

FOR THOSE WHO ARE HAPPY AND GAY

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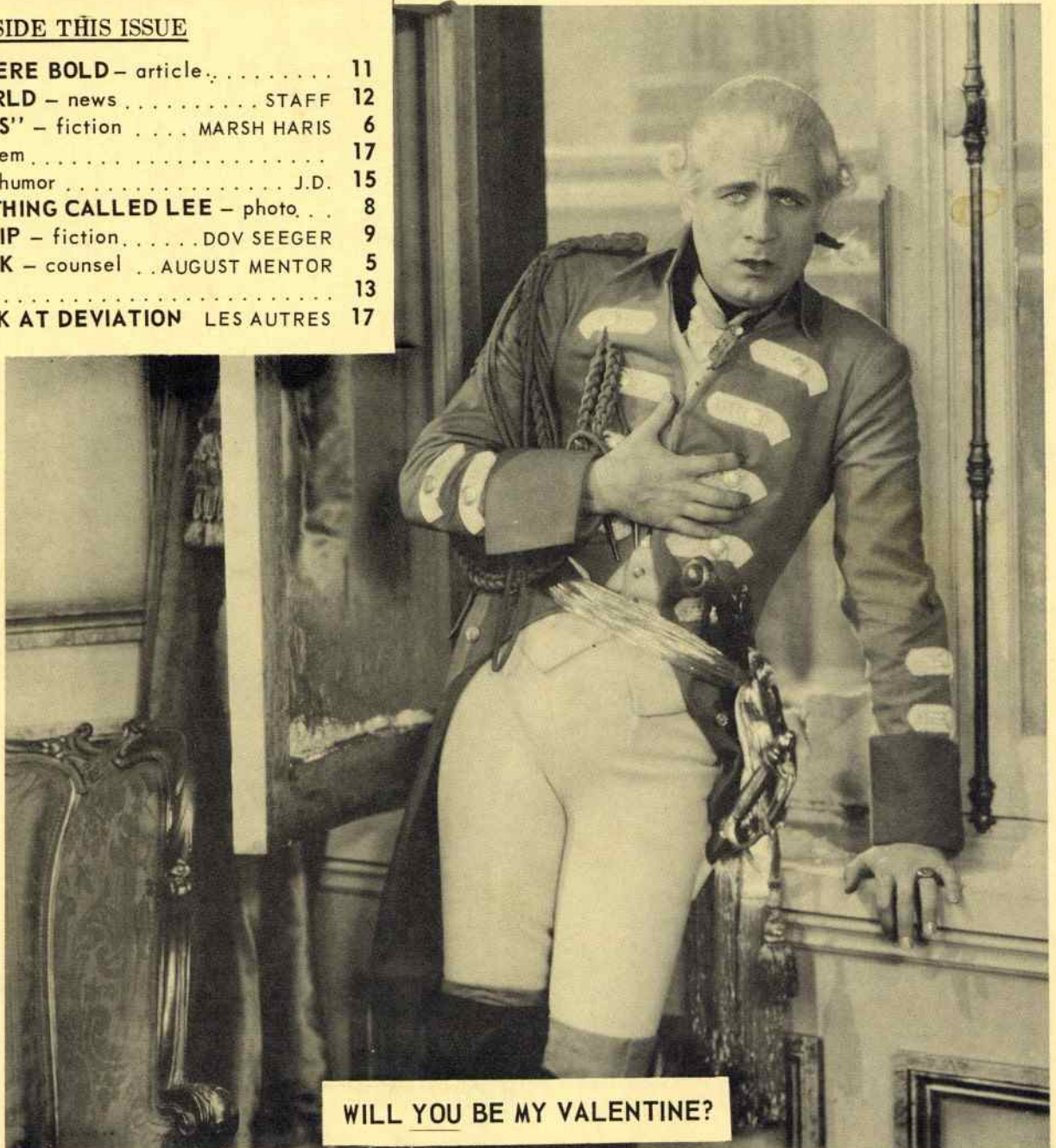
ADULTS ONLY

Vol 2 No. 1

April

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WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?

THE MAIL BASKET



Dear Sir:

I've read your GAY publication, but must confess, that while I like its contents, I find it somewhat difficult to completely understand. Will you enlighten me?

— John S. Small, Milwaukee.

Dear John: First of all, GAY is the outlet for all the aspirations of homosexuality on the North American continent. The group represents a large — and growing — minority of the males in both countries. The group wants recognition for its rights. It wants — and plugs for acceptance by

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I especially thought the article on the E.C.H.O. by Robert King was very good. Congratulations! on your quality magazine. I want others to know of your fine publication so here is the names and addresses of two friends for which I enclose \$1.00. Please forward them the January issue. If you should have subscription order forms, I would be happy to have some to pass on to friends

Dear Sir:

I have just read your sample and, although I find it interesting, I felt it lacked something. However, you're relatively new in this field and will eventually iron out the nonsensical and replace it with better material

Looking forward to your publication on sale in Vancouver, British Columbia and the best of luck on your circulation sales, both in Canada and the United

States. E.M.L. Vancouver

We hope you find this issue an improvement over the last, "GAY" is now on sale in most major cities in the U.S.

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QUEEN ST. EAST TORONTO 8, ONTARIO, CANADA

Robert Maynard — editor

J.D. Kuch — associate editor

Don Philip, Dov Seeger, Randolph Wicker, E. James; contributing editors

General Offices: GAY BUILDING, 980 QUEEN ST. EAST TORONTO 8, ONTARIO, CANADA. UNSOLICITED PHOTOGRAPHS, DRAWINGS AND MANUSCRIPTS SUBMITTED, WILL BE RETURNED ONLY IF ACCOMPANIED BY RETURN POSTAGE.

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For instance, members of the Ku Klux Klan, the Birchites, the Fascists, etc. seem to enjoy more protection than those others who are infinitely less offensive to the general public commonwealth

. . . In order to help us to counteract the counter-revolution on these aspects of humanity, we suggest that you read our columns regularly.

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What happened to your letters to the editor section? Meteoric success to you.

A.R. Edmonton

Letters to the editor are back. Ed.

Dear Mr. Maynard:

I enjoyed the latest issue of "GAY" and wish to compliment you on what you are trying to do for the homosexual movement. I am a homosexual and proud of it.

Is it still possible to pick up the first nine issues of "GAY"? The first issue that I have seen on any of our news stands is Volume 1, #10.

D.D. New York.

Issues #1 through #11 can still be obtained from "GAY", 980 Queen St. E. Toronto, Ontario, Canada at 50¢ each.

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We hope you find this issue an improvement over the last, "GAY" is now on sale in most major cities in the United States and Canada and you will find it on stands in Vancouver.

We invite you to use this page to express your views on "GAY" magazine or any topics of general interest to our readers. Names will be withheld by request, but please let us know your mailing address.

EMPLOY THE HANDICAPPED

HIRE A FAGGOT



GAY PUBLISHING CO. LTD.

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From the Editor's Desk

The strivings of a new publication are usually of interest to no one other than those people who have a financial stake in seeing it succeed. But since *GAY* is a unique and specialized publication, we think that our readers will be interested in our progress to date.

The first issue of *GAY* dated March 30, 1964 was intended as a wild joke as much as anything else. But when the second issue sold 1500 copies in the downtown Toronto area alone the publishers became excited about the prospects for their novel tabloid (it was a tabloid then). What they forgot was that there are plenty of people who will buy anything. . . once. Circulation of subsequent issues soon dropped below 1000 as enthusiasm, ideas and talent all seemed to fade. Some of the issues were just plain dull. Then one week last July the first editor of *GAY* wrote a check on the company account for \$2000 and absconded leaving a balance of \$34.45 in the treasury. The August 15th issue carried an optimistic report about *GAY*'s growth and potential which ended with the mild suggestion that more operating capital was required. The response was excellent and within a month a private corporation was formed and over half of it's authorized stock was issued! With adequate financing, *GAY* could set its sights on becoming the quality national publication it had hoped to become. Gradually *GAY* was discovered by able writers who had something to contribute and interested persons across the country began to supply the magazine with the ideas, news items and gossip so badly needed by a young publication. The policy of having several correspondents in each of the major cities in North America was established and as applications began coming in, our determination to become the unchallenged leaders in this much neglected field began to be translated into reality.

GAY is now emerging from the transitional stage between being a local tabloid and an established national magazine and although we can certainly use more of the sort of able assistance which our readers have supplied to us, it can be said with assurance that each day brings some new improvement!

GAY vs. HOMOSEXUAL

For the average person the word "homosexual" is charged with all manner of unfortunate associations. Frequently it calls to mind the image of a sex-starved degenerate prowling in the bars and men's rooms in search of instant perverted sex. Other associations include the faggot mincing down the street or the sadist attending some clandestine gathering where children are stripped, beaten, and/or sexually abused.

"Educated" persons, such as doctors, lawyers, employers, or judges, take a more enlightened view. They think of a homosexual as a person PRE-OCCUPIED with a morbid interest in having sex with those of the same sex. Doctors call these people sick; to the lawyer they are clients; employers see them as problems (or perhaps security risks); and judges see them as offenders who are in need of correction.

Since the word "homosexual" carries such nasty connotations, should there not be another word one could use when referring to a person who happens to be able to experience emotional fulfilment from certain members of his own sex as well as from certain members of the opposite sex? Such a word could describe the many people who have enjoyed this sort of fulfilment, but who are not compulsively preoccupied with sex, people who, in fact, recognize that there are plenty of worthwhile things in life in addition to sex, and who have a morbid interest in nothing.

A great many people fall into this category. One recent study reported in the *Journal of American Women's Deans and College Counsellors* indicated that 40% of the male college students in the United States reported that at some time or another they have experienced emotional arousal for another male. 20% of these became aroused to the point of orgasm. Certainly it isn't fair to class all these persons as homosexuals.

Wouldn't it be far better to reserve the term "homosexual" for the unfortunate person who is handicapped in most of what he does by his preoccupation with unorthodox sex and with the guilt feelings which frequently accompany this disorder?

Let's call the vast majority of people who can enjoy others of their own sex something else. Let's simply call them "GAY" and use the word to describe people who are flexible enough to be able to gain emotional satisfaction from either sex; those who have learned to free themselves from the taboos and folklore which surround this sort of thing and who do not choose to kid themselves the way very straight people sometimes do by thinking that those of their own sex leave them cold. It is interesting to consider how many people qualify as being "GAY" in this sense: Kinsey's famous study indicated that 4% of the male population are exclusively homosexual, but the same study also shows that only 63% of the males are exclusively heterosexual, thus, his figures show that at least a third of the U.S. males are not entirely straight! In view of these facts it would seem that a sizable portion of adult males in the United States are "GAY" at least part of the time.

Our magazine is dedicated to all of them!

Worried About OVERPOPULATION?

You can do something:

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S.E.N.D.*

(Mankind's answer to SANE)

Write to:

**Dr. William Teller
Rand Corporation
Berkeley, California**

*Society to Encourage Nuclear Disaster

Book Review: Light reading

MY SON, THE DAUGHTER

Little \$2 books are currently the vogue. Presumably Charles Schultz began it all with his "Happiness" book, and suddenly there was a booming new business for the book publishers. Actually, it is a wonder that anyone ever buys such books, considering that most of them can be read in 5 minutes in a corner of one's favourite bookstore.

Such a book is *My Son, The Daughter*; we are reviewing it nonetheless, however, because it is good for a brief diversion. It is fine for giving as a casual gift or for leaving out when you have company. (It is ideal for doctor's waiting rooms, too but they just wouldn't. . . unless doctors are getting hipper these days!)

The cartoon story is narrated by Freddie's Mama. Freddie is a successful young businessman who leads a gay life - a fact to which mama seems quite oblivious, but which is made delightfully clear by the cartoonist's sketches of Freddie in action.

Freddie's "new hobby is astronomy," says mama. But the cartoonist shows Freddie at the window with a telescope peering into the bedroom of the young Atlas across the street.

The tone of such episodes is warm and natural, and the book is a piece of subtle whimsy from cover to cover: If you need a small gift for a friend, this is a book to amuse gay and straight alike. And if not, read it yourself, - in the corner of your favourite bookstore, during coffee break some morning.



OUR READER'S ASK



Each issue, letters considered of general interest will be published here with the replies. No names will be used, so feel free to take advantage of this counseling service.

Dear August Mentor:

I'm confused about the life I'm trapped in. I know what I want and I look for it. I try hard to end my loneliness.

I'm 18 years old and my friends tell me that in gay life it's almost impossible to find someone to love who will love you in return. And they tell me that this love, if it ever does come about, lasts only a short time.

I would appreciate your advice, as I'm moving soon and would like to start off on the right foot.

I hope to find someone to love for a lifetime who can reciprocate this love.

Am I just a dreamer?

"Lonely"

Dear Friend:

First of all, do not think that you are alone with this problem. Tens of thousands, and perhaps millions, of people the world over are struggling with the same thoughts. And the loneliness of which you speak is not confined to gay people.

Whether gay or not, the same advice would apply: When you want to meet someone, go to places where people are.

But more important than just going places is to assess yourself in terms of what you would hope to find, wherever you decide to go. Hunting aimlessly for — what? . . . will lead only to more frustration and emptiness.

Take stock of yourself. What could you bring to a friendship? What are your interests? What can you discuss that would interest someone else? What could you teach others? What would you like to learn from someone else? What is your greatest asset which could improve even more if shared with another, and add to your mutual comfort and happiness? These are questions you must try to answer for yourself. In the answering will come hints to the type of person you should seek.

You may find there is one subject you wish to know more about. Find someone who can teach you. Attend classes. Visit places where information on the topic can be supplied. Obviously, there will be others there who have the same interest. A foundation is thus laid. Build upon it.

Perhaps in the past you have been too hasty at forming conclusions about other people. Or perhaps you have rushed into an affair too fast, based solely upon

physical attraction. Once the initial fire has burned out, you were bored with each other, for there was nothing else to build upon the cold hearth.

I suggest you go more slowly next time. Build the foundation of mutual interest first, and then fan the fire of passion. When the fire has burned down, as it will intermittently in the best of partnerships, you'll both have something to fill in the hours, days, and weeks pleasantly until the fire ignites once again.

August Mentor



Dear August Mentor:

Does the Universal Church of Brotherhood take the position that homosexuality is sinful?

"Troubled"

Dear Troubled Friend:

Our Church takes the position that no form of sexuality is sinful, in and of itself. All sexuality is a natural force, instinctive by creation, and motivated by the same drives which produce the need for food or sleep. To declare sex in any form sinful makes as much sense to us as to declare hunger sinful.

We recognize that the Christian Bible takes a position against homosexuality in several of its chapters, notably in the code of conduct for the Levites, or priestly class in the Old Testament, and in several letters of Paul in the New. These documents were produced for special reasons for a very limited audience, and, we think, do not reflect either the central message of the Christian doctrine or the the personal message of Jesus. Added to this, we are unwilling to concede that the detailed form of the Bible has not suffered substantially in translation over the ages.

Other major religions of the world are silent on the point of sexuality, or by implication advise moderation in this, as in all things.

We have divined a thread of philosophy, common to all religions, and this forms the standard upon which our Church's position on sexuality is based. Any human act which is motivated by true selflessness and a desire to help and assist others, is good and moral; any act which detracts from the self-respect of the doer or of others, or contributes to the unhappiness of either partner, is immoral. Any sexual act in which one partner exploits another for purely selfish motives is to be condemned, but where a sexual partnership is created for mutual happiness and enrichment, where entered into equally by consenting partners with a deliberate desire to enhance each other's well-being, such an act is to be encouraged, regardless of of its physical expression. The important consideration to our Church is not the sexual aspect of the relationship, but the fact that two persons are made more com-

plete and whole, with heightened awareness of their worth to their fellow humans, so that each might go about life a better and happier person, and radiating his own happiness, spread happiness wherever he goes.

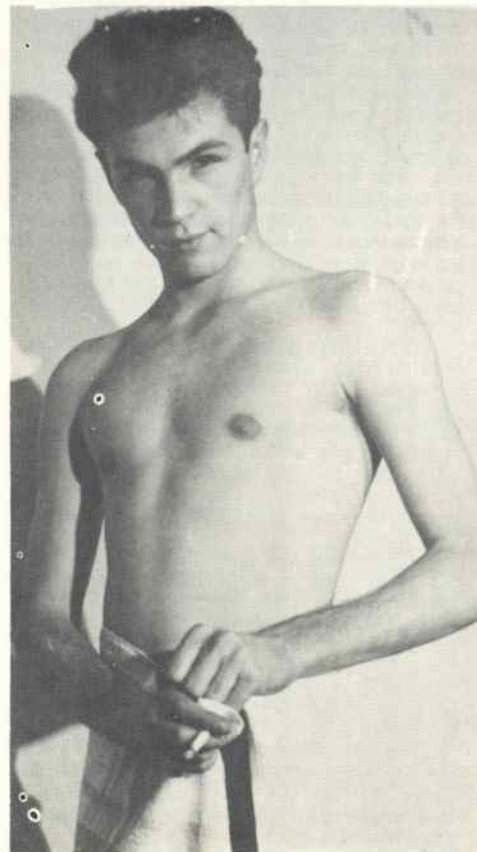
Many blessings.

August Mentor

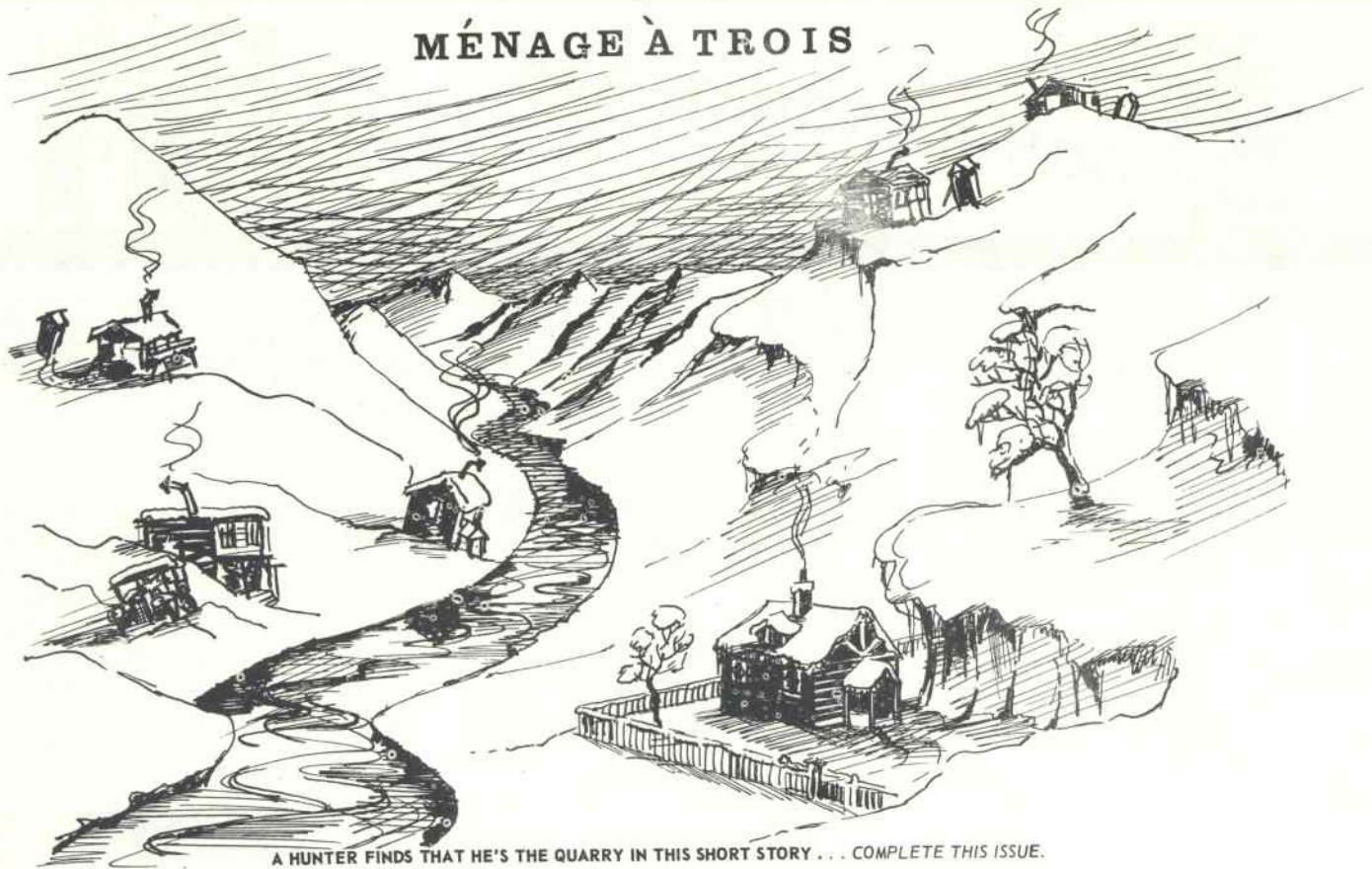
The American Academy for International Morality announces a new affiliate, the non-denominational Universal Church of Brotherhood, which offers to anyone free, confidential guidance counseling by mail. Address August Mentor, Self-Understanding Department, Universal Church of Brotherhood, Postal Box 737, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.



BY ASK A QUESTION



MÉNAGE À TROIS



A HUNTER FINDS THAT HE'S THE QUARRY IN THIS SHORT STORY . . . COMPLETE THIS ISSUE.

By Marsh Haris

Far removed from everything, high in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia there is a quaint little town. The population of Proffitt's Fork is 57 and there are some ten houses. Nine of the houses, all miles apart from one another, are typical, decaying shacks, with chickens exploring their rooms freely, barren, hard-packed clay for lawns, disintegrating mattresses tossed down the hillside, and at least one derelict pickup truck which the kids have inherited as their civic playground, the tenth house is distinctive for it is the very picture of storybook quaintness. Morning glory vines caress its brightly painted walls, petunias splatter the front walk with colour, and awnings hang like shadowed eyelids from its windows.

This little patch of frill and blossom nestled in the shade of a wooded hillside is owned by two young men named George and Frank, who hail from a near-by city. In the summer they return to the mountains on week-ends and vacation. Indeed, the only time the little cottage is visited during the winter is Christmas, at which time it becomes a veritable nest of yuletide festivity.

Christmas and New Year's Days had barely slipped by when late one evening there came a knock at the frivolously festooned door. "God", said George, looking up from a sock he was darning. "No, I don't think so," Frank disagreed. "Probably only old Mrs. Ferguson wanting to borrow the sewing machine again." He got up and went to the door.

On the other side of the threshold in the icy night air stood something akin to Glory. To call the being standing there a man, would have been to sorely under-rate him. He was more — in all directions,

being tall, broad, and firm, with an outrageously heroic face that immediately inspired within Frank an urge to do swan dives off living room rugs. Masculine is hardly a strong enough adjective. This man wore a small red cap atop his black, wavy hair, heavy leather boots over his large feet, and in his large hand he clutched a large gun of some variety which Frank decided was probably a rifle or perhaps a shotgun since pistols were usually smaller — a deduction which was the direct result of years of television watching.

"Excuse me," the man said, "I wonder if I could ask you how to get back to Proffitt's Fork. I'm afraid I'm lost."

Though Frank's speech mechanism had suddenly ceased to function quite as it should, he still managed, "Well come in out of the cold, for heaven's sake."

The man willingly entered and Frank willingly received him by putting his hand into the other's and doing friendly things to it. "I'm Frank Davis," he said, hoping he had gotten it right.

"Sam Spencer. How do you do?"

"Other than momentary hot flashes, fine, thank you. And this is George Gray, a friend of mine. George thought you were someone else when you knocked on the door."

"It wasn't such a bad guess at that," George said. "Now if you'd let go of Mr. Spencer's hand I'd like to shake it for a while myself."

"Oh. Excuse me."

Impatiently, George then assumed his turn. "Mr. Spencer, what on earth are you doing barging about the woods at this time of night? Something's liable to eat you."

"George!"

"Well its true.. Mr. Spencer, you've

no idea what creatures there are in these woods."

"But that's why I'm here, Mr. Gray. I'm hunting."

"Yes, aren't we all."

"George," Frank interrupted, "why don't you go finish that hole you were working on."

"That what?"

"In your sock, Jesus Christ."

George took the suggestion and returned to his chair but he found concentration on the sock difficult.

By invitation, Sam Spencer put down his gun, removed his coat and took a seat across the room on the Early American couch. "I'm hunting up here in the mountains for the week," he explained. I have a camp pitched northeast of Proffitt's Fork about three miles, but it got dark earlier than I had expected and I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere or other. Could you tell me about how far I am from the village, and how to get back?"

"Yes, it's very simple. . ."

"No!" George suddenly spoke up. "No, we really couldn't." Frank and Mr. Spencer looked at him curiously. "Well I mean, actually we don't know the area too well ourselves. We just come up here a couple of times a year ourselves and haven't really gotten the lay of the land,— pardon the expression. Frank, suppose we gave Mr. Spencer the wrong directions and he wandered off into the forest and was never heard from again. Who could live with that on his conscience? Why uh . . . why don't you just stay the night here with us Mr. Spencer?"

"Well, I . . . I mean, what would your wives say? I think I should ask them first."

"Wives!" George shrieked. "Oh, isn't that mad! We uh . . . we aren't mar-

ried, Mr. Spencer. I mean not really."

"You're not?" Mr. Spencer said in apparent disbelief. "But the house . . . it looks like . . . I mean, it looks like a woman has . . ."

"Isn't it smart," George said with pride. "You'd never believe a couple of bootleggers used to live here, would you?"

"No," Mr. Spencer agreed, a look of suspicious displeasure growing on his face. "No, you wouldn't. Just by looking, it's hard to tell who might live here."

"Why thank you," George beamed.

"Mr. Davis, if you just give me some idea of which way to go. Despite Mr. Gray's warning, I think I prefer to take my chances."

"Frank, if you send him out into the raging night I'll just never forgive you. I mean he'll freeze . . . if something doesn't eat him first."

"Mr. Gray, do you think you could stop worrying about something eating me? Every time you open your mouth I'm more convinced of such a danger but I think I can take care of myself."

"Off hand," George answered, "I think you could take care of all three of us. But I'm just thinking about something ravaging your poor, unsuspecting body in the night, that's all."

"But thanks to you, Mr. Gray, my poor body isn't unsuspecting any more. Matter of fact, it's begun to suspect quite a good deal. Now Mr. Davis, if you'll just point me in the right direction I'll be on my way."

But before Frank could do any pointing there suddenly came a rushing noise that seemed to be everywhere, up on the roof, out front of the house, indeed all around them.

"Oh my Lord, what was that?" George asked, cringing back into his chair. "You see what I mean, Mr. Spencer, we're being attacked already."

"It sounded like snow," the hunter said with a touch of pique. He got up and went to the door but it wouldn't open. All that could be seen through the window was glass panes banked solid with snow. "A branch of a tree or something must have fallen onto the roof, causing a snow slide. But that's all right, I can go out the back."

"Not a good idea," George said fiddling with the sock in his hand.

"Why not?"

"Mainly because we don't have a back. The house is built right into the cliff. Isn't that terrible," he said, eyeing the handsome hunter. "Now we're absolutely snowbound!"

"You're taking it very well," the stranded hunter said, then went back to the couch and seated himself forlornly.

In that brief moment, Sam Spencer's mind accomplished a number of things. First of all, he had no choice now but to stay the night with these two mountain lilies, and secondly he was going to make damn sure that sweet George of the mangled socks held his distance, a matter of at least ten virtuous feet at all times. Granted, Frank wasn't quite so offensive, but he was nevertheless offensive enough because he was What He Was. Sam Spencer burning with male hormones had always actively avoided such odious people, consequently he had never had any dealings with them . . . or at least so he supposed. And now here he was imprisoned as it were, overnight in small quarters somewhere in the Blue Ridge Mountains with two of them. The very thought was all his 'butcher-than-thou' mind could cope with: In the same building with, not one, but two of them, and unable to do anything about it.

"Sam, you look sick," George observed dryly.

"Mr. Spencer to you, if you don't mind!"

"Frank, Sam's going to be surly. Tell Sam not to be surly, Frank."

"Sam, George says don't be surly."

"Listen, I'll, by God, just surl all over the place if I feel like it. And I'd appreciate it if the two of you would just ignore me as much as possible. I know your kind and I have no use for you. So how's that for surling?"

George stabbed a well-aimed needle into the toe of his sock. "Rippling, Sam, I'd say that's really going at it. No doubt about it, you surl almost as well as anyone I've ever met. Surl some more for us."

"Now cut that out! Mr. Davis, I wish you'd show me where I'm supposed to sleep. Maybe if I'm lucky I'll only have nightmares. And don't worry, I'll pay you for whatever services I use."

"Why Sam!" George scolded "Frank and I have never been paid for our services in our lives. What sort of people do you take us for, anyway?"

"I'd hate to say; we're in mixed company."

"Come on, George," Frank said, rising, "let's show Sam where he's supposed to sleep before he gets in a bad mood."

"Right," George agreed, momentarily abandoning his needlework. "We wouldn't want that. Being surly is one thing, but Sam has begun to show menacing little signs of testiness, and I don't think I could take his surling and testing at the same time."

"The three of them got up and went into a bedroom which was immediately dominated by a charming Esheraton style bed, canopied in a gay floral print."

"I'm supposed to crawl into that?" Sam objected.

"Not necessarily," Frank told him. "You might try a great screaming leap if you don't like crawling."

"I didn't mean that! What do you take me for, a princess or something?"

"Well we can't all be queens, Sam," George answered. "If we'd known you were coming we'd have hung a bunk from the wall with straw on it."

"All right, all right! Now I don't suppose you have a pair of pajamas I could borrow for the night."

"Great drawers full," Frank said, "but none your delicate senses would even consider. I'm sure you wouldn't get a wink of shut-eye in Paisley."

"Too bad, Sam," George added, "we're fresh out of gunny sacks."

"I wish to hell you could do something about that smart mouth of yours, George!" Sam barked.

"Me too," George agreed. "Sometimes I lose control altogether."

"Never mind that, now, if you'll excuse me, I'll undress and get to bed now."

"Oh it's all right, Sam," Frank told him. "Go right ahead; we don't mind."

"Well I do! By God, I'm not about to have you two fairies gapping at me while I undress."

"Frank, he called us a name." "True, George, but what can we do, he's right."

"Will you two stop gabbing away and get out of here!"

"I want to watch," George insisted.

"You can't watch, dammit! I had enough of your kind in the Army."

"Well what do you know! I was in the Army also, but I never had enough of any kind."

"Look, do you mind? Just leave the room and let me get to bed!"

"But Sam, surely a big man like you isn't modest in front of a couple of fellows," George went on. "Go on, undress; we promise not to touch."

"You get within arm's distance of me and I'll mush you one, you understand?"

"You make it difficult to misunderstand, Sammy. So we'll just stay on this side of the room and sort of feast a little."

"Hell," Sam mumbled, then turned his back and began to remove his shirt. "If I'd had any sense I'd have stayed lost."

"Now there's a pair of shoulders!" Frank said admiringly.

Sam immediately whirled around furiously. "Will you not comment! I'd appreciate it if you'd refrain from making observations about me of any sort."

"Oh my lord!" George gushed. "Would you look at that great hairy chest! Sam, what a perfectly delicious chest you have! It makes me want to do things."

Speechless with rage, Sam once again turned his massive back on them and unzipped his trousers, opened his belt buckle, then sat down on the edge of the the edge of the bed and removed his boots. No further comments having been made he felt perhaps it was safe so he stood up and pulled his trousers from his legs.

From where George sat a sudden intake of air filled the room. In a word, it was an inspired, robust gasp of disbelief.

"Frank, I think I'm going to faint."

"Understandably, George; it's a sight to give strong hearts pause."

Forgetting himself once again, Sam whirled on them, thus making the mistake of exposing his ventral side scandalously. He was about to fling some choice invective at them, but stopped short when he noticed on both their faces a blank, glassy stare. A moment of this wouldn't have been so bad, but when the catatonic silence endured he could stand it no longer.

"Will you two stop that?"

Still the silence persisted.

"Well, say something!"

"Ohmygod!" George mumbled, it being the very best he could manage.

"Me too," Frank followed. "Just ohmygod."

"To hell with you both; I'm going to bed!"

And he was as good as his word. As the two stricken observers looked on, the magnificent body of Sam Spencer manoeuvred itself under the covers in the very centre of the bed.

"And that wasn't all! Did you see . . . ?"

"Only too well. It was like a brick-bat right between the eyes."

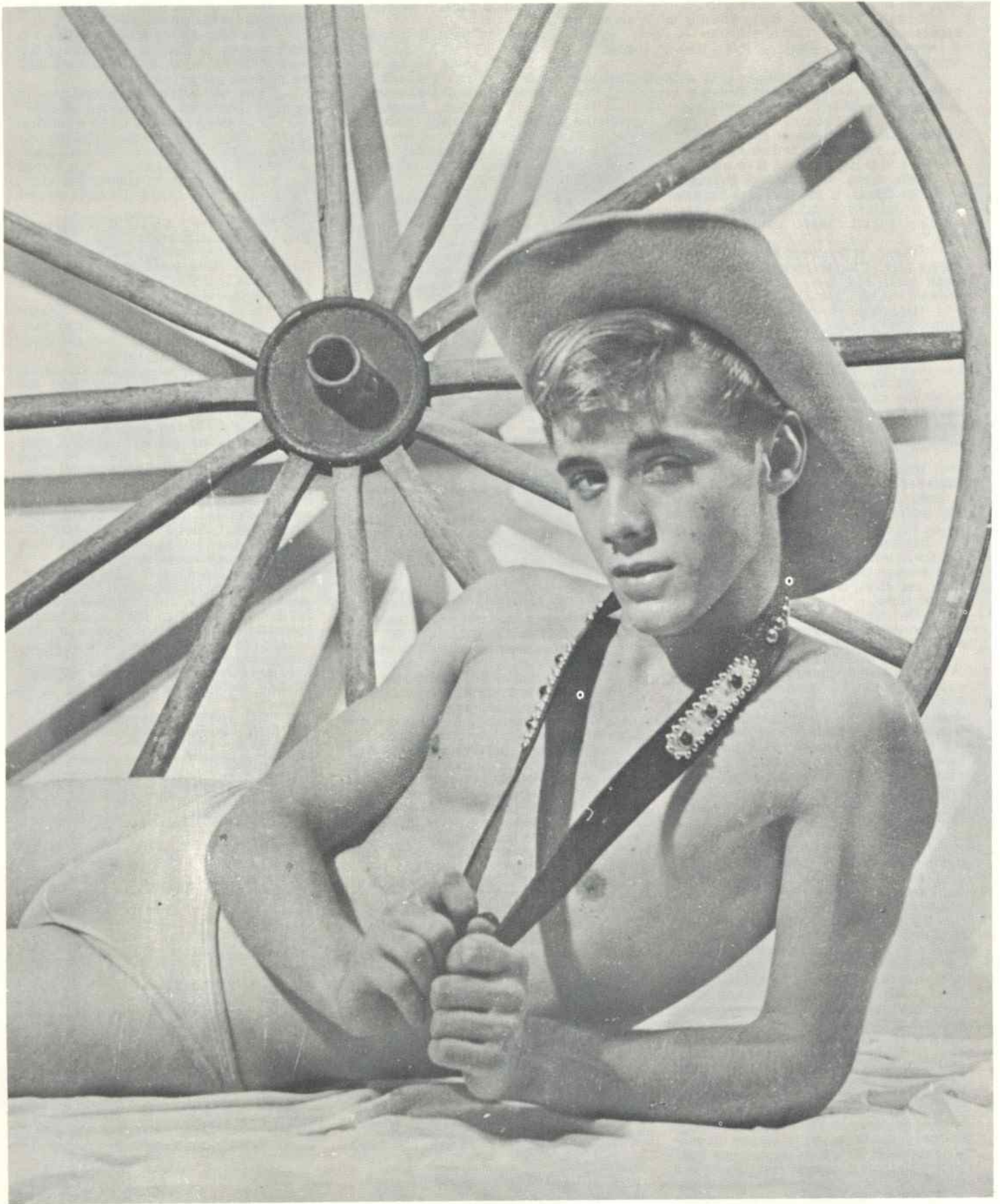
Sam lifted his heavy shoulders and addressed his two apparently impressed hosts. "Will you two just turn out the lights and get out of here!"

"George, he's right. Come on, let's go take a couple of tranquilizers."

Much to Sam's surprise, the two men rose and left the room, turning out the light and closing the door behind them. Indeed, Sam would have gotten up and locked himself in save for the rather prohibitive fact that there simply was no contrivance on the door.

The hunter, tired from a long day of trekking through the forest, not to mention having been put upon by two degenerate perverts in the same day, soon dropped into a soundless stupor. Quietly then, Frank and George came back into the room and without turning on the light un-

(Cont. on P. 18)



HAPPINESS IS A THING CALLED LEE

THIS YOUNG COWBOY WHO LOOKS LIKE HE'S ABOUT READY FOR THE TRAIL, IS ACTUALLY EMPLOYED AS A PRINTER'S HELPER IN TORONTO. HE SAYS HE DOESN'T LIKE TO HORSE AROUND. SO LET'S LET HIM HAVE IT HIS WAY.

PHOTO BY CAN - ART
BOX 381, TERMINAL 'A'
TORONTO, ONTARIO



by Dov Seeger

"A Boy Named Flip"

Flip had a beautiful body. But there are plenty of beautiful bodies on every street, street corner, and in every dark doorway. Flip was different from the others: he was a perfect human being and lover.

I first met this Michaelangelic David on a typical street corner. He was in a small crowd of young men searching for their night's partners. He stood out like an angel.

I pushed my way through and said hello. He smiled, a sort of half-smile, like that of the Mona Lisa, coy, beckoning, beautiful.

His body stood out from under his clothing. It seemed so pure; I could not go through the usual ritual, with all its lies and hypocracies, so I simply asked him to go to bed with me. In a simple, pure answer, he said "yes."

That night and the following nights of ecstasy seemed infinitely long, immeasurably pleasurable. We had an understanding of each other that precluded words. All that was necessary to our friendship was his glance and his body.

About the second week we began to verbalize our feelings for one another. Love is hard to put into words. During the days we talked about our lives, completely honestly, as our relationship was.

He told me about his weak father and domineering mother. His sister had died the day she was born. His mother blamed both men of the house for the death, forgetting that she herself was equally responsible for both the birth and death of the baby girl. From then on, the father and son never had any peace. When any problem occurred, it was always blamed on the men. In that dreadful house, men were considered to be evil devils, always preying on gentle women.

Flip grew up in an atmosphere which preached hate of men, dominance of women, and fear of sex. His parents never had intercourse again. He was severely beaten by his mother when she found him with a neighborhood girl. Finally he turned to boys.

Flip found his relationships with boys easier. They were kinder and more responsive to his sensitivity. But it was gratifying to know that I was the first boy he ever loved.

That was a year in paradise. We attended plays, movies, concerts, lectures, and even some classes together. We walked through the countryside on weekends, through the parks on weekdays. We attended and gave parties. All was peace until that day.

It was a Friday, we were going skiing the next day. Flip got a letter from his mother. It read bluntly:

"You are a homosexual. I just found out. I hate you. I despise you. I disown you. May you go to hell for the shame you have brought upon me. Damn you!"

Flip had not seen or heard from his mother for three years. It had been three years of fun-filled, free life. But all the joys and triumphs of those few years of happiness, all the love he had with me, his entire being suddenly froze. He turned to stone as he read the letter. He dropped it.

"I'm going home," he said.

I never saw Flip again. Two days later I read in plain, stark language: "YOUNG MAN FOUND DEAD AT HOME." Flip was found, with a bullet in his head, in his room at home; a room he had vacated three years before. The room of his childhood. His suitcase was unpacked.

What happened that day he arrived home will never be known, except to his mother. But there is no doubt in my mind that Flip was greeted by his own mother with utter contempt, with violent hatred, perhaps with a vicious slap.

There is no doubt that what killed Flip, the boy I loved, was the same force that kills all other misunderstood people. It was the ruthless force called FEAR.



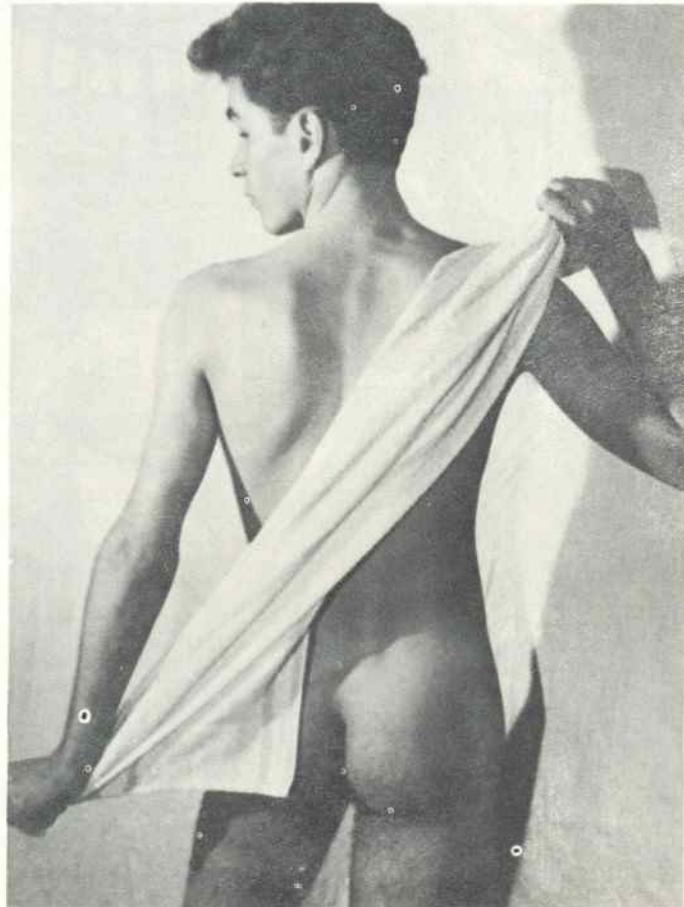
REFLECTIONS

When I was in my early teens I knew nothing about the gay world *per se*, except that there were strange places like Greenwich Village and Greece, seemingly so far away that they couldn't do me any good. I lived in a small Ontario town, where an organized homosexual world was absolutely unheard of. The only sources which offered information on the subject were my history books and exposé magazines. The latter certainly didn't make me feel any better about my condition. I thought that I was one of very few 'different' individuals.

How terribly rough it is on a young teenager or pre-teenager to think that he is ill or ABNORMAL! He thinks that he is completely apart from all other human beings. He can't fit himself in. Anguish gnaws away at him and reduces him. His whole direction in life is altered.

I was too ashamed and embarrassed to talk to my parents or my friends, or anybody at all for that matter, about my misfortune in life. And having been raised a strong Roman Catholic, I was convinced that I was doing grievous wrong, and not even God Almighty wanted me. I was alone.

Then I moved to the legendary big city. All I can say today is 'Thank God for Toronto.'



Once again, determination succeeds...



"AND THEY TOLD ME THAT SOMEONE NAMED ALICE COULDN'T BECOME A KNIGHT!"

When Knights Were Bold

Addressing the 1964 E.C.H.O. Conference in Washington D. C., Robert King discussed discrimination against homosexuals in the armed forces, in civil service, and in private business. He spoke of persecution, and of the need to gain respect for the rights of the homosexual minority.

His remarks about the attitude toward (or, rather, against) the homosexual in the armed forces were particularly well taken. Probably, however, he was unaware of how long the problem of homosexuality among soldiers has been of concern to moralists -- and opportunists. Nor is the technique of accusing undesirables of homosexuality a new one.

The case of the Knights Templar of the fourteenth century of the modern situation.

The Order of the Knights Templar was organized in 1118 to consolidate the Christian victories over the Moslems in Palestine during the First Crusade. These knights were sworn to poverty and chastity, obedience to the Church, and the destruction of the enemies of Christianity. They acted as the shock troops of the Church in the Holy Land.

The Pope granted the order a constitution, and authorized the members to wear special white mantles. The kings of France and England were among their patrons, and many wealthy men contributed money to the order for building houses in France, England, Italy, and Germany.

Discipline in the houses of the Knights Templar was strict. Knights joined for life and lived monastic lives in peacetime.

On the battlefield, the knights showed great courage. In those days, most noble warriors stood little chance of being killed; if defeated, they were taken prisoner and then ransomed. But the Templars were not so fortunate for they had taken the vows of poverty and were thus unable to raise ransom money. Consequently, when captured they were of little value to their captors, who did not hesitate to kill them.

The Templars flourished until the fourteenth century, by which time the order had grown rich and acquired a good deal of land. It had 15,000 members, and even (because it was international) ran its own bank. King Philip IV of France, however, took a dim view of their prosperity. He resented their power and influence, and decided to destroy them in order to seize their land and money. But first he needed an excuse. After some thought he set on one which has frequently been used as a reason for persecution. He charged them with homosexuality.

The unfortunate templars were accused of practicing certain rites in the initiation of new members, whom they allegedly stripped and then required to kiss the officiating knight on the navel, the anus, and the mouth. The king claimed that after this the candidate was obliged to engage in sodomy.

How true were these charges? No one really knows. Quite possibly, the Templars' establishments were hotbeds of boyish fun. Nor is it unlikely that many Templars were homosexual, for the

order provided a haven for men with courage, ambition, and little liking for women. And probably many of those who joined for less monastic reasons practiced homosexuality of one kind or another, due to the availability of such diversions.

At any rate, whether or not the charges were true, many Templars confessed to them. Undoubtedly, the manner of eliciting confessions had something to do with this.

The king engaged the inquisition and the Dominican order to investigate the Templars and obtain confessions from them. Cords were tied around the feet of the unfortunate knight, and his hands were bound behind his back. He was then raised by a pulley until he hung in the air, and suddenly released, to fall with a crash. Other tortures followed: fire was applied to the feet of the accused, feet and legs were crushed in iron boots, and slivers were driven under the nails of fingers or toes.

One hundred and forty of the gallant knights were tortured. Six died during the "investigations" and the rest confessed and were burned at the stake.

Good King Philip, as head of state, was then obliged to take over the heavy responsibility of the knights' land and money.

Fortunately, such extreme treatment of homosexuals is a thing of the past. Even without citing such garish examples, it is obvious that the situation is constantly improving. So be grateful that you are living in the twentieth century: you may find yourself the object of discrimination -- but it could have been much worse.

There have always been people who viewed homosexuals as a threat to the race . . .



"OK, WE'VE MADE OUR DONATION TO THE SPERM BANK, MAYBE NOW THEY'LL LEAVE US ALONE"

News



NEW YORK CITY

PICKETS PROTEST

A picket line was recently formed at a U.S. Army Induction Center in Manhattan in protest of Army policy as it is applied to homosexuals in the service.

One specific aim of the pickets was to call attention to the Army's official statement of policy on homosexuals (AR 635-89) which reads:

"Homosexual personnel irrespective of sex will not be permitted to serve in the Army in any capacity, and prompt separation of homosexuals, as defined in the regulations, is mandatory. Homosexuals are unfit for military service because their presence impairs the morale and discipline of the Army, and homosexuality is a manifestation of a severe personality defect which appreciably limits the ability of such individuals to function effectively in society."

Sponsors of the protest feel that much in this policy statement reflects the sort of folklore which modern science has rather thoroughly discredited. For the present they are demanding 1. That (AR 635-89) be revised to reflect the facts concerning Homosexuality; 2. Confidentiality of Draft records and 3. Honorable discharge - if discharge it must be - in cases involving private consenting sexual acts.

TORONTO, ONTARIO

DISORDERLY GUESTS

The melody room, one of the several very well run private gay clubs in Toronto Ontario, was recently forced to call the police to quiet two vice squad detectives who become disorderly on the premises. Detectives Belcher and McGauty were charged with trespassing when they refused to leave after being advised that they were no longer welcome due to their misconduct on the premises.

When the men first arrived, the spectacle of the two detectives stalking around the dance floor in the old fashioned Johnny-be-bad-I'm-a-cop tradition was amusing to most of the gays. But when all this posturing failed to intimidate a soul and the floor remained filled, with dancers who kept right at it, the frustration of the detectives became transparent.

What followed was truly remarkable.

One young club member, Paul Bircher by name, had turned in his seat and was watching Belcher's performance curiously. This bothered Belcher. He called out across the room "Hey you: what are you looking at?" McGauty chimed in "turn around you q...". Later Detective Belcher walked over to Kirk Lauer, the club manager, who was then sitting spinning records and in the presence of four witnesses said "Wipe that smile off your face, p...". A threatening gesture accompanied the words. In view of the fact that no other guest of the club is permitted to call across the floor, much less utter vulgarities, the management felt that it had no choice other than to take action to have these offenders removed. They called the police and although the uniformed cops were reluctant to physically remove the detectives, they did cause them to be more subdued.

Detective Belcher's conduct becomes more understandable when one has seen the man on duty. Yes, he is defensive. But there was a reason for his defensiveness in addition to his personality predisposition. Only two months before this episode, he had arrested two dancers in the same club for alleged gross indecency but he was unable to convince a grand jury to grant an indictment - they threw his charge out. For some weeks after this he stayed clear of the clubs. Now that he's back, it would seem that he may be the one who will have to defend himself for his indecent conduct. Conduct which when seen in a detective cannot fail to magnify the generalized feeling of contempt for law enforcement agents which is already too intense among gays.



THE MELODY ROOM
457 CHURCH ST. TORONTO

VANCOUVER, B.C.

DEVIATE NUPTIALS

The UPI reports that a Vancouver professor of religion has said that the Church may encourage "marriages" between homosexuals.

Rev. William Nicholls, head of the Department of Religious Studies at the University of British Columbia and an Anglican minister, said that although the Church might encourage such "marriages," it would be too much to expect that they would give them official blessing. Rev. Nicholls made the statement before the Association of Social Knowledge, an organization whose aims include the education of the public about homosexuality. He also made the point that the Church is forced to take a differing public and private position on the question. He said that the official view is that homosexuals who can't change their condition should accept chastity, but admitted that as applied to specific cases, this was not ideal. Prof. Nicholls advised the group that progress with individuals has to be made a step at a time. "One immediate step is the encouragement of a stable and continuing relationship comparable to the relationship of marriage", he said. "I realize many homosexuals wish the Church could ultimately give its blessing to such relationship and regard them as normal marriages".

"To ask the Church to do this now would be quite unrealistic."

MUNICH, GERMANY

GAY DUCKS

Dr. Friedrich Schulz of the Max Planck Institute for Behavior Studies has become expert at corrupting the morals of ducks! By a process known as "sexual imprinting", this scientist has been able to produce mallards who enjoy male swimming partners much more than the average duck.

Dr. Schulz takes five day old ducklings and confines them for a period of fifty days with other ducks of the same sex. Then the ducks are free to choose their own companions in mixed company. Most of the males refuse to have anything to do with females, but the females are not so easily influenced and as a rule they make a bee line for the male - gay or straight it matters not!

There has been speculation among psychiatrists concerning the operation of similar influences in the developing sexual identity of human children. But so far the only objective evidence for such phenomena applies only to ducks.

NEW ORLEANS

INN CLOSED

The City Council of New Orleans has closed the Village Inn at 345 Dauphine by revoking its license. This also carries an additional penalty to the owner, in that the premises cannot be used at that address for a full year.

The action was taken on the basis of evidence which was presented to the council pertaining to alleged advances being made in the bar by persons of the same sex.

The police also testified as an extra attraction, that they found a 15-year-old girl nude in an attic room of the place.

--Citizens News

LONDON ENGLAND PARDON ME SIR

In Great Britain, there is an organization known as the Minorities Research Group, which is dedicated to "improving the public image of the Lesbian". Recently, there has been a controversy raging in the pages of their publication, *Arena Three*, concerning member of the group who show up at meeting wearing trousers and tie. The women who dress this way offer a wide range of arguments from "I'm more comfortable this way" to "It's my business how I dress". The opposing element maintains that such attire should be declared inappropriate at Group meetings, on the grounds that it is harmful to the Group's public image.

All meetings are held in public rooms, booked by the chairman for a meet- of "a professional women's club". The following incident points up the whimsical aspect of the controversy:

At one recent meeting, the manager of the Shakespeare's Head stopped one member from going upstairs, explaining: "I'm sorry, sir, you can't go up there; it's a women's club meeting."

Despite such incidents, the women reportedly voted down the motion to "consider full drag inappropriate at our meetings" by a small margin.

WASHINGTON D.C.

VERY DANGEROUS

Robert King, secretary of the Washington Mattachine Society, has produced a well written pamphlet on V.D. in co-operation with the U.S. Public Health Service. The Service has assigned the aggressive Washington group with the major responsibility for seeing that the pamphlets are adequately distributed in the District.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

FAIR TRADE

Dr. Lars Ullerstam, a Swedish psychiatrist, has expressed the opinion that sex might well be a valuable medical aid in the treatment of mental illness (such as depression). In his recently published book, *The Sexual Minorities*, he suggests that sex, devoid of taboos, should be made freely available to those who would benefit from it -- instead of only those who happen to be fortunate enough to have a ready source. His recommendation is that prostitution be legalized and placed under the control of the State. The administration of such a program would be in the hands of the medical and social service professions in order that proper working conditions and price controls could be insured.

* N.Y. Mattachine Newsletter

Gay welcomes submissions of news items of general interest to its readers. Inquire about special status for district and/or regional correspondents. Applications are now being accepted.

Write Editor, Gay
980 Queen St. E.
Toronto, Ont.

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(a need-filling service)

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One Request: Don't advertise what you like to do (or not do) in bed. Neither should you describe the sort of person you would like to do it with. Aside from being somewhat crude and nasty, we understand that in the States at least, it's not very legal.

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P.O. Box 915
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* * *

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GAY'S practical guide to New York City is now available to the general public. It contains up-to-date information, and listings of clubs, bars, hotels, baths, restaurants, and clothing stores. An invaluable item to have if you are planning a visit to New York. To get your copy, send 50¢ in coin or stamps to Gay's New York Guide, 980 Queen Street East, Toronto 8, Ontario, Canada.

INTERCOURSE, quarterly magazine of the NYC League for Sexual Freedom. \$2 for four issues from NYC-LSF, Box 399, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY. 10009, USA. The league, primarily heterosexual holds public demonstrations against censorship and for legalization of homosexuality, prostitution, etc. Persons who wish to attend meetings or demonstrations in Manhattan may phone OR7-6616.

PHYSIQUE ART NEEDED. Photos or drawings of male models desired. We prefer series of related shots which do not contain stiff poses and which develop the personality of the individual model. Payment upon publication.

GAY PUBLISHING CO. LTD.

Dov Seeger would like to receive comments and suggestions for topics for his **THIRD VIEW** column. Both professional, and private letters are welcomed. Write Mr. Seeger, c/o GAY

GAY has prepared copies of the WASHINGTON Mattachine articles "What to do in Case of Arrest" and "How to Handle a Federal Investigation". Copies are available FREE of Charge from GAY --
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CANADA



NEW YORK SCENE

by E. James

There have been "gala openings" at a couple of nice bars around town. The Trieste on 12th Street is becoming very popular for its intimate atmosphere and nice crowd. The Haven Bar across from the Lincoln Center is becoming very popular, too, and it becomes very "kicky" on the weekends. "Bert" from the old Dirty-Dick's and Bali Cafe is your host behind the bar. I might add that the Trieste serves a buffet every Sunday evening, and the Haven, a sort of Pot-Luck-Special. Both are very good, and compliments of the house.

A very good review is now at the Plaza, at the Plaza 9 Theater. The review entitled "Bits and Pieces XIV" is written by Julius Monk and deals with topics from Lady Bird to "fairies". It is very chi-chi, and really something to see.

Remember Esther Sutherland from the old Club 10 and Coronet? She is now the hit of the show at the Palace Pigalle Club in Miami Beach. Good luck, Esther! We miss you, and hope to have you back in New York very soon.

The new winter fashions are too much, or to put it in one word: Wild! The continental look is here for the season with some changes. The new slack style is tighter than last years (don't ask me how they made them any tighter), and jackets are shorter and more on the slim side. The "High-Boy collar" is replacing the tab collar. In general, the look is tight, slim, and tapered.

What is this about the police commissioner ordering more police to patrol Greenwich Avenue and 8th Street in an attempt to curb homosexual activity? He should read the papers more often to see the crime rate, then assign these "Additional officers of the law" to the focal point of the crime areas. For his information, there is little—if any—crime among gay people, yet the gay community gets more harrasment than do the law breakers. This I file as the "Police Private War on Gay People".

Yours truly has discovered a wonderful little coffee house where one can go and be himself, without the bizarre atmosphere of the average village joint. The place, Bill Baron's Al Sirate is just off

Second Avenue on East 4th Street. Don't be too surprised to find it packed with actors, playwrights, and the sort. You may even find a few celebrities there. Bill is your host.

Something tells me that there is more to that weird double suicide in the village last month than meets the eye. Could this be a 20th Century version of Romeo and Juliet?

With the Colony closed for alterations, the Chick-N-Ribs is selling more coffee and cake than ever before. And then, there is always the Blarney Stone on 14th Street. Incidentally, I have no idea as to when the Colony will re-open—if it does.

Memo to Off-Broadway Producers:
When is somebody going to come out with a good play dealing in part with gay life? The type that Tennessee Williams has

had so much success with? There is a big demand for one, so come on fellows and get wise to your public.

I am always open to suggestions, and to news items concerning the metropolitan area of New York, and will be very happy to hear from any of you. My address is E. James, c/o GAY, 980 Queen Street East, Toronto 8, Ontario, Canada.

See you all next issue.

Use erogenous zone numbers

"Have those Female hormone shots had any effect on you yet, Mr. Winters?"



Western society has so much to offer heterosexuals, and so little to offer the gay set, that it's no wonder that the latter often start getting paranoid. After all, all the straight men have a myriad of girlie books to keep them occupied -- magazines which attract the world's best writers, photographers, artists, etc. to their pages.

GAY, of course, believes that the gay set deserves as much in their entertainment, and is determined to provide it.

Take cartoons, for example. Of late, there is a very popular trend to cartoon with symbols, and for some, "symbolic sex" drawings is a doodler's pastime.

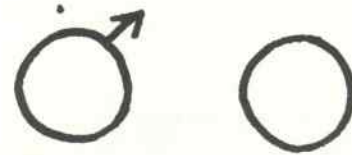
Therefore, GAY is happy to present our own version of

SYMBOLIC SEX

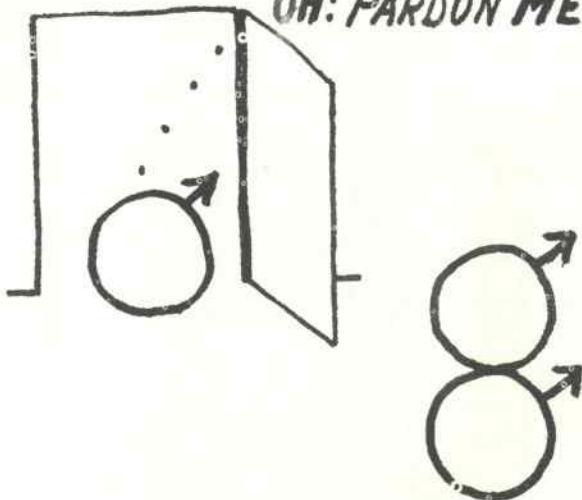
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IT'S GOT TO
BE ILLEGAL!



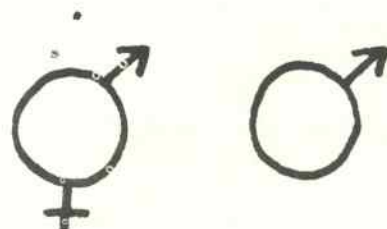
IN THE WAR, EH?
THAT'S TOO BAD...



OH! PARDON ME!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN "I-A"?



JD's Corner

After I sent the first of these columns, the editor asked for some sort of introduction. It was too late for the first column, so here are a few belated introductory remarks.

JD's CORNER has been running for about 3 years now. It goes to almost any hip publication that wants it, and is slanted for most of them. Sometimes I ramble, and sometimes I run many short pieces, news of madcap things to send away for, places to go, things to do.

Currently I'm living near Washington, DC, an area with a minimum of action in most respects that matter, which explains why I won't be here long.

OK, Mr. Editor, you happy with that as an introduction? If so, let's get on to more important things

Do you all subscribe to the Guild Book Service? It's a fine thing, and it doesn't cost anything to get onto their mailing list. Every month or so, they send out data on new books available. Small bulletins review some of the books, and these write-ups are generally candid and honest. Guild also publishes some books, and they offer publications you are not likely to find elsewhere. Special books are described in large folders, which are quite handsome, graphically. Write to GBS at PO Box 7410, Franklin Sta., Wash. 44, DC to get on their mailing list. Everything comes in plain wrappers

For people who like kinky styles, some of the new fashion magazines this year might be considered literally pornographic (barring the "average citizen" aspect). At least, sleek leather garments and other hip styles are easier to come by these days. However, this being high fashion raises another problem: is she or isn't she? Is he or isn't he? Is he merely dressing that way because it's high fashion, or?

Funny Bit: I was up in Massachusetts last week-end, and bought a container of cider, which began to leak when I got to the airport. On the plane, I asked the stewardess to find me something waterproof to wrap around it. She did. It was one of those motion sickness bags, plainly so marked. (It was a perfect fit, I must confess, and worked beautifully.) Well, I felt pretty conspicuous getting off the plane in DC and walking through the terminal with what onlookers (how they stared!) must have considered a pretty sickening souvenir!

Suggestion: Why don't they make motion sickness bags in pretty unmarked pastel shades and flower prints?

Thought for today: Did you ever know a very obese man who wore silks? Did you ever wonder where he ever found them in his size????

The Jenkins "affair" (which is a pretty sick pun to begin with) has stirred up a great deal of controversy in Washington, and given birth to a series of jokes which are taking a long time to die down: "Better a fairy than Barry," "Some people think that every time a public official opens his mouth it's a matter of national

security," "Either way with LBJ" . . . not to mention the intimations to the effect that perhaps Jenkins blew the election for Johnson. But it's all over now -- the election, that is -- even though the rumours still linger. These include the president's statement when he heard of the arrest ("I will stand behind Mr. Jenkins"), and the report that there is now a sign in the YMCA men's room reading, "JENKINS IS NO LONGER HERE. BEAT IT."

One final note: while people were wondering how the D.C. crime rate had suddenly become so low that the fuzz had nothing better to do than to spy on people in the YMCA, the "Y" closed its public restroom a few days after the incident, and issued a statement pointing out that neither Jenkins nor Choka was a "Y" member

It was all pretty cruel, but the people who were trying to be kind were the worst of all. Neighbors began treating the Jenkins family as though they were bereaved, sending maudlin expressions of sympathy, hoping for the "poor man's recovery", and sending flowers, etc . . . (How about fruit baskets. too, I wondered?) Meanwhile Mr. Jenkins himself is in hospital (he was all fagged we were told, but doctors now report that "He is holding his own," recovering from "fatigue and overwork". We are told. Well, ask any good psychiatrist: That's what happens to people who are deprived of their reaction

Well, I've taken up enough space in this issue. Feel free to write to me c/o GAY concerning any topics covered in this column, or any you'd like to see me cover.

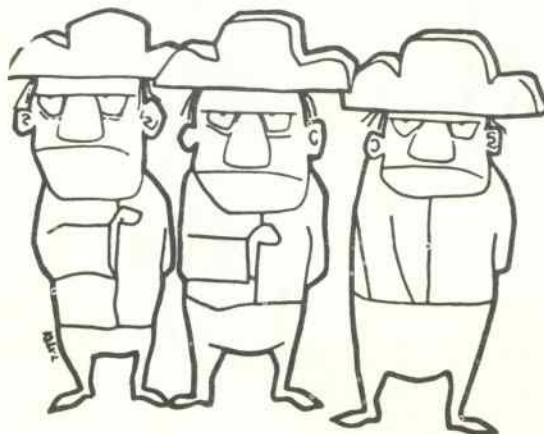


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break it up;
your mother's home..

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A STRAIGHT LOOK AT DEVIATION

by Les Autres

Let's face it. Most people don't like queers. The "straight" male is as likely to greet the gay male with a knuckle sandwich as with understanding, compassion or even plain old tolerance. The female's attitude is a little different -- the homosexual presents neither an overt sexual threat (except in unusual circumstances) nor, usually, a sexual opportunity: she tends to treat him as a somewhat unusual, perhaps interesting, human being.

But, either way, there's no real acceptance of the homosexual qua homosexual in normal society.

Having said this, though, it's necessary to make all the oblivious qualifications. Many homosexuals don't act queer, so they are accepted as equals in the workaday world. In some particularly sophisticated circles, a man's sexual interests and practices are accepted no matter how bizarre they may happen to be and everyone is tolerated. It tends to be a person's deviant mannerisms that are resented -- his public behaviour, not his private tastes.

Even with these qualifications, the general proposition still holds true. It's not possible to be obviously gay and to be accepted as an ordinary human being.

Why?

Let's try two overly simple answers. First, because the human animal tends to resent, reject and persecute anyone who doesn't conform to the standards of the community. The overt reaction of the average person differs in each case, but there's some similarity in his reactions to such widely different tangents from the norm as Jews (religious and cultural differences from the average), Communists (political differences) and homosexuals (sexual differences).

The second reason for the queer's rejection by normal society is related to the first but it's even less rational. The more powerful a human appetite -- the more important it is for racial survival -- the more entrenched the taboos surrounding it are likely to be and the more violent society's reaction to the violation of those taboos.

Thus, a vicious circle sets in. Society rejects the deviant. The deviant, in self-defence, erects behavioural barriers against the society which has rejected him. The barriers of behaviour are a signal to normal society which leads it to reinforce its rejection of the deviant.

The cost in human misery is very high. How to avoid it? Where can the circle be broken?

The answer is easy to see, less easy to implement.

"Normal" society must broaden its range of toleration, discipline its hair-trigger response to abnormal behaviour, and learn to accept the queer (and other deviants from the norm) as a member of the human family.

If straight persons will extend their toleration, some of the odd ones might well respond by dropping their defensive barriers.

On the other hand, if the queers will stop acting so queer, the straight ones will accept their private proclivities more readily.

Since neither side is going to go the whole way at once, both sides must make an effort. And since the homosexuals are a smaller group -- and have more to gain in the short run -- they must make the greater effort.

In short, I wish you fruits would stop acting like a bunch of fairies!

If you do, then I think that time and improvements in education (which usually mean increased toleration of unusual behaviour) will give you a place within the spectrum of acceptable human variations.

I'm on shakier ground here, but I suspect that general acceptance of queer behaviour would lead to fewer homosexuals. Who knows how many young men, experimenting tentatively with homosexuality, are pushed into full-time faggotry by society's revulsion and the internalized guilt feelings arising from the knowledge of that revulsion? If society accepted homosexuality as a trivial weakness -- like a passion for banana splits -- then there might be as few full-time homosexuals as there are people who survive exclusively on banana splits. There might also be a great many more people who would indulge their mildly aberrant appetites from time to time.

We might be the better for it. After all, the casual -- and more than casual -- homosexuality of the Greek gentlemen didn't do the Persians much good at Thermopolee or at Salamis. There's no substance to the argument that a nation's or a society's strength is sapped by deviant behaviour -- and there are many reasons to suspect that a society can rise to new heights of achievement when it learns to overcome its narrow and primitive taboos.



QUE PENSE - TU ?

by Pan

A heart throbs, beats violently
And, a body flushes, churns
With the desire of destiny
Body with body - it yearns.
The rough, bruising male kiss -
Hands held, tightly entwined
With an impassioned, divine bliss.
Secrets - two beings shall find.
The futile gestures of the frailty
Hidden beneath a mask
Of superficial morality.
What I love, I ask.

A PASSERBY

by Burt Rogers

He came towards me in slow silence
like some old sheet of newsprint
moving in the wind.

I saw the yellow spill
of street lamps
on his shoulders
but darkness hid
the features underneath the
black swirl of soft hair.

I paused
Waiting, watching,
aching
in the night.

My heart hammered faster
with the lonesome hope that
was the past
and future
of my universe.

I longed to be lured after him
into some sweet, new world
of knowing but
he fumbled with guilt a moment
and passed me by.

His faltering footsteps
faded down the
empty city block
fearful of the fall that
well might follow
looking back.

The snow began
and I went home
alone
to dream of
a blossoming stem
beyond my gathering.

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(Cont. from P. 7)

dressed and got into bed, sandwiching the unconscious hunter snugly between them. They had barely relaxed onto their pillows when their guest suddenly shot up in bed.

"What the hell is going on here?"

"We're going to bed, Sam," George informed him matter of factly. "We do it every night. Now go back to sleep."

"I'll be damned if I'm sleeping with you two! Go get in your own bed!"

"We're in our own bed as it is," Frank explained. "I could recognize it anywhere."

"Well why didn't you say this was your bed in the first place?"

"Because, Sam," George tried to explain, "that would have been implying that there was another bed somewhere in the house, and the truth of the matter is there isn't."

"All right then, I'll sleep on the couch."

"I wouldn't if I were you," George went on dryly.

"Why not?"

"Because it seems I accidentally spilt a glass of water on it just before coming to bed. Oh it's a mess, Sam . . . soggy."

"God!" Sam moaned, collapsing back in his pillow. "What have I done to deserve this?"

Frank shifted onto his side and fought for his edge of the blanket. "Crowded, isn't it," he observed, snuggling up to the almost nude body next to him.

"Comfy?" Sam asked bitterly. "Maybe you'd like to lay your head on my arm or something."

"Hmmm, don't mind if I do," Frank said, then quickly arranged the situation. Now too disgusted to fight, Sam merely lay there and let it happen.

"Sam," George spoke up, "could I make a small request?"

"Anything, George, old troupe; don't hesitate to ask," Sam muttered hopelessly.

"Well it's about your right knee. It seems to be pinioning my hip in a rather unfortunate way. Now if you could just lift it a trifle, then bend your leg I think everything will be fine."

"Now let me see if I got that right. Lift my right knee . . . then bend . . . but wouldn't that put my right leg on top of your stomach?"

"Somewhere in the vicinity of the umbilicus, if you can manage it."

"Why not?" Sam sighed, then carried out the request.

"That's not so bad, is it Sam?" George asked sweetly.

"I suppose a soggy couch would be worse, dammit."

"Sam, you're really a nice lot if you want to be. You know that?"

"But the thing is, I don't want to be. Certainly not to you."

"Is your leg uncomfortable?"

"No, no, it's fine."

"Sam," Frank said in the darkness from the other side of the capacity bed, "I think my arm is going to sleep before the rest of me even has a chance. Hold on for a minute while I shift it." Deftly, he slipped his own arm under Sam's and closed it about the man's great hairy chest. "There, that's better, don't you think?"

"Infinitely. At least I won't fall off the bed."

"But now wait," George complained. "That does something terrible to my right shoulder. I've an idea. Why don't we all

lay spoon-fashion? What I mean is, we all turn over on our left sides and interlock one into the other."

"It does sound less complicated at that," Sam agreed, "although that word 'interlock' has a kind of obscene ring to it."

With the word 'shift' they all twisted at the same time onto their left sides until bent knees fitted into bent knees. Frank's right arm went around Sam's chest and Sam's right arm went around George's. This apparently was the one sensible position for the three of them to occupy the bed.

"Say, that was a good idea, George; this is a much better arrangement," Sam commented.

"Everybody got enough cover?" Frank called out.

"I'm all right," Sam answered. "How about you, George?"

"Well it's over me if that's what you mean, but I'm still not warm enough."

"Well here," Sam said, pulling George closer to him. "Snuggle up."

"Mmmm, that's nice!"

"Warm enough now?"

"Wonderful, Sam, this is too much!"

"You all right, Frank?"

"Great. You're varm enough for both of us, Big Sam."

With that they all fell silent and soon they had slipped into a warm, slumber.

* * * * *

Shortly after nine the next morning, George came into the bedroom and gently shook the big man.

"Sam?"

"Hummm? Oh, good morning."

"Ready for breakfast?"

"Starved!"

"How'd you sleep?"

"Terrific. Like a log. How about you? I hope I didn't crowd you."

"So who's complaining? Come on now, your eggs are getting cold."

In a few minutes, Sam came ambling into the kitchen barefoot, wearing nothing but trousers and his undershirt.

"What's it look like outside?" he asked, still a trifle sluggish.

"I couldn't rightly say," Frank told him. "All the windows have snow banks over them except one little spot. The sky seems to be clear, but I still couldn't open the door. You're in no particular hurry, are you?"

"Not too much. At least not yet. But day after tomorrow I have to be back at work."

"Yes, the same with us. Holidays are about over for everyone, I guess."

"Say, you know this is a cute kitchen," Sam said, looking about him. "Those frilly little curtains really brighten things up."

"I made them myself," George volunteered. "You don't think they're too much?"

"No, I like them. And you made them yourself? God, I wish I could do things like that. I don't think I could ever do anything with a needle. My hands are too big."

George reached over and took Sam's hand in his, examining it. "Look at that," he said. "You do have enormous hands, Sam."

Sam looked down at his own hands, amused. "Yes, I'm big all over. I guess."

"More sausages anyone?" Frank asked.

After breakfast, they all went into the living room and sat about having coffee and chatting. Frank and George told Sam all about what they had done to decorate

their little mountain retreat, and Sam in turn explained as how he wasn't married and had a small bachelor pad in the same city as they lived in. He complained about how drab it was, and how he envied the two men their abilities to do such things. George and Frank then dug through some things and came up with a pair of bright orange curtains which they presented to him. He accepted graciously.

Still unable to open the door, Frank, George and Sam spent the day within the tiny cabin laughing and teasing one another good-naturedly. Sam decided the boys weren't in what might be considered tip-top physical condition and so everyone stripped down to their shorts and had an hour of calisthenics. After this, George decided to get even by putting Sam through his paces at the sewing machine. Eventually Frank and George were complaining about sore muscles, while Sam kept looking pitifully at the tips of his fingers which he had managed to prick any number of times, all for the sake of a straight seam.

As enjoyable days go, this one went . . . swiftly. Before they could believe it, night had settled about the mountain. Instead of putting on lights, they all three sat together on the couch in front of the peacefully crackling fireplace. At length, when it had grown quite late, Frank stood up, yawned, then made a suggestion.

"George, why don't we open the couch tonight. Sam can take the bed and . . ."

"No. . .!" Sam suddenly spoke up. "No, don't do that. We did all right last night, didn't we?"

"But it's no trouble just to pull open the couch. You'll be more comfortable with the bed to yourself."

"No, wait . . . ! We'll . . . well, never keep warm, for one thing."

George and Frank grinned at one another. "It's all right with us," George said.

"Fine," Sam said, putting his arms about both their shoulders. "Come on, let's turn in."

Once in the bedroom, they all undressed together and climbed into bed, each automatically assuming his proper position. Sam snuggled up happily to George, his large arm tightly about George's chest.

"George, you're not so badly built yourself. Very nice definition to your pecs."

"To my what?"

"Pecs. Pectoral muscles. These muscles here," he said, running his hand back and forth across George's chest.

"No, don't stop," George said. "Do that some more."

"You like that?" Sam said, laughing. The big, warm hand moved again and George cuddled deeper against Sam's chest.

"Sam?" Frank said patiently from behind him. "We're going to have to turn over after a while, right?"

"Right, little buddy. Hey, could you scratch my back a minute?"

Without answering, Frank began to move his fingertips gently across the broad back as Sam made little grunts of approval.

That night it was hours before the three men went to sleep. The scratching of a back led to the massaging of a shoulder, et-cetera, until virtually all ground had been covered and there was nothing left to do. After a while they were forced to get up, turn on the light and re-make

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As enjoyable days as this one

YOUR HORROR-SCOPE

by Cloey



ARIES (MARCH 21 - APRIL 19)

You will be investigated by the FBI this month. In relief of avoiding a morals charge, you will be tricked into admitting membership in the first sixty-seven organizations on the Attorney-General's list. See a lawyer.



TAURUS (APRIL 20 - MAY 20)

Your novel of sex, sodomy, and dope-addiction will be accepted by Grove Press this month. They will pay you \$5,000. MGM will buy film rights for \$20,000. You will be sued for libel by your friends, neighbors, and hairdresser. They will be awarded \$25,000, each. Start putting away a little every payday.



GEMINI (MAY 21 - JUNE 21)

On a lunch, you will buy an aid oil painting at an auction. You will scrape off top layer of oil, hoping to find a Rembrandt underneath. There is no Rembrandt underneath. The Rembrandt was what you scraped off.



CANCER (JUNE 22 - JULY 22)

Found a political action group this month. Picket the League of Empire Loyalists. Throw a tomato at Evelyn Waugh. Burn William of Orange in effigy. Distribute leaflets alleging that General Wolfe was a fruit. Prepare to flee to Quebec.



LEO (JULY 23 - AUGUST 23)

Pass for incriminating photographs this month. You will be happy to do this. If you refuse, photographer will release LAST month's incriminating photographs to local newspaper. Cancel your subscription.



VIRGO (AUGUST 24 - SEPTEMBER 23)

Your house will be torn down this month to make room for a freeway. The first time you drive on the freeway, you will run off the edge onto the remainder of your former property, and will be arrested for trespassing. Do not despair. In your next incarnation you will be an automobile.



LIBRA (SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 23)

You will soon meet two dok, hoodlums strangers. They will both shoot you dead in your. One is your true love. The other is a member of the vice squad. You will be able to tell them apart easily, the member of the vice squad is the one who will arrest you. Next time, stick to blondes.



SCORPIO (OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 21)

Remember last year when you traded your Edsel in on a Studebaker? This year you will trade your Studebaker in on another brand, which will announce bankruptcy one day after you make the trade. If necessary, it will wait for you. Get a horse.

SAVE MONEY . . . HAVE A GAY TIME

Now that you have enjoyed a light-hearted view of GAY life at its humorous best, it's easy to go on enjoying more of the same.

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(cont. from P, 18)

the bed so scrambled had it become. At last sheer fatigue overtook them and they slept again, not awakening until quite late the next morning.

The sun had come out, rapidly melting the snow until with a little effort the door could be opened. But despite the sunlight, a pall had fallen over the little cottage. With his hands shoved deeply into his pockets, Sam stood outside alone for a long while, his face long and pensive. Eventually he wandered back in and began gathering up his things, placing them neatly at one end of the couch.

"I guess the weather's going to be fine," he said listlessly as he fidgeted with his gun. For a long moment no one replied.

"I suppose so," Frank said quietly.

"Well I guess I'd better be getting back to camp . . . I guess. Back to the old grind tomorrow, you know." He tried to smile.

"Yea," George mumbled.

"I . . . owe you both a great deal. Please let me pay you for staying here these two nights and a day."

"No!" both the boys said at once. "No, Sam, we couldn't," Frank explained. "It's quite out of the question."

"Please?"

"A little Christmas present," George said, standing before Sam and straightening out the lapel of his coat. "A small something from Frank and me."

"Thank you . . . thank you both very much." He had put on his cap now and picked up his gun again. Slowly, reluctantly he ambled toward the door. "Well I guess I'll be saying good-bye then. I . . . enjoyed meeting you both very much. Very much." Sadly, he reached out and shook their hands, then turned and walked away from the house down toward the road.

"Bye, Sam."

"Good-bye, Sam."

The boys stood for a long while in the biting cold, watching until Sam Spencer had walked out of sight. Then they went back inside and closed the door. The house now seemed lifeless and without purpose. Their carefully chosen furniture merely sat there; the curtains they had made with their own hands now merely hung from the windows. Simply that and nothing more. The life and laughter had a moment ago walked away through the snow.

"Well," Frank said, sighing deeply and looking about him, "I guess we'd better start packing."

A couple of hours later the house had been locked securely, the wooden shutters folded over the windows, and the two men were driving in silence down the mountain.

"You know," George said, breaking the long silence, "there'll never be another Christmas like this one. There couldn't be."

"No, you're right, I'm afraid. Such things happen only once in a lifetime, and when they're past that's it."

"Frank, why didn't we at least get his address? Why didn't we . . . ?"

"I don't know, George, I don't know. Somehow I just couldn't. I wanted to, but . . ."

Suddenly up ahead along the highway there was a hitch-hiker. He had a number of bundles with him and was shivering as the cars roared past him.

"Frank, let's give him a ride. The poor man must be freezing."

"All right. Wait a minute. It's Sam!"

"Mv God, how wonderful! Stop the

car, stop the car!"

Quickly, Frank rushed onto the gravel shoulder and brought the car to an exuberant halt.

"Sam!" George was yelling. "Come on, get inside!"

Sam almost violently threw his things into the back seat and was about to jump in when George came scrambling out.

"Wait, Sam, don't you know you always go in the middle!"

There was a quick adjustment made; the door slammed, and the car roared out onto the highway again.

"I can't believe it!" Sam kept repeating, his long arms about the shoulders of his two companions. "I can't believe it!"

"Want me to pinch you to prove it?" George asked.

"Touch me and I'll scream. Well, giggle anyway."

"Good old Sam," Frank laughed. "Basically rotten to the core!"

George dropped his head back, letting it rest on Sam's great bicep. "You know, I feel so good right now I could become disgustingly sentimental. But I'll spare us all and control myself . . . if I can snuggle up to old Sam here."

"Old Sam wouldn't have it any other way, little buddy, snuggle on. But you know, I really dread going home. It's been a great holiday."

"The best I ever had," George agreed.

"But you two have a house in town of your own to return to and all I have is that dingy little efficiency apartment. After seeing your cute little house up here, I think I'll move out and try to find me something better, someplace where I can show off my new orange curtains."

Both Frank and George suddenly yelled each other's name at the same time, then tried unsuccessfully to start again.

"Now, now, boys, mustn't fight," Sam intervened. "Frank, you go first."

"Well I . . . we were just thinking how large our house in town is . . . much too big for just two people. Three, however, would be just about right . . . if you're interested."

"Are you serious?" Sam said, beaming excitedly.

"Absolutely," George verified.

"What do you say?"

"I'd LOVE it!" Sam exclaimed, raising his voice and slapping George's and Frank's backs. "Let's have some music," he said, reaching for the radio controls. "I haven't felt so good in a long, long time!"

It wasn't as if the car streaking down U.S. 360 was returning from a holiday, but heading dead on into another even more exciting one, the kind that can be celebrated every day of the year. And they did!

Doctor: "Look! You have the faint outline of the letter 'M' on your stomach."

Patient: "Well . . . my roommate's a college man and he never removes his sweater."

Doctor: (trying to be friendly) "Oh, really? Where does he go? Michigan? Maryland?"

Patient: "Oh no. He's a senior at Wisconsin."



Strangest "room service" request I've had all week.

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written

IN THE LANGUAGE

of

THE SOUTH POLYNESIANS

upon the subject of

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Er silokem seitali barl ee solulu. Erd crax oe ali, a ropoli apeilo loowi ee o mei mooni arki saolue. Wascio cruos ohd ki ron ddi ee iybn dre eighdemrh:

1) Aro freg slavosiry craz llozi. Ee bix holitu massd porew quarnd, arfs ee iloto oo sreep, aud smellg arog wim.

2) Crees frok lilp so linej ao siepjkil sio o eeloi. O paroot a ilbath atow parti.

3) Slagel araba parooti, sel obeeze abrasomi. Abрал o ag.

4) Avardslag workon ooeyn i serp dynoot speant asa snor wy lef asnib etib etub sonp pbeu ee bubbigy sei se seybofjyb, i syeii syeen owu itrub env rekoyv texjal tej yrdvib.

5) Thanlop loobi!

(NOW don't you wish that you could read South Polynesian?)

J. D.

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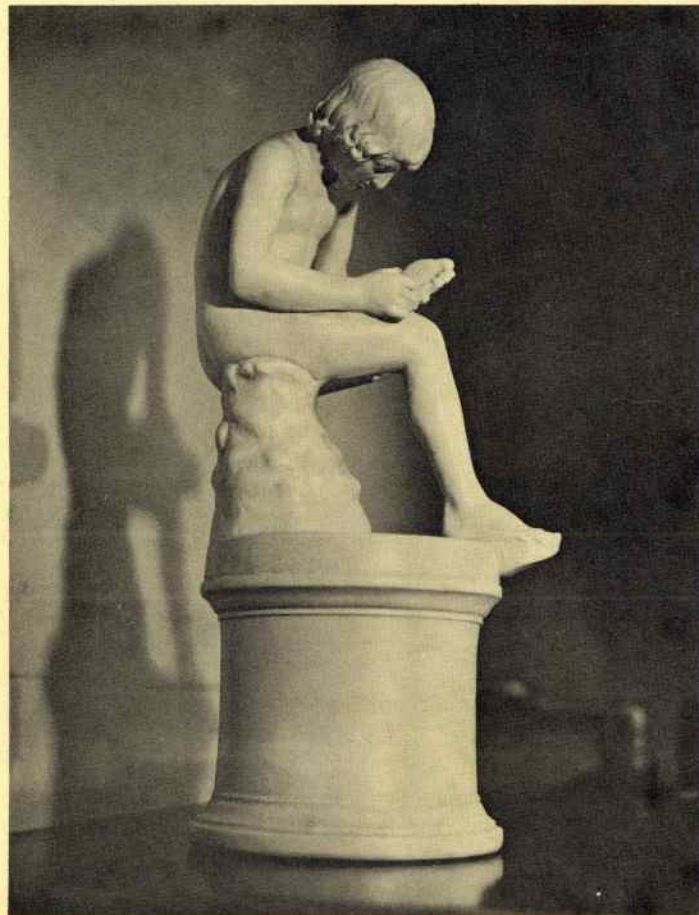
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