hidden introverted attitude, and her amazing awareness of what surrounded her. Approximately two years after I first met her (six months after we had become good friends) she sat down and calmly told me she was a Lesbian.

Nothing she said could have upset me, but I had slept with this girl (she hadn't made a pass - ever) and so I didn't believe her. She gave me a few books on the subject and told me to read them. From that day on, our relationship was much stronger than it had ever been. I accepted her totally and never questioned her about her activities. However, she told me everything - her dreams, her desires, and what she had been through because of her love for a straight girl who had known she was gay. I was close to her when she started to break into the gay life and away from normal people, when she slept with her first woman, when she decided she was definitely butch, when all the million and one things that happen to a young girl occurred in her life.

On the other hand, she took the greatest interest in my personal life - my boyfriends, my marriage and now my child. I will always appreciate her attitude and respect for the normal way of life. From her example, I do not think that most Lesbians are looking for new recruits, but will do everything possible to help people to live the life they are happiest in.

We graduated from high school together. I decided to go into newspaper work, and Robbie decided that she wanted to be a novelist. Fearful of being discovered and disgracing her parents because of a small town's attitude toward homosexuals, she left her luxurious home after high school. This is where the story of her love really begins.

The letters and poems that follow were from a side of Robbie I had never seen - an openly tender side, and yet a very cynical side. She said to me that "the difference between childhood and adulthood is the split second in which you realize you are in love."

Robbie left for a big city with $300 in her pocket and a phone number. The phone number belonged to Sandy. Robbie met her on the first day she arrived. She fell in love when she opened the door and found a striking, well dressed woman, ten years her senior, who smiled and said, "Hello. I'm Sandy."

This handsome creature who stood before Robbie was wearing tailored slacks, a tailored shirt, and her black hair was short. "She's butch," Robbie thought. "Butch."

During the months that followed Robbie and Sandy became good friends - more so than lovers. Sandy was living with another woman, and so Robbie took an apartment by herself and got a job in the commercial writing field. They made a beautiful couple - Robbie, for the first time in her life, playing the feminine counterpart. Slowly but surely, Sandy began to mold this strong child's inquisitive mind into that of an adult. Although she encouraged Robbie to think and make decisions for herself, Sandy's influence was nevertheless great. In one letter Robbie said, "I am like clay in her hands, and who can but help to fall in love with one's sculptor."

Sandy was clever, quick thinking, aggressive, and the only person Robbie had ever met who was stronger than she was. Her pride of being a butch was being manifested into the pride of being a woman.

I saw Robbie when she returned home to visit her parents. What a change. Was the young sophisticated, well dressed young lady who stood before me in a sheath and heels the same strong-willed, stubborn young girl who had left home in a shirt and pants? Her eyes were glowing, and I could see Sandy's reflection in them.

And yet, Robbie admitted, that while she had an uncontrolable love for this girl, she also had an uncontrollable hate for her. She was torn between trying to break the rock who had guided her, or basking in the sun of its comfort. She wanted to obsess Sandy - to possess Sandy, and yet she could not.

We all have a Sandy - your Sandy, my Sandy, Robbie's Sandy. Sandy - who belongs to no one but Sandy. These poems are the result of a strong love. Two women can love, I believe. I, a straight person, can honestly accept - and what's more - admire it.

- Sharon

I love her, Sharon. I truly love her. Nothing I can say will adequately express my feelings at the moment. I want to share them with you, Sharon - as you have shared the happiness of your marriage and the birth of your daughter with me. These poems are the only way I know how. They were written during the past six months. I'm happy - for the first time in my life, I can honestly say - I am happy. Yet, I'm frightened of the future.

Love,

Robbie

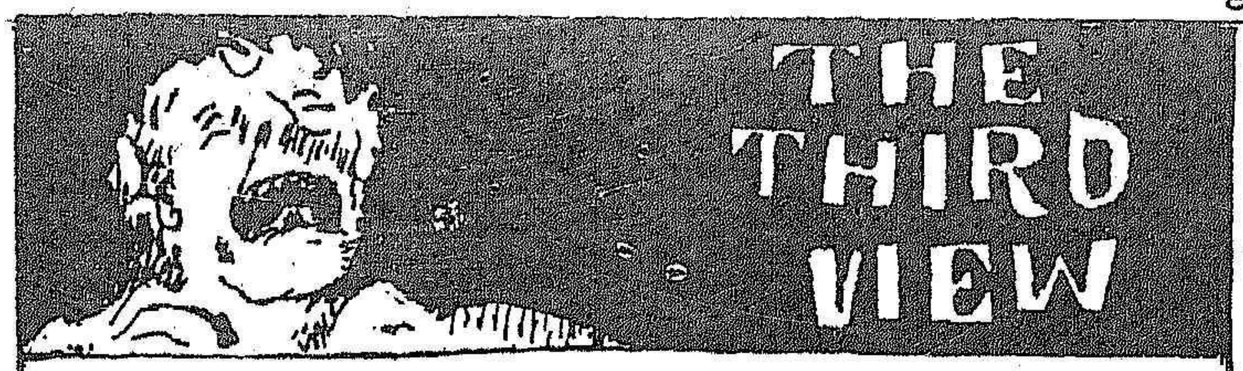
The perfect ending to the story of Sandy and me would be if we walked into the sunset - as twilight approached, holding hands - together. Unfortunately, life isn't so simple.

Right from the beginning complications have prevented us from living together. I doubt if we ever will. I realize that Sandy did shed a light on the blind path of misery I had been stumbling over. I'll always be grateful to - and have a deep love and respect for - this girl.

And now, for the first time, I feel I am ready to live - and perhaps, someday, to even love again. Yes, Sharon, "How aware I have become of what is yet to be."

As Always,

Robbie



" Book Review: City of Night "

by Dov Seeger

City of Night. By John Rechy. Hard-cover ($5.95) and paperback (Grove Press, New York. .95¢). Portions printed in Evergreen Review, Nugget, Big Table, The London Magazine.

The sad world of the homosexual outcasts, rejected by the majority of both sex worlds. Brilliantly told, honestly depicted, dramatic and sensitive. A modern classic.

It's callously wrong that City of Night should be read by people who cannot understand. It is too sensitive an experience for that. But Life is Wrong. And City of Night is the quintessence of all that is vulgar and evil and cruel and pathetic. It gropes you, seizes your soul, then castrates every sperm of hypocritical beastliness in the "human" race.

It is necessary to say this: John Rechy is a uniquely great writer, and human being. City of Night is, and will continue to be, a classical landmark in literature. Petty critics may offer petty criticisms of his book, but no one who feels deeply, and who is not afraid of himself, will call this masterpiece "trite," "insincere," "poorly written," or "pornographic."

Yet City of Night has been called pornographic, a label which can only be thrown by ugly and frightened frigid people. It must not be labeled "pornographic" for it is life, and life refuses to be put into a box or cubbyhole by inferior men, whom history will soon forget.

Rechy's book has been called repetitious, overlong, and dull. This unceasing repetition, however, raises the novel from the level of an earth-bound story, to the heights of a mystical force. City of Night became my peyote. I eagerly turned to each of its separate vignettes (which held together as a whole extremely well), and felt gripped by the beautiful perception. Each night I met another person, pierced his character, immediately enmeshed in his tortured life. Dull? It could not be dull; people and their problems are sad, throbbing, futile, but never dull. I lost a piece of myself when the novel ended.

The City of Night never ends, unfortunately. As in Bergman's Silence, there is still no communication among us speaking animals. Fear continues to dominate all, without discrimination. Rechy exists in the deadly lives of the multitudes.

I shall never forget Mr. King, "frantically trying to look good for me!" Or Pete: "I noticed that he --- for the same reason I had turned away, to avoid meeting --- had crossed to the other side of the street." Or the Professor: " 'The Professor is dead,' he said. His voice was shaken; controlling tears. 'The interviews are over...'"

Miss Destiny. Chuck, Skipper, Jeremy. There was Lance: " 'Lance --- Im --- sorry... Lance?... I dont really want to go... I--- I just get kind of afraid sometimes... Can I come back?' Lance faces Dean--- gratefully... 'Tonight...'" There was also the mysterious Someone: " Ive decided to go back tonight...' He was looking intently into his hands, as he had done --- only yesterday --- when he had told me about his son."
And Neil:' "No, no! You're not supposed to care!' "

In New Orleans, at the real Mardi Gras, Sylvia was introduced:" 'No, you can't understand! ' Sylvia said. 'Because ---... because I did to him ... what they did to you.' And she blurted at last: ' I threw my own son out!' ... Kathy bent down and kissed Sylvia on the forehead, like a child kissing her mother at bedtime, for-

giving her."
Chi-Chi was at the Mardi Gras, too: "'Baby --- sweetheart --- would you mind retrieving her fairywand...please... for a lady?' But despite the composure, there is a note of frightened, melancholy pleading in her voice. ...'Hey, world!' she shouted."

They have been etched into my mind by a master artist, John Rechy. As have the brief interludes between chapters, which set the scenes at a rarely equalled emotional pace.

If you have not yet read City of Night, please do. It is not written for one small sect, but for the whole damn unfeeling world. And that includes YOU, buddy.

FRAGMENTS of PHILOSOPHY

Surely it is time an Oscar was awarded the popular song-writer who never once was guilty of penning a lyric about "dreams coming ture": or deserting someone for somebody new!

Those who complain of having been given "the run-around" may at least console themselves with the thought that they have at least been afforded an opportunity to view the situation from all angles.

Comparisons are never odious when they serve to prove a point.

He who can remain in the equally good graces of both friends and their avowed enemies and rivals at the same time has surely solved the so-called "Riddle of the Universe".

A man may have a "heart as big as a house" yet it is merely a barn so long as it stores only the memory of some wrong once done to him.

The "tongue-in-cheek" promise is like a safety-belt minus it's buckle.

Stanley Lloyd.

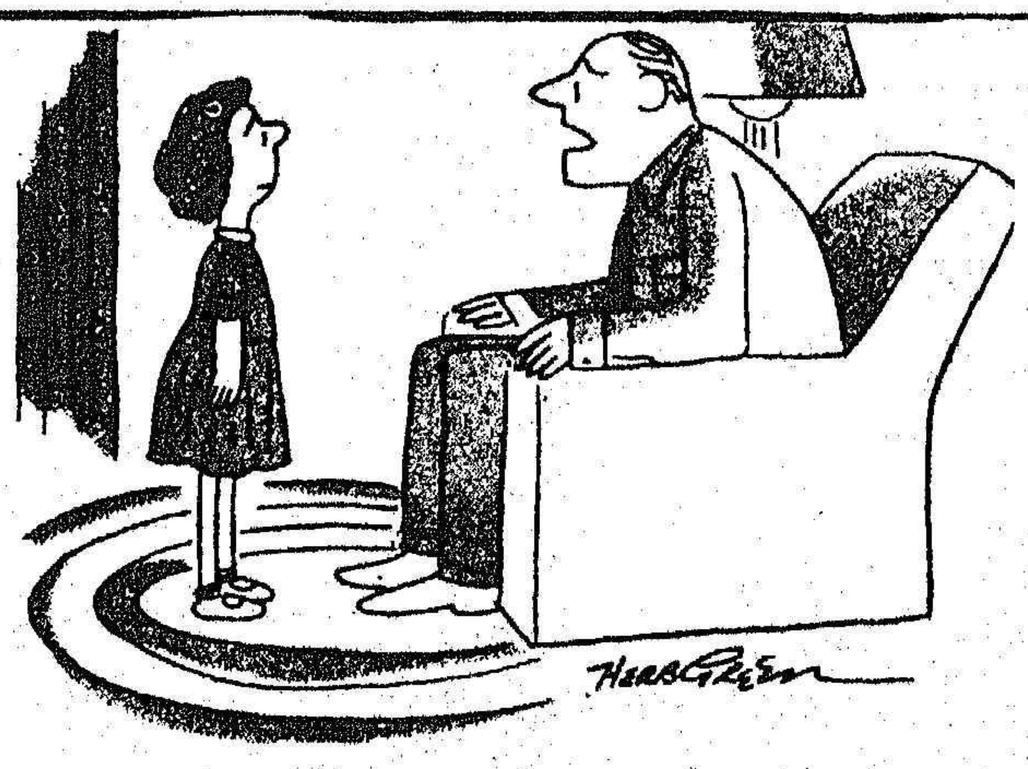
'BITS and PIECES"
by Swishie Puss.

Crystal has retired again, this time for real, no more drag, her lovely husband wants her to live a "normal" life and have a steady job. Good luck doll! I hope you make it.

Sara is quite the performer, it must be almost time for her to take her review out on the road.

When are they going to get some good entertainment at the St. Charles Again?

This bad weather makes good business for the clubs, all of them are packed, and talking of crowds, the Regency is jammed there has been a rumour of larger premises the shows there, are tremendous, I dont know where Ricki gets her talent from but she turns up with two very fine shows every week. Noticed a lot of out-of-towners there too!



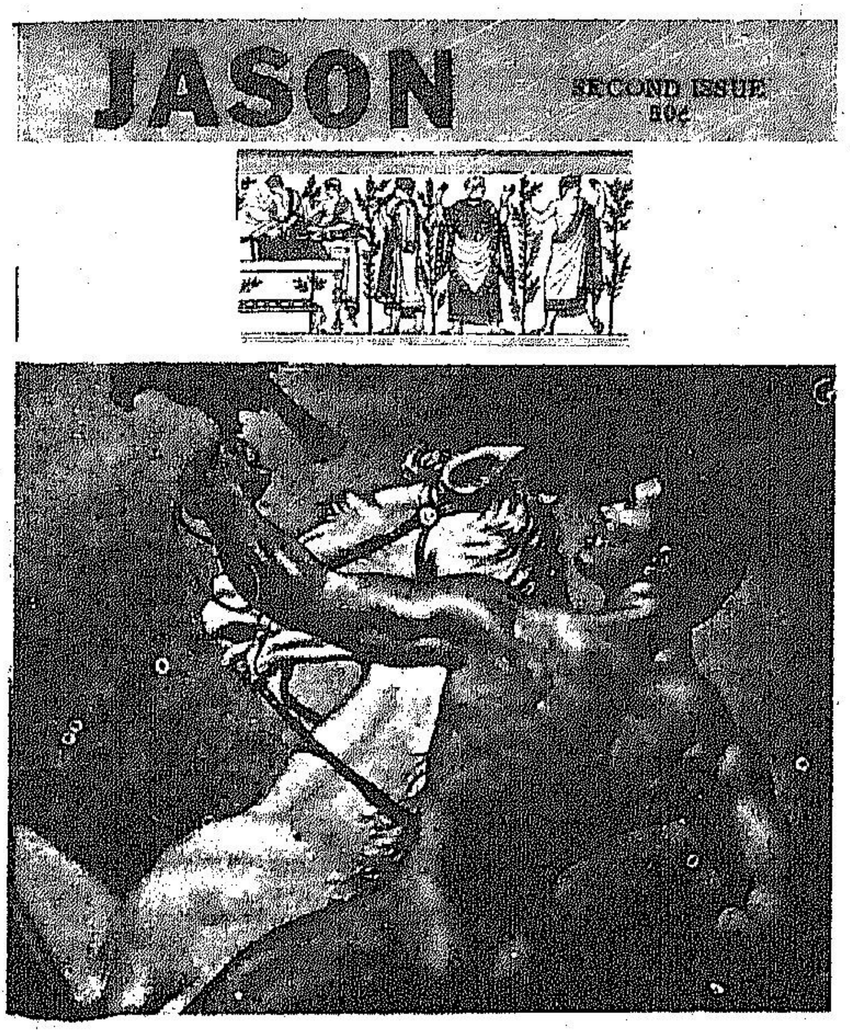
"It's time you and I had a long, long talk—son."

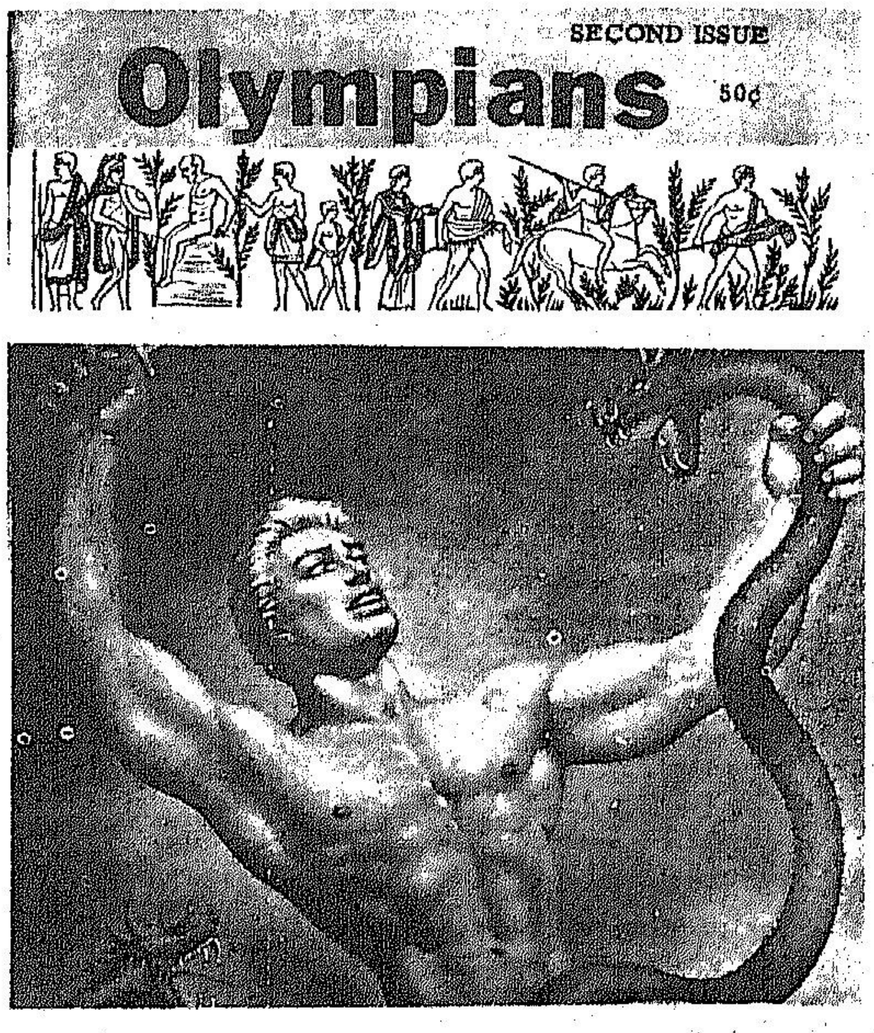
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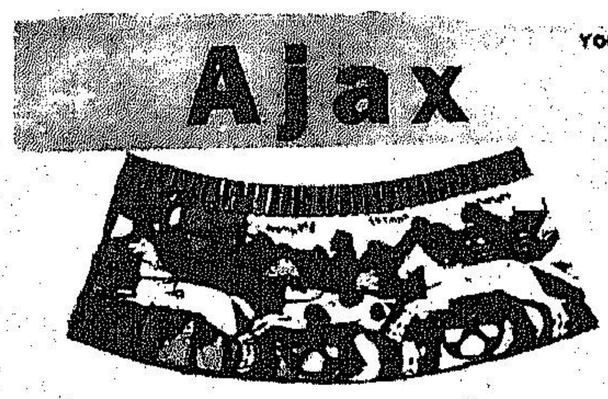
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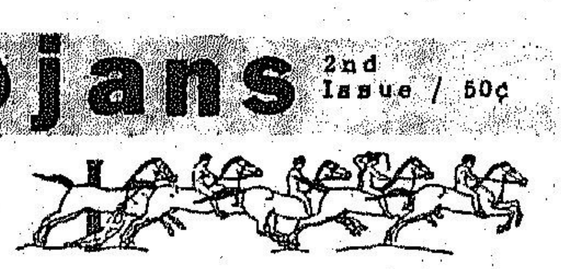
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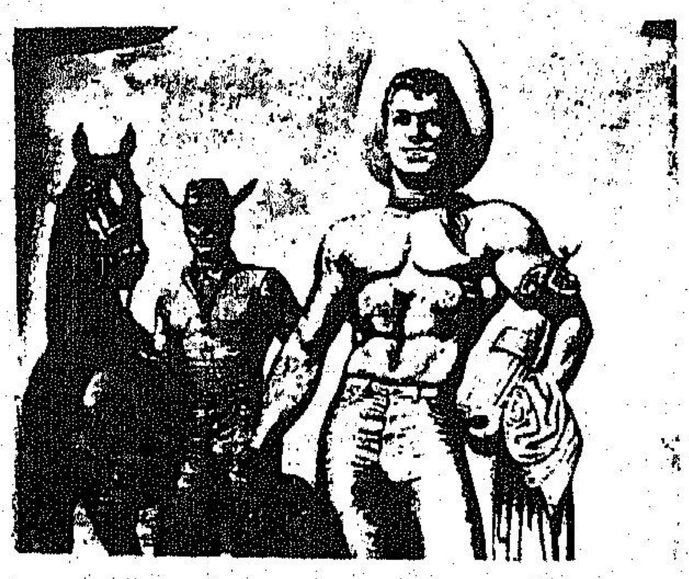
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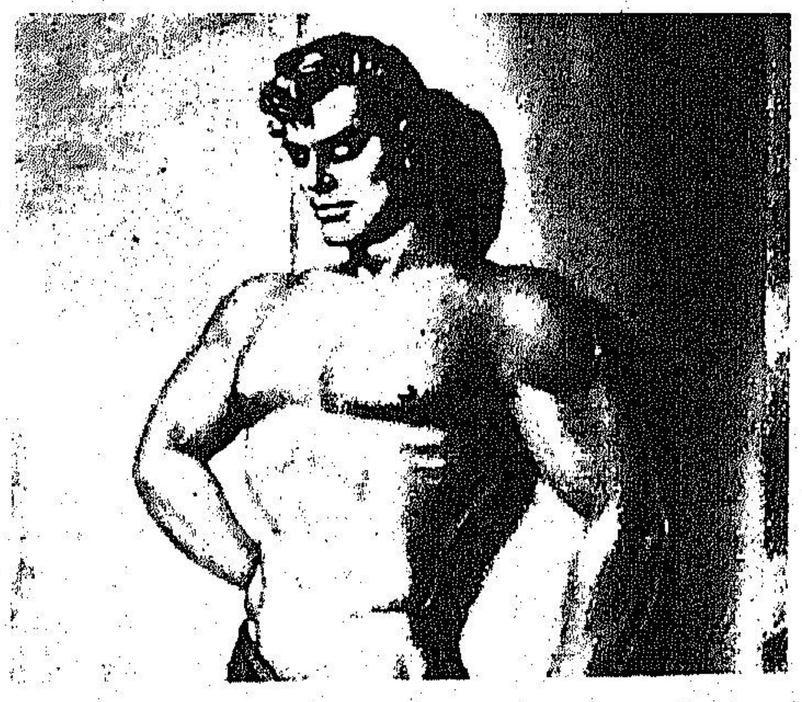












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besides.
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word.

Why Be Gray

and Old Looking



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B-220, Montreal, Que.
Looking for model or amateur Photographer for special posing prefer Montreal area, but will corr-esponde, photo please.

B-221, Buffalo, N.Y.
Bachalor, 6' 165 lbs 29 yrs.. have exclusive Buffalo Apt. willing to entertain males or females on shopping excursions, no prudes please.

B-222, Camden, N. J.
Unusual young man interested in the bizarre, and the exotic. would like to corr. with a transvestites, from the Toronto area. please enclose photo if possible.

B-225, Toronto Ont.
Generous man, 40, adaptable, interested in all sexes Exhilirated by silks & satins, Domination, Bizarre, shemales.

B-226 Toronto Ont.
Dominant male in early thirties 6' 195 lbs. interested in meeting docile men and women of all ages---will answer all.

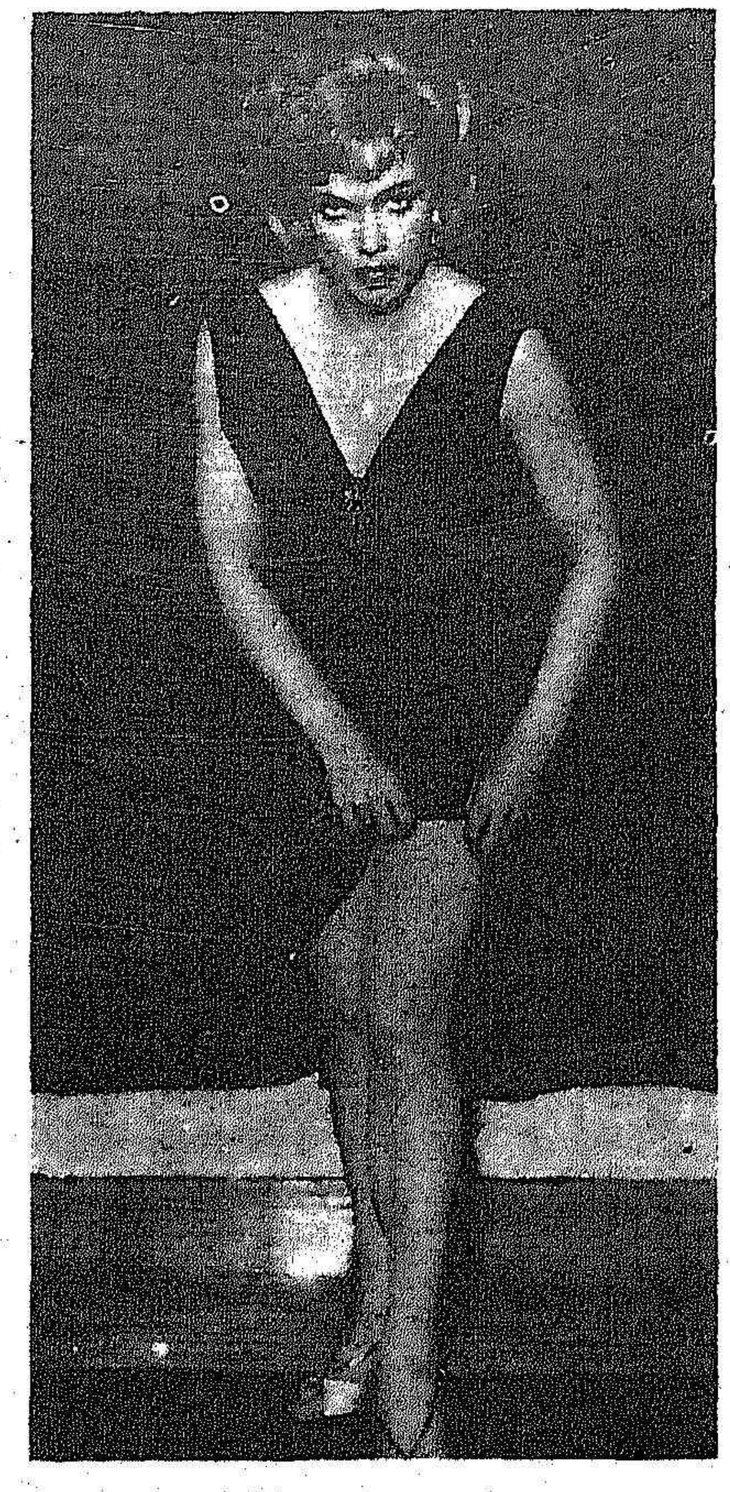
B227, Toronto, Ont.
Young man, early 20's considered goodlooking fairly well built, wish to hear from fellows and butch girls, photo, phone no. appreciated but not necessary will answer all.

B-228, Toronto, Ont.
Generous 40'ish man enjoys Dominant females, English Governess, bizarre attire silks & satins, is most co-operative. Adaptable.

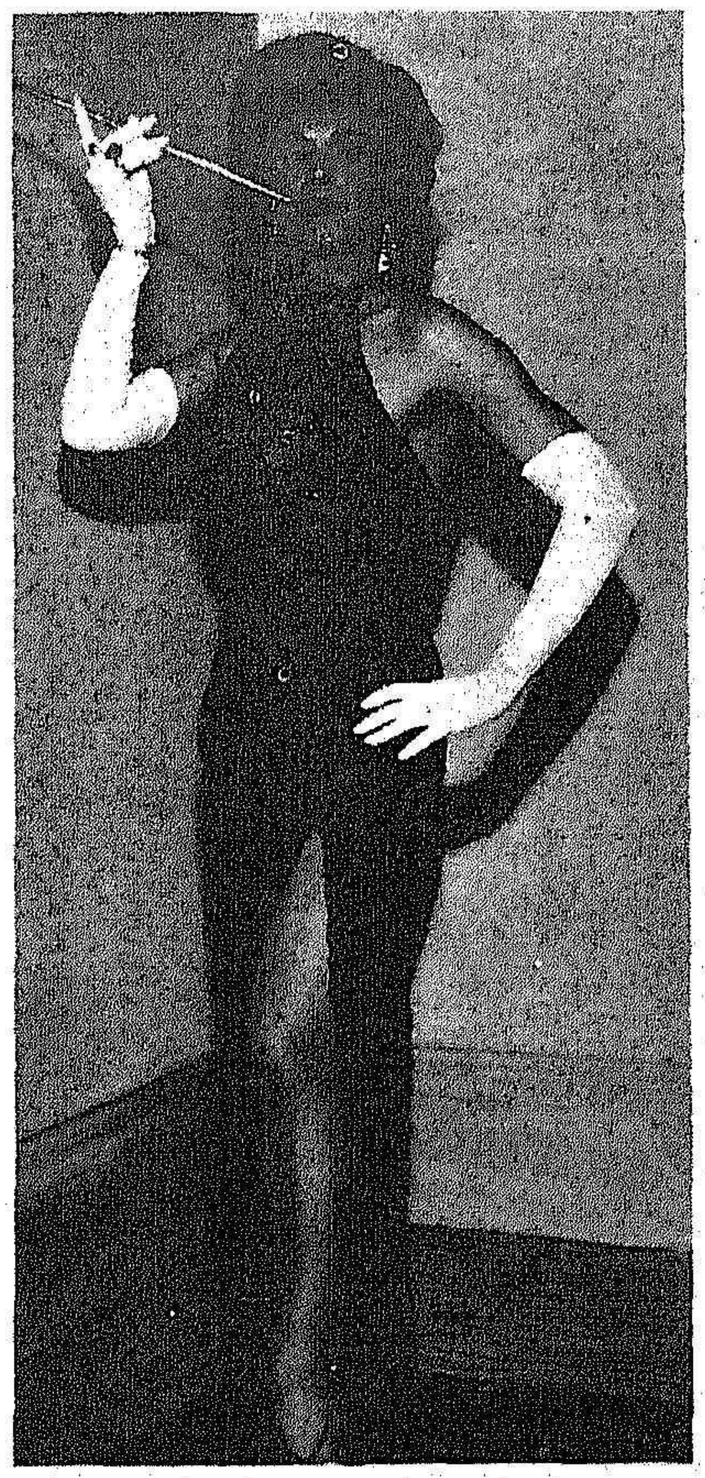
B-229 Toronto, Ont.
Male, 29, 6' 200, wishes to correspond with other males also seeking friends in Toronto area for weekend trips and meetings Photo. appreciated. Will answer all. No prudes please.

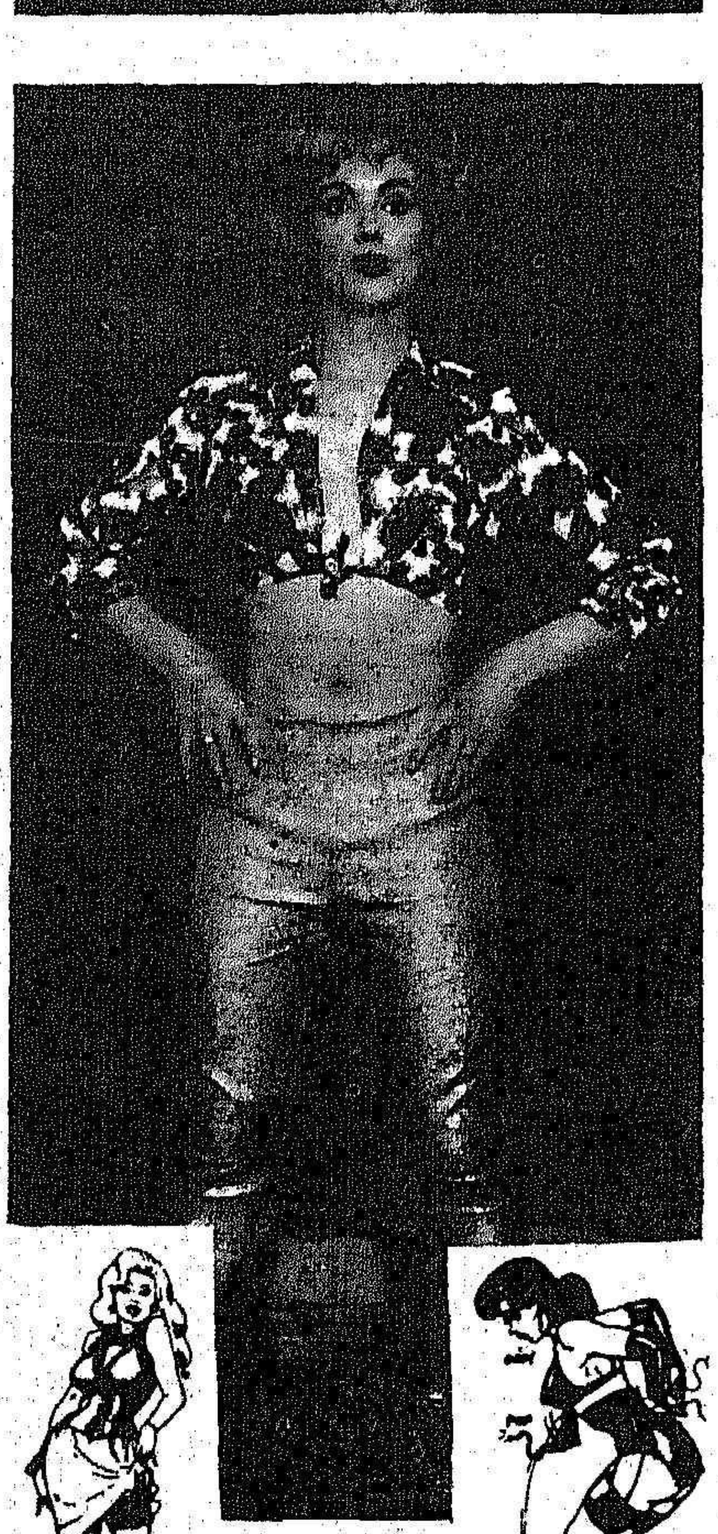
B-230 Cicero, Ill U.S.A.
Young lady interested in meeting other ladies around the age of 21. She must be caucasian, Well-adjusted and be understanding of worldly things. Prospects must also live in Cicero, Ill. or near Chicago district. Pictures would be appreciated.

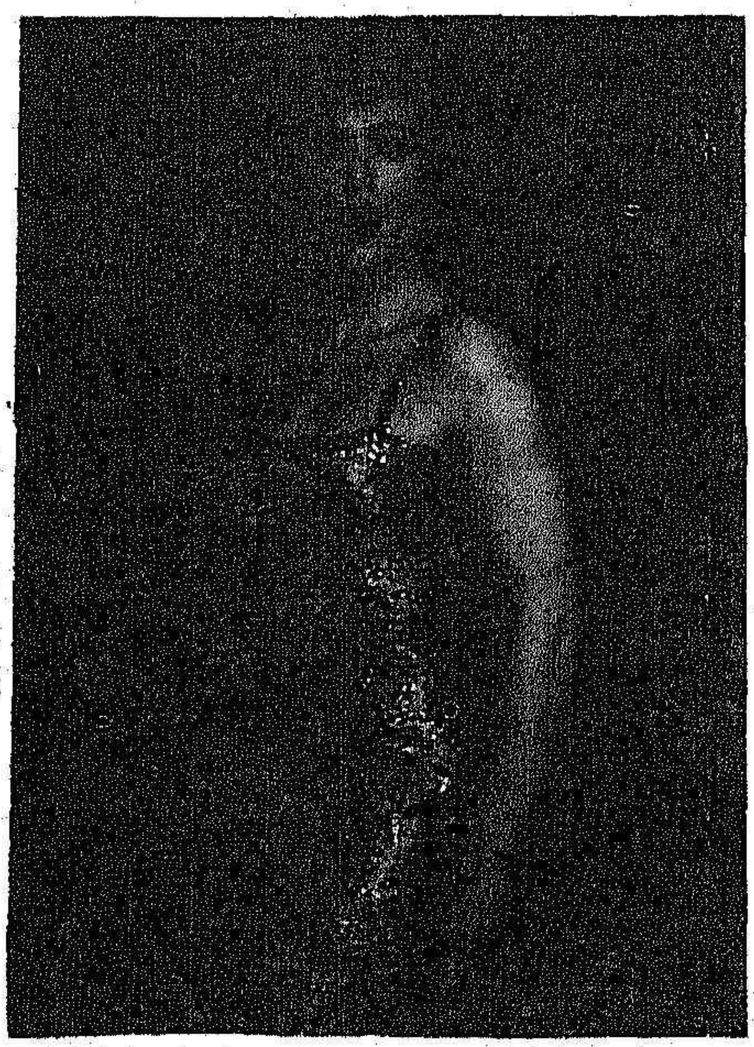
B-231 Toronto, Ont.
Two brothers, 40, and 25's located in Toronto. but travelling in U.S.A. looking for males and couples. Interested in the unusual Will correspond with all a answering this Ad.
Canada and U.S.A.

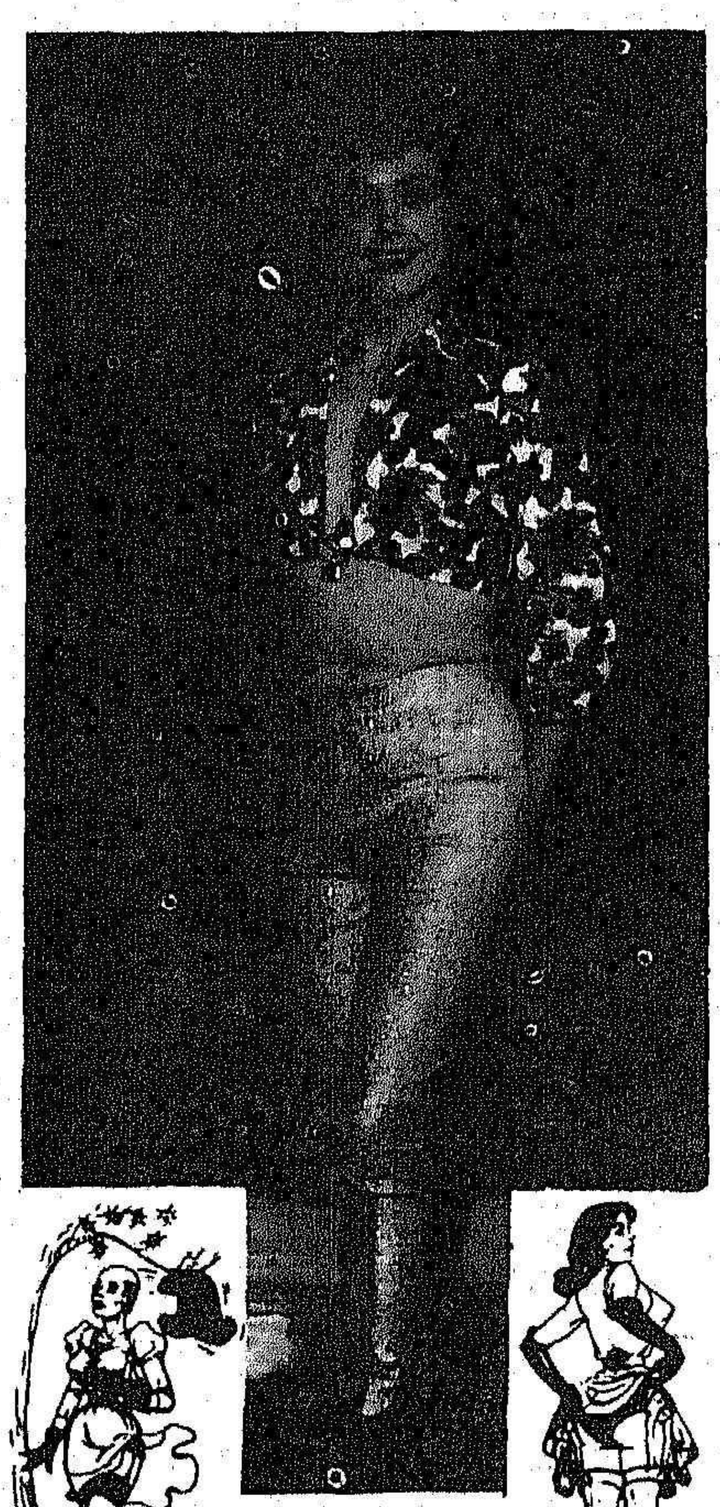












An accomplished accordionist, Terry began his professional career as a female impersonator wearing high hat and tails; high heels and blonde wig, and playing the accordion. Today, one of the leading practitioners of his art in England, he specializes in songs and patter and a striptease act. Patrons find it difficult to believe that the performer is a man, especially with the impressive results of his bust operation.









BY WILLIAM J. HELMER

"MIDDLE-CLASS" HOMOSEXUALS

(Continued from last Edition)

'They all know that I'm not married, so naturally I'm forced to concoct stories about what happened on the weekend. It's like living in some cloak-and-dagger way, because you know that there's an important area of your life that your friends have no idea of at all. And if they did find out, I'm sure that only a few of the many would probably be able to overcome any previous ideas that they had and continue to regard you as a person worthy of respect, someone they could continue to invite to their homes for dinner or parties. But most others wouldn't see you as an individual any more. You would become an object of scorn and ridicule and contempt. And if you were thinking of promotions, presuming you managed to keep your job, you can bet that they probably wouldn't be forthcoming."

"It's so hard to get across to people that homosexuality is only one part of your life," added Joan. "I lost one teaching job because of it. A boy I refused to date wrote to the school board and told them what I was. I was called in and they informed me that if I left quietly, because I was a good teacher, they would let me resign and give me a good recommendation. So while they were saying, you have to leave because you're a homosexual, they were also saying, you're a good teacher. But in their mind the most important thing was, you're a homosexual. What would they do if they let me take their children on a trip somewhere! I would attack them! Isn't that ridiculous? If their reasoning was valid, no one could teach any one, because if you're a female homosexual, you're going to attack the little girls; if you're a male homosexual, you're going to attack the little boys; if you're a normal male, you're going to attack the little girls; and if you're a normal female you're going to attack the little boys. You just can't send your kids to school anymore!"

The group laughingly appreciated this extension of "normal" reasoning *ad absurdum*. "That goes along," said Mel, "with the stereotype that has stripped a homosexual of everything but his desire for sex, so as far as the general public is concerned, everything a homosexual ever does or talks about is concerned with sex."

"That's right," chimed Jane. "Yet as far as our social life is concerned, I think it's very normal: We go to house parties, we play cards, we go on picnics, we go to the theatre, we watch television, we go the the shore in the summertime."

"You mean," Jack asked jokingly, "you don't always get together and have orgies?"

"I've never been to one in my life," Barbara said in mock disgust. "In fact, I've never even heard of one. But the girls in the office do tell me about those fraternity parties at Penn and Temple. You know, I bet that there are fewer orgies in homosexual life than in heterosexual life."

There were many other aspects of homosexuality that the group frankly and freely talked about, including their disgust of the swishy type of homosexual who brought contempt and derision on the majority of homosexuals. The Janus Society, they said, urged all homosexuals to adopt a behavior code which would be beyond criticism and which would eliminate many of the barriers to integration with the heterosexual world. The discussion lasted more than three hours. When it was over, the group got up and left. The elevator operator muttered something under his breath about being glad that they all decided to leave together.

THE MEMBERS OF the Janus Society represent, perhaps more than any other segment of the community, what may loosely be termed the "average" Philadelphia homosexual. (The number of females in it may be disproportionate, since most psychiatrists agree that the percentage of lesbians in the population as a whole is far greater—one said five times greater—than the percentage of male homosexuals.) Most are what psychiatrists call "adjusted" homosexuals, that is, they are not so much in conflict with themselves as to what they are, but rather with society as a whole in forcing them to conceal their identity. Not all homosexuals are in the same boat. Edwin, for instance, who was twice arrested in a movie house, admitted, "One of my difficulties is that I've never wanted to acknowledge myself as being one. I've despised myself for being one. I don't despise the heterosexual world. I wish I were a part of it. I feel myself tormented and torn up and constantly churned up inside, and I don't like it one bit. I'm just enduring from day to day."

Between the two poles there is a range of attitudes and feelings that takes in as many shades as there are individuals. In fact, there is really very little that can validly be said about homosexuals in general. However some homosexuals contend that they find their type, as one put it, "to be more aware, more sensitive, more up on everything." This is why, he said, there were generally more homosexuals in the creative and artistic fields, and he dropped such names as Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Tchaikowsky and Walt Whitman. This, he also admitted, may be a self-created hindrance to the integration of the homosexual in society. "You generally find something lacking in straight people," he said. "They're dull, they're not up on the things you want them to be and they're not as cultured as you would like them to be." Marvin, another homosexual, agrees: "But we are leading a double life and are forced to be. If you have to hide something you are inevitably going to be more alert, more aware of double meanings, more aware of slips. But I doubt if it's an innate thing. I know that if I'm at a gay party I can relax in certain ways that I could never do at work."

This desire to be one's own self, to avoid wearing a mask, has led many homosexuals into occupations where their presence is taken for granted, such as interior decorating, hair dressing and fashion designing. The fact that many homosexuals are found in the arts may have something to do with the fact that many don't have families or responsibilities and can afford the financial vagaries of most creative fields. And many are subsidized by family remittances provided they stay away from home. Then, too, given a sex life that is generally volatile and unsteady, the sustaining force of creative work may be just the crutch needed.

In a recent gathering of six male homosexuals, ranging in age from 21 to 27, the average length of a relationship with a single partner was less than one year. In their relationships, homosexuals reportedly display an amount of irrational and violent jealousy unparalleled in heterosexual relationships. (This, by the way, was one of the things on which a noted psychiatrist, the late Edmund Bergler, based his controversial theory of homosexuality. Most are, he contended, masoehists and injustice-collectors first, homosexuals second.) This is a sore point among many homosexuals. "You'd find a lot more heterosexual marriages breaking up if they felt they could and if there weren't children," said one invert. "I don't think we're as hypocritical. When we get tired of one another we just up and leave. There's nothing to hold us down."

Promiscuity is a word that Robert

doesn't like. Robert is a handsome, masculine-type homosexual in his early twenties. He seems to be an honest, introspective individual. "I feel that if someone wants to have sex," he says, "they should be able to have it whenever they want it." Robert is frank to admit, however, that many homosexuals are indeed absorbed in their self-pleasure and are generally selfish. "Any neurosis that's a form of immaturity is a selfish neurosis," he contends. "It's selfish to be neurotic. You're just feeding a problem. One of the big things about homosexuality is that you spend so much time getting people to like you and wanting to be loved, when one of the biggest things in life is loving before you can be loved. That's one of the biggest problems homosexuals have in relationships. They usually get bored when things go too smoothly. The ones that last do so usually out of sheer desperation." Others don't think the problem goes that deep. "Sex is the most important thing," says George, a thin young Negro. "I don't care how well an intellectual or cultural rapport you develop, or how many sterling characteristics your lover has, if he doesn't give a virtuoso performance in the boudoir, it just doesn't work out."

Despite the general hostility toward the heterosexual world, some homosexuals make a strange concession to it by adopting a marital relationship that is patterned after it. (There reportedly have even been a few formal "marriages," replete with wedding party and gala reception, but these, it is said, were held mostly for the entertainment of friends and not as serious ceremonies.) While the emulation may not be to the extent that one partner goes to work and the other stays home and takes care of the house, "there is," as one homosexual put it, "a role-playing to the extent that, psychologically speaking, one is the dominant member and plays the role of the boss." This, he maintains, is the advantage of a homosexual relationship. "I think if women would carry their weight in society," he said, "there would be a heck of a lot fewer homosexuals. I think the female in this society has caused more misery to both the heterosexual and homosexual male than you can imagine."

THEN THERE'S BISEXUALITY. Is it possible for a person to obtain the same satisfaction in a relationship with a member of the same sex as with the opposite sex? Is it possible, also, for a person to be "happily" married and still seek homosexual relationships? Almost all homosexuals answer the first question in the affirmative, with some qualifications. "I've always been attracted to girls," contends Robert, "but I've always had a tremendous fear of completing an act. And let's admit it: Homosexuality is a very easy way to get sex. It's also a very stupid way of telling yourself you're being loved. I've had sexual relations with a girl. Surprisingly enough, it was rather enjoyable. But it wasn't something I decided. I was more or less seduced. It almost couldn't be avoided. She happened to be living in my apartment."

Another young man who claimed that he himself was bisexual explained it this way: "I'm a man. I *know* that I am a man. I don't go with girls to prove my masculinity. I'm a man mentally and physically. I happen to like men sexually. I also happen to like women sexually. I happen to be somewhat of a hedonist in sexual relationships. I think one ought to be free enough to enjoy all relationships."

There are many homosexuals who marry for an alibi or because of social pressure. It usually doesn't last. There are many others who make a sincere and honest effort at it. Marvin, for instance, a young executive in the sales field, recalls: "I was 22 when I married. I had had very few homosexual relationships prior. But I met this girl whom I fell in love with. I can't say now that I 'thought' I fell in love with her, because I *know* that I did. I may even love her yet. We had the same ideas, liked the same things. I had told her about my other predilections and my repressions, but she accepted them and felt I would not be so repressed after marriage. She said she wanted a whole person, not part of a person. But marriage at best is difficult. We got to arguing. I felt guilty and was afraid that children would come along and it would be difficult on them. We called it quits."

Psychiatrist Bergler once wrote: "Bisexuality—a state that has no existence beyond the word itself—is an out-and-out fraud. Some homosexuals are occasionally capable of lustless, mechanical sex with a woman. But their real interest is concentrated, not on this 'counterfeit-sex,' but on a rapid succession of male partners." Recently, local radio commentator Jerry Martin had the opportunity to interview (though no A.M. station would run the tape on the air) three very effeminate "drag queens" whom Capt. Clarence Ferguson's squad had picked up for disorderly conduct. One called himself "Clara," one "Madame Fifi," and the third "Marilyn Monroe." ("I know *she's* very attractive and very dead," said the latter. "But *I'm* very attractive and very alive.") They were all young Negro youths, the oldest 21. When Madame Fifi contended that, dressed as a man, he could get as many women as any normal man, Marilyn Monroe snipped, "Well I say if you're going to be something you should be something 100%. If you're going to be anything, be it the best you know how. I know that *I'm* a homosexual 100%."

HOMOSEXUALS ARE SICK. Very few of them deny it. A few still contend that their homosexuality is inborn or congenital, a theory once widely accepted by psychiatrists, sociologists and most homosexuals themselves. Helping to give credence to such a theory was the allegedly widespread effeminancy among male homosexuals and the corresponding masculinity among lesbians. But it was soon shown that there was no discernible difference between the physique of the homosexual and the heterosexual by any microscopic, macroscopic, biochemical or endocrine tests. Then, with the development of modern psychoanalytic techniques, the psychiatrist began to view homosexuality as a manifestation of a neurotic condition or as a case of arrested emotional development.

There is the germinal beginning of a realization that homosexuality is not just a police problem or something to be swept under the rug. But it is only the beginning. Just how the homosexual criminal is treated still depends largely on what police officer made the arrest, what magistrate is handling the case, what assistant district attorney happens to be in court and what lawyer he gets. ("Those who seem to crack down the hardest on homosexuals," said one psychiatrist, "are probably fighting their own tendencies in some way.") An appalling number are still sent to jail. Most psychiatrists agree that it's like sending away a boy who stole candy to do time in a candy factory. "Now what homosexual is going to be changed in a prison?" asked one. "For him it's smorgasbord."

There is in Philadelphia, however, a unique program which may blaze a path in reform. It's a psychiatric program of group therapy which was begun in 1956, but still handles only a pitifully small number of paroled homosexuals. (Number of cases recently assigned to the clinic: 49. Number of cases not assigned: 363.) Under the Probation and Parole Department of Quarter Sessions Court, the pro-

gram is run on a weekly basis at Philadelphia General Hospital. Currently, there are five groups: Three sex offender groups and two drug addict groups. The members of the groups have all been convicted of a crime and in lieu of reporting to the Probation Office once a month—a form of therapy proven useless—they report one night a week to take part in a group therapy discussion. Each group is led by a qualified psychiatrist.

Says tough but affable probation officer Anthony Crocce, the acting supervisor of the program who considers his main job of establishing himself as a father-image to the "boys" instrumental in keeping attendance at a high level, "I think that someday this method will be used to treat all types of criminals. What do you accomplish by throwing them in jail?"

Dr. Joseph Peters, the psychiatrist who heads the program, points out that the group therapy method of treatment was pioneered by PHG's late Dr. Samuel B. Hadden, under whom he trained. "It worked fine," Peters said, "but our earlier experience showed that whenever we put a homosexual in a mixed group he would drop out as soon as the topic of conversation got around to sex. Now most of our sex offender groups consist almost entirely of homosexuals. We found that these people are very lonely and feel isolated, which is one of the reasons they go to public places to make solicitations and, as a result, get caught. Through the group we get a hold on him, a hold that gratifies his need to belong. From there we use the psychological concepts that help him to recognize his inner conflicts." One indication of the success of the group therapy program, besides the very low rate of rearrests, is the fact that, when a member is released, judged able to rejoin society by the psychiatrist in charge of his group, he very often continues to come to the weekly meetings anyway.

THE STERILIZED SILENCE *of the hospital corridor was broken by the heavy footfalls of the man walking toward the large double doors at the end of the hall. A blue sign with the letter "4" was Scotch-taped to one of the doors. This was Group 4, officially, Dr. Nicholas Bash's Sex Offender Group. Gently, the man eased the door open, fearful of disturbing the discussion in progress. It was no good. The movement of the door brought a quick turning of heads, a sudden hush, questioning stares. In the center of the floor—a large reading room with empty bookshelves lining light-green walls—sat a wide, very long conference table scattered with stuffed ash trays, a few hats, folded newspapers. Around the table sat a dozen men. About a dozen others formed a semi-circle behind them. Dr. Bash sat alone at one end of the table. "Come in, come in," he said to the man. "There, sit down there in that chair. Feel free to take part in the discussion. Be one of us." The man sat in the empty chair at the other end of the table. The group watched him take his place, stared a moment longer, turned back to the doctor. Dr. Bash motioned to a young man sitting at his right. "Go on," he said, "you were saying. . . ?" The man, a short, stocky red-faced fellow wearing a brown leather jacket and cap (despite the fact that the room was comfortably heated), hesitated a moment, stuttered a bit, said softly, "Well . . . uh . . . well, I was just saying . . . I don't know . . . I was talking about how you can tell generally when you're gonna get fired from a job. You know, how the boss will say something or other. I can just feel it sometimes." Next to him a neat, well-dressed man in a gray tweed jacket listened, nonchalantly asked, "You mean you can tell when you're going to get fired?" The man in the leather cap thought a moment and said, "Well, yeah. Yeah, I can tell." Across the room, sitting on his spine in a high-backed chair, a knee propped against the side of the table, a balding fellow in a purple madras sport coat, shot a disdainful remark across the room. "That's exactly what's wrong with you. Sure you're gonna get fired if you always think you're gonna get fired. You ain't got no confidence in yourself." Next to him a light-skinned Negro with wavy red hair—and the only one in the room with a slight feminine affectation—swished a cigarette with a bent wrist and chimed, "That's right. I think he's right. You just do not have enough confidence in yourself. You bring about your own downfall. You do your job adequately, don't you?" The man in the leather cap squirmed in his chair, blushed a bit and said, "Well, I don't know. I guess so. The guy I work with keeps calling me clumsy and tells me I can't do nothing right. But he's been doing that kind of work for 15 years." "Well, if he picks on you," said the man in the tweed jacket, "maybe he's got a problem himself." "Oh he's got a problem," leather cap answered. "He drinks. If you wanna call that a problem. I mean he don't have* our *kind of problem. He's married and got 15 kids." Down at one end of the table, a small, thin middle-aged man who had been listening intently suddenly burst forth. "So what?" he said. "That don't mean nothing! Look at me, I got 12 kids and I got into trouble. I mean not the same trouble like most of you guys, but still I got a problem, I mean a sex problem." He was about to go on, but Dr. Bash interrupted. "By the way, Bob," he said, "why don't you elaborate a little more about that. There are a number of new members here tonight and perhaps it would be interesting if you went over a little bit of the circumstances that led up to your problem." Bob hesitated a bit, lowered his head, then beginning softly, told of his early marital troubles, his wife's many pregnancies, her developing frigidity and, finally, how she left him with the dozen children, walked right out the door. He told of his ordeal, his long hours of working, taking care of the house, washing and ironing. Then it happened. One night he got drunk and attacked his daughter. His wife heard about it and had him thrown in jail. After jail he was back where he started from. For a while his sex needs were satisfied by a girl whom he had hired as a housekeeper. He said she liked him, but because of his religion, his conscience began bothering him. He broke off with her. "Now I'm really back where I started from," he concluded. "My wife won't come back to me, I can't divorce her because of my religion, and I'm starting to drink a bit." The group was listening intently to the man telling his story. A silence followed. Dr. Bash looked around the room, waited for comments. None came. "How long," he asked the man, "was it from the time your wife left you to the time you attacked your daughter?" The man said six months. A few understanding nods from around the room. Dr. Bash, the father-image, the sympathetic listener, asked, "How many here can go without sex for six months? Raise your hands." The group stared at him. No hands were raised. The doctor shrugged. Another thread in the doctor-patient relationship was woven, the group made a little tighter. A long silence followed. The man in the leather cap began fidgeting in his chair. Finally, he burst through. "You know, maybe I shouldn't open my big mouth. But I've been sitting here and I've been thinking. I mean, we were sitting here talking about my problem. Then all of a sudden you asked Bob there a question and you shifted the whole discussion from me to him. All of a sudden I was an outsider. But then I was thinking that maybe what you're doing while you*

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were talking to him was really analyzing me." Dr. Bash, a soft-spoken man with close cropped graying hair, looked down at the cigar he was smoking, furrowed his brow, said simply, "I'll tell you the truth. I won't ever manipulate you." He looked around at the members of the group. "What do the others feel?" he asked. "Do the others feel I was questioning Bob for Fred's sake?" There was a long silence. Finally, the man in the gray tweed jacket spoke up. "No," he said, "I think you questioned Bob for the sake of the reporter, to give him a little background." A few others in the group shook their heads in agreement. Dr. Bash looked a little hurt, shrugged. "All right, Fred," he said, "if you're feeling neglected, let's get back to you." The group laughed. The discussion went on. The conversation was dominated by less than 10 members of the group, but the others seemed to be intensely interested, though they made no attempt to express themselves or provide their opinion. At about 8:20, Dr. Bash glanced at the clock on the wall, looked around to see if there were further comments, said, "That's it, I guess. See you next week." Slowly the members got up and filed out. One man, a tall husky Negro in a black jacket who had sat quietly in a corner during the entire discussion, lingered back and, after everyone had left went around the room straightening the chairs. "That's all right," Dr. Bash said, "you don't have to bother." The man smiled and continued adjusting the chairs until they were all back in place, then he smiled again, nodded goodnight and left. Dr. Bash later explained that the man had been in the group for three months and had never contributed anything to the discussions. Tonight, finally, without saying a word, he had spoken.

Oscar Wilde wrote: "Sins of the flesh are nothing. They are maladies for physicians to cure, if they should be cured. Sins of the soul alone are shameful." The judge who pronounced sentence on the English writer at the turn of the century looked away from him in loathing and sentenced him to the maximum term for sodomy of two years, regretting only that the law would not allow him to make it more. While today there are many judges who look on homosexuality with just as unenlightened an abhorrence, in many areas the curtain of ignorance is rising and a ray of understanding coming through. In England, for instance, where two generations ago Wilde was cast into the dank dungeons of Reading Goal for "the love that dared not speak its name," the public attitude has changed to the extent that the reputation of a magnificent actor like Sir John Gielgud (who was in Philly last month starring in "The School for Scandal") has hardly been tarnished by a morals conviction. And when the Wolfenden Report, an official British government survey, recommended that homosexual acts between privately consenting adults be stricken from the statute books as a punishable offense (bringing the law in line with most European countries), both the Church of England and the Roman Catholic hierarchy supported it.

But the lot of the homosexual here will probably be an unhappy one for some time to come. He will have to continue to live in fear and isolation, spied on and harrassed, intimidated and blackmailed. He will have to continue to be a member of a furtive fraternity until man's compassion for man opens his eyes to the fact that much of his attitude toward the homosexual is based on irrational fears and assimilated prejudices. There may be a starting point in that, fortunately, most homosexuals are not as blind to their own nature as members of the heterosexual society are to their's. And, indeed, as Wilde himself said, the real fool, such as the gods mock or mar, is he who does not know himself. ■ ■

Minority Listening

The night was humid in New York City, and the windows stood open in the West Side apartment where nine men, the majority in their 20s, lounged on the floor and talked, mostly about sex. It might have been a bull session almost anywhere, except for two things: Eight of the nine participants were acknowledged homosexuals, and an Ampex 600 tape recorder was catching every word of their frank—and sometimes fractious—discussion of their lives in the shadowy half-world of homosexual society.

The ninth man at the session was Dick Elman, 28-year-old public-affairs director of New York's listener-supported radio station WBAI-FM. Weeks before the panelists met in the West Side apartment, Elman had been approached by a slender young man pseudonymously identified on his business card as "Randolfe Wicker," public-relations director of the Homosexual League of New York. After hearing one of WBAI's hard-hitting documentaries on juvenile delinquency, "Wicker" tried to sell Elman on a show giving homosexuals a chance to speak for themselves. (Two earlier panel discussions of homosexuality, taped four years ago by WBAI's sister-station KPFA-FM in Berkeley, Calif., and broadcast just last April on WBAI, were conducted by "experts," "Wicker" argued —not by acknowledged homosexuals.) After some consideration, Elman agreed to put homosexuals on the air. "It seemed to be a fairly legitimate thing," he says mildly, "to show homosexuals as they see themselves." "Wicker" provided the panelists from his own acquaintances.

As the reels of tape spun on, the panelists talked heatedly among themselves. Last week WBAI broadcast the tape of their talk. It made 96 minutes of intriguing, if intellectually inconclusive, listening. Some excerpts:

▶On women: "If women would carry their weight in society . . . there'd be a heck of a lot fewer homosexuals . . . The female in this society has caused more misery to the heterosexual male . . . than anything you can imagine."

▶On bisexuality: "I *am* a man; I know I'm a man . . . I happen to like men sexually. I also happen to like women sexually. I happen to be somewhat of a hedonist in sexual relationships."

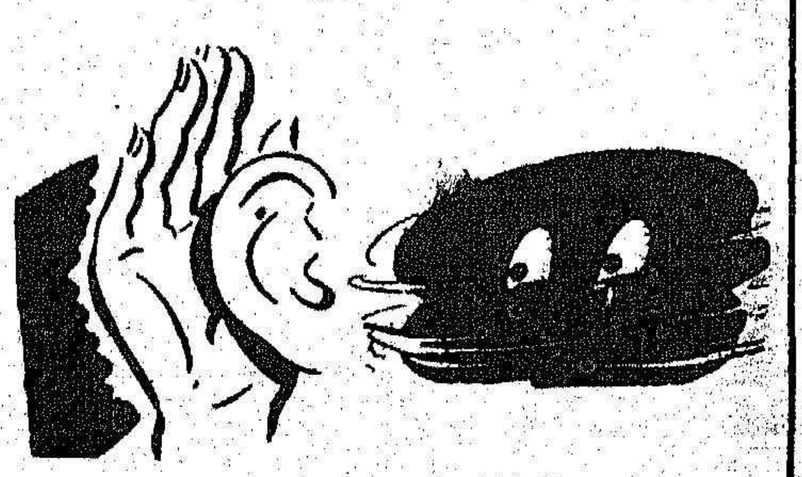
▶On availability: "There's always someone."

▶On conformity: "Homosexuals and Bohemians are *different*; they're not free. Most of them follow a narrow little set of rules—*different* rules, but in their own little society they're just as narrow as anybody else, and there are as many Babbitt homosexuals as heterosexuals."

Most WBAI listeners apparently were undisturbed by these remarks. One $12 annual subscription was canceled, but about 50 new ones came in as a result of the broadcast. (There are 12,000 subscribers, but WBAI has no idea how many of them—or how many free-loaders—tuned in on the homosexual program.)

In any case, the show came as no surprise to regular WBAI listeners. Elman and one assistant regularly grind out twenty hours a week of public-affairs programing, and the station in the past has given air time to a Communist and to the American Nazi Party. "One of our functions is to give minorities a chance to talk," says station manager Mel Most. "We're completely uninstitutionalized," Elman says. "By their very nature, there are certain things other stations can't do." WBAI's next big public-affairs project is a documentary study of housing in one of New York's deteriorating neighborhoods. "It will be an attempt to have a neighborhood describe itself," Elman says, "and then let the listener decide what should be done about it."

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"Gay." Gay, vol. 1, no. 10, 1964, p. [1]. Archives of Sexuality and Gender, https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/FUWKKW072500489/AHSI?u=clga&sid=AHSI&xid=76e4a38f. Accessed 23 Nov. 2020.