TWICE MONTHLY

GAY

TWENTY FIVE CENTS

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor;

Having read of your homosexual tabloid GAY in the current issue of the New York Mattachine Newsletter, I'm very much interested.

With all best wishes to yo and your associates in this venture.

B. M. Nebraska

Do you print all the trash that the mailman drags in? Surely you can't be that hard up for news.

Kindly cut the nasty cracks about me in your paper, or, you may find yourself being "blown" (up) by some of my separist friends.

Liz. Montreal

Dear Editor;

Thanks for resuming Gabriels Column. we appreciate it very much.

Keep up the good work.

We recently formed a Sunday Brunch Club where each member takes a turn to entertain other club members.

Only carefully selected members are admitted. We have a branch in Buffalo and plans for other cities. Members are increasing rapidly.

New members are welcome.!

The Sunday Brunch Club. Toronto.

Write to Gay, for information concerning this club.

Dear Editor;

Less gay articles of "Queens"-out I guess it sells the paper I purchased "One" and "Mattachine Report" because of articles which inform and enlighten the homosexual of his be ng.

Maybe more jokes of light gay value. It's a pity Toronto can't grow up and be smart N. Y. City chic-not phoney chic-but nice quiet men who enjoy other quiet men-less the whips and the clubs of "S and M". All the best for Gay

a buyer of 'Gay" from the start.

CANADA

A tabloid called GAY has appeared north of the border. By the seventh issue its circulation had grown to over 6,000, concentrated mainly in the Toronto and Montreal Metropolitan areas. GAY's publisher, John Foster, recently visited New York and arranged for distribution of initial 3,000 copies of GAY to local newstands. This is a business venture for Mr Foster, who hopes to make GAY this country's first national homosexual tabloid. Sample copies 25¢; subscriptions $5. per year, $3. for 6 months.

THE MATTACHINE NEWSLETTER

The busybody with eager counsel generally has a mind of somebody else's own.

Those who are prepared to "go the whole hog" do not always "carry home the bacon".

He who constantly vows to "get his own back usually finds he has but little to retrieve.

Blood bonds can neither be bought, sold nor bartered.

GIVE TO CONQUER LEUKEMIA

Editorials

Here we are again in good old pink, hope the yellow and green didn't throw you but as the saying goes "A change is as good as..etc."

Your response to our local news articles, bits of information has been wonderful keep it up, "The more the Gayer".

Invaded New York a month ago it's acceptance is most gratifying.

We are happy to announce an addition to our ranks of regular contributors His name is Dov Seegar, his column "The Third View"his aim not only an entertaining but also Dov calls the above mentioned Big Citty home.

We've brought Gabrial's club back into the fold. Had to. Couldn't spend all day opening letters of protest at it's discontinuance. Your wish is our command.

An interesting change has taken place in the attitude of the general public in regards to GAY and the group it represents. At first they thought(and believe us, we know as we were the target of their rightious indignation) This was just another smuty sex promotion with a new twist. Now the consensus of opinion is gradually swinging the other way. Comments on the sincerity and good taste by which we present our views while not trying to force them on others are becoming increasingly numerous. One day we shall be accepted as just another facet of society as a whole, no worse not better, just equals.

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.

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

Many thanks for all the comments, pro and con, on the "Sex and the Law" series. It's very gratifying to hear from people who admit that they had never realized just how much the law does infringe on an individual's rights to make his own moral decisions.

I have also received mail from individual's who have experienced the working of the law at first hand. Sometime in the near future I hope to do an article on life in prison and would be pleased to hear from any of you who have something to contribute.

****

A conversation overheard in a crowded bar recently.

"But how can you expect straight people to understand the homosexual when he parades around in shocking clothes and is obviously feminine?"

"Well surely if the homosexual really wants to be acepted as a decent citizen, he must understand that his dress and mannerisms are not understood by heterosexuals. He's got to meet them half-way."

"Not all homosexuals are obvious. Most would rather not be immediately recognized s such.."

"I agree. But who is it that the heterosexual recognizes on the street as being homosexual? The Obvious ones. The worst representatives of the group as a whole."

And so the argument continued. As I listened, I was reminded of the old proverb about the chicken and the egg and it's interesting to ask oneself which came first, the lack of acceptance followed by a deliberate displaying of homosexuality by some individuals, or the obvious displaying of homosexuality which caused disgust, fear, and rejection by the heterosexual.

****

Afriend of mine has a hobby thats lots of fun. He periodically clips newspaper headlines and then writes an original article to fit the headline.

There was a story concerning a proposal by the Federation of Business and Profectional Women's clubs to force legislation granting "Equal pay for equal work" and the headline above the story said simply:"WANT EQUAL PAY ACTION' My friend's re-written story made it seem as though all the male hustlers in the city were trying to form a union. (Don't they have one already?)

One of the classics of his collection is a banner headline set in very large type which screamed across the front page of a large circulation daily at the time of a minor trade dispute with the United States and the headline simple read: "KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF OUR TRADE---U.S."

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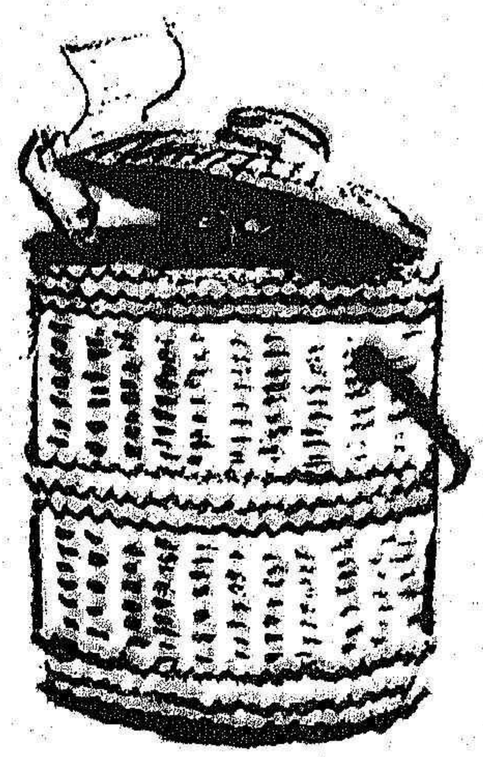
I noticed a cute little item of news which seems to forbode events which might happen in the future. It seems that the police of the thriving city of Windsor, Ontario decided that they all needed steambaths and descended en-masse on a local "health salon". What they saw seemed to shock them so their little sojourn into the world of sauna was quickly converted into a full-scale raid.

Everyone was arrested. And here comes the interesting part: ALL WERE CHARGED WITH BEING INMATES OF A BAWDY HOUSE.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

By the time you read this issue, I'll be somewhere between New York and Fire Island. Yes, GAY is going to the World's Fair and then down to the island of white sand and bikinis and....Full reports when I get back.

The Wicker Report



STEWART ALSOP

In the Saturday Evening Post of June 13, columnist Stewart Alsop lashed out with an angry pen at governmental and other professional snoops who use phone taps and related listening devices.

"What IS surprising is that so many ordinary American citizens tolerate without protest the most shameless invasion of their privacy," Alsop writes: "many people are almost as accustomed to having their emotions, private attitudes and personal histories explored by psychologists and amateur snoopers as they are to having their teeth examined by the dentist.

"The invasion of privacy will only be halted when a lot of people get angry about it. A man's sex life, political views and childhood relationships with his mother are his own business, and nobody else's. The proper response to questions about such matters is a loud, positive: 'IT'S NONE OF YOUR LOUSY BUSINESS.' Unless a lot of people get angry enough to use that phrase, or something like it, the day is surely coming when not even Walter Mitty can have a secret life, and Big Brother will rule supreme."

MICHIGAN

An article on homosexuality was recently censored from Oakland University's campus paper. The Janus Newsletter reports "protesting students claimed that the faculty advisor, the dean of the college of arts and letters and the provost approved publication but ruled against it because they feared legislative disapproval." Oakland University is a branch of Michigan State University.

ROCK 'N ROLL

An 18-year-old red-haired freckled pop-singer from Italy was recently written up in The Daily News. Her name: Rita Pavone, called "carrot top" by her Italian fans. Height 5'9", Weight: 90 pounds. "Carrot Top" appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show on May 17th. Then she set off on an American tour in early June.

In Italy as a TV star, she plays the part of a 13-year-old boy who can't keep out of trouble. According to The Daily News, "She has enormous brown eyes, a dimpled smile, never wears make-up and always performs in little boots, slacks with suspenders and a man's shirt."

When Rita won her first contest in Italy, right away she had the little ones and the old ones screaming for her. Reno, her manager, interprets it this way. "Between the big voice and the kid appearance the old ones want to mother her, the ten-year-olds think she's a boy and anyone over 12 thinks she's a lot of gir." Those of us who are aware of the discussion regarding Beatlemania and mass latent homosexuality will follow Rita Pavone's career with interest.

PUBLIC HEALTH OFFICERS

The Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York has generally advised homosexuals to cooperate with public health officials in matters pertaining to venereal disease. The Society has carried its commitment even further by writing a VD pamphlet designed for homosexuals and undertaking its distribution. One, Incorporated and other Los Angeles groups have maintained no public agency is worthy of such confidence. This week the Los Angeles Mattachine (LAMS) Newsletter reports that Dr. Walter Smartt, head of the combined County-City Health Department Venereal Disease Program in the West Coast metropolis, was asked what he would do if the police suddenly showed up and demanded the health records of one of his patients. His answer -- without a moment's hesitation -- was: "I'd burn them."

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

The NYU Chapter of ADA will sponsor a Mattachine speaker on the NYU campus this coming fall. The topic: "The Homosexual and Civil Liberties." Dr. Franklin Kameny, president of the Washington Mattachine Society, has been asked to give the address detailing his group's work in this area. News coverage will be sought.

STERN MORALITY

Norton Mockridge's World-Telegram column of April 24 spotlighted Jess Stearn, author of The Sixth Man and The Grapevine. Mr. Stearn has lectured before Mattachine and other homophile groups on several occasions.

In the brief interview, Stearn deplored our contemporary moral climate. "Normalcy as we knew it years ago does not exist today." He elaborated, "deviation is more prevalent than most of us suspect." Mr. Stearn further criticized those millions who unwittingly idolize homosexual screen personalities. "And what of the Broadway shows," Mockridge asked, "which are becoming more and more steeped in homosexual elements that are neither necessary nor desirable?"

"All of these things are giving false images of love," Mr. Stearn replied, "and I'm afraid things are going to get worse before they get better." He then cited with approval the position taken by a psychologist of his acquaintance: "Homosexuality is a reflection of a sick moral climate, but once we make the individual conscious of his responsibility to family and society, as well as to himself, homosexuality will begin to disappear."

Mr. Stearn's own solution? "I have become infinitely more interested in religion," he told Mockridge, "and I spend a lot of time reading the Bible."

GABRIAL CLUB

When inserting an advertisement in "GAYbrial's" column, be sure to enclose TWO DOLLARS ($2.00) for each insertion, in the "Ladies". or "Gentleman's" department.

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:-

GAYBRIAL, P.O. BOX 969, ADELAIDE STREET E. TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

When answering personal advertisements in these columns, care should be exercised to include the initial and number at the start of the letter at the top left hand corner, as an example -- Mr A. 113. Toronto. All letters must bear name and address of sender - not for publication.

Letters to be forwarded to advertisers should be placed in plain stamped evelopes outlined above but not sealed as all letters must be approved before being mailed to advertisers concerned It must be approved before being mailed to advertisers concerned. GAYBRIAL will enter into, no correspondence, with anybody.

No advertisements or letters can be accepted from anyone under the age of 21 years of age.

B-201, Toronto, Ont.
Young man interested in meeting, non-prudish males under 40 interested in Discipline.

B-202, Preston, Ont.
Uninhibited male, in early 40's interested in meeting equally-uninhibited singles or couples reasonably free evenings.

B203, Endwell, N.Y.
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.

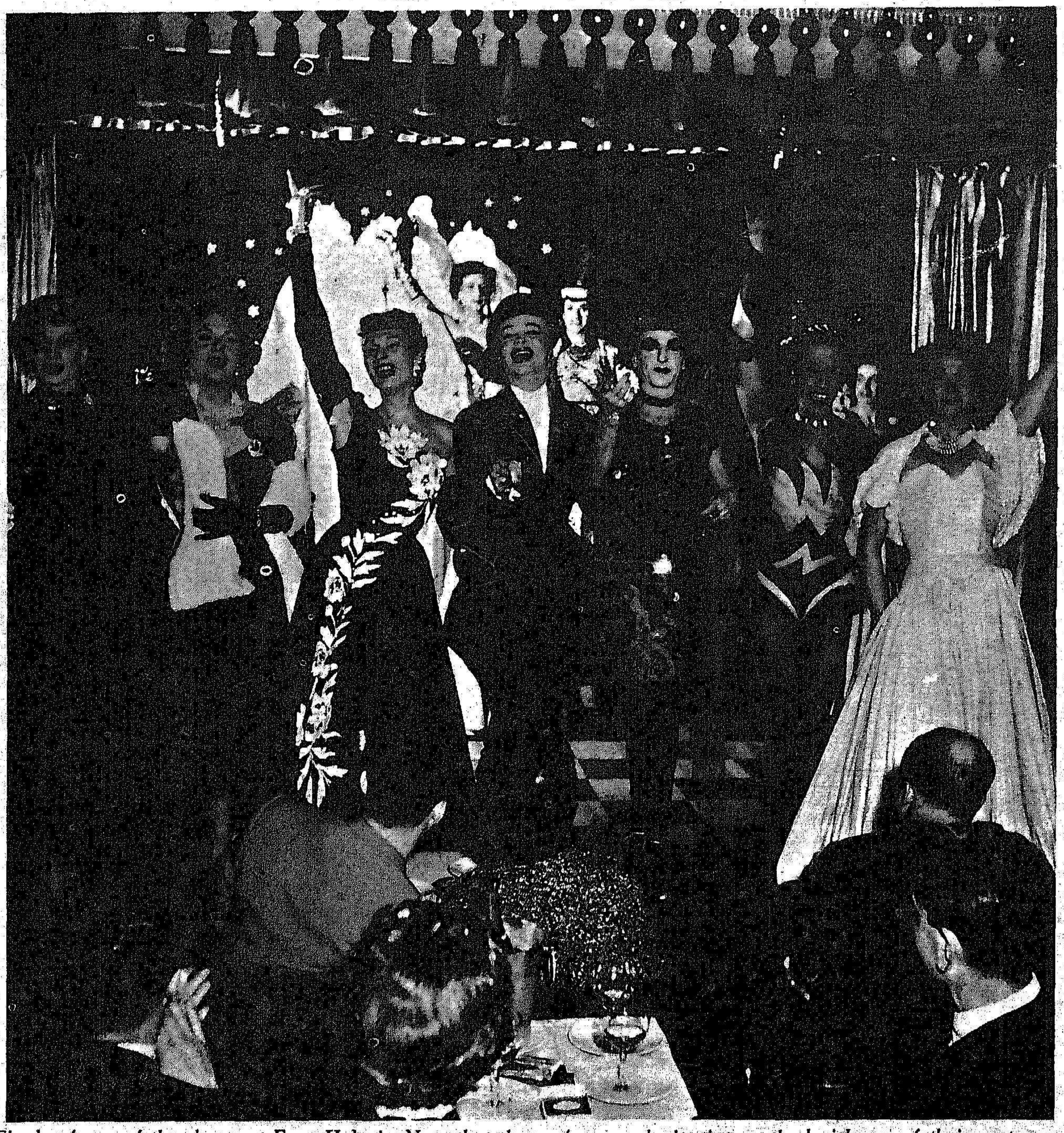
B-211, Chapleau, Ont.
38, 5'10" 180 lbs. I would like to meet, or corresponde with anyone that could advise and educate me, in the exotic and unusual

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.

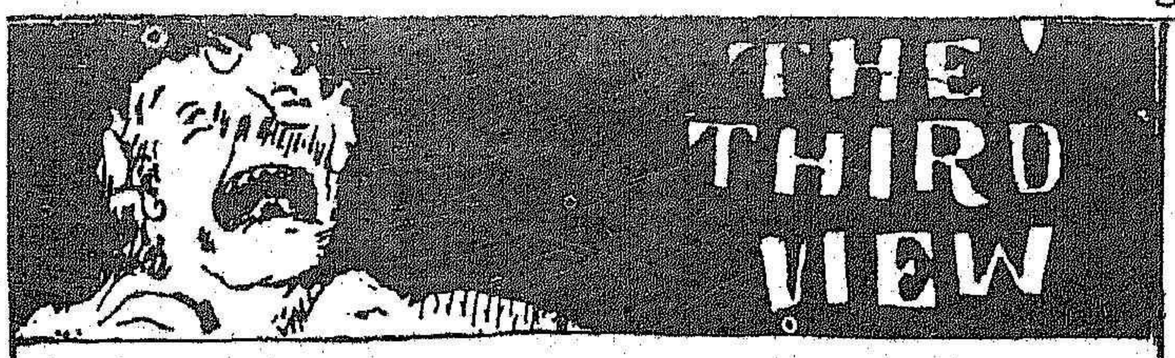
B-218, Toronto, Ont.
Bachelor, in late 30's, interested in meeting broad-minded gentlemen that can educate me in the strange and unusual. Picture appreciated, all letters answered.

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.

STEINS AND STAGS



Finale of one of the shows at Frau Helen's. Note that the performers don't stint on the lavishness of their costumes.



" Is This Any Way To Live ?"

by Dov Seeger

The time is near. You have just about two hours to find a stimulating gay who's willing to go home with you. It's like this every night: the infinite fight between sex hormones and Puritan prohibitions. Things are easy when a guy goes looking for a prostitute; after all, society more or less accepts that "sin." But you're different. You're like a negro at a K.K.K. meeting. You're a homosexual, and homosexuals have no rights. So every night when you need love and release, panic sets in.

An hour goes by. Still no prospects. You cruise the beckoning doorways, the bars with their forced laughter, the empty park benches. Of course, if you know the right places there is always someone you can pick up. Someone who is as desperate as you are, but probably a person you can't stand. For some reason you pass by the clinging perverts you see. Perhaps tonight you hope to find a real, lasting love.

But you time is up. The corridors begin to empty AND YOU FEEL FRIGHTENED. There's someone! He's eyeing you. You make contact. He's a disgusting man, too obnoxious, too callous to suit you. But it's late, and you need him. Another night of unfulfillment. An you throw away you dignity....for sex. Sex without love.

****

The homosexual is in the same situation as was the court-jester in the Middle Ages, the Indian in the 1800's the union man in the 1930's and the Negro in the 1960's.

Unfortunately all the other minorities have had their important supporters. Men like Bertrand Russell, Martin Luther King, John Kennedy, Pablo Picasso, and Pete, Seeger support minority movements through philosophy, active leadership, politics, art and music. But who is for the homosexual? who, but a few psychiatrists who want homosexuality treated as an emotional, not moral problems, would lend their prestige to a nationwide campaign to educate the public?

Our movement has no supporters who will stake their reputation and publicly say: "Homosexuals have as much right to live freely., without any legal or social stigmas as any other group of people. They as all Men do, have a God-given greatness which should not be subjected to humilitation, under any circumstance. If problems exist, we, the "good people" of the earth have created them, any we must solve them. Men must not be blamed for conduct which they have been forced into, and which, in any case, may not be intrinsically bad. Homosexuality certainly is not wrong.

The same situtation exists as did 100 yrs. ago. Laws prevent adults from legally acting like free men. Liberals pretend not to notice the abuses against homosexuals. Conservatives call us Communists. The man-in-the-street feels embarrassed, so he makes jokes about us. We are attacked outright by the police, and subtly by the people. Until this situation changes, this won't be any way to live, homosexuals will never be at peace with themselves, the rest of mankind will continue to feel guilty, and true love will never exist in either the homosexual or the hetrosexual world.

Man was created to rule himself. His spirit was made to love.....

Rex, the office boy had become increasingly slow in his work of late yet. being a nice polite boy his boss felt loath to discharge him without learning if possible the reason for his lethargy.

Having decided to consult his Father he enquired "Is your son at all lazy while at home?"

"Lazy!" echoed the parent: his self winding "wrist-watch would stop if he didn't hang it on the "pendulum of our Grandfather clock each night before "retiring".

BY WILLIAM J. HELMER

"MIDDLE-CLASS" HOMOSEXUALS

(Continued from last Edition)

ference between the groups in overall adjustment ratings. Dr. Hooker does not present her results as at all conclusive, but she considers them ground for reviewing the theory that homosexuality and pathology are inherently related.

Many homosexuals have always contended they were no different from anyone else—just sexually left-handed. A few even argue that homosexuality would be an altogether superior way of life were it not for society's square attitudes. However, such militancy is more characteristic of the few "organized" homosexuals than of the rank and file. The New York Homosexual League conducted an informal poll among three hundred deviates, asking each, among other things, if he would want to become heterosexual if a safe, easy means were available. Ninety-six per cent answered no, but only three per cent said they would want to see a child of theirs homosexual. The attitude which seems to be most commonly held is that homosexuality is not the preferable condition, but there's nothing morally wrong with it, it even has some things to recommend it, and in any case one has to make the best of the situation. Out of this desire to make the best of it grows a gay community with a social structure specially adapted to homosexual needs.

THE EASY WAYS TO STATUS

STILL, the term *gay society* must be used very cautiously. If a fairly self-conscious and recognizable gay community can be observed in New York, it should be clear that its habits and standards do not apply to thousands of homosexuals who have little or nothing to do with it. Generalizations about gay "social structure" thus must be even more tentative than those about heterosexual society. Nevertheless, gay society does seem to deal with such questions as status and money in roughly consistent ways.

For obvious reasons, personal attractiveness and age seem the most important qualifications for getting ahead socially in the gay world. A premium is placed on appearing neat, fashionably dressed, young, and handsome, and anyone who is slovenly or physically unattractive is severely handicapped. Fashionable dress currently means slim-cut Continental or extreme Ivy League styles in suits, and well-tailored, collegiate-looking casual wear. The perfect dresser is extremely up-to-date, but careful to avoid styles so radical or grooming so fastidious as to be termed "faggoty-elegant." Homosexuals commonly dress younger and try to look younger than their years, but those who overdo it are often ridiculed. Although one finds quite a few exceptions, young homosexuals generally prefer their own age group socially as well as sexually, and an older person who insists on a youthful sexual partner may have to turn to male prostitutes.

Wealth and family background themselves usually are not sources of status within the homosexual community, though their manifestations—possessions, manners, etc.—may be. Since most homosexuals have no dependents and only personal expenses, a modest income will usually provide the obvious luxuries of "sophisticated" city life, reducing the importance of real wealth. Most homosexuals who participate exclusively in gay social life have a relatively low income, so there exists no real moneyed class within the community toward which to aspire. A prominent family background brings little status since few homosexuals can afford to mix their gay life with their straight life.

A college education, as such, confers relatively little status within the community, but in many circles it is important to display cultural interests and a degree of cool sophistication or "hipness." The folklore of the gay world has it that homosexuals tend to be specially gifted in the creative arts. There is not much evidence to support this notion, although living in an "enemy" society of heterosexuals may well increase one's sensitivity and perception. Quite naturally, however, homosexuals tend to be attracted to creative fields, which are traditionally tolerant, rather than to occupations like law, engineering, or business management where disclosure could be ruinous. A young single man, moreover, can better afford the risks and financial insecurity of an artistic career. A few occupations such as clothes designing, window dressing, decorating, modeling, and hairdressing are considered gay trades and carry more prestige than office work and clerking. So do some types of performing (ice-skating, chorus dancing, etc.). For the most part, however, the homosexuals of the gay community are not notably successful people by the standards of the outer world. If they are gifted professionals or artists, for example, they will usually find their way to more complex and interesting homosexual, and mixed, milieus, and their lives will seldom center in gay society.

The gay social climber (like any other) considers address and neighborhood important, but he sometimes goes to extremes that would strike the status-seeking heterosexual as too obvious. Some will sacrifice every other luxury to live in a plush apartment in Sutton Place on a clerk's

(Cont. on Page 10)

salary, or pay high rent for a cramped room because it has an East Fifties address.

In gay society an individual is often typed (not always accurately) according to his neighborhood. The "East Side Snob" is described as an elegant, high-class dandy, or a bland, pseudo-sophisticated "organization man with a flair," and both tend to confine themselves to their own more private social circles. The West Sider is thought to be a lower-class, sometimes bizarre person, and the two extremes seem to meet in the Village where stereotypes mix. To some homosexuals, Forty-second Street between Sixth and Eighth Avenues is practically a taboo area because of the hustlers, hoodlums, and generally undesirable types who often congregate there. The West Seventies are said to be a "pansy patch" because of the number of obviously effeminate homosexuals, often Puerto Rican, who live there; and some areas of the Upper East Side are called "fairy flats" because they are supposedly inhabited by "conspicuously elegant types usually walking poodles," as one informant put it. Brooklyn Heights, just across the East River from Lower Manhattan, is thought of as a kind of homosexual suburbia popular with "young marrieds."

Despite the social discrimination and class distinctions operating at most levels of the gay community, upward social mobility is not only possible but fairly easy. The superficial nature of many status symbols makes them simple to acquire, and the most humble and unsophisticated rural bumpkin arriving cold in the big city can advance socially by adopting the right conventions and cultivating the right interests. A homosexual illustrator, complaining about fashion-consciousness in gay life, told me that a friend of his considered Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers* a valuable "get-ahead book," full of good tips.

Race is less often a deciding factor of acceptability in homosexual circles. Attractive Negroes and Puerto Ricans can sometimes use their homosexuality to enter various elite gay circles, particularly in the Village, and even many white homosexuals who will not accept Negroes socially nonetheless are "quite democratic in bed." Talking of racial as well as other distinctions, one man told me: "Homosexuals are terrible snobs, you know; but not sexually, at least when no one's looking."

Homosexuals who are not deeply involved in the gay community often criticize the conformity, phoniness, and lack of individuality they believe characterizes much of this society. There are few interesting eccentrics or bohemians; most of the men seem preoccupied with "belonging" or getting ahead, and one is not aware of much depth of personality. These qualities may reflect the strong sense of rejection and insecurity, which creates a compelling need in some homosexuals to find personal acceptance. Responding to this need are a community and a value system which seem to diminish the homosexual's social handicaps by attaching status to objects well within his reach. Furthermore there are sexual considerations: homosexuals are reluctant to erect insurmountable social restrictions that would severely limit their sexual activities by excluding many personally desirable partners.

THE NEW PRESSURE GROUPS

SOME of the people I talked to believe the homosexual's lot is gradually improving. More and more novels, plays, and even movies are venturing into the subject, usually treating it with some understanding. Since the late 1950s a number of radio and television programs have explored sexual deviation, and talks on the subject are increasingly common, both by professional persons and by homosexuals themselves. In 1961, Illinois became the first state to exclude from its criminal code private homosexual relations between consenting adults, a revision now advocated by many legal, medical, and psychiatric societies. One conspicuous step toward toleration took place in 1950 when homosexuals first were able to form organizations, hold meetings and conventions, and publish their own books and magazines. Earlier attempts had failed, usually in the face of extra-legal and social pressures.

The most prominent homosexual organization, the Mattachine Society (so named after medieval court jesters who dared to speak the truth in the face of stern authority) originated in California in 1950 and later opened chapters in other cities. It was followed by One, Inc., and by the Daughters of Bilitis, a national organization for female homosexuals. Today there are more than a dozen national and local organizations for "homophiles," publishing *One Magazine, One Quarterly, The Ladder* (Daughters of Bilitis), *The Mattachine Review,* The League For Civil Education *News* (a biweekly newspaper published in San Francisco), and numerous local newsletters.

In New York, the local Mattachine Society (now independent of the California group) has around two hundred members and holds regular meetings and study groups at which psychiatrists,

lawyers, and other professionals speak. A new group called the Homosexual League was founded last year and is chiefly the work of Randolfe Wicker, a young man in his twenties whose main objective is to "bring the subject of homosexuality into the open" by speaking before interested groups and arranging for others to lecture on the subject.

Despite the increase in organizational activities, very few homosexuals belong to groups or subscribe to publications. Some are afraid to join or subscribe, and others oppose organizing on the grounds that it only attracts attention which will make things worse. The majority simply are not interested in crusading and want only to be left alone. Judging from the readers' letters published, the magazines are of greater interest to homosexuals in smaller cities who tend to feel more isolated.

Even though the organizations and magazines are not widely supported, they have exerted a subtle influence on both heterosexual and homosexual thinking. To city, state, medical, and other authorities they are tangible evidence that homosexuals are not altogether the either dangerous or laughable perverts that police arrests or locker-room jokes imply. Moreover, they document many aspects of homosexuality and examine its problems, and no doubt provide a welcome source of information and understanding to many young persons suddenly confronted with the realization they are "queer."

Some authorities who hold that homosexuality is a neurotic symptom might warn against increasing its social acceptance, in the belief that this would invite latent deviants to become overt, and discourage the overt from seeking therapy. But those who consider it to be a type of personality disorder in which adjustment is often preferable to attempts at cure, believe that increased tolerance of homosexuality may help reduce the intense guilt that sometimes leads to seriously neurotic or antisocial behavior.

In any case, even a superficial inquiry into the community life of homosexuals should make two things clear. First, the term *homosexual* itself means little unless it is carefully qualified. The latent homosexual, the transvestite, the child molester, the lone wolf, the gay person, and so on, may all have very different problems and social r s, deriving from radically different causes. S ndly, the isolated life of the gay community may be seen as a reflection of the dominant social order itself. Our society has been quick to adopt defensive and mocking attitudes toward homosexuals and painfully slow to acquire a humane and mature understanding of their condition.

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.

" THE FURTIVE FRATERNITY "

(Continued from last Edition)

private; in Georgia, however, life imprisonment is mandatory for anyone convicted of sodomy.) But homosexuals are also booked on a variety of lesser charges also, depending a good deal on the whim of the arresting officer: Assault and battery, obscenity, public indecency, lewdness, indecent exposure and disorderly conduct are some of the charges that are used.

The basic method of operation in making homosexual arrests is the same, whether they are being made by members of the Morals Squad or by other police units. Generally, they work in pairs, one man acting as a decoy, the other as a witness and to aid in apprehension. The decoy will be unarmed and will not carry his regulation handcuff pouch and blackjack, since it's known that an experienced homosexual cruiser will subtly frisk a potential partner. The pair will then take up positions at a known homosexual hang out, the decoy loitering in the area, his partner out of sight nearby. If and when the decoy is approached, he will, if possible, get the suspect to walk away from the area before making the arrest. In this way, it is hoped, other homosexuals in the area will not become suspicious and the decoy's identity as a policeman will remain unknown.

Homosexual arrests are made in every part of the city. (For a while, a street corner near Old York Road and Champlost in the Fern Rock section was a prime pick-up spot for car-cruising males. Police made some 20 arrests before word got out that the man on the corner was a cop. Another spot that yielded more than three dozen arrests was a railroad station's men's room in Chestnut Hill. Police hid in the ceiling, took pictures of the activities, netted, in the catch, two doctors, a lawyer and a minister.) But the bulk of the arrests are made in center city, for there, as every homsexual knows, is where the "action" is.

More than three-fourths of all homosexual arrests are made in one of the following places: The Suburban Station's men's room; the Stephan Girard Garage's men's room at 12th and Chestnut; the men's room on John Wanamakers' four h floor; and the Family, News, Palace, and Center, second run theatres on Market Street. (There have been as many as 35 arrests in the Family and Center movie houses in one month.) There are also occasional arrests in 30th Street Station, the bus terminals and in Rittenhouse Square. (The Square and Suburban Station rank at the top in the number of complaints to the police.) There are also a number of less public places where, even though arrests are less frequent, there is a good deal of homosexual activity. Not too long ago, for instance, Norman Fuller, executive secretary of the central YMCA, wrote a confidential report titled "The Use of Closed Circuit TV for the Study and Elimination of Homosexual Activity in the YMCA." Fuller noted that he was disturbed by frequent reports of homosexual approaches in the Y's two semi-public men's washrooms and that he decided to try closed-circuit TV to control it. The police department supported the plan and the Y shelled out $1795 for equipment. Cameras were placed behind one-way aluminum screens and the transmission monitored by house police. "We have learned," Fuller said, "that reports we were getting were not exaggerated. This equipment has served not only to give us a liberal education . . . but has reduced traffic in these washrooms by 50%." No attempt was made to prosecute offenders, most of whom weren't even members of the YMCA. Fuller implied that he recognized that the problem wasn't confined to the washrooms, though he thought that full TV coverage of all 30 of the Y's residence floors too expensive. "But," he concluded, "it is not inconceivable that the day may come when this type of surveillance is a wise investment. Any YMCA [illegible] that does not have the same problem[illegible]

[illegible] Dolin, were [illegible] his friends and [illegible] papers closely, trembled each time his telephone rang or his boss called him into his office. Then he received a letter from the Pennsylvania Department of Quarter Sessions Court asking him to report for an interview. 'From my layman's point of view,' he recalls, 'I thought it was cursory and a farce. It took about a half hour. I was treated with disdain and contempt. The doctor who asked me the questions never once looked at me.' He kept looking out the window or down on a yellow pad on which he was making notes. Then I was asked to draw two figures, a male and a female. I drew two clothed figures. I found out later that the report that was made up about me labeled me a homosexual. But it said I was not violent and had a strong sense of moral responsibility and an awareness of my situation. When the test was over the doctor asked me how I felt. I said how that I felt scared to death, humiliated and [illegible]. He said 'Oh, don't worry. You'll be all right.'

Because of the variety of charges that can be lodged against participants in homosexual activities and there is even some [illegible] as to what constitutes homosexual activity—it is difficult to estimate the number of homosexual arrests on an annual basis. (Though police admit that the bulk of sodomy arrests involve homosexuals, there's no telling just how many.) There were, for instance, nearly 600 persons admitted to city prisons last year for sodomy and other sex offenses, excluding vice and rape, yet there are more than 500 other sex offenders on probation and parole in the Philadelphia area. Then, too, there are many instances of homosexual arrests being discharged in magistrate courts or, later, in higher courts.

What is the police attitude when it comes to making homosexual arrests? There are as many answers to that as there are police officers, but, of course, differences in attitudes that depend on training, command and experience do exist at various levels. Police Inspector Frank Rizzo, for instance, boss of the Central Division, managed to arouse a good deal of animosity among the homosexual community last Hallowe'en eve by curtailing what had become known as the annual "Fags in Drag" parade. There were only a very, very small percentage of homosexuals and transvestites—not always is there a relationship between the two, psychiatrists say—who yearly adorned themselves in female attire and paraded in glory along Locust Street on the one night of the year when wearing female costumes was not incongruous nor illegal. A number of bars even held contests for the best costume, and each year a "Queen" was crowned. The event had begun quietly, with only a small number of center city residents aware of its existence. Eventually, however, the word got around and, of late, the crowd of spectators and curiosity-seekers was beginning to become unwieldly. This year Rizzo ordered all the bars in the neighborhood not to serve anyone in costume. The crowd showed up anyway and spent the evening strolling up and down Locust Street, staring closely at each female and making remarks to the 50 policemen who had been assigned to keep them moving. Some female impersonators went to parties in other parts of the city, others stayed home. But the hostility aroused in the homosexual community might, in the long run, be of more consequence to the police than a temporarily rowdy crowd. Though the great majority of homosexuals have no desire to be female impersonators, they sympathized with the impersonators' plight, knowing that many had prepared all year and spend hundreds of dollars on costumes and paraphernalia for the big night. Last month [illegible] the local homosexual society

severely chastised Rizzo: "The captain's (sic) long standing, fervent campaign against homosexuals is familiar to all of us. His past infringements of individual rights are a matter of record. However, we feel that this time he has gone too far. . . . A man like this, allowed the amount of control he has been given, can and will make life unhappy for any group whom he personally dislikes."

WHEN IT WAS TIME *for Edwin's arraignment, his lawyer told him he was too busy to appear with him but that it was only a formality which Edwin could handle himself. Edwin's trial came up near the end of last year. It only took a few minutes but Edwin's lawyer, for his $1250 fee, had to spend two hours in court waiting. Edwin was found guilty of assault and battery, not guilty of immoral practices.*

His fine and court costs came to $150 and he was put on two years' probation. His lawyer told him that he should be grateful that he wasn't sent to jail, but that he knew a psychiatrist who would take care of him. Edwin, anxious to be helped, checked on it but found that he couldn't afford the $15-a-session the psychiatrist wanted to charge. So Edwin began reporting to the probation office once a month—a form of therapy, he was later to discover, that had doubtful benefits.

IT MIGHT BE PRESUPPOSED that the Morals Squad would be the police arm most active in homosexual enforcement. For a number of legitimate reasons, it is not. Bossed by a capable cop, Lt. Harold Schultz, the squad is part of the department's Juvenile Aid Division, which is under the command of Inspector Joseph Max, an astute police veteran with an enlightened attitude toward law enforcement. The Morals Squad operates under the Juvenile Division, says Max, because many of the participants and witnesses in sex crimes involve persons under 18 years old. But, more important, he says, it was recognized that in such crimes the psychological factor was of utmost significance and that inept police handling could cause irreparable damage. Almost all the personnel in the Juvenile Division, therefore, are specially trained to appreciate these psychological factors and to take them into consideration

Squad [illegible] concerned itself [illegible] all types of [illegible] rape and incest to fornication and distributing obscene literature. It has neither the time nor personnel to conduct an active crusade against homosexual activity. Max also implied that relationships between two consenting adults can not take precedence over crimes involving juveniles and, therefore, homosexual arrests are usually made only in incidents in which public decency has been infringed upon or in which there have been [illegible] complaints about homosexual activity. The Morals Squad probably makes fewer than 50 such arrests a year. (Almost all by two specially trained, good-looking young men, one of them the brother of [illegible] pianist. [illegible] spend most of their time [illegible] functions, generally routine investigations and prostitution detection.) Therefore, judging from the fact that there are a good many more homosexual arrests, most of them in the center city area, it is probable that the majority of homosexuals are arrested by plainclothesmen assigned to the Central Division.

OF HIS FIRST ARREST, *Edwin says, "It was my own fault. I lost myself emotionally and I despise myself for it." He has other thoughts about his second arrest. It happened last June in the Family theatre. "I was honestly sitting there watching the picture. Presently I noticed the man sitting next to me turn and smile. I ignored him. Soon he was nudging me and winking at me and making motions with his head. I felt myself glued to the spot. I resisted for a full 45 minutes before I did anything. Meanwhile he was rubbing himself and breathing heavily. And then I merely touched him. I did nothing, I said nothing. But I soon became too nervous and I removed my hand. Then he leaned over in a chummy way and said, 'Do you smoke?' I said no. He said, 'Let's go to the men's room anyway.' I said I didn't want to. He said, 'All right, let's go anyway. I'm a cop.'" Edwin was handcuffed, put into a patrol wagon and again taken to Central Division headquarters at 20th and Pennsylvania Avenue. This time, however, he was immediately taken upstairs to a well-appointed office on the second floor and, from a nameplate on the desk, he now recalls, "I realized I was a victim of Rizzo's raiders." In the office he was questioned, much to his surprise, about whether or not he played [illegible]. He didn't [illegible] about his sex life [illegible]," he recalls. "The very crude, vulgar language which I personally don't use." He told them of his first arrest. Then he was taken to the police station at 11th and Winter Streets, booked and again taken to City Hall. This time he was told he could make a telephone call. "I was really stupid," he says. "My mind was paralyzed with fright. I naturally thought of the only attorney I knew." Edwin called the lawyer who sent a bondsman with a copy of the charge. The next morning before his hearing at the 11th and Winter station house the lawyer took Edwin across the street for a cup of coffee and a bit of friendly chat. "You know, this is going to cost you a lot," the lawyer told Edwin. "How much do you have with you?" Edwin showed him his checkbook which contained all the money he had in the world. There was a balance of $80. The lawyer told him to make out an $80 check. "Shouldn't I make it out to the bail bondsman?" Edwin asked. "No," said the lawyer, "give it to me. I'll take care of the bail bondsman and keep the rest as a downpayment on my own fee." The arresting police officer was not present at Edwin's hearing and no one testified against him. In fact, Edwin still doesn't know the exact offenses he was charged with. No one told him. He assumes they are the same as with his first arrest. But this time he was held in $300 bail. After the hearing the lawyer took Edwin back to his office. "He told me," Edwin recalls, 'that he wanted to be my friend and that, knowing my financial situation, he would be willing to give me some credit from the $1250 fee he charged the first time. He said, however, that more money would be required and suggested that I go to a loan company where, he said, I could get $500 or $600 just on my signature. I did go to a loan company but all they would give me was $300." He gave the lawyer the $300. Finally, last October, while waiting arraignment, Edwin got another call from his lawyer. "How are you making out with that loan?" the lawyer asked. Edwin said that he was meeting the monthly payments. "Well," he was told, "you know lawyers need money, too. Why don't you see what you can do about renewing that loan?" Edwin said he would check on it. Meanwhile, while waiting for his trial to come up, Edwin has made inquiries to the out-patient department of Philadelphia General Hospital's psychiatric clinic. He is anxiously waiting acceptance. Edwin's troubles are not yet over.*

Why are only certain types of homosexuals arrested? Why do the police concentrate their enforcement on the known public haunts, men's rooms and movie houses which attract only that one type? Why, in fact, are the very bars, nightclubs and other hangouts which cater to the homosexual market hardly ever touched when just as many contacts and solicitations originate there as in public places? Perhaps it has something to do with the type of catch likely to be made in such haunts, for certainly the homosexual who frequents them is likely to be a little less inhibited when it comes to admitting his inversion and, therefore, less responsive to the offer to keep his arrest "hushed up." Then, too, besides the unknown factor of whether or not there are pay-offs, there is the known police policy of containment. In other words, it's felt that keeping the community under observation has more advantages than cracking down on it and driving it underground. (Perhaps, also, that is the reasoning behind the permissiveness shown towards the more obvious and lurid types of homosexuals, the male prostitutes who, in wigs and female attire, regularly cruise the center city streets in search of trade. The most famous of these is named Didi. In the daytime he drives a truck, at night he dons a blonde wig and fancy gown and prowls around in a shiny sedan.) But there are also some police officials who feel that there is nothing that happens in the gay bars and nightclubs which infringes on the public's sense of decency.

THE ALLEGRO BAR *at Spruce near Broad has the facade of a Swiss chalet, yet, for some reason, it is incongruously inconspicuous, despite the pale pink and black-trimmed stucco front. Inside it's dark and musty, but the room is large and open and has a long oval bar that occupies most of it. A juke box sits in a corner at the left and a stairway at the rear leads to a small, far more elegant room upstairs. Over the bar here is a large painting of a stern-faced woman in a flowing gown. On the weekends both upstairs and downstairs are packed with groups of laughing, carousing men. On weekdays, however, the Allegro takes on the atmosphere of a neighborhood taproom, drawing a small clique of loyal customers who make it a ritual of stopping by for a drink on their way home from work. One night last month a small group was sitting around the bar sipping cocktails. At one end of the bar a crew-cut youth in a Navy [illegible] and ben-horizon dungarees was drinking a beer. A rubbery-faced man wearing a heavy red sweater was at the other end of the bar talking with a stocky well-dressed businessman who kept his topcoat on. The man in the sweater had a copy of the* Bulletin *open to the obituary page, shaking his head as he read of the death of a mutual friend, a doctor at Penn's medical school. "And only 42 years old," said the man in the sweater sadly. The man in the topcoat nodded sympathetically. "I'm going to miss him," he said. In the middle of the bar a young man with a long thin face sat smoking a cigarette. "You know," said his companion, a man in a checkered coat, sport jacket and tyrolean hat, "I've had a beautiful day today. No one bothered me, no one got me upset, no one made me angry. A beautiful day." The young man smirked "What did you do, stay home?" His companion became indignant. "I most certainly did not!" he said. "Do you think if I hadn't gone to work, I would have gone through the trouble of going home and shaving and getting myself all prettied up before coming in here?" Across the room a rather effeminate young man who had been engrossed in a conversation with two slick-haired youths suddenly exclaimed, 'What, me in the Army! Now what would I be doing in the Army? Really now, can you just see me marching. Why, I would probably just swish right up to the enemy and say, 'Go on, drop dead; honey.' Really now." He took a sip of his drink, thought for a moment, raised his eyebrows. "Then again, it would have its advantages, wouldn't it?"*

THE BARS AND HAUNTS—in the argot, "country clubs"—to which local homosexuals flock are a milieu in themselves. They range in atmosphere and in the type of clientele they attract from the very disreputable to the very respectable. At the lower end of the scale are such places as the Hideaway, one of the group in the 13th and Locust building, and the Surf Bar which adjoins Lillian Reis' Celebrity Room. Somewhere in the middle is the Allegro (formerly optimistically named The New Look) probably the best established of such bars. It is known, in the words of one homosexual, as "the fun place." Not, he is quick to point out, because one can behave indecently or without propriety, but because the conversation is generally what he calls "more bitchy," the verbal interplay in the courtship ritual a little less inhibited. The Allegro was recently sold by its former owners to three [illegible] who reportedly plan to redecorate the rather drab interior and draw a larger crowd from the higher class of bar frequenters. The higher class of bar frequenters—usually a self-described appellation—rate Marconi's on Drury Lane near the top. Marconi's on Camac below Locust, reportedly caters to a number of high-ranking people in local business and government. A number of university professors, top people in the theatre and arts, can be seen there frequently. Also because of its reputation for good food, it draws a large crowd of heterosexuals who dine there frequently before and after the theatre. The Drury Lane, on Drury Street near 13th, is in the same category. Its first-floor bar, with its candy-striped canopy, is usually packed with well-dressed young executives, while its cozy second floor dining room, with its excellent food and plush decor, has become a favored luncheon and dinner spot of a number of heterosexual connoisseurs.

Catering to homosexuals is a fairly lucrative business in Philadelphia since the competition is limited and the customers rather loyal, but how a bar or a restaurant [illegible] coffee shop (the Dewey on 12th and 17th Streets and Horn & Hardart's on Broad near Spruce are examples) manages to attract a homosexual crowd is a mystery. Usually the owners don't even know. Sometimes friends tell friends, the first friend usually knowing someone who works at the spot. A number of bars make it a point to employ homosexual bartenders, usually very handsome and efficient workers.

Many of the owners of bars catering to homosexuals are defensive about it, since the Liquor Code requires that bars be operated for the general public. One owner, who refuses to allow his name to be used, says brashly, "I defy you to look at the people who come into my place and tell me who's queer and who isn't queer. I can't do it." He points out that he draws a lot of straight (*i.e.* heterosexual) people also, as well as a number of celebrities and show business folk. (An autograph book he displays is crammed with such well-known names as Ted Lewis, Tallulah Bankhead, Carol Lawrence, Moss Hart, Eddie Albert and the cast of such shows as *Oklahoma, Firefly, Kiss Me Kate* and *Guys and Dolls.*) "But I guess that don't prove anything," he concedes. "Half the show people who come into this town are faggots." The owner maintains that his place is run more respectably than a good many bars and nightclubs that draw only heterosexuals. "I [illegible] some of those girlie joints on Locust Street," he points out. "What are they more than them?" At least we may night there's a creed, a rule we go by. We don't permit no

The First Woman Doctor in Britain: Dr. James Barry

by Vern Niven

James Miranda Barry, an Irish-English woman, was born in approximately 1795. She made history while living most of her life as a man. For over 40 years she was an officer and surgeon in the British Army and enjoyed a highly distinguished career.

In 1809 (at fifteen), posing as a boy, she entered Edinburgh University to study to become a physician, and in 1812 (at eighteen) she was graduated as a Doctor of Medicine. This seems far-fetched today, but it was not an unusually short training for those days; indeed, her education was extensive for the period in which she lived. However, her extreme youth, coupled with her short stature (just five feet tall), adds a phenomenal quality to her success after graduation.

She went to London and took a special course in surgery under the most famous surgeon of the time, Sir Astley Cooper. In June, 1813, she passed an Army Medical Board examination, and was commissioned in July. As a "junior" person she spent two years in the Plymouth garrison as a hospital assistant (a term not used today). Then in December, 1815, she was sent to the garrison at the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa as an Assistant Surgeon. Travel being what it was then, she arrived in August, 1816.

She is described as a "young officer of considerable assurance" and given to "a certain flamboyance in dress." Since her normal dress as an Assistant Surgeon in 1818 included a plumed cocked hat, long spurs, and a sword, one wonders what could be flamboyant beyond that? We do know now that she had 3-inch false heels in her boots and was called by the African Negroes "The Kapok Doktor" because she had cotton padding in her uniform shoulders. Dr. Barry "flirted openly" with the "best-looking women in the room at balls."

She became friends with the Governor of Cape Town, Lord Charles Somerset, and he appointed her Physician to his household in 1817 at an excellent salary. Later she saved his life in so spectacular a manner as to insure her permanent medical reputation. However, her private reputation may have been somewhat different, for Governor Somerset is quoted as referring to her as "the most skillful of physicians and the most wayward of men." (He did not know her true sex.)

Her medical fame was phenomenal and there is much evidence, recorded by reliable authorities, that she must have been a vastly superior doctor for her time. Her most famous medical feat was the successful performance of a caesarean section in 1819 in Cape Town. Only one medically-proved caesarean section preceded this—in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1818. It was not until 1833 that such an operation, with both mother and child surviving, took place in Great Britain. Dr. Barry's own successful operation preceded this by 14 years.

In 1822, Dr. Barry was promoted to Colonial Medical Inspector, a position of some honor.

Intimate details of her personal life from sources written before her death are rare. (It is important to segregate "facts" about her which were recorded before the discovery of her real sex because these are likely to be more reliable than the questionable statements made after her death.) Since Dr. Barry's positions were always fairly important ones, her name and anecdotes about her exist in various military and medical memoirs and from these it is clear that she was a Lesbian as well as a transvestite.

carrying on, no swishiness and no body contact. You won't see nobody touching nobody in my place unless it's to shake hands or slap somebody on the back. And I make sure that that's *all* they're doing. I roam around the place like a cop." One of his bartenders, a heterosexual, agrees: "That's right. We don't allow no rotten pansy element in this place. I wish I had a buck for every piece of demented garbage he threw out."

Again, the bar frequenters make up only a small percentage of Philadelphia's homosexual community. Many don't like to drink or stand at a bar, don't care for the atmosphere or wish to run the risk of being seen entering such "branded" places. Then, too, in some of the seedier spots, there's the danger of picking up a "fag hustler" and getting beaten and blackmailed. Still, for certain types of homosexuals, the bars have their attractions. There is, for instance, the aura of group life that pervades most of them, the easy and relaxed atmosphere that comes from being with one's own kind. Once inside a gay bar, a homosexual need not hide his head, need not avert questioning eyes. "Then, too," said one, "it's better than walking the streets like a whore."

Yet the vast majority of homosexuals in Philadelphia have never been to a gay bar in their lives, nor have they ever solicited anyone in a men's room or movie theatre. They live relatively quiet and outwardly normal lives, suppressing their fears and indulging their sexual inclinations as discreetly and as privately as they can.

ONE EVENING last month, the night elevator operator in the 1420 Walnut Street building was growing exasperated. It was about 8:30, and within a 10 minute period he had been forced to make a half dozen trips to the 12th floor offices of GREATER PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE. The interruptions were ruining his lunch break. But each time he had left someone off, the buzzer would sound, the light on his board would flash and someone would be waiting downstairs to be taken up. Now it happened again. He muttered under his breath, shut the doors and dropped the elevator down to the lobby. A good-looking, well-dressed young man was waiting. "Yeah, I know," the operator said. "You want the 12th floor, right?" "Right," said the young man. The operator sighed, shut the doors and again took the car up to the 12th floor. "What's going on in there," he asked as the young man stepped out, "some sort of convention?" The young man laughed.

Canadian Gay Archives
NOT FOR LOAN DATE OF ORIGIN

She was drawn to tall and pretty women and was described in so many places as a flirt that she must have been outrageously so. On the other hand, she is supposed to have been "a perfect gentleman who did not swear in the presence of women."

There is evidence of an affair between Dr. Barry and a Mrs. Fenton (a young married woman with a two-months-old child) which resulted in Dr. Barry's only really "unmilitary" action—she went A.W.O.L. to accompany the woman to England. This took place in 1829. Before leaving Cape Town, Dr. Barry initiated a reform in the care of lepers—just one of the many dietary and cleanliness innovations credited to her.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that she had certain "feminine" instincts regarding dirt, and her career is dotted with examples of her attempts to "wash up" the British Army. She was heard to mutter during inspections, "Dirty Beasts, go and wash up."

Dr. Barry remained in England (no record is made of her being punished for the journey there without permission) until 1831 and then was posted as Staff Surgeon to the garrison at Jamaica. She ran into serious trouble when an officer there objected to her attentions to his wife. She could not have had much time for personal life, however, for disease was rife in Jamaica in those years. After four years of working in a sort of living hell, she was granted leave to return to England in 1835.

After a year in England she received a promotion and was sent to St. Helena as Principal Medical Officer. Again she instituted medical reforms, but made enemies in high places and was sent home in disgrace. Though demoted to Staff Surgeon and posted in 1838 to the West Indies, by 1842 she was again Principal Medical Officer, in Trinidad.

Here personal misfortune struck her—she became ill with fever. An Assistant Surgeon, knowing she was very ill, took another man with him to see Dr. Barry "at the house of a lady friend." Dr. Barry had left "strict instructions" not to call on this house. They discovered her sex while examining her but she swore them both to secrecy and apparently they both kept the vow until after her death.

After her recovery (a slow one) from the fever, Dr. Barry was posted to Malta as Principal Medical Officer in 1846 and remained there until 1857.

Her last post, a cold and cheerless one, was Canada. She was over 60 when she went there in 1857 and, after years in the tropics, the 18-degrees-below-zero weather was hard on her health. By this time she had reached the rank of Inspector-General of Hospitals, which is comparable to a Major General today.

She was forcibly retired in July, 1859 by a medical board which declared her too ill for active service. She protested this decision vigorously, to no avail, and lived on retirement pay for 6 years, dying in England in July 1865.

Only after her death was her real sex discovered—and, humorously, not by the attending physician but by the charwoman who prepared the body for burial.

It is sad that we actually know very little of her feelings, and little of the reasons behind her wish to be a man, and so little about her early life that no guesswork is possible. Many secrets lie buried with James Miranda Barry in Kensal Green, England.

* * * * *

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The [illegible] persons—four women and three men—whom the elevator operator brought to the 12th floor were homosexuals. He would have never guessed it. They were all members of the Janus Society, a local organization dedicated to the legal and social acceptance of homosexuality. Its symbol is the Roman god who looks both backwards and forwards. It is associated with the national Mattachine Society, which took its name from the medieval court jesters who, (says a brochure) "although they lived under the thumb of tyrants, they did not fear to speak the truth." The local Janus Society publishes a monthly newsletter, sponsors lectures by prominent non-homosexuals (recent topics included: "The Homosexual and the Law," "The Homosexual in Literature," and "Homosexuality in Animals and Fish"), holds regular business meetings and discussion seminars, and gathers for periodic social events. Meetings are usually held in a member's house and correspondence is through a post office box number. Total membership in the local organization is kept confidential, but it is revealed that about 25% are female.

The seven members who had volunteered to discuss their homosexuality with GREATER PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE came from various walks of life. Two of the women, Barbara and Marge, were secretaries, Joan was a school teacher and Jane was an assembly line worker in an electronics plant. Marge and Jane were middle-aged, the former a smartly dressed blonde, the latter a pleasant-faced, smaller women. Barbara and Joan were both in their early twenties, Barbara a thin little girl with short black hair, Joan a hefty but pretty brunette. The men included Bill, a store clerk, Mel, a computer programmer, and Jack, an insurance salesman. All were rather articulate, well-dressed and looked not at all like most people think homosexuals should look like.

The discussion covered a number of aspects of homosexuality, but the primary point they were all eager to get across was that the majority of homosexuals are, in everything but their sexual inclinations, no different than anyone else. This, they said, is what a prejudiced society has so far refused to recognize. "If the feeling of hostility between the homosexual and heterosexual world could be removed," said Jack, "that would solve nine-tenths of the problem." Bill agreed: "It's the old story. What people don't understand they fear. Unfortunately, even the psychiatrist and [illegible] doesn't understand *all* about it, so where **do you** start?"

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