ENTERTAINMENT WITH MEN

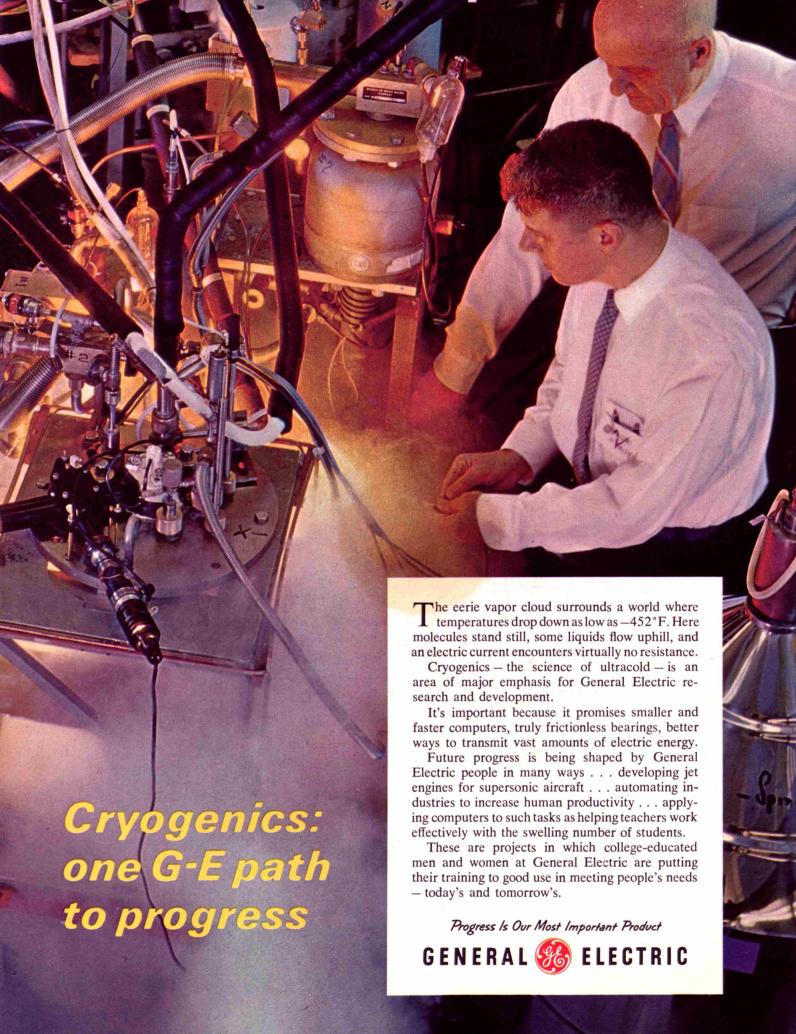
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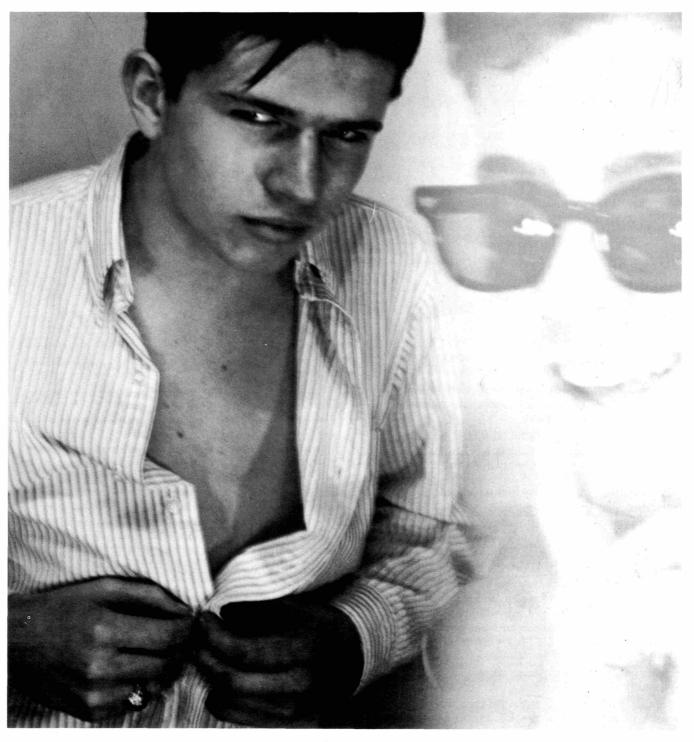
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Inconspicuously squatted on the first non-BAYGILL advertising page of the smallest-selling spurious men's magazine (no, the magazine isn't spurious, the men are) in the guise of a mild-mannered drama program, Baygill washes the brains (and how they need it!) of our readers, filling their unsuspecting subconsci with propaganda about the magazine and its contributors. For example, how few of our casual readers would know that our circulation rate, as a result of climbing stupendously for our first thirty years, has recently reached a since unheard-of high among M.I.T. college humor magazines, at That's the year. At least now you feel around 1959. you're in on the ground floor of something, which is, after all, a good feeling, unless you're an astronomer or a business executive. Well, you are, you are, all right. For never before in the sheltered life of this feeble rag has the board seen fit to parody a magazine that someone, somewhere, among our readers, might once have seen. But we're tired of telling people what the name Horriday sounds like, and explaining why a reputable magazine life Scientific American would bother putting out a VooDoo parody. Never mind, "a what parody!?!" Oh hell, we're tired is what we are. And so, we've taken for the first time a magazine with a larger circulation than our own, if only by about two-and-a-half million. If you haven't guessed the subject of take-off yet, stop now, for God's sake, and save us both (or should I use the editorial all-three?) the embarrassment.

Well, now that we got rid of him, we can talk.

Bob Pindyck's *Confessions* continue in the great tradition of Saint Augustine, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and Thomas de Quincey, all of whom we suspect practiced heterosexualism at one time or other. Bob is currently continuing his prolific ways, working during his spare time on a revolutionary art form he calls a *term paper*. Best of luck in your revolting efforts, you *last angry man*, you.

Returning from a rather long layoff from actual work, our own editor, who wishes to remain anonymous for about a month (worth a try, anyway, huh, Dean Wadleigh?) has

nobly *obliged* himself to write the fifteenth part of his serial novel which seems to be approaching a climax.

of Mike's (oops!) most busy characters find themselves the vexed hapless, harried victims of a traffic jam. Mike is currently in seclusion in his modest Cambridge apartment, working on a creation to be known as *Episode Sixteen*. Do call us first thing when it's finished, Mike.

Rounding out our scanty parody with an existentially enigmatic *Gayboy Advisor*, Dave Nolan returns to these pages after a brief absence, fortunately filled by Dave's friend *The Old Politician*. Dave has just finished an engagement on the *To Tell The Truth* show, where he performed admirably, except perhaps for his having stood up in response to three or four names as well as his own.

Well, we're certainly glad to see that Dave hasn't become completely desengage after the straw poll gave a majority for LBJ. This world needs more good sports like that. Dave is presently brooding over a new political scheme in his brilliantly appointed penthouse overlooking Francisco San Francisco Bay.

Long the calligrapher of pernicious painting within these comic covers, Maury Scherer forwards his first forensic foray to the folds of this farfel, with the fetching feature *Gayboy's After Ours*. A pensive penman, Maury has established his niche in the American literary scene with his recent "Hallelujah, the John's in Use and I Really Better, God knows, Brush My Teeth," which lasted off Broadway long enough for the title to be printed in its entirety in the late editions of no fewer than *three* legitimate newspaper. "Artistic taste be damned, success is its own consolation," saith William James, Pragmatist of Pragmatists, and what can we say to that? Well, we won't, at least not here. Maury, in the midst of a jaw-harp-playing engagement at the Thweet Thpot, is a man of many talents, and we wonder just how he finds time to think of those fashionable titles.

A prolix and verbose standby, Keith Patterson has presented us with the magically mad Little Rodney Rump, which needs no comment, so there.





PATTERSON









GERZOG

Deftly turning just another outstanding issue of *Gayboy* into a collector's item, the editors have included in this extravaganza our International Prune Book, this month the product of the fertile brain of one Miss Bonnie Gerzog. No pen name this, it applies to a true miss! But rest assured, we still draw the line somewhere, and have decided that the issue that introduces the mention of a woman's name to our provoking pamphlet, and a true woman (not to mention a pregnant mandrake root) to our host of contributors shall not go so far as to shock the faithful with a - shutter! picture as well. Yes, you may still depend on someone, faithful fellow fruit. Also, to help soothe your aroused indignation, let us assure you that Miss Gerzog is at once a female and a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where she has been known to associate with our "comrades-in-arms", the Voo Doo people, so we think she's "all right."

And, wheeling in to finish off the issue is that superficial Sportster, Norm Rubin, whose manly modesty prevents his enumerating his variegated virtues. Suffice it to say, this versatile virtuoso, as you may be inkling, is inking the very twinkling and oh-so-cream-cheesey Baygill which is about to close, thus.





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GAYBOY

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BOYS

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DAZE

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TWO FOUR SIX ATE: a new way to count

KNIGHTS IN A DAZE: what a night

OH, HECK, ENOUGH OF THIS STUFF, ALREADY_

Mike Levine, Editor

Norm Rubin, Features Editor

David DeWan, Business Manager

Ralph Schmitt, Advertising Manager

GAYMATE OF THE MONTH

LITTLE RODNEY RUMP_

A LITTLE HORNY: fiction

LITTLE JUMPIN JACK

LITTLE BIG HORN

LITTLE SQUIRMIN HERMAN_

NIGHT OF KNIGHTS: ribald classic

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GAYBOY AFTER OURS



ne of the many pleasures of putting out a college magazine is that you get to deal with all the nice people in the outside world. You meet advertisers, deans, subscribers, promoters, and distributors. And of course, once a month, you get to deal with the U.S. Post Office. Last month we decided to go along personally for the ride, and we learned (or recalled) a great deal.

When we got inside the package room, a clerk came over to see what we had. We told him; he snickered, and called over another This guy looked at the bound piles of magazines and immediately spurted out some ten possible complaints: they're bound wrong; the form doesn't list them by code; we don't have money in our account; they're not sorted right. We countered each claim; he checked on our account and found we had more than enough; there was just the question of listing them by codes on the form.

This form, by the way, was the same one on which we had a mistake of one issue another time. They held the whole mailing in Cambridge for a month, then called and told us that the form was wrong. So we sent someone over to correct it; they told him to fill out according to the instructions. An hour later he was done, in another hour they called to say it was still wrong. "There's some things not written in the instructions that you gotta do." "But no one told us about it." "You think I got time to spend telling you guys how to fill out a form?" "Well, you have time to

spend on the phone arguing about one issue!"

But we digress. The clerk phoned his supervisor: "These guys gotta list by codes, don't they?" Our man got on the phone with the supervisor, and slowly convinced him that we didn't gotta (as it said we didn't in the regulations.)

Meanwhile, we were watching operations in the parcel room. They were sorting packages (many marked Fragile, etc.) into several of those bins-on-wheels. The sorter picked up a package, checked which bin, and tossed it into its place. We watched one medium sized box marked "Glass--VERY Fragile" fly a full 15 feet to the farthest bin.

Then we were nearly run down by a large baggage cart piled high with stuff. The guy pushing it swung sharply around the corner, and hopped on for a ride. About six packages fell off and were run over. Then he started putting stuff in a bin. He picked up a large box marked "McNally Globe. Fragile" at waist level, raised it over his head, and dropped it into the bin, which was also waist level.

This explains the results of an experiment reported in the papers a few years ago. A girl in California mailed several packages containing accelerometers to friends across the country. The packages were variously marked "Fragile," "Handle with Care," etc. Most of the accelerometers were broken in transit, but the few that made the trip recorded accelerations equivalent to a drop of about nine feet!

But to get back to Cambridge,

there wasn't much more that we could see. One of the guys standing around noticed us watching operations, and quickly hustled us outside, explaining that we were in the way, and only one person was needed.

Those of us who dropped courses in the last possible week were pleased by the convenience afforded by the new location of the Registrar's office. Instead of being stuck at the end of a little corridor in the corner of Building 7, it is now located in a nice industrial neighborhood a block up Ames Street, a pleasant elevator ride up, practically at the end of a pleasant (though long) corridor. Ah, progress!

A friend of ours recently went to the MIT Post Office in Bldg 24 to mail a package. The line at the "stamps" counter was very long, but no one was on the Parcel Post line. That looked suspicious, so he asked one of the several ladies doodling around at nothing in particular if that window was open. She mumbled something and went on standing still. Our friend noticed a little "closed" sign facing wrong way out a ways down the counter, and wondered A while later the lady he had asked moved again and said he'd best get in line if he wanted something. He asked if he should put the "closed" sign in a more obvious position, but she was back in catalepsy. So he placed the sign on the counter, and got in line.

The statue suddenly awoke, an-



DIANA



Only Lady Barber in Cambridge

DIANA BARBER SHOP 332 Mass. Ave. Cambridge grily removed the "closed" sign and replaced it where it had been, wrong side out. Soon, there were other poor souls waiting at the closed counter....

When the Gayboy idea was still in its germinal stages, a group of board members was having a very impromptu meeting in one of the halls. Art Editor Scherer was telling his idea for the Vargas parody (Veritas) -- and a passerby managed to overhear just the caption: "Yes, my wife is rather attractive-for a woman!" The passerby stopped dead, gaped at Maury, looked at each of us with an astounded expression, and walked off, shaking his head. Hope this reaches the passerby, and sets the record straight.

One of the pleasanter pastimes in New York is riding the subways and reading the billboards on the passing platforms. Sometimes the window-post of the car blots out part of a poster, or hides the space between two posters. This leads to run-ons, such as the superb example we saw last time we rode the subways: "Jesus Said: I got my job through the New York Times!"

BOOKS

Our man in Athens, Plato, has rung up another success with his new treatise on politics, sex, and society, appropriately titled The Republic (Ionia Press, 15 Drachmae). Dedicated to his former mentor and idol, Socrates, leader of the now defunct Athenian intelligensia, Plato faithfully recalls the Master's cool confidence radiated in the face of uncontrolled criticism by his former friends, Thrasymachos, Glaucon, et.al.. Freudian images of caves and mountains abound while Socrates stoutly condemns the erotic and misguiding influences of literature and music. Sophisticated observers have long been familiar with Socrates' radical ideas on justice, free love and The Idea of the Good, but never have they been so engrossingly put down in scroll form as now. Gin and Platonic, indeed!

Moses ben Amran, an early version of Hamlin's famed pied piper, has come on the scene with the first of a proposed two-part serial, entitled The Bible (Adam and Sons, 12 Talants). Going one step further than Emily Post's Complete Book of Etiquette in laying down the law and trying at the same time to give the layman a comprehensive theory of scientific phenomenon, Moses' book also has an interesting new plot - the creation of the world and everything that followed. The Bible promises to be a run-away best seller and already, only three weeks after publication, James I has brought a lawsuit against C.B. de Mille for the book and movie rights. We hope the second volume meets with the success of the first.

What the world has been waiting for, in the opinion of a small but dedicated band of theoretical educators intent on the reinstatement of the phlogiston theory into the scientific canon, is a new interpretation of Newtonian Mechanics and the Science Teaching Center at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology proves it. Their Physics -A New Introductory Course (Cambridge \$1700) answers all the questions that have been bothering so many of us through the years: What is the fate of a given particle of sand subjected to the angry forces of wind and rain, born in the struggle to retain its identify, up against the resistance of air and water, chemically inert and, moreover, impotent? Waves? What is a frame of reference? Based on the personal prejudices of the authors, it enlightens a unsophisticated public on the needs and drives of a group of insecure physicists compelled to publish or perish. It is one of the most spectacular entries of this genre to come our way in a long time.

MOVIES

Frames of Reference, directed by the Physical Science Studies Committee at M.I.T. and starring Professors Hume and Ivey, is a nifty one reeler done with wit and zip. Hume, a resident physicist, appears on screen apparently to give a lecture on the given

topic, frames of reference. Suddenly Professor Ivey, entomologist-turned physicist, walks in on the ceiling. Conflict arises as they argue as to who is really inverted. From the increasing redness of Professor Ivey's face, it is entirely obvious to the audience, but insufficient as physical evidence to these physicists. Professor Ivey has a brain hemorrhage and the scene switches. In like manner, the scene gyrates around a merry-go-round (fun!), frictionless hockey pucks (games!) and stage hands caught in the act of moving the props (excitement!). Professor Hume's esprit de corps is something to see and Professor Ivey plays the part of a suave, physicist-about-Townes with a virile non-chalance that is really something to see. What more is needed to indicate that he may well be the new Hale Bradt?

DINING - DRINKING

As if the discriminating reader has not realized by now, the new trend in night spots is the discotheque where patrons may dance, solicit, etc., to both live and recorded music. One step ahead of them is Pritchett Lounge, a down-to-earth oasis atop the ultradignified Francis Amassa Walker Memorial, where the down-to-earth boys dance, disembowel pinball machines, and read Gayboy to recorded music alone - no live imitations for them. With a genial atmosphere, the menu is American (i.e. a melting pot) and vague, though hardly edible, which matters little, since sustenance is the last thing on most Walkerites' minds.

For daytime dining and a change of pace, we recommend the food machine in Building Four Under. Catering to a more varied clientele, a live matron will supply you with the coins necessary to ransom your noontime fare. For the man compelled by economic rather than esthetic reasons to seek nourishment, Building Four Under has the added conveniences of no cover charge, no minimum tab and completely self service. Who could ask for anything more?

RECORDINGS

A new Bell release is usually a happy event and their latest recording of "The number you have reached is not a working number. Please dial again." is no exception. Operator 56's superb vocal ability makes up in blandness what it lacks in subtlety.

The Doublemint Twins in Concert Sympathy Hall (Wrigley) reveals another facet of the girls' total inability to find the same note at the same time. Nevertheless, the album jacked would make an orthodontist proud.

Aside from a difficulty in predicting "Snow and fweezing wain," Weather (x5211) moves effortlessly through renditions of barometric pressures, wet and dry bulb readings and the current ground fog density. With little or no help from Boston, she does her best with the limited repertoire of "cold, wet and rainy" the city offers her.



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"FIRE ISLAND" BURNS THEM UP

Your pictorial article on "The Boys of Fire Island" was a gas. More of this in the future! And who was the cute fellow with blond hair on page 96? Have you considered using this fine fellow as the Gaymate of the Month?

J.C. Sioux Falls, Iowa

GAYBOY RATIONALE SOUGHT

How come you guys are always dumping on herto here people who like girls? What's wrong with girls. I like girls. Girls are soft and fuzzy and nice. How come you dont like girls. Are you crazy or something?

Tom. T. Satyr Boston, M'ass.

As we have patiently sought to explain in our profusely precise *Philosophy*, we have nothing against heterosexuality. We merely feel that each individual is endowed with inalienable rights, including the right of free association, and that each man must be allowed the freedom to carry on his business in his own way, without pressures from the mass of society. Besides which, we like boys.

HUNT FOR THE BEST

Congrats and all due kudos for your informative article on "How I Gained Control over the Economy of the Southwestern United States," by hyperactive oilman H.L. Hunt, the Texas multibillionaire. I have taken his advice to heart, and have already started in on my second billion.

J. Paul Greedy London, England

"SINGULAR MAN" CREATES CONTROVERSY

Your indecent, illiterate magazine is without a doubt the worst piece of trash being published in the United States today. I found your article "Sex and the Singular Man" positively the most degenerate piece of filth I have ever seen. You should be ashamed of the filthy Communistic athesitic perverted trash you are foisting on America's youth. May God strike you dead.

Rev. Carl T. McIntire Collingswood, N.J.

Your magazine is my very favorite. Please continue publishing such fine and informative articles as the "Sex and the Singular Man" piece you ran in the November issue. Only by continuing to assail the barriers of prejudice and hatred which exist in America today can we bring the light of truth to our nation's youth and educate them in the ways of the world. As one who has long fought for the rights of minority groups and members of the oppressed, I congratulate you on your fine work, and send you my very best wishes for the future.

> Bob Dylan Flit, Calif.

"POPULATION" EXPLODED

Congratulations on the refreshingly new solution to the population problem presented in your excellent magazine. As one who comes from a long line of scientists, and one who has long been concerned with the pressing problem of proliferating population (ha! You guys aren't the only ones who can use alliteration in your writing), I commend you for your novel, if unorthodox, suggestions for keeping the problem in hand.

Sir Frothingham Huxley Crudeney-on-the-Trent, England After reading your article "THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD," I cannot help but find myself in agreement with the conclusions you have drawn. Only by reverting to the ways of the ancient Greeks, whose ideas form the basis of our civilization, can we keep this same civilization from dying by self-suffocation. You have converted me.

Liberace Hollywood, Calif.

What are you people trying to do? Put me out of business? There are other ways to keep from proliferating over the face of the planet than by resorting to the measures you advocate.

Phil Landerer
President,
Ace Latex Products, Inc.

Ditto.

Polly Adler New York, N.Y.

Likewise.

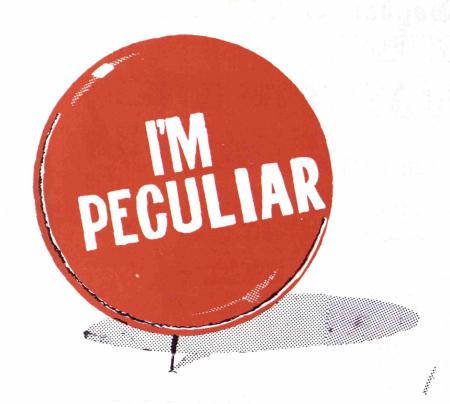
"Ab" Stention, Abbot Monastic Recluse Society Guna Beach, California

HOPE FOR THE WEARY

God bless you, Gayboy. For years, I have had to live the miserable existence of one who is a member of two minority groups -- a minority within a minority. People have despised me not only for the color of my skin, but also because I am one of "us." Now, thanks to the NAACP, SNCC, and you, I see that there is hope for eventual equality for all in this world, whatever their creed, race, or sex (or lack thereof). Again, thanks, and keep fighting -- non-violently, of course.

"Dr. " Martin Luther Queen Recipient, 1964 Nobel Piece Prize





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Gayboy Club News

VOL. LIX, No. 3 DISGUISED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES SPECIAL EDITION ADMITS YOU TO ALL GAYBOY CLUBS FEBRUARY 1964

NEW GAYBOY CLUBS SET THE PACE

APPLY FOR YOUR ZIPPER NOW TO SAVE \$155

PORTLAND (Special) — With the opening of the all-new multimillion dollar Gayboy Club in downtown Portland, Maine, this swinging town has taken on a whole new charm and gaity. In a town where the smart set had thought that walks along fabulous Casco Bay at low tide was the ultimate, a new world of excitement has opened up, and the boys simply love it.

If you like the Gayboy idea, you certainly won't miss the Portland Club. From the Fire Island Bar to the Washington Square Game Room, you'll love the friendly atmosphere of a world designed for your pleasure. (Your one zipper admits you to all Gayboy Clubs, including New York and Cambridge.)

Beautiful Buddies: The friendly greeting of your Buddy at the door, the warm smiles of the Buddies waiting on you in the Fire Island Room (if they look familiar, it's because you may have seen them as Gaymate of the Month), the expertise of the bartender who serves a cool beer or daiquiri, all remind you that these fine Buddies, all hand-picked by Huge Hooker himself, have all been trained at Gayboy's famous Buddy school in Times Square, New York.

Gourmet Dining: For the price of a drink, you will select from the finest meats and vegetables in the world. Meals complete from fruits to nuts.

Outstanding Entertainment: You will be treated to four shows nightly of the best entertainment in town. You'll thrill to such stars as Rocky Graziano, Rocky Marciano, Lawrence Welk, Johnny Weissmuller, and other fabulous favorites.

FIP: Your very own Gayboy Club magazine. For the ultra-ins only, FIP is a picturesque package of photos of your favorite Buddies, candid pictures of the Gaymates, cooking tips, household hints, and a pen-pal page. Sent in a plain brown wrapper.

Gayboy Club Zippers for the Portland Club -- honored in every club throughout the U.S. -- are available for \$250. Eventually, they will cost \$400, as they now do in New York and Cambridge. Apply now and save \$155.



GAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open -- New York at 42nd St. and 6 Av.; Washington atop the Washington Monument; YMCA; San Francisco at 469 Market St.; Chicago in the heart of the produce district; Cambridge at Harvard Square; Boston on the Esplanade.

Clubs Open -- two hearts from West; doubled by North; East at three spades; South rises again, 4 no trump; North doubles, but it's his partner and he didn't wait for West; West leads, that's how the West was won.

Next in Line -- Lawsuit from Playboy.



For more revealing glimpses of this yummy yeoman see this month's scintillating centerfold, where our clandestine cameras have cleverly captured the inner essence of this elusive elf in his elysian entrapments.

Mail to:	GAYBOY	CLUB	S IN	ITERN	AT	IONAI	ĿE
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ONCE UPON A TIME in the medieval city of Camealot, a happy, prosperous people lived in the Great Society of their leader, King Lyndon the Expedient. One day, the King called to him his chief lieutenant, the Chairman of his Round Table, Sir Humphrey, one of the more left-wing knights in the realm. "Sir Humphrey," spake the King (for in those days the term 'spoke' was only used in reference to those things inside chariot wheels) "I am very pleased with the way you have been keeping the knights in line. The way you pushed through my controversial 'equal rights to the serfs' scheme was especially appreciated. Now I wish you to use your great skill to solve the greatest problem facing our society today."

"Oh, no," thought Sir Humphrey, for he knew only too well that matter of which the King spake. It was certainly the dragon problem. "Oh, Thir, I jutht couldn't!!" stammered the great knight blushing, and patting the King's knee with his well-manicured hand. "You know how I jutht abhor violenth!"

"Nonsense, Sir Humphrey," re-"This beastly dratorted the King. gon must be stopped before more innocent people are killed. Too many maidens are losing their heads. I want you to go on a fact-finding mission to see just what that dragon is up to, and to check on the possibility of arranging some sort of truce, or amicable settlement with the dragon."

"Well, thir," blushed Sir Humphrey, "if you inthitht." With that, he hopped sidesaddle onto his milkwhite steed and galloped out of the palace gates.

Later that afternoon, Sir Humphrey picked up the trail of the dragon in a distant part of the shire. He spotted several huge footprints in the soft mud at the side of an elfin grot. (an elfin grot is commonly construed modern researchers to be a typographical error) "Ho, there" bespake the knight to one of the many young elfins swimming in the grot, "hatht thou theen a nathty dragon nearby, prithee?"

"Aw, bite the bag," replied a particularly insolent young elfin.

Undaunted, the noble knight continued on until he saw several headless maidens at the roadside. He was now sure that the dragon must be nearby. Suddenly, he felt a hot breath behind him, singeing the hair on the back of

sir humphrey and the faerie queen



Oddball Classic

from the 12th century 1006 Knights of Aladdin the Carpet Sweeper.

his neck. Whirling around, he saw the dragon behind him. It wasn't a particularly frightening dragon, but merely one of the standard variety. He stood twenty feet tall, had large green scales, and was breathing fire from his nostrils. "Well, hello there, Thir Dragon," called Sir Humphrey gaily, waving his handkerchief.

The dragon realized the knight was Sir Humphrey, whom he recognized as being one of the most liberal knights in the Kingdom, and, knowing he was in no danger of being slain, replied courteously with a mild "Gronk!", which is dragon for 'hello, yourself.''.

"The King hath thent me to athk you if you would thtop thlaying young maidenth, ath it ith dithturbing the peopleth of the kingdom," bespake the knight. "We realith that under article 26 of the Geneva Convention dragonth have free accthess to ath many maidenth ath they deem nethetharry to keep alive their maiden-thlaying tradithion, but the King wonderth if you would be willing to cut down your quota to, thay, one maiden a week, for the good of the country."

"Gronnnk, graff, grbldzpak, grunk, ekbaipfak." replied the dragon, which means, "I'm sorry, but such labor-contract negotiations will have to be taken up with my superiors. All of us dragons in this part of the realm work for the Faerie Queen."

"I thee," replied Sir Humphrey. "Well, can you take me to the Faerie Queen, and we'll thee if we can work thomething out."

Several hours later, with Sir Humphrey riding sidesaddle on his back, the dragon arrived at a huge cave in a remote part of the shire. Many other dragons were lounging around, leisurely devouring maidens' heads on their lunch break. Inside the cave, Sir Humphrey noticed many faeries scurrying about, engrossed in their faerie business. "Welcome, Thir Humphrey," spake the Faerie Queen, a tall thin man with pink hair, "I have been waiting for you. You thee, I send out my dragonth ath decoyth to get the King to thend hith knighth here. I have been ethpethially anxiouth to meet you. You thee, I want to invite you to thtay and join our faerie band." Joyfully, the knight accepted his offer, and though the King never saw him again, Sir Humphrey lived happily ever after.

Gayboy's International Prunebook

--Bonnie Gerzog

February is a wild and snow-blown month up and down the East Coast, where the discouraging sense of another month of cold, wet socks and runny noses is all-pervasive. The best way to savor it is from the seat of a crowded bus, dragging down the expressways, or at a stand-still in city traffic. Pick a departure point from any of the main bus terminals or corners in the area and plan your itinerary. Or leave it a serendipitous adventure of unexpected excitements.

One haven welcoming visiting flits this year - within easy reach of the fleets and the local trade schools - is Harvard Square, where several bars and Rathskellars cater to a distinctive clientele.

The really in-place, however, lies directly across the street from the bus terminal, within the large red building lettered with the name HARV-ARD COOP. In its superbly stocked departments, a visitor may pick up any piece that suits his fancy or any fanny that suits his piece.

Although night life is not up to New York standards, a gay time can be had at Brigham's, a local confectionary parlor (Suites for the Sweet). Their main stock in trade is marshmallow sundaes, and the ones with long hair are not necessarily female. Take a chance at Brigham's (its

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siogan: For the winner, not the flash in the pansy.').

Talking about New York, its most scenic attractions can be seen through the window of the 42nd Street cross-town bus. One of them makes the run from the East River to the Hudson River every five minutes - literally daring the onslaught of frenzied hacks - past the gypsy tea leaf read-("one flight up"), bars, movie theaters ("adults only") and historically rich Bryant The alternately colorful and blatantly obscene background sounds are punctuated by a hurriedly whispered, "Say mister, got a match?" For out-of-towners, that's your cue. The eleventh stop on the run from the East River is a lucky one. The corners of 42nd Street and 8th Avenue specialize in all the best the seven seas have to offer for a ridiculous one dollar per heaping Portio. Bryant Park, amidst the concrete chess tables and petulent pigeons, is always richly inhabited and within easy reach of all the varied entertainments and YMCA's the city abounds in. One is not limited by a lack of possibilities in New York.

For further information on any of the above, write to the New York Chamber of Commerce, U.S. Fruit Grower's Association or Harvard Admissions Office, Cambridge, Mass.

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THE GAYBOY ADVISOR

One of my friends told me that Johnny Mathis is a heterosexual. Is this true? John Scrood, Brisbane, Utah

Of course not! Nasty rumors like this have no basis in fact.

have a problem. I have a nice healthy relationship going with a fellow down the street from meand I find his sister trying to proposition me from time to time. How can I ditch this perverted female without antagonizing her brother-like I said, we are having a great relationship. John Frood, Faerie, Pa.

This problem has already been discussed in the Gayboy Philosophy (part 27), but for those who missed it, we will recap. In situations such as this, the only thing to do is explain the situation to her brother, and try to make him see that his sister is trying to hurt him, as well as you. If he takes it badly, he obviously doesn't really love you, anyhow.

The other evening, I and my date were dining at restaurant popular among those who are "in," and I ordered some Dry Fly sherry.

When we came to the bottom of the bottle, I was confronted with the problem of what to do with the fly in the bottom of my glass. What should one do in this situation? Should one drink the fly along with the sherry, leave it in the bottom of the glass, or spit it out? John Grood, Bismarck, S.D.

Silly! The proper thing to do is to offer it to your date. Not only is this the polite thing to do, but it leaves him with the problem of how to dispose of the beast. We think flies are icky, anyhow, and suggest that to avoid this problem in the future, you order another brand of sherry.

Last night, my date and I spent most of the night arguing who had the right to do what and with which and to whom. In order to avoid further unpleasantness in the future, what should we do? Theodore and Beauchamp, "The Lavender Hill Boys," Greenwich Village, N.Y.

Flip a coin.

have been invited by my favorite guy to attend the Annual Pansies Promenade, and I am planning to wear my silver lame gown with

matching handbag and hat. Should I wear my rhinestone-studded pumps or my combat boots with the silver buckles to most appropriately complete the outfit? Percy W., Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.

We suggest that for such a formal occasion you wear black sneakers, perhaps tastefully adorned with lavender pin-striping.

am one of the "others," but I read your magazine regularly, because of its high quality writing and sophisticated intellectual content -- and because it is printed on nice, soft absorbent paper with non-irritating ink. I am writing to ask you what is wrong with me. I can see that your arguments are valid, and that your way of life is superior to mine. In short, I am intellectually sold, but cannot bring myself to putting into practice what I believe. What should I do? Iohn Prood, Alsace-Lorraine, France

Give in, and try it, If you don't like it, you can always go back to your ways of error, but we are sure that you'll find that you'd rather fight than switch, once you've been converted. Live a life of gay (sic) abandon! Fling caution to the wind! Bite the bag!



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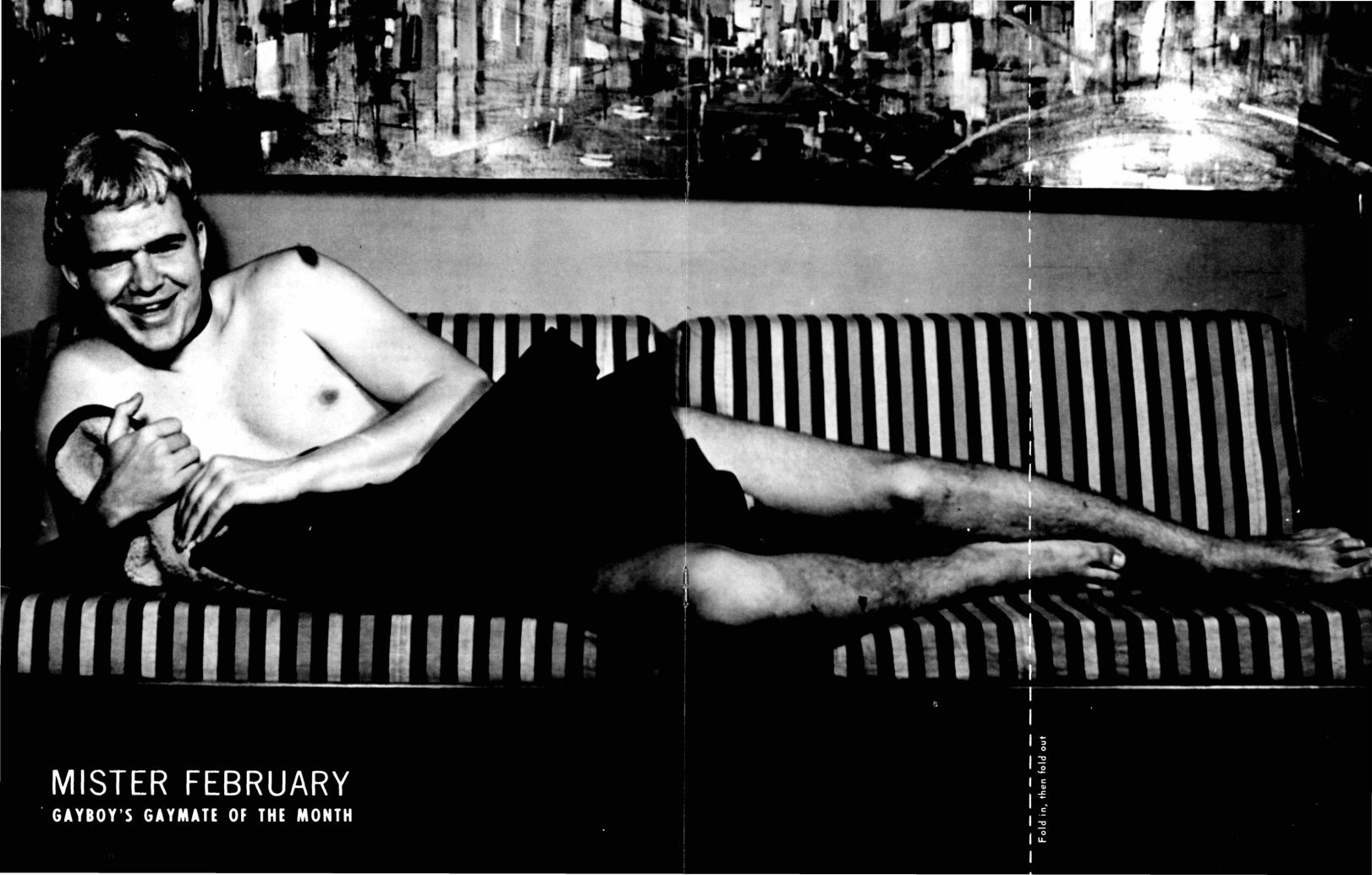


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GAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Son: Dad, Fred and I want to get married.

Dad: You can't. Fred's a Catholic.

"I sawed the top of my finger off."
"Dear, dear, how did you do that?"
"Sawing."



Notice at an ammunition dump near Providence, R.I.:

"If You Must Smoke, Do So. Then Leave By The Big Exit Which Will Suddenly Appear In The Roof."

The husband told the Judge, "I came home and there was my wife in the arms of a strange man." "What did she say when you surprised her?" asked the Judge. "Well Judge, that was what hurt me the most," said the husband. "She turned around and saw me and then said, 'Well, look who's here, Old Blabbermouth! Now the whole neighborhood will know."

The professor had a son who spent far too much time in bars. One evening he got the word Junior was on a real rampage, and, anxious to get him back into the sanctuary of the home before the family name was thoroughly ruined, he dashed off. He approached the neighborhood of the tavern under a full head of steam, distracted and angry, when a prostitute thrust herself in his path.

"Hi, pop," she caroled, pleasantly enough, "are you looking for a naughty little girl?"

"No, I'm not," replied the prof, rashly, "I'm looking for a naughty little boy!"

The girl recoiled in horror and spat out, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you dirty old man!"

Then there was the man who tried to marry his bush. He had his hedge wed.

Wayne: "Look at this ring. My father took it off a dead Jap."

Gordon: "I didn't know your father was in the war."

Wayne: "He wasn't. Our gardener died."

A deaf little old lady entered a church with her ear trumpet. Soon after seating herself, she was confronted by an usher.

He raised his finger, looked at her sternly, and whispered, "Just one toot and out you go."

The young reporter dashed into the editor's office and shouted, "I have a perfect news story!"

The editor looked up from his proofs and asked, "Man bites dog?"

"No," the reporter said, "Bull throws professor!"

Proud parent, upon meeting the new first-grade teacher: "How do you do, Miss Smith. I'm the father of the twins you're going to have in September."



The little boy came home with a bloody nose and his mother asked him what happened.

"A kid bit me," he cried.

"Would you recognize him if you saw him again?" asked his mother. "Sure," sniffed the little boy. "I'd know him anywhere. I've got his ear in my pocket." Lawyer: Why do you want to get divorced?

Client: Because I'm married.

The policeman helped the battered man up from the pavement in front of the local hangout, and asked:

"Can you describe the man who hit

you?''

"That's exactly what I was doing when he hit me," replied the man.



Hello, Ann, what are you doing Saturday night?"

"Uh, well, I have a date."

"Oh, How about next Saturday?"

"I have a date then, too."

"And the Saturday after that"

"Another date."

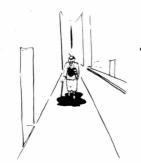
"Good God, woman, don't you ever

The Greek god Thor was sitting in a cloud when one day he said to himself, "I wonder what it would be like to be a mortal man and have sexual relations with a woman."

So he found out, and went back to his cloud.

Upon arriving at his cloud he said to himself, "I should have told that woman who I was." So he went to her house, smashed down the door and screamed, "I AM THOR!"

The woman looked and said. "Tho am I. I can hardly walk."



". . . Surely Goodness and Mercy

shall follow me . . . "







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CONFESSIONS

by Bob Pindyck

I do not lead the existence of a normal college male. My friends are few; those who know me say that I am depraved, that my mind is enshrouded in debauchery. I must walk the streets in shame, ignoring the harsh snickers of those who know or who can tell by the despairing look on my face. Some people feel sorry for me, others feel just contempt. To some I am just a harmless curiosity, but by most I am feared, for my desires are considered to be perverted. Mine is a life of ignominy. I am a heterosexual.

I'm not exactly certain of when my strange obsession first came into existence, but I suppose that it was when I was about thirteen vears old. At that time I suddenly became aware of a strange and frightening inclination - towards girls. Previously I had been content to play with the other boys. on my block, but then one day I found myself walking home with one of the girls in my math class. Naturally I felt ashamed and confessed the deed to my parents. They were distraught, but I promised them that it would never happen

I was wrong, It did happen again. And again. By the time I was fourteen all my thoughts were centered around girls. Much of my time was spent thinking about them. In school I couldn't help looking at them, despite the sharp reprimands of my teachers. The other boys laughed at me, and I soon became a standard subject for jokes. When my parents found out they were furious. They said that it was disgusting and that I would burn in Hell. But I didn;t care. I couldn't help myself. My relatives consoled my parents, telling them that I would probably grow out of it.

But I didn't. By the time I was a senior in high school my desires had become an obsession. So much of my time was consumed by my degrading interest in girls that naturally my studies suffered. What's more I had become infamous, an object of scorn throughout the neighborhood. And so I agreed with my parents when they suggested that I seek medical help.

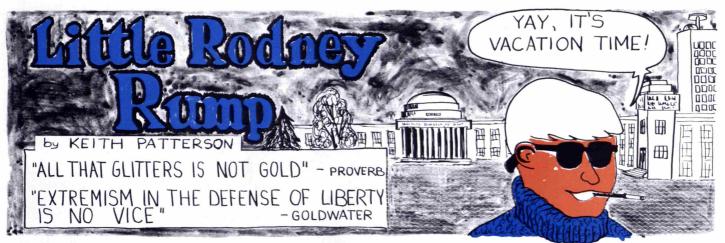
The doctor said that I had a mental sickness that was becoming all too prevalent in our society. He said that there were many names for it, but the medical term was "heterosexualism". I had heard the word before, but only as a hushed whisper. The doctor told me that though a complete cure was improbable, my condition could be helped. He thought that a first logical step would be to leave home and go someplace where I wouldn't come in contact with girls. I agreed with him and felt relieved that there might be help. I applied to and was accepted at a wellknown, all male technical college on the East Coast.

I arrived at the school in September and found it much to my liking. I had always been interested in science and math, and the other boys at the school were wuite amicable. They showed me how to hang a slide rule from my belt, and soon I found that I fit right in with them. One day I was frightened by learning that there actually were a few girls at the school, but on seeing one of them my fears were assuaged. I found new hope in life, and for some time I was freed from my perverted desires.

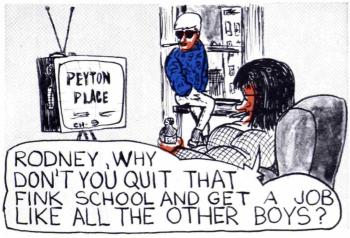
This happiness, however, did not last for long. Once again I found myself thinking about girls. When I should have been studying I spent my evenings wandering around the local girls' schools. Soon my obsession was as overpowering as ever. Now I am a junior at the same school. I continue to exist in my depraved state.

I am a heterosexual. I don't know if there is any hope for my kind, but I no longer care. You see, I have found some girls with the same shameful condition. What a shame.

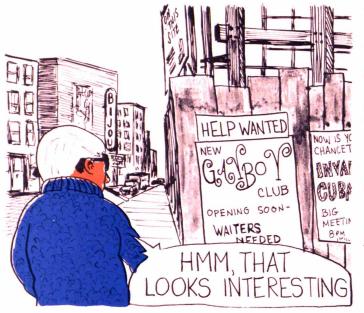
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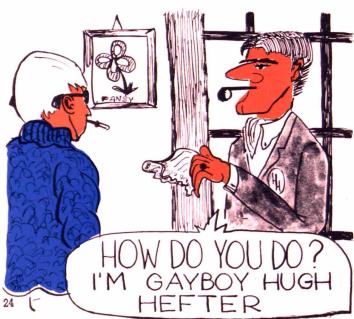


















*tune: Nothin' Could be Finer Than to be in Carolina. (in the Mornin')
NOTHIN'IS MORE DANDY THAN TO BE A FULL-FLEDGED PANSY

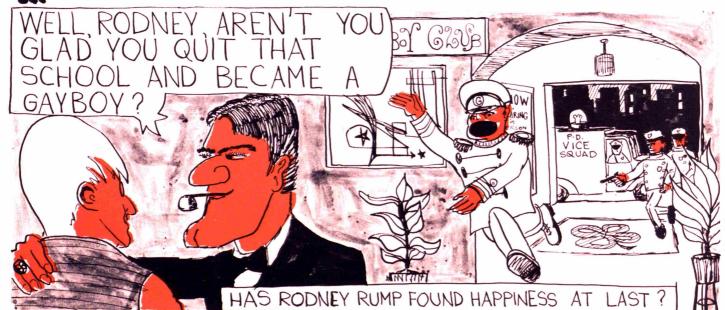
NO ONE LIKES YOU BETTER THAN IN YOUR FUZZY SWEATER AND WHEN YOUR TIGHT WHITE LEVIS ARE REALLY PAINTED ON

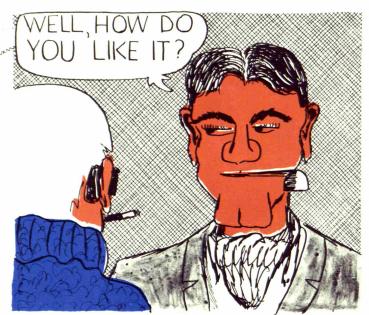
OH - NOTHIN' SUITS YOU BETTER
THAN YOUR BUDDY WHEN YOU FRENCH
HER

IN THE MO. O. ORNIN

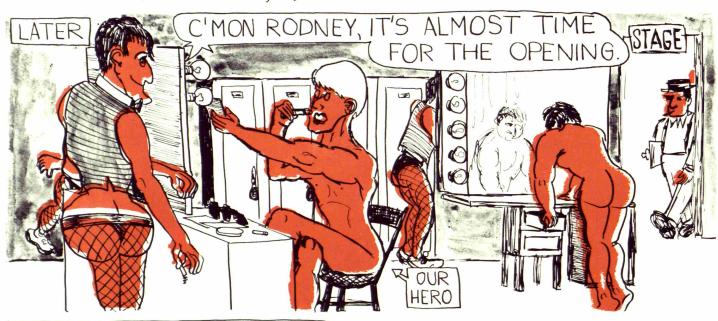
NO - NEVER TELL YOUR MOTHER
THAT YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH YOUR
BROTHER
IN THE MO-O-ORNIN















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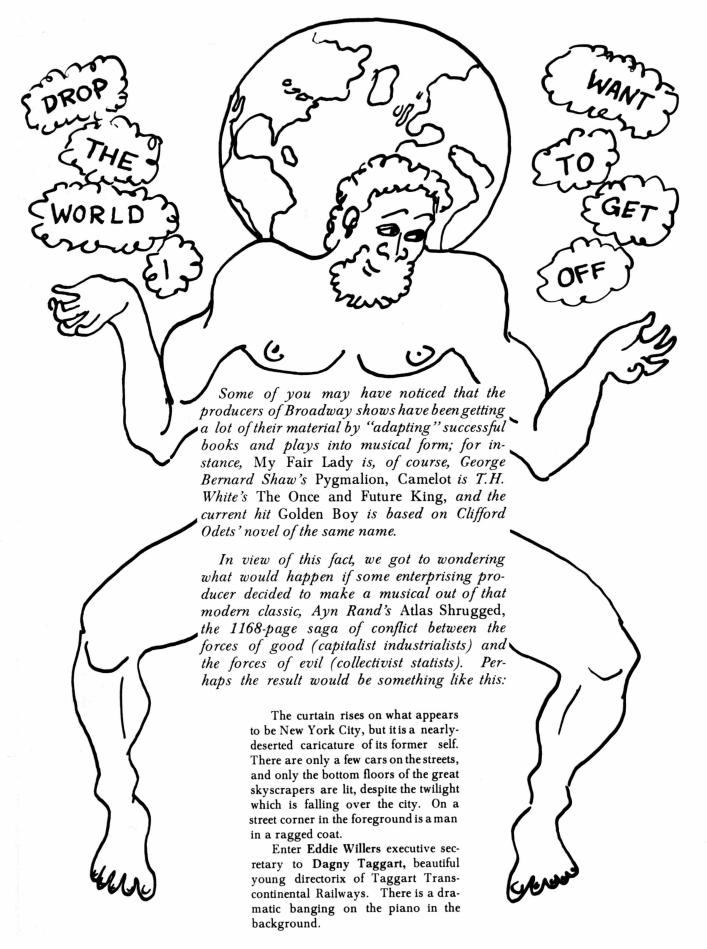


They'd rather fight than switch!

WHAT KIND OF A MAN READS GAYBOY?

He's a man-about-town, modern in every respect, but maintaining the liberal philosophical outlook of his traditional eastern education. Note that he always keeps abreast of the latest in men's fashion. He is a man admired by his educated colleagues, and for good reasons. To put it briefly, you might say he is a man's man.





MAN IN RAGGED COAT: Who is John Galt? And who's that bangin' on the piano?

WILLERS: I dunno.

At that moment, they are joined by a shabbily-clad seventy-six man chorus, and all burst into song.

"WHO IS JOHN GALT?"

(Tune: "Who Put the Bomp in the Bomp-Shabomp-Shabomp?")

"Oh, who caused this mess and America's big distress?

Who put the hex on the Dow-Jones Index?

Who took the key to our productivity? Who lost our jobs and made us into slobs?

Who is John Galt? Is this whole mess his fault?

Is he the man who murdered Santa Claus?"

The next scene takes place in Dagny Taggart's office at Taggart Transcontinental. Dagny is explaining to Eddie Willers that the country's economy can be helped to recover from its mysterious ailments by building a new railroad line from Colorado to the east,

thus enabling the few steel mills still remaining in operation to get badly-needed ore. She suggests that this new line be called "The John Galt Line", as a slap in the face of popular superstition, which attributes the nation's economic difficulties to the unidentified Mr. Galt. Dagny enthusiastically sings

"THE GALT RAILROAD LINE"
(Tune: "The Rock Island Line)

"Oh, the Galt Railroad Line'll be a might good road

The Galt Railroad Line will ship your goods on time

The Galt Railroad Line'll be a mighty good road.

Well, if you want to freight it, Gotta crate it, date and rate it Then just drop it at the station For the Galt Railroad Line."

But the Galt Railroad Line proves an insufficient measure, for the country is being plagued by an increasingly rapid series of disappearances, whereby everyone of talent and vision is being drained from the economy. The government issues edicts forbidding anyone to quit his job without government permission, and places heavy taxes and regulations on high-profit industries, including Taggart Transcontinental, thus causing many of them to go out of business

Among those who flaunt the edicts is Ellis Wyatt, a Colorado oilman whose wells are about to be seized. Warned of the impending action, he sets fire to his oilfields and disappears, leaving a sign bearing the message "Get It If You Can." The fire is eventually extinguished, except for one well, "Wyatt's Torch," which continues to burn defiantly, a lonely light in a land now almost totally dark.

"WYATT'S TORCH"

(Tune: "Mickey Mouse Club" Theme)

"What's burning there whose odor keeps

Mosquitos far away? W-Y-A-T-T'-S T-O-R-C-H Wyatt's Torch

Wyatt's Torch!

Forever may your oily flame burn high!

STOCK OF

SHOES IN

BOSTON.

The flame of justice smells a bit But shines in fifty states W-Y-A-T-T'-S T-O-R-C-H!"

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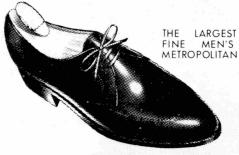
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& Peppers 2 Skewers 3.30 1 Skewer 2.25
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satirist d. f. nolan, with assistance from steve ward, gives his jaundiced view of broadway's yet-to-be-written musical hit

Things continue to go downhill, however, and in desperation the government issues a directive forbidding all innovation and regulating every movement. Soon afterward, Dagny Taggart meets an old man on a train, who tells her who John Galt is, and why the world is going dark -- because Galt is leading a strike of the creators and innovators, who are rebelling against the collectivists and regulators, who have been responsible for the world's ills, and now, left to themselves, are causing its ruin. The old man and Dagny join in a duet:

"COLLECTIVIST HELL" (Tune: "Heartbreak Hotel")

Well, since the creators done left us We need a new place to dwell

'Cause the world's at the end of the New Frontier...

It's a pure collectivist hell.

And now we're so hated, and so regulated, that we'll leave.

Well, the government's so often told us The industrialists really don't count That they've driven us into a secret retreat

And we'll never, we'll never come out. And the world will decay, in its socialist way, when we're gone."

Eventually, Dagny and the other innovators have all retreated into John Galt's secret hideout in the Colorado mountains, a "utopia of greed" adorned with a three-foot-high solid gold dollar sign, where they await the collapse of civilization. When the world has been reduced to collectivized barbarism, they deliver an ultimatum, saying that they will return only if left unregulated. The world resues, and falls into total collapse. Galt and Co. then return, singing a song of triumph:

"THE BAD OL' HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC (FINALE)

"Our eyes have seen the glory of the golden dollar sign

And now we're taking over, so the world will be just fine.

We will rebuild all the steel mills, and the John Galt Railroad Line

While Wyatt's Torch burns on! Chorus:

Glory, Glory, we will save you! Glory, Glory, we will save you! Glory, Glory, we will save you! While Wyatt's Torch burns on!

We've seen the nation ruined by a giant welfare state

So we've come to save the country from its socialistic fate.

Though the statists would enslave us, they have failed, 'cause we're so great...

And Wyatt's Torch burns on! Repeat Chorus

END



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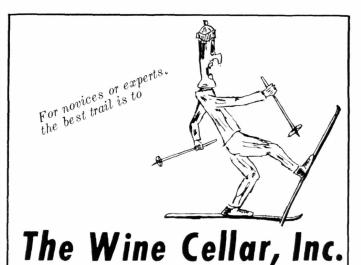


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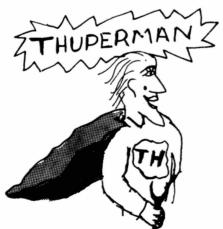






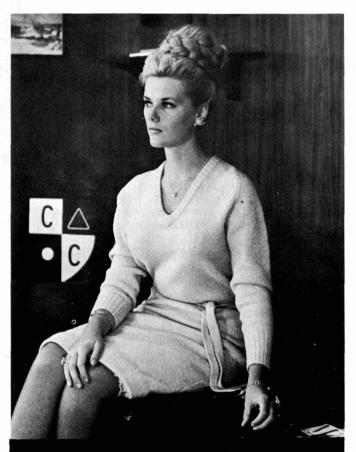


HERBERT HORNY, YOU HAVE SPOKEN THE MAGIC WORD, FROM THIS DAY FORTH YOU WILL BE









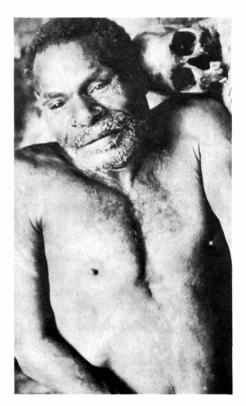
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Bring a girl along, she can play free too — I love competition. You and your date will enjoy playing pool at the Cue and Cushion — more fun and relaxing than anything else you can get away with early in the evening. It's the poor man's LSD.

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April 64, Red Issue
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January 65, Christmas

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A Time for Everything

Part 15 of a 27 part serialization of the new novel by Jay Balders

SYNOPSIS: To the men who worked for Goathead Publisher's Incorporated, Lionel Stockton was more than just an expert manuscript editor. Most of them also knew him as a first class hustler, a gourmet, and a lover. So they were upset by his sudden decision to resign from the firm and join the entertainment troupe headed by the notorious Ringy Moon; upset about losing a good editor, friend, and relative.

Lionel's roommate somehow became the middleman between Lionel and company president Edward Goathead. Hiram Saltzen was presently unemployed, except for his interest in Lionel, and his desire to please his close friend, office boy Steve Pratt. Steve had no real interest in the problem, but was easily swayed to anger by the tirades of the Production Manager, Lionel's brother Corinth. As a result, Steve hated Ringy with a passion, and swore to kill him. He was restrained by Edward, who was in love with his secretary, Hedda Darling, an ardent admirer of Ringy.

Other fauna included Hedda's husband Reggie, who hopes to be more friendly with Hiram; Felix Hotdog, Ringy's agent, and a client of Edward's; Lionel's mother, Irma, who married Henry Ladoux, who Lionel believes had murdered his real father, Arnold Stockton; and Wyatt Berny, the nut down the hall.



Stockton knew what had to be done; he just didn't know whom to

Lionel woke staring into Hiram's eyes. He started to get up, and realized that he must have had a head the size of a watermelon. Only his hairdresser knew for sure.

Hiram woke, and one look at Lionel reminded him what had happened. They had had a few drinks--and a long harangue with Reggie. Reggie had told them to keep out of the whole thing; if Steve wanted to kill Ringy, well, let him. Corinth knew what he was doing all right, and Corinth would do anything to keep Lionel from joining Ringy.

"Say, now aren't you the handsome one this morning?"

"O.K. never mind. What happened?"

"Don't you remember? Reggie said that if Corinth wants Steve to kill Ringy, that's fine. I kind of suspect Reggie wants to see Ringy hurt because Hedda likes him... he doesn't seem to care at all about Hedda and Edward and their unnatural relationship. Anyway, I think he kind of likes me."

"Corinth?"

"No, Reggie. Don't you listen?"

"Now that you mention it, no."

This fascinating conversation was interrupted by a knock. "Wonder who that could be?" Hiram opened the door, and there was Felix.

"Well, come in! Come in!" said Lionel, for the first time enthusiastic. "They tell me Pratt wants to harm your star."

"Well, baby, that's like I get it, too." His apparent unconcern masked a deep fear of Pratt.

"What I don't see is why Corinth feels this way. He always seemed to get on so well with Ringy."

"Maybe too well!" added Hiram.

"So like, the reason I come is 'cause I saw your Ma, Irma. She'n Henry was over to Berny's place. She says maybe Corinth got stars in his eyes for Moon, maybe that's why he don't want Lionel boy to join. She don't like the whole thing."

"Corinth? I doubt it, but ... "

Lionel didn't get a chance to finish. "Like I don't want a big thing, here. Just thought you'd want to know what Irma said is all. So, I go."

"I'll walk you to the door."

While Hiram was alone, he tried to figure out what was happening. He wanted to go see Steve, but that probably wouldn't accomplish anything. The person to see was Corinth, and that's where he decided to go.

This was the fifteenth part of Jay Balder's new novel "A time for Everything." It will be continued in another publication.



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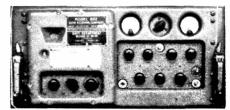
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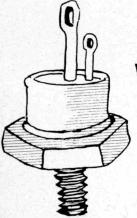
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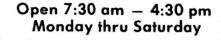
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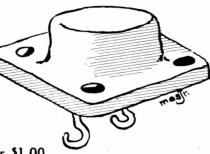
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