

# GAY

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NO. 6

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A MAN'S MAN? P.8 BONERS  
IN THE BALCONY P. 9**

# The Editors Speak:

## COWARDLY COPS WHO SIT IN STEAM ROOMS

The continuing harassment of the Continental Baths by police under the direction of Deputy Inspector Bonacum, is deplored by the entire homosexual community. Mayor Lindsay's promises to end enticement and entrapment are being broken by Barnicum, and evidently have been endorsed by other high ranking police officials. A telegram sent by this newspaper to the Mayor's office brought a telephone response from his Press Secretary, Tom Morgan, who replied that the Mayor had no knowledge of such matters, and that questions should be directed to Police Commissioner Leary. We wonder if the Mayor himself saw the telegram intended for him, and if he approves of enticement and entrapment in a large and well-run bath and health club. We doubt that he does.

In any case, we would refer our readers to the Continental's letter-petition on one of the last pages of this paper. We urge readers to sign this letter. Silence will only add to police injustices already perpetrated. As a citizen and a taxpayer, you have every right to demand that an end to such tactics takes place. Your signature does not in any way suggest that you are a homosexual, but only that you are interested in civil rights and justice.

Police have no right to attempt the regulation of sexual behavior behind the closed doors of rented rooms. Nor should they be concerning themselves with such trivia when *real* crimes plague Manhattan streets. We urge you to support the Continental Bath and Health Club in its just struggle to remain in business. You should have nothing to fear from attendance at the baths as long as you are circumspect and tactful. Remember: the space behind the closed doors of a customer's rented room is his castle! If police invade, they are guilty of an invasion of privacy. We, as homosexuals, and, more importantly, as voters and taxpayers, object to such invasions.

## THE QUALITY OF NUDE FILMS IS STRAINED

We are wondering why the quality of gay nudie films is generally so poor. And, we are also wondering why the price of admission to these films is so high! One of GAY's advertisers, the Eros I Theatre, has specialized in gay films for nearly a year. Now, we notice, the Eros I has been joined by the Eros II, a movie house catering to straights which stands right next door to its counterpart. The admission price to the straight films is only \$3, while the gay films cost \$5 to see. Is this discrimination, or are there certain problems which make gay films more expensive to produce? Whatever the case may be, the straight films are (as a rule) exceptionally well-made in contrast to gay ones. We should like to ask the owners of all gay movie houses (The Park-Miller, The Masque and the Eros I) to upgrade the quality of their homosexual movies. If homosexuals must pay more (which we question) let us at least have high quality films for the two *extra* bucks we pay. Otherwise, it seems, these theatres may rightfully be accused of exploitation.

## WHBI-FM (105.9 ON YOUR DIAL)

Not enough radio stations are hip enough these days to invite gay people to speak about themselves. WHBI-FM has added its name to the tiny list of progressives by initiating an early morning program: TOGETHER. Homosexual couples have appeared more than once on this little-known program to discuss their life styles. We would suggest that TOGETHER be expanded to a longer format, and that the program be rerun later in the day so that more people may hear it. We would like to call upon other radio stations to "get with it" and to follow WHBI's example.

# GAY

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# CALIFORNIA TEACHERS SUPPORT GAY RIGHTS

Los Angeles, Calif. The California Federation of Teachers adopted a resolution of support for the homosexual cause at its recent convention in Los Angeles. The union, which represents teachers at all educational levels from elementary schools through college, deplored "harassment and intimidation", the

federal government's "anti-homosexual policy" and other abuses of homosexual rights.

A "vigorous sex education program which explains the various American life-styles" was also called for by the California chapter of the nationwide American Federation of Teachers. Such courses would offer, as legitimate and

valid, the alternatives to the single-family, monogamous, heterosexual mode.

The resolution was presented to the 250 convention delegates by Morgan Pinney, an assistant professor of Accounting at San Francisco State College. Adoption of the resolution puts the teacher's union in direct conflict

with the State Education Department whose rules bar homosexuals from teaching in California. Though in conflict with their bosses, the teachers are clearly in line with the California Supreme Court, which recently ruled that mere proof of homosexual behavior was not sufficient grounds upon which to fire a teacher. ■

## GAY THEATERS WIN RIGHT TO ADVERTISE

New York, N.Y. Theatres showing homosexually-orientated films may again advertise in the *New York Times*. In late December that paper issued a notice that no more ads would be accepted from the Park-Miller, the Eros I or the Masque—or from any other theatre that exclusively showed homosexual or lesbian-orientated films.

The Mattachine Society immediately filed a protest, called a meeting of the management of the three theatres, and threatened to take legal action—alone or in a joint suit with the theatres—against the *Times* under the Federal anti-trust laws. Negotiations among the concerned parties resulted in the *Times* again opening its advertising columns to those theatres.

The paper's censors, like those at the *New York Post*, did insist that the advertising copy for a film at the Park-Miller called *Does Dracula Suck?* be changed to simply, *Does Dracula?* At that, they were more liberal than the *Daily News*, which would accept only one word of the title: *Dracula*.

New York's lesbian organization, the Daughters of Bilitis, is still trying to find the theatre which supposedly showed lesbian-orientated films mentioned in the *Times'* original order.

## GAY GROUP FORMS AT CITY COLLEGE

New York, N.Y. A homosexual organization for students and faculty has been formed by a former Mattachine Society activist, L. Craig Schoonmaker at the City College of New York.

The new organization, *Homosexuals Intransigent*, is actively engaged in recruitment of members on City College campuses in the Bronx, Queens, and Brooklyn, and is seeking collaboration with similar NYU and Columbia activist societies in order to promote civil and social rights for homosexuals in academic circles.

*Homosexuals Intransigent* seeks support from alumni, and aims at improving the status of homosexuals generally. It also works to instill self-affirming attitudes in students who have recently discovered themselves to be homosexually oriented.

Information about membership in *Homosexuals Intransigent* may be obtained by writing to Craig Schoonmaker at 127 Riverside Drive, New York City, 10024. ■



FEBRUARY 16, 1970, Volume 1, Number 6



The Continental Bath's Pool

## POLICE CONTINUE ENTRAPMENT AT CONTINENTAL BATHS

New York, N.Y. Arrests of Continental Bath customers by officers from the 4th Division have continued, and have allegedly involved actions of a malicious nature. On the morning of January 17th, two cashiers at the baths were informed that two customers had been arrested. Shortly thereafter, Police Lieutenant Di Martino appeared and arrested the cashiers, who legally are entitled to receive Vera summonses and report to the court for arraignment on their own recognizance. The Vera summonses were denied, however, causing the detainment of four arresting officers and the two cashiers for a period of 18 hours. One of the cashiers claims that even his right to call his attorney was denied.

In a statement by attorneys for the Continental Baths, it has been noted that two arrests at 11:55 PM on January 17th, were "conspiratorial" in nature. The statement says, "A car was waiting outside—since no phones were in operation in the Baths at the time, there must have been a prearranged time for 12:00 AM meeting—definitely a conspiracy."

The statement continues to note that, at 12:50 AM on the 18th a cashier who had just come on duty was arrested. As he had not been present at the time of the initial arrest—or at the

time of the alleged criminal act—the Baths see his seizure as "obviously malicious".

On the night of January 19th, twenty officers entered the baths to look for offenses of a homosexual nature. Arrests were made and witnesses related the physical and verbal abuse of at least one of the arrestees. One officer, a Negro, was said to have "slammed" the customer against a partition saying, "You want to kiss something, you can kiss my big black ass. You can suck my big black cock, you rotten no-good son-of-a-bitch, you fag bastard!"

The attacks against the Continental Baths, which have also included a series of token summonses for offenses such as "no soap in the toilet" or "uncovered garbage cans", are said to be the result of a personal campaign by Deputy Inspector Barnicum of the 4th District. Inspector Barnicum has said, "Homosexual activities are going on at the premises, and these must stop." Mayor Lindsay has officially called for a stop to enticement/entrapment arrests of homosexuals, for which he received a great deal of support from the gay community in last year's election. Inspector Barnicum appears to be overlooking the executive dictum in carrying out this crusade against the baths. ■

## SODOMY CHARGES FLY AT CHE TRIAL

New York, N.Y. The trial of the producer, director, cast and other persons associated with the off-Broadway production, *Che* got under way here recently. Request for a trial by jury was denied because, despite the possibility of heavy fines and jail terms, each of the 54 indictments against the defendants represents a misdemeanor.

The bench is a three-judge panel of the New York State Criminal Court, and the prosecution is being argued by Assistant District Attorney, Kenneth Conboy. Up to the present, the principal prosecution witness has been Vice Squad Detective Seymour Pine, who has spent several days on the stand testifying to each of the 54 counts. On Monday, January 19, the prosecution called David Merrick, top Broadway producer to the stand. Merrick, a willing witness for the State testified that he found no "socially redeeming value" in *Che*.

The play, which is a sexual allegory of revolutionary politics was found obscene by police, mainly because of the representation of sodomy on the stage. The prosecutor hopes, at least, to prove that "simulated" sodomy took place, if not actual sodomy. Simulated sodomy, apparently, is a violation of the law.

The trial has been unique in its exhaustive efforts to pinpoint anatomical locations and to discreetly describe the actions that took place. *Che*, meanwhile, continues to run in a slightly altered form at the Free Store Theatre on the Bowery. ■

## GAY ACTIVISTS SPONSOR PETITION

New York, N.Y. The Gay Activist Alliance, a newly formed organization which aims at liberating homosexuals from psychological, sociological and physical "gay ghettos" is asking gays and others to sign a petition which says:

To Carol Greitzer, of the 2nd Councilmanic District which includes Greenwich Village, the undersigned demands the following for immediate consideration and action:

1. That Mrs. Greitzer introduce to the City Council a bill prohibiting public or private employment discrimination on the basis of homosexuality.
2. That Mrs. Greitzer, through the prestige of her office, seek the repeal of existing laws prohibiting the solicitation

(continued on p. 20)

# CRUISING DOWN THE BAYOU: MARDI GRAS '70



BY ANDREW TANET

**M**ardi Gras! The word alone conjures up many things to just as many people. The date of Mardi Gras this year is Feb. 10, 1970.

For those planning to visit New Orleans for the festivities, the information provided in this article may prove invaluable.

It is a well-known fact that whenever a city has some special occasion or holiday, prices invariably escalate along with the general merriment, and New Orleans is no exception to this rule. Prices can get out of hand and the unwary person may find himself running short of bread faster than he had planned. Therefore, it is to your advantage to know where (and where not) to eat during your stay. If you wish to splurge on one single occasion merely to taste some of the local cuisine, fine,

but this article is designed to help those who have limited incomes and frugal dispositions.

## CUISINE:

**ERNY'S RESTAURANT**, 900 block of Royal St. (across from the Cornstalk Guest House) Gay restaurant with good, inexpensive food. Eat with your peers. Price of a full meal is \$2. You'll love the owner. Beautiful man.

**COFFEE POT**, 714 St. Peter St. Regular menus until the weekend of Mardi Gras when they switch to sandwiches only. Inexpensive, food fair, clientele mostly gay.

**CAFE DU MONDE COFFEE SHOP** (at the French Market) Usually very crowded, but worth the wait for cafe au lait and doughnuts. Good for early mornings or following parades. Cruisy area, but rest rooms

are "bugged". Lots of straight tourists, but always a number of gay around.

## HOSTELRY:

**LAFITTE GUEST HOUSE**, 1003 Bourbon St., 522-8751, Andy Crocchiolo, Mgr. Gay atmosphere, conveniently located and no embarrassing questions.

**CORNSTALK GUEST HOUSE**, 915 Royal St., 523-1515 or 522-6297. (Not gay, but convenient.)

**VIEUX CARRE MOTOR LODGE**, 920 N. Rampart St., 524-0461. Straight, but campy. Homing place for most N.Y. drags. Reservations FAR in advance WITH DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

There are many other hotels and motels, but these are recommended because of their convenience. All are within walking distance to anything you'd like to see or do. If reservations are impossible to get, I recommend contacting friends in New Orleans or placing an ad in a paper seeking lodging in some gay apartment.

## CRUISINES:

**CANAL BATHS**, 512 Gravier St., 522-3850. Open afternoons and all night.

**CAVERNS BAR**, 801 Bourbon.  
**GALLEY HOUSE**, 542 Chartres (Usually older patrons but during Mardi Gras, all ages are present.)

**LAFITTE'S IN EXILE**, 901 Bourbon, the *IN PLACE*, mostly young clientele, good-looking, groovy types.

**PETE'S PLACE**, 800 Bourbon St., campy bar, cruisy.

## PARADES:

The best place to view parades is on Royal St. between St. Peter and Toulouse Sts. It is almost an exclusively gay area (with a few bewildered straights who usually leave shortly). Crowds are large, groping, contagious and the "general feeling" is enjoyable. The most elaborate parade of the season is that of the Krewe of Bacchus which is held on the Sunday night before Mardi Gras. If at all possible, don't miss this exciting show. As parades go, it is better than those staged on Mardi Gras day.

## CLOTHING:

New Orleans weather is unpredictable. Bring a jacket as temperatures may range down into the mid-forties. Wear comfortable clothes and shoes to parades and bars. Lots of standing. Not much formality there at this time of year along gay lines.

## COSTUMES FOR MARDI GRAS:

The wild, elaborate costumes of bygone years, favorite of the most part, disappeared from the streets and onto ballroom floors. If this is your interest, try to wangle an invitation to one of them from a friend. There are now five gay balls presented each year.

On the street for Mardi Gras Day, a good deal of nudity is permissible, the exception being complete *genital* nudity. Many costumes display most of what the wearer has. If possible, bring your own costume or borrow one, as rentals are unsatisfactory and unreliable. You might have to take any old rag for an expensive price. Some leather lovers are in their regalia as well as many drags. Be sure to catch the costume contest in front of

**Lafitte's In Exile** in the afternoon. Loving cars are given for various categories.

Because of overcrowding and the influx of visitors, the bars are generally jammed and many "group therapists" are in circulation. Be prepared to have hands all over you.

You will find New Orleans' gays friendly but apt to be a bit absent-minded during the season. You may find yourself invited to impromptu parties and gatherings in French Quarter homes. Everyone has "the spirit" and even those usually *hung-up* come out of their shells for the duration of the festivities. The distraction of the local gay population is understandable when one considers the number of houseguests they invariably have, the plans that have been made and the keeping track of same, in addition to the stimulus from the arrival of many fresh faces.

There is so much to see and do during Mardi Gras that you will not be sorry for having made the trip. If you follow the advice given herein regarding accommodations and food, your stay should prove to be one of the most inexpensive vacations you've ever had, but *only* if you avoid the pitfalls.

If your interests include historical and cultural affairs visit Jackson Square and the Pontalba Apartments (the oldest apartment buildings in the U.S.) The Wax Museum on Conti St. has elaborate representations of New Orleans and Louisiana history. It is reputed to be one of the best of its kind anywhere.

You can take a Bayou Cruise or a ride on the President, a river steamer which tours the port and its facilities.

Try your favorite drink and get an unsurpassed view of New Orleans by night from the TOP OF THE MART in the Trade Mart Building. A good combo provides entertaining background music.

Around Jackson Square, the local artists display their wares, and others more prominent, have private galleries along Royal, Bourbon and Dumaine Streets. All are worth some browsing and there are many antique stores, most of which are concentrated in the first few blocks of Royal Street.

The now-legendary "STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE", since replaced by a more efficient bus, is still on display in the French Market area.

Then you can always walk up and down Bourbon St. The mass of humanity which is concentrated on this small, busy street is not to be believed! One can never tire of the different little side shows provided by our fellow human beings on such occasions. You can stay on Bourbon Street for hours taking part in the general merriment.

And, last but not least, try Preservation Hall, right next to Pat O'Brien's bar on St. Peter St. If you're a jazz buff, you won't want to miss hearing authentic, New Orleans jazz played by some of the original musicians who contributed to its birth. Since they are now very old men, allowances must be made for mistakes and you must take into account that original jazz was an impromptu thing—often created on the spot—therefore, there was (and still is) room for error. So, don't expect each performance to be letter perfect.

Forewarned is forearmed, so with these helpful hints in mind, your stay in the Crescent City should prove to be memorable and enjoyable (weather permitting). Here's wishing you a Merry Mardi Gras. May it be all that you've ever hoped it was!

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# THE GAY COP

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## Are Baths His Beat? Is Leather His Bag?

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BY HECTOR SIMMS



es. Mother, there are gay cops. Cops who suck, fuck, rim, and do all the delightful things other smart people are doing. There were plenty of gay cops in your day, too, but they weren't as visible as now, because they shared the national pastime of lurking in closets. This is a new day. Not only have these guardians of the public weal discovered they are also people, as well as weal-watchers, many of them now frequent the same places for the same purposes as the rest of us. Peace, it's wonderful, as Father Divine used to say.

There are at least two thousand gay cops (male and female) in New York City. This estimate is not plucked out of some amyl nitrate hallucination but is based upon the sober figures of several high-ranking, veteran, gay cops whose shrewd eyes have long been trained to spot a "Sister" as fast as a shoplifter. Sister in a figurative sense, of course. We don't want to put down our super-butch gay officers.

The next time some guy tosses a gun on your dresser before climbing into bed with you, you can be fairly sure he's a gay cop. Robbers ordinarily display their guns only when they intend using them and don't worry about getting arrested, either. If the new breed of gay cop lets you see that gun so openly, it's to tell you he's more interested in balling than busting. And why not? He is probably bored sleeping with his shield.

There are no nelly cops, of course. The nature of their profession demands a certain amount of discretion in appearance and attire. They are expected to be strong and manly, and a nelly cop would more likely provoke a riot than be able to control one. The gay cop can safely be said to be an exact *outward* duplicate of his straight brother officers. He must maintain this exterior, not only to hold his job, but as protection against those straight brothers who are not notorious for their gentle understanding natures. Cops are rarely chosen for their shining intellects, and the gays ones aren't very bright, either.

Interviews with one hundred homosexual policemen (obtained with some diplomacy and political guile than

would be necessary to elect a Pope) turned up some fascinating facts. After solemn promises of anonymity, a kiss or two (plus three fantastic lays), and the mention of several very powerful superiors of theirs (also gay), the gentlemen of the law talked quite freely. At most of the interviews, another gay cop was brought along to reassure everyone concerned that the reporter was neither a spy for the shoochy squad of the NYPD nor a Communist agent plotting some sinister expose for a certain *foreign power*. In several cases, it was almost necessary for the reporter to sign affidavits that not only did he also suck cocks but LOVED it.

Enough about the scientific methods of conducting this survey, and on to the nitty-gritty. The black cops were more reticent, but they proved to be somewhat more literate and status-conscious than their white counterparts. They all shared one thing in common besides their color. Not one of them had the slightest interest in balling other black people. Only two out of the fifteen interviewed had ever had sex with another Negro, and both recalled that this was during their early adolescent group-grope days. All of these black cops preferred blonde white boys, and four of them had lovers of this description.

They all preferred fucking to sucking, but only one denied that he had ever sucked. Most of them admitted that they would play either active or passive as the situation demanded, but two confessed they dug getting fucked. All of them go to gay dancing clubs, and one revealed that he has lived for six years as man and wife with a beautiful white drag queen. All his neighbors and straight brother officers think he is married to a real woman. Only their proctologist knows for sure.

The white cops were another matter. They ranged in age from 22 to 58 and from gorgeous to ghastly. From lowly rookie to deputy-inspector and from A to Z in sexual spots department. They included leather freaks, transvestites, golden shower queens, chicken hawks, a few fairly ordinary gay guys, and even one specimen who digs getting fucked only while wearing his uniform jacket and cap. The younger ones were the freakiest, as might be expected in this age of sexual expansion (whatever that means).

Black and white, there is a thin ugly thread which sews them all up in the same bag. Every one of them is involved in the S&M scene, either mentally or physically. Of course, this is also true of cops in general, regardless of sexual orientation. Police work is notoriously attractive to people with unattractive heads, to put it charitably. Many of the gay cops frequent the leather bars and dig the full S&M scene, including belts, chains, leather bedspreads, and all the rest of that sick bullshit. Others love to play the mental put-down scene and choose sex partners specifically for this purpose. They go to bed with murder, not fucking, on their minds.

Most of the white cops expressed a fondness for young swishy boys or drag queens. It was amusing to note that some of them liked to get fucked by these effeminate types. So much for the super-butch image! Only a few preferred other butch numbers, and these were all leather freaks, so who knows? Just seven had lovers, and the others were all happy whores. Or if not happy, one could say *busy*.

One high-ranking officer had a campy anecdote to illustrate what he imagines to

be his *simpatico* nature. Several years ago, he and his partner (merely detectives at that time) were called upon to investigate a rowdy party which had already been viewed three times by uniformed men, but which was still blasting away at full volume. His partner was a straight fuck of the most hostile type and decided to call the paddy wagon, while our dear friend went upstairs to detain the guests. He discovered it was a gay party full of horny young Puerto Ricans smoking pot and dancing. After quickly making a date with the beauty who answered the door, he warned them all to leave before the wagon arrived. When his partner returned from making the evil phone call, he grimly announced that the party had broken up before he had climbed the stairs. No bust. Pity. Later that night, off-duty, he and his trick from the party gaily discussed the event and had a most instructive session of homosexual muscle-swapping.

Another cop told of the two gay ones who were partners on the same beat, the south side of the gay 42nd Street block. They were notorious in every sleazy Eighth Avenue Hotel, where they were seen each evening on their way upstairs to "grill" invariably young and pretty suspects in privacy beyond the call of duty. They were both chicken hawks of astonishing appetite and cunning. Their favorite *modus operandi*, to borrow a phrase from our sisters at Scotland Yard, was to stop some young beauty on any pretext, question him with brief severity, and then drag him off to one of their hip hotels. Once there, it would be a matter of "put out or be put in." As far as can be known, they had an unbroken record

of victories. It appears that most boys would rather surrender their asses (or cocks) than their freedom. And why not?

Most gay cops prefer the Village bars. It is difficult to be conspicuous in any of them, so they presumably feel safer there. Also, they are easier to cruise, as some Ford Foundation report is sure to reveal eventually. In fact, the highest-ranking of the cops interviewed openly visits all the dancing clubs and couldn't care less who sees him. He knows where too many bodies are buried to worry about his job.

No policemen were interviewed, but it is no secret that there is a very large lesbian colony in that department. Many of them are quite butch and highly visible, but nobody seems to be surprised, of course. An amazingly large percentage are black, and they are the butches. Take a walk around Police Headquarters some rainy day, and you will see the Isle of Lesbos in full flower with nobody giving a fuck about it.

One intriguing little footnote: I almost forgot to mention the case of one gay cop who digs only sex-changes. He has slept with almost every one of them in the metropolitan area, and that's a lot of synthetic pussy. Although he admits he is gay, he claims it gives him double kicks to ball a woman who is really a boy without a dick. Go unravel that one!

So we have a couple of thousand homosexual policemen in town. We also have homosexual embalmers, display queens, bus drivers, fig-stuffers, and pickpockets. Not to mention U.N. diplomats, chefs, steelworkers, and lace-tatters. Homosexuals, as always, are everywhere. Isn't it beautiful? ■

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# TEEN CHALLENGE: Unbuckle the Bible's Belt

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

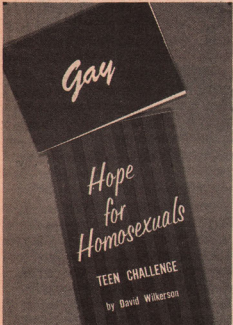


ige and Jack, the editors of GAY, as winsome a couple as ever I've met—two men of stupefying and relentless wholesomeness—pressed

into my hands some reading matter thinking it might serve as material for an article. These two pieces of printed filth have so appalled me I cannot but follow the suggestion. The world needs to know about such madness in order to defend itself.

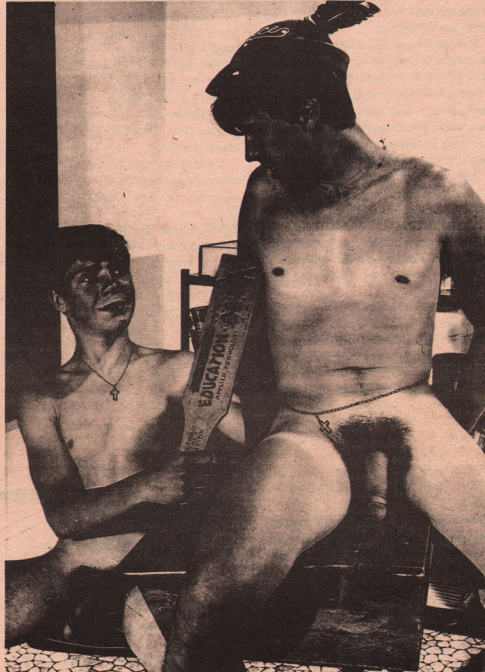
The first of these articles is a little folder called "GAY" (not this paper). That telltale word is lettered suggestively on a field of brown. Turning the folder over and hoping for pornography, I find, TEEN CHALLENGE, and an address, 444 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238, and this telephone number: 789-1414. "GAY" turns out to be an excruciating bit of pseudo-biblical poison, chock-full of dear old favorites like II Thessalonians 2:10-12, and Leviticus 18:22. A real conversation piece! Keep a copy in the john beside the lemon soap.

Immediately under this sanctimonious merde I find their second choice for home reading. A glance at the cover gives it all away this time. It's called "HOPE FOR HOMOSEXUALS" and is issued by the same outfit, presumably. The last page offers this exciting service: "For Special Counseling and Help CONTACT: TEEN CHALLENGE—69 Box 161, New York 1, New York. Phone: MA2-6196 and MA2-6565."



When have you seen anything more brazen? I'll match it! Teenagers! For special help in 69 or any other position, call ME! How's that?

Well, Angelo, if you're going to deal in this nonsense, you might as well include that bloekbuster, GROWING UP STRAIGHT by Peter and Barbara Warden. This handbook, subtitled, What Every Thoughtful Parent Should Know About Homosexuality is, if possible, more sickening and more sick-making than even the two native pieces which



preceded it. Nevertheless, on to "GAY".

I quote. "DON'T CALL ME QUEER, CALL ME 'GAY'!" This intriguing rhetoric begins the work. "The word 'gay' is a deception. Does this describe the tears and despair and the unsatisfied longing, desiring... lusting? Pity the one called gay. There is nothing gay about being gay. You may think God doesn't care one way or another what you do with your sex life, but listen to what He has to say: You shall not lie with a man as with a woman; it is an abomination. Abomination is defined as anything that excites disgust, hatred, or loathing; any detestable act or practice."

How true! And I think the whole point of that argument is well taken. You shouldn't sleep with anybody who feels that way about sex. If they want to be miserable, let them. Sleep with people who like it. Furthermore, I do think it is a mistake to "lie with a man as with a woman." You won't get the best out of him that way. Fuck him like a man!

Tuning page after page, I find nothing more until I come to a fascinatingly obscure bit: "For if the mighty works done in you had been done in Sodom, (Land!) it would have continued until today." Is that an

endorsement or is that an endorsement?

Further on there are pleasant slogans suitable for embroidery on samplers and the like. For example, "We are kept free from homosexuality by being identified with the death of Jesus Christ." Whatever that means. Or more obliquely, "Therefore if any person is (ingrafted in Christ, the Messiah, he is (a new creature altogether) a new creation; the old (previous moral and spiritual condition) has passed away. Behold, the fresh and new has come! Anyone may come. If you are desperate..." Roger Dean wrote that. Who is Roger Dean? Precisely. He ended "GAY" with this paragraph which precedes his name. I quote: "You are not gay, you are miserable. You are not gay, you are polluted and filthy. You are not gay, you are snared in a world of lust and refuse to accept the love of God that can deliver you. You will not be gay in Hell, but tormented far worse than in this life. Will you be free? Roger Dean." Pity about Roger. But we can get at the truth simply by using logic's reversal on that paragraph. "I am gay, therefore I am not miserable. I am gay, I am not polluted and filthy. I am gay, not snared in a world of lust, and I refuse the love of a God who offers to deliver me from a world of his own

making. To hell with torment in this or any other life. I am free, Roger Dean, free!

I would suggest sending cards of condolence to poor Roger. He, more than almost anybody else, is a living testament to the putrescence of Judeo-Christian thought, and how that must hurt! To be so involved in, so obsessed by visions of men, their nakedness, their lusts, and to feel oneself filthy and depraved! But this problem is topped by the ever-pathological David Wilkerson of TEEN CHALLENGE.

Paragraph one. "Homosexuality is a problem as old as the world," an eminent psychiatrist said recently, yet it is now so extensive it bears comparison to the decline and fall of the Roman Empire." Isn't that curious? My reading of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* convinced me that the downfall was the cancerous invasion of the Roman Free Spirit by the Judeo-Christian ethos. I think this must be the case, for Rome did fall, though homosexualism remained and still remains constant, and that fall is regarded as the triumph of the church. But then, psychiatrists who are referred to anonymously as "eminent" are never expected to be either coherent or historically relevant.

For five pages, Wilkerson in a froth of paranoia, blathers on about the ever-impending dangers of homosexualism. He lays it bare with this sentence, "Actually there are no positive statistics that can be proven as accurate, yet one thing is certain—homosexuals are the only people in our society who do not reproduce themselves biologically yet whose number grows steadily." To any reasonable, reasoning person, that phenomenon (which probably isn't true) would suggest that in a land ruled by majority will, most people want a homosexual society. And if that's true one ought to wear bumper stickers too; *America, love it or leave it!* Homosexualism, so obsessive a problem to Wilkerson, is evidently an American phenomenon, for he states a little further, "Russia, supposedly a godless nation, has no homosexual problem." Well, Wilkerson, there's your answer. Get rid of God and you'll get rid of the Homosexual problem. Not homosexually, but the "problem" about it. If, as he further states, "America" (the Americas?) "Europe and Asia have the most prevalent homosexual problem," the only reasonable solution would be for every militant heterosexual heterosexual—led by D.W. himself—to go to Australia, Africa, or Antarctica. That would leave what I believe we call the civilized world free of god-mongers. However, I don't think the Africans would welcome another wave of missionaries any more than would the beautiful Aussies give up their lands and muscular freedoms. That leaves Antarctica. Dore, hurry.

But I'm too glib. Wilkerson has more to say. He states that homosexuals dominate the wearing apparel industry...and cites every fashion trend since the farthingale as being decadent and queer, leaving only, I suppose, the clergy's 'jack as safe and straight. No more bathing suits. No more fashion models or that nefarious "homosexual cosmetic market" with its "toilet water, bath salts". Say goodbye to "paper-backed books and greeting cards, and even to valentines."

By the way, did you know: "The jargon now scribbled on the walls of men's rooms is over 80% homosexual in meaning!" Makes you think, doesn't it? What a survey he must have taken!

Dave evidently cruised the gyms too. Get this: "Homosexuals have invaded gyms, health clubs and Turkish baths. They smile brightly at one another as they miche, swagger or toddle through their calisthenics, revealing an inclination to work in teams." (My italics) "Intimate physical contact between partners is common. They pass weighty barbells and dumbbells to one another with endearing smiles." Be on your guard. If anybody toddles over to you with 200 lbs. of iron on his arms, you just know what he's thinking! Him and his endearing smile!

#### THE CAUSE AND THE CURE

Surely the most harrowing pursuit in reading *Hope for Homosexuals* is that of meaning, of good sense, of logic. However, after two readings and some backtracking, I was able to find in a chapter called THE CURE, the thread of the man's argument. Perversely enough, he gives even that away with the first sentence: "Medical science states emphatically: 'A specific cure for true homosexuality does not exist.'" Undaunted even by this, I find on the last page, "The only cure for homosexuality is a reversal of the three causes." (My italics) This "reversal" is outlined further in the next chapter entitled, "Dear George". But to find out what the "three causes" are we must go back to the previous chapter. The causes stand out in italics and bristle with subheadings of an obviously "fundamentalist" nature. CAUSE ONE: A REJECTION OF THE DIET OF GOD! CAUSE TWO: REJECTION OF GOD'S REVEALED TRUTH! CAUSE THREE: A GLORIFICATION OF THE CREATURE INSTEAD OF THE CREATOR!

That ought to be clear enough to anybody, but before going ahead to "Dear George" and how to get the "cure", I recommend a paragraph opposite CAUSE ONE. It says, "Science is constantly reevaluating its research findings and cannot find the real cause of homosexuality. Even Freud himself agreed that homosexuality was beyond man's power and that all that can be done for the homosexual is to destroy his feelings of guilt and anxiety." There seems to be a little bit of a contradiction there, but let's find out what's in store for George.

This "Open Letter to a Homosexual" is perhaps a true response to some tortured teenager. I imagine the effect on George in his time of need must have been evincating. Commenting on George's letter, Dave says, "I never yet met a single homosexual who really wanted out of the life." Nevertheless, after several long and increasingly bleak

paragraphs Dave says, "There is only one way out and you must take it or die in your sin. 'You must return to God.'" Further, "You must accept the Bible as the authoritative Word of God." Will that do it, you ask yourself? George must have asked himself so. Well, Dave is not giving anything away that easily... "This is an important step toward freedom from homosexuality." (My italics.) Just a step? What else, George asks? Dave answers, "Do you really want out? Then you must learn to hate, despise, crucify and mortify your flesh. You must learn to look into a mirror and honestly say, 'My body, my flesh, is worthless, worm-eaten, and a fund of decay and death! Cultivate a shame for your nakedness.' And here's a friendly little cul de sac, "Burn all books, pictures, novels or letters that are questionable." (My italics.)

Well, George, there you are! Easy as pie. Emaculate yourself. You won't be homosexual anymore; you won't be heterosexual either, but at least God will

of Lesbos. It is similar in many ways to homosexuality in men." Except that it's different.

"Lesbian sex rings are springing up in many high schools in the United States." Go, Dave baby! Not in Godless Russia I'll bet! Go! Go! "The flame of perversion is being fanned by lewd novels..." Pant! Pant! "...and books now freely obtained at most newsstands." Gasp! "Books such as *The Dyke Sisters*, *We Too Must Love, Lesbian Lovers*, and *Well of Loneliness*, smack..." Beaver shots? "...of open lesbian activities."

#### GROWING UP SCARED

Enough! I'm sure most of our secure, sophisticated readers; our worldly, well-adjusted toddlers, seldom come in contact with or are susceptible to the septic prose of these or similar tracts. This almost regional malarkey is not often found in middle-class homes above, only below the "Bible Belt". Here on the sinking shores of civilization

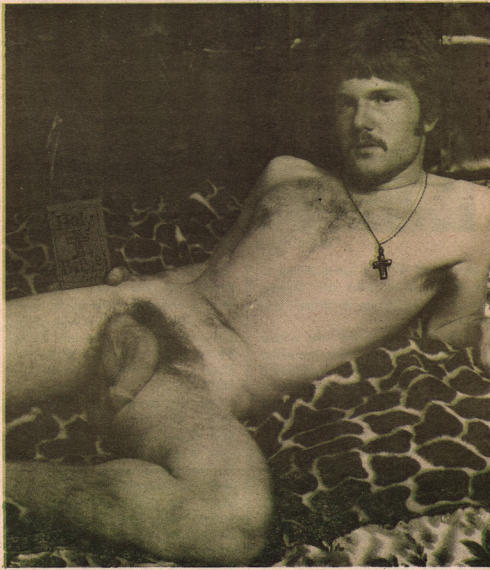
ourselves; the mysterious and uncontrollable wellsprings of our beings. For nearly three thousand years western civilization has been plagued by a tradition which attempts to mutilate and subvert essential human nature. But, if you intend to mutilate successfully, why then, begin with children.

The first line of the introduction to GROWING UP STRAIGHT begins, "The possibility that one's child may become a homosexual seems, to American parents, as remote as it is repugnant. Yet the unpleasant truth is that homosexuality is surprisingly common in our culture." There it is. If it's surprisingly common, then why is it remote or repugnant? Why does it seem un-American? Because there's money in thinking so, writing so.

Reading down through the introduction we see homosexuality referred to as "the disorder" (twice), "the ailment" and "the problem". The shade of The National Institute of Mental Health is invoked, for "homosexuality is one of the major challenges facing psychiatry." Sure it is! It can't be cured. That's a challenge alright. But you can make a lot of money trying to cure it. It's the twentieth century Philosopher's Stone; the triumph of mental alchemy. In other words, homosexuality means big money for the witch doctors. Who would pay for treatment if nobody feared it? You? But Stanley F. Yolles, M.D., director of the said Institute is not concerned with appearing ridiculous in print when he writes, "One of the most poignant aspects of the problem is the desire for many confirmed homosexuals to be cured. In a recent survey, they reported overwhelmingly that they would not want their own sons to follow in their footsteps." Nine out of ten doctors report fairies' sons are lower in tars, longer, and milder, much milder. Of course, it's all gibberish. Witness this sentence and then let me what it means. "With broadened parental understanding and more scientific research, hopefully, the chances that anyone's child will become a victim of homosexuality will eventually decrease." Hopefully! Eventually! Mindrot.

In "A PERSONAL NOTE TO OUR READERS", the authors promise that "this book provides these answers." As to when and how to prevent homosexuality in children, naturally. But even the first chapter is so baffling, so tentative and hesitant, so misleading, there isn't any doubt in my mind that even the authors know they in fact cannot, short of infanticide, provide any worthwhile method of preventing homosexuality. Quoting them we find... "experts still cannot even agree whether a homosexual is 'ill' or 'aberrant' or perhaps 'deviant' or whether he has simply fallen into an 'adaptation' that happens to be different from the heterosexual norm dictated by current Western custom." And further, "We" (the authors) "were warned that too many basic questions have not been fully settled; that too many people who would read the book would lack sufficient insight to benefit from it; that too many parents are already far too fearful about the masculinity of their sons and the femininity of their daughters; that the book might cause these mothers and fathers to turn even more hypersensitive and to pry even deeper into the personal lives of youngsters

(continued on p. 19)



love you; low, filthy, worm-eaten, shameful and stinking teen-aged fool, for "God is loving-He is full of tender mercies and compassion to all generations." How do I know? Dave Wilkerson told me so. You'll forgive me if I don't rush to join you, I hope. I choose to identify myself with the predominant five-sixths of the world's population who find Christianity more than a little embarrassing.

Before we let David Wilkerson go, I think we ought to take cognizance of his amusing views on Lesbianism. Alas, he doesn't go into detail on this subject, girls, and you will have to find your own means to healthful self-loathing. Nevertheless this chapter is three whimsy-filled pages worth saving. Sample: "Lesbianism, a synonym for female homosexuality, is derived from the life and work of the Greek poetess Sappho whose morbid poems describe love between young girls on the Island

we are plagued by a more polite and far more subtle effluvia; that of the heavily-endorsed pseudo-psychiatric paperback. No book is more base; none stoop lower than GROWING UP STRAIGHT.

Before judging this book or even the pamphlets mentioned here, it's important to recognize that these efforts are aimed at capitalizing upon a condition. That condition is fear; it springs out of ignorance. They reinforce fear. They do not eradicate it. Rather, they condition already frightened people to believe that they are not alone, and that many others are at least as frightened as they are, and finally, that many frightened people (a supposedly threatened majority) are entitled to hate, persecute and destroy those who frighten them. Of course, you will never kill enough people to kill fear itself, unless The Bomb means just that. This fear springs from the unknown within

# JOHN WAYNE

## A MAN'S MAN?



BY BOB AMSEL

**I**n the late 1800's, a doctor out West came up with a rather unusual discovery. He found that cowboys who rode in the saddle all day often had atrophied genitals. He explained this amazing phenomenon thusly—because of the year-in, year-out horseback riding position, and because these men actually "lived in the saddle," the circulation of blood had been cut off from their pricks—resulting in atrophy.

If the doctor's findings were valid, it might explain why cowboys were always seeking new and different ways to assert their masculinity. Could it be that a whole new American image of attempted virility evolved from the cowboy's teenie weenie? If so, western movie heroes like John Wayne are, in essence, acting out the overcompensating aggressiveness of these early settlers. This is not to say that John Wayne is unendowed. Having never seen the "Duke" undraped, I have no basis for judgement. I am merely stating that John Wayne portrays a particular type of character on the screen who might have evolved from the inch-cock cowboys of yore.

And yet, John Wayne's brand of he-manism has become an American institution. At least, until the hippie movement reared its unisexual head, John Wayne represented the American masculine ideal. And what exactly is this ideal? How does it affect homosexuals? What does it do to women? How do heterosexual men often respond to it? These are questions I will attempt to answer.

Before I begin, I must state my belief that the only valid difference between men and women is a biological one. Any other distinctions result from environment. There are certain "shrinks" who will argue that men are naturally aggressive, and that women are naturally passive, but after seeing some of these good doctors with their wives, it is difficult to take their babblings seriously.

But when a male child is brought up under a system that provides a narrow type of emotional and sexual expression, he may often find that he cannot live up to it. An ideal by



MADONNA AND CHILD

a man to cry when he has something to cry about? If the tears start flowing, why should he feel any less a man? Yet, he often does.

Why must a man feel that women are naturally weak little pussycats whom he must watch over and protect? Hasn't it been established that women are biologically more fit (due to their ability to bear brats) to endure greater pain and stress than men? Is man's sense of superiority founded on his fear of being less than a man if women are ever considered equal?

Why can't a man be allowed the same freedom to express himself emotionally that women can? Is it unnatural to see two straight women kissing each other upon meeting? And yet, if two men kiss each other, they are considered less than men, or worse yet, "faggots."

And what of love? Is it a weak, supposedly "feminine" emotion? Is violence a naturally "masculine" characteristic? Is a pistol or a sharp-shooter the means by which a man should express himself. Is it better to jerk-off with a gun up your ass? Watch a John Wayne movie sometime; then, answer the above questions. After all, the "Duke's" fundamental action on the screen is one of violence. *The Green Berets* could easily be one of the most pornographic movies of recent years, if one wishes to look upon murder (or "hero killing" if you prefer) as obscene.

But John Wayne remains a phenomenon in an almost anachronistic way. After all, we are told that the Hollywood "star system" is dead. Today, an actor or actress must continue to make good pictures or his or her career is finished. We are more

attracted to good scripts and good directors. Without these, an actor will drop in box-office potential, no matter how powerful his actual acting performance. This is not true of John Wayne. With the exception of the folksy *True Grit* (dubbed by cynics—True Shit), many of his pictures are universally panned. But the public doesn't care. They wish to buy what John Wayne offers, and the aging man is more of a star today than he ever was.

Yet, people continue to glorify War movies and Westerns, while condemning films that depict violence in ugly, realistic terms. The ending of *Bonnie and Clyde* did not exactly advocate violence as a way of life. The bloodletting was nauseating, but it had a lesson to teach. But what did the *Green Berets* have to tell us?

Still, violence is only one aspect of the John Wayne ideal. An obvious hatred of homosexuality is a serious by-product. After all, in a gay relationship, one man often assumes a passive role. Isn't such a role degrading for the person who accepts aggressiveness as a strictly masculine characteristic? Are not men meant to be on an equal level to each other, while women are meant to be the passive, homemaking, unresponsive receptacles of their animalistic lust? Is it true that many men freakout when a woman wishes to actively take a ride on his cock?

There are many interesting things that can happen when a boy is raised in a hokey household in which the John Wayne "virtues" are advocated. The definition cannot be achieved, but is something to strive for. When an ideal is so unrealistic that only John

Wayne-on-the-silver-screen can accomplish it, there are bound to be problems. After all, why is it wrong for most normal reaction for a child is the fear of not making the grade, stemming probably from the fact that he is a human being. He may ultimately realize that the values were wrong to begin with and disregard them. He may, however, believe that they are valid, but since he cannot reach these standards, he assumes a passive role searching for these qualities in other men—thereby becoming one variety of passive homosexual. Or, he may continue to strive for the impossible John Wayne ideal of masculinity, always feeling rather insecure as a result. The college fraternity types who must continually double and triple date (with their buddies along) are prime examples of this fear of not making the grade with women. If such boys dislike and fear homosexuals who don't give a damn about their values, is it any wonder?

But gay guys have each other. Sympathy should rest with women. After all, what girl wants to marry some guy when she must continually hold his clammy hand and reassure him of his "buttness"? If you know any groovy chicks on the make, ask them about this problem; chances are, they can tell you a couple.

In using John Wayne's image as a focal point, I do not wish to condemn the man personally. After all, he seems to be caught up in his own bag. His hawkish attitudes and his staggering stance are not in the least bit hypocritical. He believes in the movies he makes and the things he says. He is reported to be an extremely pleasant, even popular person among his conferees. In fact, he even has a good chance of winning an Oscar in *True Grit* for his performance, an emotional (and sometimes political) accolade presented with love from the motion picture industry.

I admire the "Duke" for his courage and determination in bringing to fruition his convictions. But I loathe these convictions and everything John Wayne represents on the motion picture screen. But had John Wayne never existed, the masculine ideal he represented still would. It is founded on many things—Puritanism, religion, power, philosophy, misplaced heroism, exaggerated patriotism, the former role of women before feminism—and of course, the atrophied cowboy cocks mentioned earlier. If John Wayne has influenced several generations of Americans, he should not be hated for it. After all, isn't the "Duke" the product of his own environment? Can he be blamed for doing to others what has been done to him? Unaware of the wrong he may be perpetrating, John Wayne is innocent. He will probably go to his grave a contented fellow, but we must do everything in our power to stop the carbon copies he leaves behind from having any influence over us. ■