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SUMMER OF DISCONTENT

The summer months are practically over and never before has a season contained more tragedy and horror for gay people throughout the nation.



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On The Record

BY PETE DVARACKAS

This summer has been a remarkable endurance test; hasn't it? If anyone told me in June the season would produce such incredible changes, I wouldn't have taken him seriously. But as we edge into September, our back to summer and facing autumn, we're taking things far more seriously now.

Remember June? Life had a softer focus. At GAY we were busily redesigning the paper and then we came out like gangbusters with our first new edition feeling cocky, and aloof from the petty bickering and nitpicking shit that characterized what was happening then. Of course, our spirits were dampened by the New York City Council's mindless rejection of gay rights legislation, Intro 475, which we thought for sure this time was in the bag, but basically it was summer and it was going to be a lark. Who anticipated the explosion?

The Upstairs Lounge fire in New Orleans changed everything—killing 32 people, vicious mass murder, a crime still unsolved. All we know is that someone who had access to a military flammable substance was responsible for burning a room full of people to death in as much time as it takes to smoke a cigarette.

It didn't stop there. At Cherry Grove the fire alarms went off constantly this season and 11 fires were reported before the asshole who admits setting most of them was apprehended. In San Francisco the Metropolitan Community Church went up in smoke, \$100,000 damages because of an arsonist's torch. Gay bars all across the country from California to Puerto Rico were firestruck with sickening regularity.

The fires were bad enough, right? So who needed the gay-bait muggings in New York's Chelsea area, or the stabbings in Boston, where one guy was tossed into a sewer to die in the muck?

We became aware of a national mood this summer which is difficult to pinpoint or explain. Some would like to ignore much of what we've seen, hoping it will go away. But no matter how hard we try to disengage ourselves from, say, the slaughters of young boys in Florida and Texas, we can't, and certainly the straight press is exploiting them to the hilt. Where were they in New Orleans? Now the Houston murders have about as much to do with the mainstream of homosexuality as the Richard Speck murders—or Adolf Hitler, for that matter—had to do with heterosexuality, and we get pissed when media goons like the *Daily News* proselytize their homophobic stance and attempt to link, by way of story placement, an alleged Dallas sex-procurement ring with the Houston murders. This brand of journalism adds to the public hysteria which is already cracking with misunderstanding. We're not overreacting on this point: you should have witnessed 200 cops in riot gear preventing 1,000 angry people from storming New York's Clinton Street police station in the mistaken belief that a suspect in the mutilation murder of four boys was inside the building. That was a lynch mob.

Luckily there is a positive side to this summer's sad events, because the aftermath has brought us together more than ever before. In closely New Orleans, gay groups have sprung up with a sense of purpose and determination that city has never known. Nationally we're working to help the survivors of the bar fire start their lives over again, and to that end we need your continued support in cash and blood. Send to: New Orleans Memorial Fund, Box 74695, L.A., Calif. 90004.

Philosophically we're closer to each other now, and more important, we're nearer to ourselves, facing realities, and learning that by subdividing our personalities, on the one hand to conform to a spiritually bankrupt society, while on the other hand attempting to realize our own valuable needs, we are merely dividing our energies. Daring to be free takes all the energy we've got.

Agreed, not everybody wants to jump on the bandwagon demanding police protection, insisting that our places of congregation conform to fire regulations, pushing for repeal of sodomy laws as well as any law prohibiting private sexual behavior. But we need this kind of motivation. If we can remember this summer and be aware that we live in a society that's conditioned to disregard, in general, while paying lip service to, the value of human life—and the tragedies we've experienced are only a microcosm of far greater atrocities—then we will better understand the society many of us work so hard to emulate. Let's start there, and if we're honest with ourselves, maybe we'll go far.

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Directive to Muzzle Cop Gay Baiters

You wonder why police want to waste their energy beating on gay people. There's so much shit going on in New York City, you'd think harassing gays would be on the bottom of the list, or best of all, not there at all. But that's not the case. Tenth Precinct cops punched around Jack Modica, an owner of the *Eagle's Nest* bar, invaded a private meeting of gay people who were discussing assaults in the Chelsea section of the city, ticketed cars of patrons of gay bars while ignoring a line of illegally parked Hertz vans. Makes you sick, doesn't it?

Well, it made 300 people upset enough to demonstrate about it in a march to the Tenth Precinct, which got coverage on major TV networks, the best being Channel 7's Eyewitness News.

The most positive result of the demonstration was a police directive not to use slurs when dealing with gay people. Not much was accomplished in regard to harassment in general, nor to the case of Jack Modica, specifically.

Modica was assaulted by two uniformed policemen who were in the neighborhood ticketing cabs and parked cars. Five days after the attack he was still passing out from dizziness, having been kicked, punched, and had his head pinned to the concrete. Before this incident, *Eagle's Nest* and Spike (another bar nearby) patrons had been robbed, beaten, and stabbed by a gang of youths.

"Take this and keep out of our neighborhood, fuckin' faggot," said the youth as he plunged a knife into the back of a victim. "The rash of assaults have been perpetrated by homophobic gangs operating out of the West 17th Street housing projects. The gang is white and vicious," Marc Wald, a gay activist, said.

The 300 demonstrators, chanting "We'll fight back!" were members of Lesbian Feminist Liberation, the Mattachine Society, Gay Youth and the Gay Activists Alliance, who marched from GAA's Firehouse through the Christopher Street ghetto and up Hudson Street.

Stick it in at Your Own Risk



STOP! This route is strictly one way.

Legally you have no right to be fucking ass or sucking cock because that's sodomy and sodomy is against the law, and no matter how much you like to do it, or how good it may feel, there is still the nasty business of having the whole thing blow up in your face because of a legal hassle.

Seems only natural, doesn't it, that sodomy laws should be repealed? Not everybody feels that way, particularly some New York State legislators who have kept repeal legislation buried in committee, but there may be some hope in the offing. Gay Activists Alliance and the American Civil Liberties Union are justifiably outraged by the inactivity of lawmakers in this regard and they want to do something about it. So don't be surprised if GAA and the ACLU next week file a class-action suit against the police commissioners of Nassau and Suffolk Counties and New York State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz to get their asses moving.

The New York State Assembly and Senate adjourned for summer without taking action on sodomy repeal or fair employment legislation aimed at the gay community.

"It was a rush," John Howard, the NYSGCCQ lobbyist reflected. "The VD bill which would have required VD tests of anyone arrested for prostitution or sodomy offenses failed in the Senate."

"The bill which would have given Secretary of State John P. Lomenzo the power to refuse incorporation to any group he thought 'unacceptable' was amended so that it should be acceptable to gays and is now on Governor Rockefeller's desk."

"Consensual sodomy never came out of committee. Neither did the fair employment law. However, a 'stop and frisk' law which would give police the power to stop and frisk people if they believe a class B misdemeanor has been or is about to be committed was passed and is on the Governor's desk."

Consensual sodomy is a Class B misdemeanor under New York law. The legislation would give police the right to search anyone suspected of such activity.

Howard said that his experiences as a gay lobbyist had left him with feelings of "frustration."

"It certainly wasn't pleasurable," Howard explained. "You discover that most decisions are made by Governor Rockefeller and the Republican leadership. They are like laws unto themselves and function with very little input from the people of this state."

Howard lobbied for 18 weeks and said that he "wouldn't want to do it again next year."

Getting Laid, Robbed and Stabbed at the Trucks

The price of quick sex at the trucks in New York's dock area this summer is so high it hardly seems worthwhile unless you can get off on having your pocket picked or don't mind the risk of being stabbed or mugged.

When Steven Ashchmazi passed near the trucks recently, he saw a white man on the ground being beaten and stabbed by a black assailant.

Ashchmazi, an activist with GAA-NY, intervened and the black assailant fled. He rushed the man on the ground to St. Vincent's Hospital where he was admitted and listed in "critical" condition. He had one stab wound in the heart.

Earlier in the week GAAers Bruce Voeller and Paul Martin met with Captain DuBow and Sergeant Walsh of the 6th Precinct's anti-crime unit to discuss what could be done about the rising incidence of assaults taking place in the West Village "trucks" area.

Less than a week later, Voeller, president of N.Y.'s GAA, apprehended two men who attempted to rob him at the trucks. A young Puerto Rican, identified as Ben Venito Vega, pressed up against him and slipped his hand into Voeller's pocket.

Voeller says he grabbed the young man's wrist as his hand emerged from his pocket with \$9 in hand. Voeller always marks his bills with Lambda signs.

While Voeller was holding Vega by the wrist, Vega handed the money to a black accomplice later identified as Bill



TRUCKIN' AT THE TRUCKS: Get your tubes cleaned, your pockets picked, your ass fucked and back stabbed.

McGlincher. Fortunately for Voeller, some acquaintances saw what was transpiring. While Voeller held Vega and dragged him toward the street, Voeller's friends seized McGlincher.

A crowd gathered and the group moved into the street. Just at that moment, a patrol car from the Sixth Precinct pulled around the corner on its regular rounds. The gays flagged down the car and Voeller had the two men arrested.

As a complainant, Voeller had to go

to court the next morning to press charges.

"The Legal Aid lawyer defending McGlincher repeatedly tried to bring my homosexuality up to challenge my reliability as a witness," Voeller reports. "But the District Attorney objected and the judge sustained the District Attorney."

Voeller says that the case was transferred to three different courts during the course of the day while the Legal Aid lawyers attempted to plea bargain with the District Attorney to have the charge reduced from robbery to grand

larceny.

"Robbery" is a felony. "Grand Larceny" is only a misdemeanor. The "robbery" charge was sustained and it now goes to the Grand Jury.

"There're at least eight or nine pick-pockets down there every night. We're working in teams to try to catch them. So far, you might say between the stabbing incident and the two who tried to rob me, we've caught three of them," Voeller notes, then adds warily:

"Anyone who brings any money with them to the trucks is crazy."

3 Million Americans Have Crabs

Dr. Leslie G. Norins, who worked with the federal government's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia, has researched the spread of crabs by studying the sales of A-200 Pyninate, manufactured by Norcliff Laboratories of Fairfield, Connecticut, over the past decade. His findings have caused Dr. Norins to call *pediculosis pubis* (the crabs) "a third VD epidemic." Crabs are passed mainly during sexual contact and therefore qualify as a venereal disease.

A-200 Pyninate is merchandised in one-time application dispensers. It accounts for approximately 70 per cent of the anti-lice remedy market. Therefore, Dr. Norins concludes that A-200 Pyninate sales are a reliable indicator of the incidence of crab lice in the population as a whole.

People unfamiliar with the barely visible bugs which munch, breed, cuddle and thrive in the genital region, the crevice of the buttocks, and sometimes in armpits and eyebrows, usually scratch at the initial itching without knowing the cause.

In time, the lice multiply greatly. All the while, they are also passed on to each new sex partner who also may inadvertently carry them for weeks or months and pass them on to still others. It is impossible to pick off most of



BIG ITCH awaits YOUR crotch too.

the lice when they are discovered and therefore medication is needed. A-200 is sold without prescription at most drug stores.

Promiscuous sexual activity results in the person catching crabs sooner or later. Those who have had the vermin frequently learn to investigate the very first signs of itching and sometimes succeed in picking the offending mites off with the aid of a magnifying glass. However, such de-infestation is difficult, tedious and very unreliable.

Dr. Norins says that A-200 Pyninate sales will reach 2,081,136 doses in 1973—up from 1,592,124 cases in 1972. In 1963, only 254,184 bottles of A-200 Pyninate were sold.

Blumenthal for Mayor, Again



BLUMENTHAL: Most sincere candidate.

If you're nauseated at the prospect of being offered, this November, a choice between a sclerotic old ward-heeler like Abe Beame and a certified goose-stepper like Marchi for the next Mayor of our not-so-fair city, then you should be aware right now that Assemblyman Al Blumenthal is also running, on the Liberal ticket. Reluctant as we are to endorse any politician for any office, GAY feels compelled to ask its readers to look into the possibilities of voting for Blumenthal, if only because neither Beame nor Marchi, so far as we have heard, has anything but evil to offer the gay community of New York, whereas Blumenthal has come out repeatedly in favor of gay rights. There's a bill pend-

ing right now in the State Legislature which if passed will prohibit discrimination in employment hiring on the grounds of sexual preference, and Blumenthal is its main sponsor; he also lobbied heavily last spring for Intro 475 before the City Council, which would have guaranteed gay equality in matters of housing, employment and public accommodations.

Of the three announced candidates for Mayor so far, Blumenthal seems to show the most sincere concern for the quality of life for the average citizen in this town. He doesn't, like Marchi, continually demonstrate how thoroughly decent and American he is, nor does he, like Beame, keep raising emotional issues about "ethnic strife," which only tends to set one part of the community at odds with all the others. Blumenthal lives on Riverside Drive with his wife Joel, a teacher, and their four children. As Deputy Minority Leader in the Assembly, he has supported abortion reform, judicial reform, Medicaid, rent reform, consumer protection, and pollution control. While his fight against vacancy decontrol in 1971 was defeated by wealthy landlord interests, he has managed to at least guarantee round-the-clock heating and other tenant safety measures.

Getting the Facts "Straight"

Dr. Bruce Voeller has announced plans for a project to critically examine all textbooks being used in high school hygiene classes with an eye to making recommendations for changes to publishers and education boards.

Voeller says that help is needed from those with backgrounds in social work, psychiatry and education so critiques can be gathered and digested, and recommendations can be ready by the coming fall.

Experiences and information gathered by others throughout the country are being solicited. Once the information

has been compiled, local groups such as GAA-NY plan on complaining to New York City's Board of Education and to the publishers of the more widely used, more offensive texts with an eye to seeking changes.

They cite as an example a book entitled *Modern Sex Education* which is used in most New York City High Schools and which lists homosexuality under the heading "Muses of Sex."

Correspondence should be addressed c/o GAA, 99 Wooster St., New York, N.Y. 10012.

Cock Robin and the 42nd St. Boys

It was between shows at the male burlesque show which is on Eighth Avenue between 42nd and 43rd Streets. The sign above—a hold-over—says girls-girls-girls but the only women around are the rather boyish ones who issue the tickets. Inside it was boys-boys-boys at the **Gay Follies** and tonight Cock Robin had been M.C. and wasn't displaying his cock. Others in the cast were, however, big cocks, small ones, white, black and tan.

Intermission. Now we were having coffee during the hour of movies. They were now showing oldies. This night it was *Fatty Arbuckle* in drag.

"I know you won't believe me," Cock Robin says, blinking his blue eyes, "but I had a very puritanical background."

GAY: What about the foreground?
"Really?"

"Yes, I went to Church every Sunday."

"What denomination?"

"Baptist. In Lansdale, Pennsylvania. I didn't come to New York until four years ago. My mother protected me when I was young. I mean you didn't need much protection in Lansdale. There the worst thing that happened was that someone smoked in school or drank beer."

"But you managed to come out?"

"At thirteen. I was picked up in a movie house and the guy took me to his car, a Thunderbird. It sickened me. He had me every which way. He was older. Later I learned to be more selective. Then when I met Jim we decided to come to New York. I had met him in Allentown. We became lovers. We came to New York. We felt it couldn't be worse than back home. But we got hepatitis and got discouraged and went back home. The next time we came to New York we had fortified ourselves but it was very hard. One week end I'm ashamed to admit, I hustled."

"How terrible. I hope at least you got some good money out of it."

"A hundred and thirty dollars."

"No weird scenes?"

"There was a sadist. He wanted to stick pins in me and I said no, one of them might pierce the heart. He was go-



This guy shows his COJONES nightly.

ing to give me \$200. So he settled for pinching my nipples for \$60. But I had to quit it. I felt I was losing my reverence for sex."

"Oh, Robin! Cock Robin! You must never lose your reverence for sex!"

"Did you ever really fuck on stage?"

"Oh no, we're asked not to even get an erection but we do it seven or eight times a day and if there's a pretty boy in the audience I get carried away."

"How much do you earn in the sex-act act?"

"About \$450 a week."

"And the kids who dance solo in the boy-show?"

"They get \$125 a week."

"How often do they dance?"

"About 5-7 times a day, starting at noon and ending after midnight. There's an hour of dance, an hour of film."

"It's four short record-sides that are played as each boy dances and strips isn't it?"

"Yes, about 12 minutes."

"So they are on-stage up-front pushing it only at most 84 minutes a day?"

"Yeah. Which do you think is better, having the M.C. in drag or straight?"

"Pudgy Roberts was in drag and so was Hurricane Heaven. It depends on the person. Do you ever M.C. in drag?"

"Certainly not. I was in drag only once, on Halloween."

Is there a Baptist Church around 42nd Street. And does Cock Robin go there Sundays?

Will we ever know? —Leo Skir

Thrills & Outrages

Her throat was puffed up, inflamed, infected and she could hardly speak, much less sing, and so Lee Guilliat who plays Gertrude Stein in *The Faggot, Truck and Warehouse Theatre*, called in saying, "Aaaghhh." But the show must go on, right? So Al Carmines, the musical's composer-lyricist, postponed an out-of-town trip to portray Gertrude herself until Lee recovered.

Boys! Boys! Boys! the suck and fuck theatrical at 114 West 14th Street, is run by folks who care for their patrons. The revue operates in a second-floor theatre and the safety-conscious producers announce at the outset where fire exits are located, a no-joking-matter during these arson-prone days. Also, the four bucks admission entitles you to all the wine you can drink to ready you for the live sex banquet offered on stage every weekend. Audience participation is becoming the rule, instead of the exception. Recently a participant in the show grabbed a guy out of the first row and brought him under the spotlight to suck his cock while others in the audience fondled and sucked each other during the performance. Another step forward in the theatre.

Is paradise an all-gay island in the Caribbean? Some 40 guys who could get up the money went to find out on Colours' excursion to Isla de Oro, off the coast of Panama. Guides for the event were models from the Colt Studio's stable. Columbus once cruised these waters and I wonder if he ever made it with any Cuna Indians.

You don't need food for a picnic on the Morton Street Pier with bearded "lady" Ruth Truth and Myron Breckinridge. There's enough nourishment generated through their zany dockside antics, not to mention the Ruth Truth truisms. One passerby was advised on the care and feeding of cockroaches: "A roach in every room," said Ruth, balancing himself near the water's edge as Myron looked up his dress. "Spray roaches with day-glo paint, each nest should have a different color." Somewhere there's a lesson on getting more fun out of life.



The Daily News, the nation's major homophobic paper, demonstrated an example of "fixed editing" by attempting to link a Dallas call-boy service with the Houston slaughter of 27 boys by placing the two stories side by side. Moreover, noting that the word "kill" appeared over four paragraphs in the call-boy catalogue (obviously a reference to remove the photo), the News provided a more sinister innuendo, that the boys might be marked for extinction.

New York's Mercer Arts Center is closed due to the collapse of the nearby Broadway Central Hotel. *Tubstrip*, the bathhouse play which never really opened but was in endless preview there, won't silently slip down the drain, though, because it's reopening at the Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal Street.

"You can tell by the way he dresses that he's a . . ." TV contestants of The Match Game were asked to fill in the final mystery word which was "fag." Before they hit the magic money word, however, the giggling game players offered "sissy," "queer," and "nancy." The spot appeared in 250 videotapes geared for national distribution before CBS caught the blooper. It was never aired. This particular skit was used as a pilot for program promotion. Shows you where their heads are at.

Meat by Male-Order

Police in Dallas, Texas last month, a week after the 27 torture-murder slayings were discovered in Houston, raided the residence of one John Paul Norman, 45, and seized evidence of what they termed a "national homosexual ring," wherein young men were recruited and sent around the country to older "sponsors" for sexual entertainment. They said Norman's operation was called "Odyssey International," with a mailing address in San Diego, California. Norman, or people working for him, would allegedly recruit young men from bus stations and recognized gay areas in Texas, and set them up with customers from all over the country.

The young men, called "fellows," would be flown to their "sponsors," who would by prior agreement keep them for a few days before sending them to other "sponsors"; the "fellows" received expenses and pocket money for their participation in these arrangements. Dallas police said they discovered in Norman's possession a listing of some 100,000 names of persons involved in the operation. They also found a great quantity of photo-engraving equipment, camera supplies, some grass, and what was termed "pornographic literature." Norman, who had repeated convictions for sexual assaults and obscenity dealings dating from

1954, was charged with possession of marijuana, conspiracy to commit sodomy, and contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

Also discovered in the course of the raid were four photographs with the word "kill" scrawled over them. Police told reporters that this referred to the elimination of the boys from the rolls of the operation due to uncooperativeness, rather than to the physical murder of them. They were anxious to deny that this Dallas operation was in any way linked to the Houston torture-killing, but admitted, "We're just scratching the surface. We don't know where it will lead."

The sexual exploitation of young boys and girls is common in all great metropolitan areas, and it's a shame that it takes something like the Houston torture-murders to draw attention to it, and force the police to take action against it. In New York City, thankfully, a special police task force to deal with the problem of runaway children has been in operation for over a year now. New York has a constant runaway population of roughly 20,000 at all times; most of these youngsters only stay here for a few days and return home, but others, particularly those from distant areas, stay here and are forced into prostitution and other types of



crime to stay alive. The police runaway squad, which can pick up runaways by itself to the age of 16, and up to the age of 21 by request of the parents, has been successful in 95 per cent of recent cases wherein pimps have procured under-age children for sexual exploitation by older people. As for the possibilities of anything like the Houston mass slayings occurring here, Capt. Francis Daly of the Police Department's Youth Division is confident it can't happen: "You can't bury very much in this city without being seen by somebody," he observes.

As for the Dallas so-called "homosexual ring," Ronald Gold of the New York Gay Activists Alliance points out that since its "fellows" were apparently above the age of consent, it should not be viewed with any particular horror: "The whole idea that because one person is older than another he is automatically an exploiter is ridiculous," points out Gold.

And the narcotics rehabilitation organization called Odyssey House is concerned lest anyone think it has any association with "Odyssey International," which also issued stationery titled "Epic International": "This is the first time we've been aware of anybody using our name in any illegal activity," says James Murphy of Odyssey House.

Flash at Riis Park and Get Away Scot Free!

France has the Riviera, California has San Gregorio, and now, at last, Brooklyn has Bay 2 at Riis Park! This is where one can go to get a full-body tan—if you get the idea—lying about the sand by the barely polluted waters of the Atlantic Ocean, soaking up the old Vitamin D through every single pore in the flesh of one's body. The sheer sensuous joy of absorbing sunlight as Nature intended, untrammelled by clothes and all the self-consciousness they entail, is further sweetened by the prospects about one in Riis Park of hundreds of others lounging and wandering about in an identical state of non-apparel. What a way to spend a long, hot summer!

The whole business started last spring, when, according to reports, the gay women who patronize the beach "dropped their tops" and offered up their proud pectorals to the sunlight. "Well, darling, why not?" asked one teen-aged woman who was discovered lounging around in bikini-bottoms. "We've dropped the rest of the conventions. We're just blazing a trail, the straights will follow next year."

But the first to emulate these women, happily enough, were the gay men who enjoy the beach. If the women could pass about unclad and unmolested, then by heaven the men could too! "I've never been able to put up with swim trunks," smiled one sandy-haired sun worshiper, as he self-consciously smoothed a streak of astringent lotion down the inside of one thigh, displaying a fetching constellation of freckles in the most delightful places! "If they're not so tight that they cut off your most important areas of circulation, then they're so loose they look like middle-aged businessmen's undershorts. Any-



way, I firmly believe in getting a full-body tan." And he most certainly has one, too.

It's a sign of the times, as if anyone needed it, affirming the belated recognition of the human body as a healthy, happy organism. Residents of the area—

which is supposedly a "conservative" neighborhood, with the adjacent location of the Neponset Home for the Aged, and 68-year-old Abraham Beame's summer residence—regard the Bay 2 goings-on with an equanimity that verges on total lack of interest. "The homosexuals have always had that part of the beach to

themselves," declared a middle-aged mechanic who lives nearby. "If they want to run around with no clothes on, let them, I don't care. As a matter of fact, some of those girls are fine to look at, I just wonder if they're ever going to take off their bottoms, too."

The only adverse reactions to the Riis Park nudity seem to come from "outsiders," people who aren't aware that Bay 2 is a gay-dominated area, and wander in with their beach chairs and umbrellas, only to find themselves surrounded by bare breasts and bottoms. Usually these people just move down the beach, blushing, but once in a while true hysteria results. A young topless Riis Park woman recalls with amusement the time "when some woman was screaming. I don't want to see that, I don't think I should be subjected to that!" at some guy. So he asked her why she just didn't go away, but she just stood there screaming, "It's immoral, it's illegal," while staring at his penis. "One can only feel compassion for people who are so pathetically entrapped by their own prurience and guilt."

When these infrequent complaints arise, they are generally lodged with the lifeguards, which is also amusing, since these not-uncomely stalwarts themselves have been known to disperse with trunks on many an occasion. "Once in a while," affirms one lifeguard, "people will go by and complain to us, but we tell them to go to the police. We're not here for that. We're here to prevent drownings and fights." And of course the policemen of Brooklyn have infinitely more important affairs to attend to than making sure the bathers at Riis Park comply with middle-class attitudes of decency.

Slaughter,
Violence, Arson
Nationwide!
Will
Autumn
Save Us
from Our
Summer of
Discontent?



Flush Boy-Slayer

Texas Police Find Four More Bodies; The Total Is Now 23

By JAMES P. STERRA
The New York Times

'Seek More Sex Slaying Indictments'

—To four bodies, the police say one of the accomplices has told them he killed the utility worker. The second alleged accomplice came forward later.

Associated Press Wirephoto
Mark B. Matson
Identified from dental charts

Elmer Wayne Henley, left, 17, and David Owen Brooks, 18, rest after leading police to burial sites.

Open Girl's Sex, Murder Tale

If the nationwide tragedies have crippled our spirit, then ignoring those events might further add to the paralysis. Arson in New Orleans, L.A., San Francisco, Puerto Rico and New York; gay-bait murders and muggings in Boston and New York and wholesale slaughter in Florida and Texas contribute to a national mood which bears scrutiny. This report by Pete Dvarackas, Vito Russo and Randy Wicker illuminates the summer so we might better predict what autumn portends.

FIRE ISLAND A rash of strange fires which shattered the usual calm of Cherry Grove, one of the friendliest communities on Fire Island, ended this week with the apprehension of Louis De Nonno, 29, of 1061 56th St., Brooklyn, who was caught in the act of setting his ninth fire in three weeks.

During the past month, speculation as to the motives of the arsonist ran from an anti-gay to an anti-semitic mentality. The fires had been preceded by anti-semitic remarks scrawled on several homes with paint during the night. There is still no evidence that the two incidents were in any way connected. The fires began in the early part of July, small ones at first, outside the Beach Hotel and Club, the largest hotel complex in the Groves. Within a week there were several others, including one which partially destroyed the rest room of the Sea Shack Restaurant adjacent to the hotel. It became apparent that the fires were the work of an arsonist when a pile of rags and cardboard were found burning under the Sea Shack. The hotel received at least two phone calls and a letter from an

unidentified man who told hotel operator and manager Michael Fesco to "get your waiters out from under the Sea Shack. The Sea Shack is doomed."

On Sunday evening, July 22nd, during a performance by singer Della Reese at the Ice Palace, a fire destroyed a \$75,000 home on Bayview walk. It has not been proven that De Nonno was responsible for the blaze, but occurring when it did, it served only to reinforce the mounting apprehension in the community. A meeting called by the Cherry Grove Arts Project, The Property Owners Association, Michael Fesco, Ted Drach, Jimmy Merry and the Fire Dept. produced classes in fire control and the setting up of fire watches to police the downtown areas throughout the night. Residents, straight and gay, joined forces on volunteer fire duty. "It was very strange," said Mike



BURNED OUT home at Cherry Grove.

Fesco. "This community has always enjoyed a very relaxed environment. Almost overnight it became an armed fortress. People were stopped and challenged on the boardwalks by fire marshals with flashlights and cruising became all but nonexistent anywhere but at the far end of the meat rack. It was beginning to look like Beverly Hills." The most often heard sentiment was: "Whoever this freak is, I hope his vacation ends soon so he can go back to his closet." The residents were uptight with strangers and the employees questioned everyone of a suspicious nature. The police, who have been exemplary all season, working closely with community leaders, doubled their ranks and set up additional watches every night. The suspicious nature of the employees paid off on Monday night, August 6th, when Ray Tempo of the Beach Hotel tracked De Nonno, whom he had been following for two days, and discovered him standing before a small, steadily mounting blaze on Maryland Walk. Tempo had become apprehensive about him and checked his hotel records to discover that all of his visits to the hotel coincided with fire occurrences. Tempo then called the police who questioned De Nonno for six hours before extracting a confession. When asked why he did it, De Nonno replied that he had taken a dislike to the hotel and its employees and guests. A number of people present at the time expressed the opinion that De Nonno was getting off sexually on the fires. De Nonno is presently being held by the Suffolk County Police on charges of 2nd degree arson. "The mood in Cherry Grove has returned to normal. It is a community

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Eyewitness
Morty Manford
in New Orleans!
Can an
Arsonist's
Flame Light
the Candle
of Gay
Unity?

BY PETE DVARACKAS

With his customary quiet determination, Morty Manford has been mobilizing gays out of chaos from the New Orleans arson murder of 32 persons. Yes, it's an effort we can all respond to because no matter how diverse gay interests may be, the fact remains when some motherfucker fire-bombs a business where gay people congregate, any of us can get burned... see, you are involved. As you read this interview, ask yourself, does your favorite hangout conform to fire regulations... and if not, why not?

GAY: The killing of 27 boys in Houston, is being called the greatest mass slaughter in U.S. history, yet this doesn't seem accurate when you consider the murder by fire of 32 people at New Orleans's Upstairs Lounge. The survivors of that tragedy require blood and dollars to get themselves together again, and you've been co-directing that effort. What has the response been like nationwide?

escaped through the rear exit of the bar unharmed. We were dealing with people who saw their lovers and friends burned to death and who needed love and counseling. And we worked mainly on turning back an anti-gay campaign we were faced with there.

GAY: What did these survivors have to say?
MANFORD: Well, it was a very traumatic experience for all of us. Morris Kight and I were in New Orleans 24 hours after the fire and we were met at the airport by two brothers who had escaped the blaze unscathed. The people were panic-stricken, some hysterical, others trying very hard to hold themselves together after the disastrous sights and experiences they had undergone.

GAY: How did they describe the fire and how it got started?
MANFORD: There was a bell at the bottom of the staircase—the Upstairs Lounge was a second-story bar—and taxi drivers

that led out through another window and over a roof top and people could have escaped that way. There was a hero in this tragedy, Buddy Ramussen, the bartender. As soon as the fire happened he shouted **follow me** and he led them out this rear exit. Most of the others would have been able to escape had there not been burglar bars on the windows; they were trapped. The fire department was at the scene within two minutes and they put out the fire in a matter of 16 minutes but by the time the rescue workers were able to get inside already 29 women and men were burned to death. Their bodies were burned together, many beyond recognition. The FBI made most of the identification cutting off people's finger tips. These they checked against finger prints in bureau records or by checking teeth against dental records of missing people about the country.

GAY: And then the state of survivors?
MANFORD: There is one fellow, his



MURDERED VICTIM of New Orleans bar blaze, one of 32 killed by arsonist.



FIREMAN leads shocked survivor away.



MORTY MANFORD: "The need is great."

MANFORD: After spending two weeks in New Orleans assessing the situation there I went to Los Angeles where I met with three trustees of the National New Orleans Memorial Fund and prepared press releases, helped set up benefits, and sent out fundraising letters. Then I traveled on to Denver, Chicago, Washington, D.C., Philadelphia and back to New York creating support committees to mobilize on a national level to provide blood and money for the sisters and brothers who survived the New Orleans Upstairs bar fire.

GAY: Did you visit hospitalized survivors in New Orleans?

MANFORD: Although I had a pass saying I was Deacon Manford which allowed me to visit the hospitals, I didn't go. Rev. Paul Briton from Washington, D.C. who is a specialist in social work and communications did. But I met with 20 or 30 people who were not hospitalized; who

would let customers know there's a cab around by ringing the bell which would go off upstairs. Well, just before the fire, somebody rang the bell, perhaps the arsonist or somebody else.

GAY: The arsonist? Has arson been confirmed officially, then?
MANFORD: It definitely was arson. The fire detectives and the state of Louisiana have finally admitted this publicly; it is a fact. The bell rang upstairs and customers looked down to behold a fire in the staircase which exploded and set off the interior of the bar covered with drapes and felted-wall paper and things hanging from the ceiling. The lounge had a lowered false ceiling so there was an air pocket above that and all things were just terribly flammable. Unfortunately all of the windows were covered with burglar bars and very few people knew about a rear exit because you had to get there through a third room. There was a stage area and

name is Rusty, who wakes up in the middle of the night shouting Jump, Adam, jump! Adam was his best friend. He must have been terrified because he never jumped. Here you can see how counseling is so important to the people who survived this thing. Also, in the hospitals the needs are enormous. They need blood. Over the next six months 1,800 pints of blood for plastic surgery is required. And they will need money for medical expenses, plastic surgery and rehabilitation, occupational rehabilitation for the people who will have to adjust to their new disabilities. In some cases people have dependents who need help.

GAY: What kind of response are you getting?
MANFORD: National response has been very heartening. People in most of the prime cities of the nation have been rais-

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8

Special Gay Symposium

How to Take it up the Ass

We got a bunch of guys together the other day in the GAY offices to talk about anal intercourse, or ass-fucking as it has come to be called. The conversation became a symposium so we decided to tape it since the participants possess varying sexual credentials and interests. While they didn't produce the final word on the pleasures of the rear door, they did hit on plenty of answers to questions you might have been hesitant to ask. The panelists, then, include Randy Wicker, a journalist in his 30's, Gil Knight, a singer, and Myron Iverson, a film distributor, both in their mid-20's.

GAY: Ass-fucking is certainly nothing new for gays. It's been a sexual staple of inter-male relationships since before the first Spartan soldier buggered a bold male companion. Yet, despite the popularity for this type of sex, there are some who don't like anal erotics at all, others who like only some aspects of it, and there are those who are just afraid to try. So let's start off this symposium by asking what is the most important thing to consider when fucking ass.

RANDY: Stimulation and relaxation. For the neophyte particularly it is essential to stimulate the genitals of the person being fucked because some people are incapable of coming otherwise. Also for the beginner, position is important and the easiest arrangement is to sit on the cock to control the rate of entry. But the name of the game in ass-fucking is relaxation. If a person is relaxed and stimulated, the experience can be very enjoyable. To achieve this, the fuckee should be taken only as rapidly as he wants to be fucked. It may take you half an hour to get in, but once you're there you can relax and manipulate them properly and perhaps manage a simultaneous orgasm. He can be under you, over you, or he can put his legs over your shoulders. Lubrication is very important: KY is good or Vaseline. I once did it with Vicks Vapo-rub, but I had a sort of tingling feeling and it was like a mentholated fuck.

GIL: In Puerto Rico we used a mass-produced hair cream called Sirena which shows a mermaid or siren on the front with her tail up in the air. I thought it rather appropriate. I like to fuck face to face because you can neck.

MYRON: Well, I like to sit on a cock because I have the control until I get used to it and then change to another position.

RANDY: About ten per cent of the straight men I've had sex with have wanted me to screw them and it's kind of funny because the same men would not screw a man in the ass. The reason seemed to be that if they wanted to fuck somebody they would rather go fuck a woman.

GAY: What advice do you have to give to a gay person who is being fucked for the first time?

GIL: Again, relax. If you're uptight about getting fucked, you have a tendency to tighten up those muscles and of course that's going to cause pain. Whereas if you have had some kind of experience and technique, you can say, "Oh boy, here

comes a big cock. I'd better relax enough to accommodate it." Stretching is not the only thing that causes the pain. Relaxation and the planning remove it.

RANDY: Some people say, "I can't take it" and that's a lie because when the doctors operate on you internally, they put their whole hand up your ass. The ass of even a small skinny person can expand to be as big around as your arm. I know one boy who was fucked only once and that was enough to put him in the hospital because he was so uptight and didn't know how to relax. When you're being fucked for the first couple of times, you shouldn't let the other person have total control unless you know him very well. If he is some sort of ruffian and just shoves it in, you can have problems if you're spread-eagled on the bed. If you're sitting on it or lying sideways, you can pull away if it becomes a painful thing and keep masturbating yourself to stay hot so it can be a pleasurable thing and take your mind off the problems connected with it.



"The name of the game in ass fucking is relaxation."

GIL: It's very important to have been fucked in the ass in order to be able to appreciate what it is like and then when you're fucking someone else you can perceive their side of what's happening and perhaps be a little gentler initially or whatever. The best fuckers are people who have been fucked because they're more perceptive to their partner's needs.

RANDY: I agree. The worst ass-fuckers are straight men because they just want to stick it in and get it off. That seems to be the general attitude.

GAY: What are some other aspects of ass-fucking?

RANDY: Well, cleanliness is a very important part. A lot of guys think that if you stick a cock in an ass it comes out covered with shit. This is not true when the person douches. People who are into ass-fucking usually make it a habit to douche regularly so as to avoid getting someone dirty. I used to fuck a boy who had that problem and after a while it made me rather defensive and wary of

fucking him for fear that it would happen again. It completely turned me off.

GAY: What are some of the advantages of anal sex?

MYRON: I think in anal sex you have more of an equality than in oral sex. For example, you can have one person just blowing the other and the passive one not reciprocating. If you fuck someone, who really enjoys being fucked, you have a more mutual experience instead of that oneness that can happen in oral sex. I've fucked people and had them really get into it and scream, "Fuck it! Fuck it!" A lot of them don't want to come. I know somebody who didn't want to come until he'd been fucked by a lot of people that night. He just wanted to be fucked over and over until he finally came.

RANDY: A lot of people are very into role playing and if you're fucking them and you decide to go down on them, you lose your macho image and they no longer enjoy it. It's a complete turn-off to them because they want a "real" man, or someone who will take them to bed and say, "Suck my cock!" and fuck them. If you suck them off, you're not a real man.

GIL: I fucked someone once who afterwards cried, "Now I'm queer." As though fucking him suddenly made him queer.

MYRON: What I like best is when someone is fucking me and I am fucking someone else and I was sucking someone else. I've done that and there were all these cocks coming and going! It was just wonderful, the height of ass-fucking.

GIL: I think the best thing in the world is to get fucked and either have someone 69 with you while it's happening or fuck someone else at the same time you're being fucked.

RANDY: Well, I guess I'm just a romantic, but for me sex is a two-person thing. The last time I was at an orgy I saw a guy I wanted to fuck and I started to when another guy came over and stuck his cock in my mouth and another guy started trying to fuck me so I just got up and left. I don't like group sex.

GIL: I like three at times.

RANDY: Three to me is a couple and a half.

GIL: Not if you handle it right. If you have three people who are sensitive to the other two people's needs, then you can have a fantastic time. You have to all work together at it.

GAY: Shall we talk about first times?

RANDY: The first time I did it I was not yet "out" in the Village and I was picked up by a big muscular guy named Gus who said that he only fucked straight boys. I remember that he told me to go right away to the bathroom and wash because it was the only way to avoid disease. In the late fifties when this happened there were not nearly as many diseases around as there are today. I figured out later that this was his own frightened idea that one carried germs and disease around in ass. Then I went to bed with a Cuban medical student who had a big cock and he just rammed it in. I ran out of the apartment screaming and never got fucked by another guy again for about a year.

MYRON: My first experience was at the baths where this big muscle number fucked me and it really hurt. But after a while I was able to relax and get into it and then it was really great.

GIL: I was in love with a West Indian calypso singer and he was the first person I let fuck me. He took me out to all these calypso clubs in Puerto Rico and then to his apartment where he unveiled his enormous tool and announced that he wanted to have sex. I was very excited since he had a wonderful body and I didn't think it was ever going to happen, so I guess I had a very positive outlook about the whole thing. Even though he had a large nine-inch cock, he lubricated me and was very gentle about introducing it slowly until it was all the way in. For me there was no pain and I really like having this beautiful body fucking me so slowly and sensuously. He sucked me off first and rimmed me, but never lost touch with my genitals which I think made it very easy.

GAY: What about the dangers?

RANDY: If you get fucked too hard, you can have your intestines bruised, which gives off a discharge which could cause you to think you have anal gonorrhea. I had a very small cock once jab me and caused me to have hemorrhoids.

MYRON: You can also contract infectious warts.

GAY: How do you get rid of those?

MYRON: The doctor paints the inside of your rectum with some medication and they eventually subside, but it's very painful.

GAY: How about disease?

RANDY: The ass is the bacteria repository of the body and there are some people who are not able to screw anyone in the ass because they are particularly sensitive to the bacteria in that area. Then, of course, there is all manner of VD.

GAY: What should you do if you get a disease like that?

RANDY: I would say that it's smartest to go to the government health service because they are used to dealing with homosexuals and will be more efficient. If you go to family doctors, you can sometimes run up against inexperience. Also rimmers. I have never known anyone who enjoys rimming a lot who did not come down with hepatitis. It always happens and I've known a lot of rimmers.

GAY: So there are pleasures and pitfalls to ass-fucking?

RANDY: I think we should put in a few words about fist-fucking. There are people who get carried away and put their whole fist up there and it can be very dangerous. I went to a gay men's seminar on health and a man spoke saying that you can get yourself fucked up. There have been cases where guys have been fist-fucked and their intestines fell right out of their ass and just hung there. I would not let anyone fist-fuck me unless I knew them extremely well. I wouldn't do it anyway on a health basis, but I certainly don't think that it is anything that someone should dive into half-cocked.



Illustration: Little Moon

Tricks: Down and Out in the Deep South

BY SIMON FOSTER

TRICKS is the column which takes into account the fact that nearly everyone in gay life has known one person in a relationship or a quick sexual adventure who sticks out in one's memory above the rest. Perhaps it was your first kiss, or first-fuck, or first or best lesbian experience, the biggest or smallest cock you ever sucked... whatever. GAY readers who have had such experiences are urged to send in their stories. Your anonymity will be protected and writers of published manuscripts will be paid as regular contributors upon publication. Send your story to TRICKS, c/o Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Sometimes tricks develop into lovers. More often they are brief encounters in which two strangers come together for a joyful moment, then separate back into two strangers. Frequently tricks become friends, and now and again they become burdens.

Elliot was a burden. I knew he was a disaster as soon as he began chewing on my meat. He sucked cock like a Yankee—badly. I should have shoved the homely kid's mouth away the first time his broken tooth gouged the skin of my cock, but I didn't. For one thing, he thought I was trade and that flattered me; for another, I hoped our action would turn on the very butch soldier I'd followed into the toilet of the bus station.

Elliot, as I later discovered, was a jinx, so of course the military trade left without a glance at me, and the skinny boy cut up my meat with his broken teeth so badly that I was out of commission for almost a week.

He apologized and offered to buy me a drink. Why not? Over beers at the Golden Horse we became sort-of friends. Afterwards we often ran into one another. The main problem with cruising a small Southern city is that one does keep running into the same faces. Poor Elliot always had a fresh tale of woe. His car was stolen over and over again by the rough trade. He was always being beaten up. His parents found out he was queer and threw him out of the house. His

roommate, a big, mean hillbilly who was as gay as a goose and hated himself for it, got drunk, beat Elliot up and ran off with everything the kid owned.

Somehow he got my phone number—several vicious queens had carved it deep into the wall of several toilets around town. Elliot started calling to give me daily reports on his tragic life. I came to look forward to them; his troubles made me feel that life was good to me. I loaned him money after his robberies and visited him in the hospital after the trade almost killed him.

Of course he invited disaster. Who else would pick up ten drunken soldiers in his car and offer to blow them all? The GIs beat him up, stomped on his face, and stole the car. When Elliot went to report the stolen car he followed a cop into the john and grabbed his dick. He got arrested and I had to call the gay Alderman, a closet queen with lots of political power, to have some strings pulled.

I got a job offer in New York and was packing to move. The phone rang. It was Elliot. "Can I come over and stay at your place?"

"What's wrong with yours?"
"Oh, I brought home some trade. They tied me to the bed, took all my money, and set the bed on fire. A neighbor rescued me, but my place is demolished."

I let him stay, and he took over the apartment when I left.

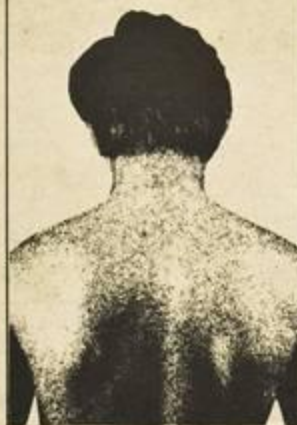
Not long ago I went home for a visit. The same tired people still sit in the same tired bar night after night, hoping for a

fresh face to walk through the door. I got a few stares; I was hardly a new face, but I'd been away two years and was therefore a sort-of new face.

Elliot was there. I said hello, prepared for the recital of his most recent troubles. Before he could begin, the door opened and a choice specimen swaggered in with a most peculiar gait. One glance at his crotch revealed a reason for his funny walk. The man had, as we say in the South, "meat for the poor!" Not only did his cock hang down almost to his knee, but he also possessed a ruggedly handsome face and a body for days.

The Hungry Hildas went into their routines, but Elliot used the direct approach and took the stool next to the

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Pinin' in the Pines Confessions of the Last "Rose" of Summer

BY VITO RUSSO

Walk around the tiny yacht-engorged marina at Fire Island Pines and peer discreetly inside the boats. Watch the canasta players discarding cards onto chrome and glass covered with crystal jars full of M&Ms, drinking blender-whipped alcoholic concoctions. It's late afternoon, tea-dance time, and mobs of men tailored into attractiveness wait for evening. Then you realize what the Pines needs: a roller coaster and a Big Mac.

I was getting off the boat when I heard it. "What the hell was that?" I asked a fellow passenger. He looked at me as if I were a lamphade and said imperiously, "What was what?"

"That sound, like a giant door slamming shut, didn't you hear it?" He gave me a cautious smile, looked from side to side and whispered, "Welcome to the Pines."

Fire Island Pines. Clean. Private. Restful. Reserved. "Civilized, my dear. The Pines is the only place to stay on Fire Island." An old friend, a longtime summer resident, was showing me around. It was my first time. We walked down Fire Island Boulevard towards the center of town, a large Marina filled with expensive yachts, expensive stores, an expensive hotel, an expensive restaurant and a private public pool. There were also a lot of people who were expensive the way Beulah Bondi was in *Snake Pit*. They also looked as if they'd just been moved up from Ward 27 to One by Doctor Kik and they weren't taking any chances on spoiling it all. Like by sitting on the rug, for instance.

"Hurry up, the Tea Dance only lasts an hour and a half. We'll be late." Tea. The Pines version of a barbecue at Twin Oaks. There isn't any tea, of course. There isn't even any sympathy. Just a lot of people standing around drinking things like Pina Colodas and Blue Whales (which look and taste like a mixture of Micrin and Vodka). Nobody looks at anybody else. Everyone is busy being looked at. Last year it was Captans. This year it is shiny satin gym shorts with striped sides, grey sweat shirts and sweat socks with combat boots. That's for tea. In the evening it's La Coste shirts. Any color. Of course, no one went out and bought a La Coste shirt.

"Listen, I've been wearing these shirts since I was two weeks old, can I help it if they're popular again. Hell, it's a good thing I saved them."

Below the deck, along the edge of the water, leaning against their yachts and each other, are small groups of amused straight people, arms folded, smiling and staring.

"As you can see, straights and gays get along very well here. We're all part of the same happy community. Of course, we don't flaunt ourselves in front of them. After all, they do have children out here and you can't blame them for wanting to protect the kids. Besides, it's none of their business what we do in bed, right?"

A little girl passes us holding her mother's hand and giggles. "Hi sweetie!"

"Isn't she cute? They're all so free out here."

We're on the deck now and surrounded by tiny alligators just above the left breast.

"Well, as I was saying to Barry last week, Tony's a hell of a nice guy but..."

"Yeah, but if you put a pin in a wool sweater it leaves a hole."

"But that's the whole point, Gertrude, Martha and George didn't have a son at all..."

"Trojan Women was rather depressing but what can you expect from Shakespeare."

"Well, he's OK for fuck films, but did you notice how long he lasted off-Broadway. My dear, he didn't even make it out of rehearsals."

"Anyway, he actually goes to the meat

there."

"Look, being gay is very nice. You get to wear nice clothes, you get to meet famous people, you get to know what's in and what's out. Why muck it all up with a lot of animalistic sex in the bushes. I'm not saying don't do it. But it really doesn't do to dwell on it. Especially with the people you care about."

"I get it, we've all had sex but we never really have sex."

"Very good. How'd you like to share a house next summer?"

The Sandpiper. You get there at midnight. You don't get there before midnight because then people will think you're in a house that serves dinner before eight o'clock. Very tasteless.

The tables along the windows are filled with straight couples who have just fin-

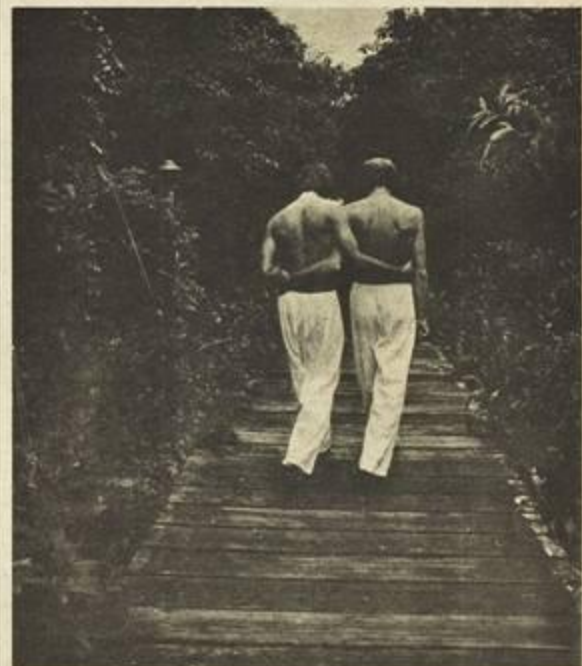


photo: Eric Stephen Jacobs

ished dinner. (Gay food, you know, lots of parsley sprigs and truffles. And don't they arrange the food nicely on the plate. Very artistic, these types.) Now they're ready for the floor show. They are not disappointed. What at first seems to be dozens of inflated balloons in the shape of people begin to bob up and down in time to the music. No one has ever seen it but it is said that the management deflates them at closing time and hangs them all in the closet. No one cruises.

"There is no meat rack in the Pines."

"Oh yes there is. Down at the end of Fire Island Boulevard. I've seen it."

"Well, maybe it's there but nobody I know goes there."

"The meat rack?"

"Sure, but tell me, why don't people go to the meat rack with their friends?"

"What meat rack?"

"The meat rack."

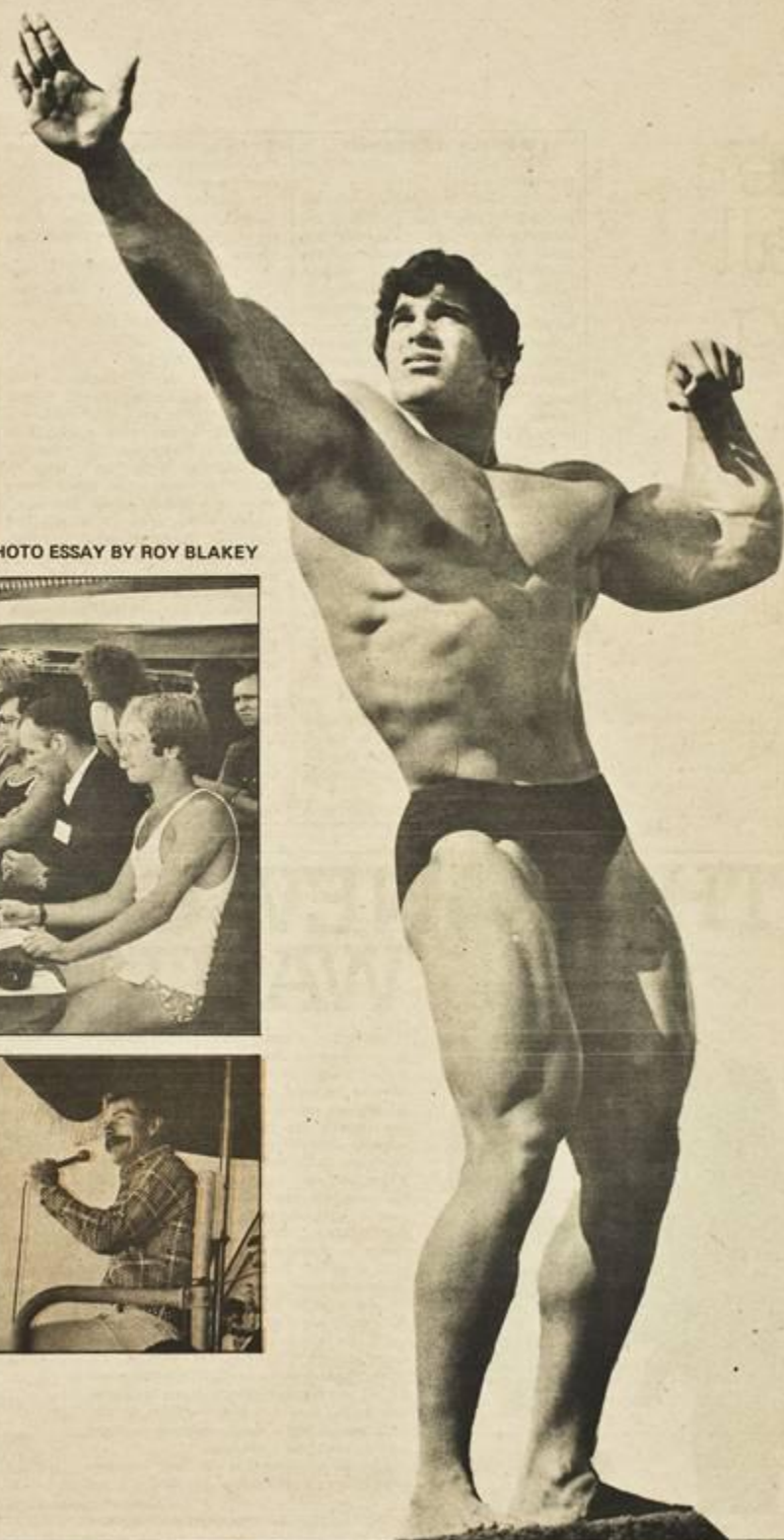
"After all, we don't want them to think we're just a bunch of sex maniacs. All we really want to do is dance and play. We bang a tambourine for a few hours and shake our asses instead of our brains."

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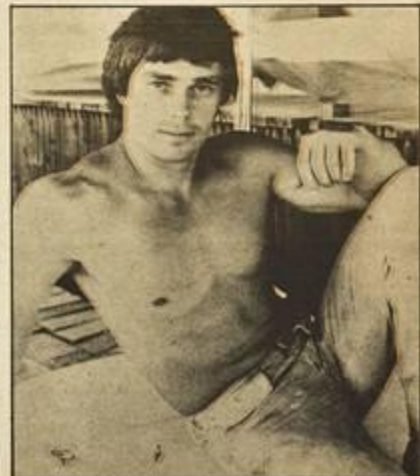
Fire Island Muscle



PHOTO ESSAY BY ROY BLAKEY



Clearly the spectators at the Fourth Annual **Mr. Fire Island** competition at the Beach Hotel, Cherry Grove, were not happy by the judges' selection of Harold Poole, 28, of Union City, N.J., as **Mr. Fire Island 1973**—for a moment at least. In fact, you could probably hear the booing all the way down at the docks. Now it wasn't because Poole (10) lacked sufficient musculature, for his 218-pound frame contained within 5 feet, 11 power-packed inches possessed a 50-inch chest, 20-inch arms, 32-inch waist, 26-inch thighs, 18-inch calves and won him not only the top title but the arms, back, chest and leg categories as well. No, Poole was booed because he wouldn't accept a kiss from the trophy-presenting drag queen—an unforgivable lapse of protocol, all things considered. But forgiveness from the crowd came quickly when he at last submitted to the kiss. Second and third place winners Leon Brown (4) and Don Samuda (9) were both crowd pleasers. And **Mr. Groovy** winner Craig Dudley (lower center) charmed the pants off all.



The Mail Bag

IT'S YOUR TURN TO HELP

Dear GAY,

On the matter of the New Orleans bar holocaust readers should make photo copies of your page 21 Gay No. 106 appeal for money and blood for bar owners and businesses to display, hopefully to increase the contributions from their patrons. Many of them, I feel, remain unaware of the situation. Locally I have prepared a message to the three oriented lounges, noting the need and suggesting that they send donations in care of your fine publication so it can receive some note for the service it performs to our community life.

Love as He intends,
Brother B
Massachusetts

[Send donations directly to the National New Orleans Memorial Fund, Box 74695, Los Angeles, California, 90004. Suffering is the cruellest scourge on human mind and flesh, and in this case, dollars can help ease the pain. Let's all make a brighter day for a lot of unhappy people.—Ed.]

ON LOVE-HATE TRIPS

Dear GAY,

Since when does getting carried away by Latin emotion make a person "mentally disturbed"? What is this shit being laid on our sister Sylvia Rivera anyway?

I haven't heard such sexist trash since

Jim Owles' infamous "drag queens are like women and blacks—subhuman" speech in 1969.

If anything is "destructive" it is the "oppression-sickness" mentality of the pig who wrote your recent "Behind the Lines..." article.

Tava Von Will
New York

Dear GAY,

Does the author of "Behind the Lines on Gay Pride Sunday" have a medical degree? I suspect not and if I am correct, he should refrain from making such professional diagnoses as "mentally disturbed" or even "sick". What an assault he makes upon Sylvia Rivera whom he accuses of laying "hate-trips." Further, is this writer (?) doctor (?) a crony of David Reuben? I, from comparing their styles and methods, can see enormous parallels ("... works as a prostitute while in drag. Most of the gay prisoners earn their livings in the same manner, fooling customers as to their real sex [indeed!!!] while having quickie sex for a few dollars," etc. ad nauseam). Think about that and tell me if it doesn't sound like any paragraph from **Everything you Wanted to Know About Sex**... This, from someone whose apparent basis for writing was to accuse someone else of laying "hate-trips."

I've got news for the author, sad news. The lot of prisoners, the gay prisoners, of

whom Sylvia Rivera spoke is a sorry one. It's a vicious, filthy cycle in the "homosexual block," a cycle that's hard to break. Life in prison is rough and a whole lot nastier than you, Mr. Author, could ever dream of living. Sylvia spoke of HELPING our Sisters and Brothers incarcerated in those slimy holes called prisons; Sylvia spoke of LOVE, of care and helping. Sylvia knows the lot of the prisoner, you're damned right she does: the hard way—from experience, not from just showing up and asking a few questions. She knows that only love will free us, so we speak of love and use it to our best advantage. Sylvia laid a LOVE-TRIP on June 24th! Your writer laid the hate trip, yes, YOU.

Know from whence you speak before you say it.

Sincerely,
Marc Wald
Gay Youth

[Randy Wicker, who wrote the "Behind the Lines" piece replies: "Raymond Sylvia Rivera is no sister of mine and his antics ruined Gay Pride Day for an awful lot of people. No one contests his allegations about mistreatment of gays in jail. My objection is to his destructive and ego-tripping manner in which he exploits those just grievances to get attention and make himself a 'STAR.' Young radicals should stop making heroes and martyrs out of mental cases."]

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK



I saw *Death in Venice* at the Thalia yesterday and the question is why didn't anybody tell me about this movie? I stumbled, by accident, into what I imagine is the complete and true story of my life.

I have traipsed the four corners, hanging around luxury hotels, being "professed" to death by charming waiters and surly clerks. Sloshed around on luxury ocean liners, dressed to the nines, occupying the cheapest first class cabins. Broiled on the world's choicest beaches, going without lunch to afford a "matress" at the right spot at Cannes, a cabin at the proper hotel at the Lido, a chair at Biarritz, Agadir, Vouliagmeni Beach, Dorado, Marbella. A closet of a room just to gain entry to the lounges and pools of the Reina Cristina, Alfonso XIII, Lisboa Ritz, Grand Hotel de France, Carlton, King George, Baur au Lac, Baumaniere, Residence de la Pyramide, Grand et des Bains, and for what? To be "professed", to sit around doing nothing and, mainly, to gaze upon the beautiful children of the very rich.

(We managed, at the same time, to get a peek at the poor as well; the *plages publiques* of this world, the public gardens, the moonlit quais, the Avenue Hagib Bourgiba, the Rue Mohammed whatever, the Coisette, Ostia, the second class waiting room, the Tourist class bar, the bus to Amalfi, the train to Alexandropolis; the cheaper side of the same coin.)

I resisted seeing *Death in Venice* be-

cause I imagined no movie could be as decadent and pointless and reasonable as the book and Visconti's film is everything and more. I had despaired that anybody could appreciate the compulsion of wallowing in wasteful luxury pursuing impossible people and impossible pursuits all pointless, fantastically boring, sinfully indulgent and utterly spartan in their promise of reward. (I know, that's not what *Death in Venice* is about; that's what I read into it.) A grand goose chase for the unattainable with blessedly nothing whatsoever to show for it.

For such deliciously worthless goals we braved the mid-winter Atlantic on Italian Line's great *Cristoforo Colombo*, sat there listening to string quartets before, during and after dinner and throughout two cyclones, we admired a youth at the next table and admired his elegant mother; we admired another chained below in Third Class who could be glimpsed only at the Tourist midnight buffet before disappearing into the woodwork; we smiled graciously at sexy middle-aged bartenders and never, never were seen in public without a glass of Champagne in hand.

It was all image and nothing more. The principles of connoisseurship and just about as deep as the paint on the surface of a canvas. Who were these people we were impressing to death? Nobody. The crossings back and forth and back and forth, on the *Michaelangelo*, the *Queen Elizabeth 2*, the *Raffaello*, the *France* and the Soviet *Mikhail Lermontov* and do you

know all these trips were made in complete silence? Can you imagine ten days at sea, being catered to hand and foot, dressed to kill and not talking to anybody, not saying a word? Oh yes we would order breakfast graciously, grandly presenting dirty laundry to the steward and offer a nice *sera* to the head waiter, and a pleasant *bonne nuit* here and a *buon giorno* there and that was it.

Not speaking for days on end is a luxury that, as a rule, only the religious can afford; most people would starve. After not speaking, not hearing or, at least, not understanding can be pretty luxurious. Not being able to understand the conversation at the next table is always a blessing. No matter what they are talking about, it is always boring and annoying. There is so much to be learned from appearances alone: conversation is inevitably distracting and unreliable.

Children and young people are best looked at when they are not aware anybody is looking. Adults are at their best when they know they are being watched. The people I remember most are people I only saw and didn't talk to. There was no chance for them to ruin their image, i.e. my interpretation. I remember a lady on the *Michaelangelo*. She always swept into the dining room late, didn't eat or drink a thing, and never wore the same outfit twice. At other times I glimpsed her playing solitaire or reading on a deck chair. It was perfect, she was a picture and nothing more.

(continued on page 16)

THE NEW GAY TEAM WANTS YOU!



If you're tired of going around in the same old circles—being led about by the nose, kicked in the ass, twisted by the arm, shaken by the leg, taken by the hand, stabbed in the back by people who are only interested in promoting their own interests—then the new GAY ought to be a welcome diversion for you. GAY will happily escort you to the kindest corners of your imagination, and you will like it! What's not to like? For years now, gay publications in general have been extremely dislikable. Political rhetoric, partisan infighting, name-calling and empty exhortations to meaningless turmoil have been the order of the day. Well, the hell with this! GAY is an entertainment magazine. GAY's concern is not with what the gay world ought to be like, or the straight world either, but with what is. The reality, we submit, can be a lot of fun, and we intend to make it that way with plenty of good, horny, funny features on things relating to sex. We will have gay personality columns, bar guides, bath guides, how-to features, night-life spreads, jokes, comics, and in short, everything you could possibly want from a newspaper.

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The Wicker Report

BY RANDY WICKER



NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA USE NOVEL APPROACHES TO GAY LIBERATION

The Auckland *Truth*, a newspaper widely circulated in New Zealand, has carried news stories over the past few months which underscore that country's unique and puritanical approach to gay liberation.

The *Truth* reports that Australian homosexuals have formed the "Homophile Liberation Front" because, they are quoted as saying, "As much as we like the name 'Gay Liberation Front,' we feel that it is limiting because of the connotations it has and is... in some ways degrading to ourselves."

Gay Lib News, a New Zealand publication, says "homophile" was chosen because it was not a clinical term like "homosexual" and was not a derogatory label such as "camp" and "gay."

Other stories in the *Truth* report the arrest of a man for selling *SCREW* newspaper via the mails after an Australian magazine he attempted to start as an imitation of *Playboy* failed.

A search of the man's car outside the post office by police officers found two copies of *SCREW* and an assortment of "photographs showing males and females engaged in sexual acts."

The New Zealand newspaper *Truth* carries detailed accounts of arrests for a variety of sexual offenses but does not give the arrested person's name nor his

place of employment. Apparently, New Zealand papers, unlike their American counterparts, feel that a person's reputation should be protected until he is found guilty of an alleged offense in a court of law.

Reports, for example, of the names of eight men arrested in Charlotte, North Carolina, for alleged sexual acts in a park toilet and the names of the corporations which employed them recently led one man to commit suicide the day after his arrest.

Southern Australia recently legalized consenting homosexual acts using a legalistic ploy which avoided the legalistic phraseology of legalizing consensual sodomy. Thereby it was easier for many conservative legislators to approve the measure.

Homosexual acts remain a criminal offense under the new Southern Australian law, but the law provides: "Where a person is charged with an offense that consists in the commission of a homosexual act, it shall be a defense for that person to prove that the homosexual act was committed with another male person in private, and that both he and the other male person consented to the act and had attained the age of 21 years."

"This does not even legalize homosexual acts between consenting adults," the New Zealand *Gay Lib News* complains. "It merely decriminalizes them. This must be the first time in the western legal system that there has been an official category of crimes without penalties. One

is guilty until proven innocent, which is contrary to the basic principles of British Justice."

Other stories in *Truth* tell of how "the 'street queens'—transvestite and homosexual prostitutes—have borne the brunt of a vice squad blitz on their regular Auckland beats and have scuttled for cover."

"But some of the odd people are locally sticking to Auckland," the *Truth* continues. "They are possibly the most grateful section of the population—the 'straight' transvestite group."

"What the police have done," says a transvestite orderly at the Auckland Hospital, "is to clear out the whores. And a good job, too. Every time one of them is arrested it reflects on the rest of us."

"Many of the street queens," the transvestite orderly told *Truth*, "weren't even transvestites. They were homosexuals, men dressed up as women. We're women in every way—except for a slight physical accident."

"The street queens make life terrible for us transvestites," another transvestite told the *Auckland Times*. "The queens parade up and down bothering people and getting involved in all sorts of scrapes. But they're lumped in together with us. It's not fair. We don't lump straight prostitutes in with other straight people."

Other stories in the New Zealand papers concern themselves with men who had been arrested for sex with minors. One incident involved a school teacher

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ESTATE

(continued from page 15)

Another lady, on a Russian boat, was always surrounded by groups of people, yet she never spoke. "How can you stand all those people?" I asked her. "I never listen; I am able to turn off everything around me. That's how I survive," she said.

I met a lady on one boat who always talked to herself. She'd walk around, always dragging a glass of Champagne morning noon and night, mumbling cheerfully. She spent all her time just going back and forth and had been on eight trans-Atlantic crossings in a row without a break, on the same ship. Unfortunately that particular crossing was to be her last, at least for a while because she collapsed, presumably from alcohol poisoning and had to be taken off in a stretcher and sent to a convalescent clinic in Trieste. On the other hand it may have been a perfect timing: she knew the ship was temporarily halting service and going to dry dock for two weeks.

WICKER

(continued from page 15)

who had allegedly committed sodomy with three of his students. However, some details in the New Zealand papers were unique.

"All three boys admitted they had taken part in similar activity with other boys," the *Auckland Times* reported.

"One boy also admitted that his uncle had done the same thing to him.

"The police were concerned by the apathy of some of the boys' parents," the report added. "Some parents knew what was going on six months ago, but not only did they fail to report it, they also actively discouraged police inquiry when investigations started."

One New Zealand mother, however, became extremely concerned when her 14-year-old son got into her car and announced: "Mum, there's two ho's in the toilet."

"Ho's" is New Zealand slang for homosexual. The boy's mother had not heard the word before. The episode commenced when the boy had gone into a toilet and paper stuffed in a hole in the wall fell out.

"I thought my eyes were playing up a bit," the boy said in his formal legal complaint. "The next thing I noticed was a hand came under the bottom of the toilet. The hand was opening and closing. I thought the person in the next cubicle had run out of toilet paper. I bent down and the hand grabbed me indecently. After about half a minute, it let go. I opened the door and ran out."

The boy identified the first man by his shoes and the colored trousers he was wearing. Several minutes later, he re-entered the rest room and a man approached him and offered him two dollars. He followed the second man until his mother called him from her car.

The first man claimed that the boy

had made overtures to him while in the toilet and that he had no way of knowing his age. He maintained that "I knew what he wanted so I obliged."

The defense attorney called the boy's

allegations "a cock and bull story" and said his evidence was "unbelievable." The names of both defendants and all witnesses were not made available to the newspapers.

The New Magazine of Erotic Fiction

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Entertainment

BY RALPH SEPULVEDA, JR.

After the long hard month of August, a renewal of our battered spirits seems to be in order, and taking a look at the new fall entertainment schedules that promise this, that and the other does much towards reviving our interest in survival again; we might, after all, reconsider sticking around until the season is over. It's always exciting—on paper, anyway—and the tendency is to get carried away by euphoric visions of masterpiece after masterpiece assailing us in endless succession; but the seasoned observer resists, knowing as he does from disillusioning experience that promises are very rarely fulfilled and that when they are it only proves that it's the exception rather than the rule. So caution, if indeed not suspicion, should guide us in approaching the season; that way, it won't be so tough to confront the inevitable letdowns. The announcement of a new Truffaut doesn't generate the galloping enthusiasm it once used to, because his work has run down and gone past the point where his failures are any longer of much interest; if he turns out a good film, fine, we're glad for him and we applaud, but if he turns out a bad one, as is more likely given his recent record, we don't sit there patiently waiting for the master's "touches," we head for the nearest exit. Peckinpah, having exhausted his theme in his two complementary masterpieces, *The Wild Bunch* and *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, doesn't seem to know where to go or what to do with himself, and his films only keep getting worse and worse. As for Fellini—well, he's been bad about as often as he's been good, so placing bets on him is risky. It might be risky, too, to predict when Bertolucci will stop eluding the greatness that must surely be conferred on him, someday. And then on Broadway, the big, splashy musical budgeted at nearly a million dollars, the one that seems determined to bust through no matter what, will more likely than not come down the ramp, kicking its heels high, winking and smiling broadly, only to fall flat on its face. It's happened more times than one cares to remember. Remember last year's *Dude* and *Via Galactica*? Well, maybe you'd better not.

THEATRE
In the real theatre, we're missing the Mercer Arts Center now, but we've still got Joe Papp, and, as everyone knows by now, he has expanded his regime to include Lincoln Center. More than *You Deserve*, which is the musical I had the privilege to see earlier this year in workshop, opens downtown at the Public Theatre on October 25. It's a musicalized *M*A*S*H*, only funnier, more inventive, more lacerating, darker, and it takes place at a U.S. Army station in Vietnam. It was virtually flawless when I saw it, so I can't imagine what they've done to improve it. A work of fierce energy and loads of talent, it will doubtless infuriate and offend and disgust, but, to judge from the jubilant standing ovation it received from the audience, it should be one of the big hits, critically as well as commercially, of the theatrical season. Also set to open (October 4) at the downtown complex is *Lotta*, a new play by Robert Montgomery, who wrote *Subject to Fits*. Uptown, at the Vivian Beaumont, Papp will put on David Rabe's *In the Boom Boom Room*; it's set to open October 27. Later on there will be a production of Strindberg's *Dance of*

FILMS
Dominating the scene in late September and the early half of October, as always, is the annual New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center—an event that everybody will naturally be griping about but that few will think of missing. Last year, it was the scarcity of tickets that caused a furor, the scarcity, in particular, of tickets for *Last Tango in Paris*. Everyone had opinions on the festival and they differed according to whom you spoke and what they saw, but a frequent complaint was that the quality of the films had sunk to an all-time low, that it was the worst fes-

tival ever. But a festival with four or five films of undisputed merit is about the average score for any festival, and really, all anyone can ask for, and we mustn't forget that it was last year's festival that gave us Bunuel's *Discreet Charm*, Rohmer's *Chloe in the Afternoon*, Bertolucci's *Last Tango*, Truffaut's *Two English Girls*, Rivette's *Mad Love*, and the slightly less successful or popular *Love, Bad Company* and *The Adversary*, the Satyajit Ray film. Not an unimpressive list at all. This year the festival will run from September 28 to October 13, and, because each feature will be shown twice, with the exception of the opening and closing attractions, which will be shown only once, there will be a greater availability of tickets than there was last year, when features were shown only once. The films will be shown, as usual, at Alice Tully Hall, again with the exception of the opening and closing attractions, which will be screened at Philharmonic Hall, a much less appropriate auditorium to show films in. The opening feature, and the only one to be announced so far (at press time, the festival committee is still involved in the selection process), is Truffaut's *Day for Night*, which was widely acclaimed earlier this year at Cannes and which, it was reported, could have easily captured the Grand Prize had it been entered in competition. Well, they really couldn't have done worse, since the Prize was eventually split between two abominable entries, *Scarecrow* and *The Hireling*. Starring Jean-Pierre L  aud and Jacqueline Bisset, the Truffaut film is about the French film industry and is dedicated to Dorothy and Lillian Gish. Festival director Richard Roud says it's got "a fine metaphysical ring to it." Oh?

SPECTACLES
ABT Productions is sponsoring a farewell to summer cruise called the "Falling Stars Cruise"—an all-night trip up and down the Hudson River aboard a four-deck river steamer capable of carrying over 2,000 people.

Let's hope it will be a repeat of their May 12 cruise called the "Rising Stars Cruise" on which 1,500 people danced, cruised, freaked out and had a fabulous time. One key to that cruise's success was the use of an excellent sophisticated sound system pumping disco-music from the ship's prow to stern.

A mid-summer cruise not sponsored by ABT called "Manhattan On Parade" featured a live entertainment format with Eric Emerson, Jackie Curtis and the Manhattan Transfer. But, in general, that cruise was an underachiever.

Fortunately, the "Falling Stars" ride will once again have the disco dancing music broadcast throughout the ship and promises to be the wild success of the first cruise last spring. Tickets for the Falling Stars Cruise are \$10.00 each in advance, \$12.50 at the dock. The ticket price includes complimentary beer, soda and a continental breakfast. Tickets are available from ABT Productions, 36 West 86th Street, New York (787-6614); New York Mattachine Society, 59 Christopher

Street, The Islanders Club, 322 East 34th Street, and The Studio Bookshop, 500 Hudson St. On Fire Island, tickets are on sale at the Beach Hotel, Cherry Grove, and The Islanders Club in the Pines.

Get ready New Yorkers! The second Judson Street Fair and Bazaar, replete with handcrafts, baked goods, books, records, old clothes and white elephants, is set, rain or shine, for Saturday, September 8, from noon to sundown. The fun won't stop there. You can get a glow at the beer garden, and try your luck at the raffle. And at night there's a cabaret in the Judson Garden. Fair dollars benefit Judson Memorial Church, so make the scene at Thompson Street between Washington Square South and West Third Street.

OPERA
The Metropolitan Opera season gets underway September 28 with *Il Trovatore*. There will be six new productions: Berlioz' *Les Troyens*, Rossini's *L'italiana in Algeri*, Verdi's *I Vespri Siciliani*, Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffman*, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and Wagner's *Gottterdam-*

COMING OUT
Night House Theatre, 249 W. 18th St., 691-7359, Thurs. 8:30, Fri.-Sun. 7:30.

TUBSTRIP
Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St., 254-5076, Tues.-Fri. 8 p.m., Sat. 7 & 10 p.m., Sun. 5 & 8 p.m.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
Dramatis Personae, 114 W. 14th St. (nr. 6th Ave.), 675-9922, Fri. 8:30, Sat. 10 p.m., Sun. 7:30.

EROTIKUS
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves., JU 6-4590.

LIGHT FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW
Park-Miller, 124 W. 43rd St., 279-3970.

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HEFTY MAN WANTED! 30-year-old white male of average looks, height, weight & build who finds the bar & bath scenes disagreeable would like to meet very heavy &/or very tall masculine man in his 30s. Mature personality, sense of humor very important. No drugs, phonies, hustlers, S/M, far-outs or alcoholics. Fat, height & personality turn me on. Write (giving phone if possible) to: PO Box 3036, Grand Cent. Sta., NY, NY 10017.

GOODLOOKING WHITE MALE, 30, seeks same 18-25. No heavies, S/M or drugs. Photo a must. Bill, PO Box 4603, Phila., Pa. 19127.

FOR ONE OF MY worn jocks, a picture of me and my beautiful rod, and a personal reply, send \$10 to: GK, Box 1844, G.P.O., NY, NY 10001.

BLACK MALE, 28, 5'11", 155, masc., sensuous, good looking, well hung, seeks sincere, good looking masc. males, any race, for quick weekend get togethers, leading to permanent relationship. No fakes, neilies, S/M or letter freaks. Write to: G.J., 469 Elizabeth Ave., no. 310, Newark, NJ 07112.

STRAIGHT GUY, 28, slim, hairy, with beautifully shaped penis & nicely shaped ass, seeks gay or bis for action. Answer all. Photo appreciated. Fred, Box 232, Babylon, LI, NY 11702.

20-YEAR-OLD WHITE, heavy-built male desires a male, under 40, for sex & companionship. B.J. King, 39 Montague St., Yonkers, NY 10703.

I'M 27, 6'4", 195 lbs., seeking well built fellows, athletic or gymnastic type, even construction workers, and also muscle men wanted. Any race, any age. Clean or hairy accepted. Photo, phone, R. Martiniello, 4028 Monticello Ave. Bronx, NY 10466.

YOUTHFUL 25-year-old male. Intelligent with above average looks seeks other young males (below 30) for exploring the possibilities of building a lasting & meaningful relationship. Photographs returned. PO Box 327, Grand Cent. Sta., NY, NY 10017.

EVERYONE BELONGS! Don't be left out! A gay penial club for all types. Special section for older men & younger men who like the mature male. Send your 25 word ad (names, etc. kept confidential) & \$2 to receive up to date newsletter. State age. Goliath Gazette, GPO Box 3003, NYC, NY 10001. Dept G-9-2.

INTERESTED in meeting young (18-38) gay males in Albany-Poughkeepsie, NY area for occasional sport. Writer is active, outdoor, butch type. Write to: Resident, Strout, Acres, Mount Tremper, NY 12457.

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE slim guy seeks good looking w/30 masculine guys for friendship, funtimes, roommate, relationship? Sincere replies w/ photo welcome. R. Snow, 35-25 77 St., Jack. Hghts, NY 11372.

GAY WHITE MALE, 22, 5'9", 150 lbs., desires permanent relationship with white male to age 55 in NYC. Someone who can help me find a job & overcome by sexual hang-ups. Interests include opera, theatre, ballet. J.A. Dunkelberger, 114 S. Front St., apt. 2, Philipburg, Pa. 16866.

MALE, 24, interested in travel, theatre, music, movies. Would like to meet young guys that are fairly masculine & would dig having sex & possibly develop a lasting relationship. If you're inexperienced that's OK. I am a very understanding teacher. Serious replies only. R. Clurman, 20-23 46th St., Astoria, NY 11105.

DIG WILD SCENES! S/M! W/G! F/F! Monthly nationwide mag. full of ads. Send for free details or send \$1.50 for sample copy. State over 21. SMADS, PO Box 217, NYC, NY 10014.

ARE YOU MY MASTER? Docile, W/M seeks to break out of present straight life into hands of demanding master. I'm sincere, responsible, personable, attractive: 5'7", 140, trim, young #1. Interested in theatre, film, books, art, turned on by B/D, leather & the need for total mastery. Please write: B. Murray, Downstairs, 167 W. 21 St., NYC, NY 10011.

INTERESTING DUDE offers advice, understanding, sympathy. Will positively answer all correspondence. Let's rap about our problems. Al, PO Box 30037, New Orleans, La. 70190.

WHITE MALE, 38, 190 lbs., enjoy good food, know what to do with it. Want French & Greek action with masculine guys 25 to 45. Experienced anilinguist. Own Brooklyn pad. PO Box 134, Bay Sta., Bklyn, NY 11235.

I'M FROM NYC, but in Eastern L.I. for summer, have house, pool, boats. Looking for cute masculine gay or bisexual guys 18-22. Like bodybuilders & adventurous guys. I'm white male, 21, handsome, green eyes, dark hair. No butch or femme. Write Roy, PO Box 619, 11944, Photo, phone if possible. Discreet.

YOUNG 45-yr.-old blond, 5'5", 135 lbs., slight build has unusual country home 1 1/2 hrs. from NYC. Seeks weekend Master. Digs S/M, B/D, Water sports, humiliation. Write P. Bryan, Box 56, Washington Crossing, Pa. 18971.

HANDSOME, MASCULINE 25 yr old desires generous older gentleman for sincere lasting relationship. Looks not important. John, PO Box 53, So. Glastonbury, Ct. 06073.

BEAUTIFUL BISEXUAL young couple, warm, aware, sensitive, desire couples to 35. She's feminine & very shapely, he's tall & handsome. Phone essential. Box 683, Corona, Elmhurst Sta., NY 11373.

TOM, 34, 5'11", 165 lbs. enjoy quiet life, but active. Prefer caucasian 24-32, clean cut, for open & honest discussions. Would like to learn tennis in Santa Barbara. PO Box 712, Goleta, Calif. 93017.

WANTED: correspondences &/or relationships with white homosexual studs. Should have dark hair & a hairy chest, and be under 35. Should be interested in weight lifting, body building or wrestling. Should be athletic, muscular, or partially so. Main interest: sex! Write Joe Bridwell, Rt. 5, Edwards Mill Road, Taylors, S.C. 29687.

INTELLIGENT WHITE MALE, 29, seeks same 18-35. Photo necessary. I am in the Wildwood area. Write fully in confidence to Mike, PO Box 652, Rio Grande, NJ 08242.

ACTION STUDES! Excellent 8mm films of handsome young studs with action the way you like it! Latest productions: all reduced from 16mm originals. Great color. Sharp prints! Beautiful boys! Send \$1 for catalog (apply it towards any purchase). Arthur Penzo, 152 W. 42nd St., Suite 504, NY, NY 10036.

GROOVY BACHELOR, 42 yrs., 5'11", 146 lbs., wants gay lover to stay at home & keep house. Send photo & phone. Box 2621, Newburgh, NY 12550.

WHITE MALE wants to meet all white males for fun & pleasure. All answered. Those with frank photo & letter same day answered. I'm 25. PO Box 1945, Toledo, Ohio 43604.

LAGER & LONELY 23 yr old, 150 lbs., 5'10", trying to find someone to come out with. Good bod, good mind. Write (inc. picture) to Occupant, Box 4479, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15205.

DET. AREA, very straight, young good looking bi-guy looking for a girl friend & boyfriend, must be straight acting, photo a must. PO Box 126, Roseville, MI. 48065.

SEEK OLDER SINCERE lasting contacts & friendship. Better 60 yrs young than 30 yrs old. Love ya all! Lynn McReynolds, 1818 First Ave., Scottsbluff, Nebr. 69351.

MALE, WHITE, 30s, sincere, masculine, understanding, clean cut & easy going, desires hearing from similar guy who enjoys a quiet, relaxed evening with no "hang-ups". No reply without photo. PO Box 197, Schenectady, NY 12301.

WARM, FRIENDLY, hung guy seeks love/sex with like bi couples &/or single males. Photo, phone to: Apt. 4A, 214 W. 82nd St., NYC 10024.

LOOKING FOR MODEL, willing to pay \$25 session. Answer by ad in GAY. Trade, 25-40 yrs age.

30 YR OLD good looking stud wants to have fun (a little S/M) with others his age or younger any time you are in this area. Send photo if possible, or write PO Box 6355, Baltimore, Md. 21230.

HANDSOME POP RECORD producer, 29, sincere, well built. Meet young guys for career help & just fun. Like outdoors, exercise, music, reading, communicating. Send photo, phone, details. Box 269, NYC 10024.

MOVING TO East-Central Penna. Would like to meet guys to 35. No queens. PO Box 255, Jamaica, NY 11415.

ANYTHING GOES: W/M, young, good-looking, blue eyes, 5'8", masculine & sincere, wishes to meet same (22-30). Phone & photo appreciated. Occupant, 430 E. 87th St., apt 4E, NY, NY 10028.

STRAIGHT-APPEARING white male, 40, 6'1", 285 lbs., desires to meet understanding white female, same age, for lifetime companionship. Box: 303, Uncasville, Ct. 06382.

LONG! If you have long hair, long forehead and a long term relationship in mind, send me a long letter, telling me about your longings. Box 574, NYC, NY 10019.

FREE MASSAGE (your place) for white masculine men. Photo please. Christopher, 226 1/2 Warren St., Brooklyn, NY 11201.

VERY LONELY W/M INMATES looking for interesting person to alleviate loneliness of past prison life. Release approx. 12 mths. Need somebody. No mail censorship, open visiting. Very understanding, compassionate. Please write: Johnny Reed 131349, Darl Shely 133481, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

REQUEST PHOTO, WRITEUPS superstars David Allen, Roy Clark, Mike Spaulding, Ted Pollack, Jim Cassidy, Gordon Harris, Joe Dallesandro, Jimmy Hughes, Toby Willis. Thanks. Bob Klingensmith, 516 Jeannette, Pittsburg, Pa. 15221.

BISEXUAL MALE, 30, desires to give French or Greek satisfaction to slim males to 35. Photo if possible. Occupant, PO Box 5892, Pikesville, Md. 21208.

WANTED: Young man, gay, bi, for mid-week companionship, satisfaction guaranteed. Send details to: Occupant, apt 5G, 385 E. 16th St. Bklyn, NY 11226.

FEMME-TYPE white girl desires friendship of butch-type girl. Very passionate & submissive. Phone a must. Photo appreciated. No males. Sylvia K., 952 Duncan Ave., Yeadon, Pa. 19050.

YNG GUY, gd looks, good body, masc., 25, seeks gd-looking yng guys for freaky scenes, wild sex. Write Box-holder, PO Box 1097, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., NY, NY 10009.

BISEXUAL YOUNG man inexperience in the art of gay love seek a teacher or some one in the same boat. POB 187, Bklyn, NY 11210.

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MANFORD

(continued from page 7)

ing funds and getting the people out to Red Cross centers to give blood. Thousands of dollars have been sent so far, many more thousands will be needed. In New York we hope to get the Red Cross bloodmobile over to the GAA Firehouse. Overall, it's the kind of mobilizing issue which everybody can respond to. When I was in Chicago there were representatives of 15 different gay organizations which met together with representatives from three Gay Teachers Associations, Mattachine, Gay Alliance, One Inc. and many many others. It's a mission which is neither political nor ideological, but humane and full of passion.

GAY: One thing comes to my mind: the incredible stupidity of burglar bars on fire exits.

MANFORD: As far as the physical layout of the Upstairs Lounge, you have a valid point. The bar was a fire trap as are many gay bars around the country. However, in the French quarter of New Orleans most bars and strip joints are fire traps anyway, and there's been a lot of public concern over what to do. Most of the buildings are hundreds of years old, beautiful architecturally so they've been reluctant to put fire escapes on them. The buildings are old, dry and not suitable for the large number of tourists and visitors who crowd them. Because of the recent tragedies more than 1,000 fire department violations were given out to owners of tourist restaurants and many places have been closed until they make the proper repairs.

GAY: Are other cities as bad off, New York, for example?

MANFORD: Gay people should get together and police their own bars for fire safety. I remember a couple of years ago when New York gay bars were widely controlled by criminal syndicates which rented out old warehouses, basements, and spaces where you had to take an elevator to get up there. They were not built with large numbers of people in mind. Since the New Orleans incident there have been groups of people who have gotten out and spoken to bar owners where they think there may be an unsafe condition. When you've got bars with adequate fire exits for the number of people the place holds, you can at least feel somewhat safer. I don't think that there is a gay person who hasn't gone to a bar on a weekend and not experienced a crowd so dense that it takes ten minutes to walk from one end of the bar to the other. What would happen if a fire were to break out in one of these places. The prospects are terrifying.

GAY: Regarding the arson, do you think there's a conspiracy?

MANFORD: It's difficult with the facts we have to say conspiracy was involved, although the rumors were big in New Orleans. People suspected that a non-gay male prostitute who was rejected had threatened to come back and burn the place. Others said a group called Black Mamas, White Mamas, named after a very

cheap movie were responsible. We don't know. The most definitive information I have is that a "military flammable substance" was used, so obviously it must have been someone who had access to this special flammable substance. I'm told there is a volatile jelly-type substance that is used by the Army to set fires, and after talking with the owner of the bar I'm convinced that such a substance caused the fire because the place went up in a matter of seconds. It became one huge fire ball the minute the door opened to the stairs and it killed 29 people in little more than 15 minutes.

GAY: What was the reaction of the owner?

MANFORD: He's a very special kind of business-man, gay himself and who knew most of the people who perished and who are now in the hospital. He's the kind of guy who would cash paychecks for customers and even keep their money for them until the end of the night, so they wouldn't over drink or over spend.

GAY: There's an arsonist on Fire Island recently apprehended, who admitted setting fires in Cherry Grove with rags and kerosene.

MANFORD: Well we can add a few to that. Fire was set to the Metropolitan Community Church, also some gay bars in Los Angeles and San Francisco have been struck. I think what all the fires say is something about the kind of hate that gay people in this country have to face. It doesn't necessarily suggest conspiracy. They could have been set by individuals with different motives. For example the Society of Community Rights Center in San Francisco was burned down a couple of weeks ago by a member of the gay community; a victim of oppression sickness. There are people who are members of the radical non-thinking, non-rational hate cult called ironically the Children of God who are responsible for some of these fires. These are people whose minds have been completely burned out on drugs, who are so-called Bible fundamentalists. They have a very strict authoritarian nationwide structure under which they live and provoke violence against gay people. Many of our own are victims of oppression sickness and are guilty of attacks on the gay community. I was talking to Morris Knight on the telephone in New Orleans about the burning of a bar in Los Angeles about eight days after the New Orleans fire. Morris is a pacifist but he said, I know how to deal with regiments and armies, but I don't know how to fight fire.

GAY: What is New Orleans gay life like?

MANFORD: New Orleans is a very close-knit town despite the fact that the bars are active and gays feel free in them. Such license, however, does not usually go beyond the French Quarter. However, at a memorial service Sunday after the fire Rev. Troy Perry stood up and said that TV stations had placed camera crews outside the church and that if anyone feared discrimination in their jobs, or problems with their families they could leave by the rear exit. There was an outcry from the people, "Oh no we're not,

we're going out the front with you." And all 300 people who attended the service went out the front door. This kind of solidarity is growing in New Orleans out of this incident. Where there was no gay liberation movement, now new organizations have come forth; young and old, conservatives and liberals are part of this solidarity. They've announced plans for public services and gay activities. They're enlisting representatives to the Human Rights Commission in that city. There's been a realization that we need each other and we're not going to do it alone and I'm very proud of our people because of this.

GAY: Then the fire has inflamed inspiration, as a positive aspect of it?

MANFORD: Some stories of the tragedy are stories of love. One fellow named Mitch escaped from the fire unhurt and when he looked around and did not see his lover Horace he ran back into the bar, breaking away from firemen who tried to restrain him. Neither ever emerged again. When people talk about gay love being shallow, they can look at this and see how someone gave his life because of his love.

GAY: How big is the job to change attitudes in New Orleans?

MANFORD: Well, the wife of one of the men who died in the fire was ostracized by her neighbors because her husband was involved with gay people. She has received the stigma that homosexuality can bring in the deep South. She will need some sort of counseling to help her face up to these problems of being married to a man who was a bisexual or, at least, who had friends who were gay. The people who escaped the fire and saw their lovers and friends burned to death went through a very traumatic experience; many were very young and will need counseling. The people who are in the hospital and who lived through this horrible affair are going to need psychological care. Some of the people are undoubtedly going to require more intensive psychiatric care.

GAY: What does all this say about gay liberation in America today?

MANFORD: Liberation is not a thing that can be achieved, it is a process and gay people are in the beginning phases of the process of liberation. The same kinds of attitudes that are responsible for the fires, the murder of Ralph Schaefer in Los Angeles, the firing of Dinah Robertson from her job in New York because she's gay, the attack that I faced at the hands of a bunch of thugs at the Inner Circle in 1972 are attitudes that we still must deal with. No, liberation has not been achieved. We're living in a society where gay people are still condemned by churches as sinners, by psychiatric institutions as sick, by legislators as criminals, by capitalists as subversive, by communists as decadent, and, while we must place emphasis on the positive influence we've built up, we are still being discriminated against by every facet of our society.

TRICKS

(continued from page 10)

stud. In a moment they were talking; within 15 minutes they were leaving together. The door closed behind them and a bitchy queen said loudly, "That number looked like trade but not at all like dirt. Wonder what Miss Elliot saw in him?"

A voice from the other side of the room yelled, "Honey, if Miss Elliot has got him, you ought to be glad you didn't!" Everyone laughed and went back to quiet dishing and making decisions whether or not to sleep with so-and-so, who "is nice, but my dear, we've tricked so often we might as well be lovers!"

I was staying at my father's house. When the phone rang at four a.m. nobody answered it, knowing it was for me. It was Elliot, in tears as usual, was calling. "You remember that number in the bar, the one that walked funny?"

"Yeah."

"He just robbed me! My money, my new portable TV, my rings, everything!"

"I'm sorry, love. He didn't beat you up or anything, did he?"

"He pulled a knife on me!"

"Tell me about it." He would anyway, so I might as well be friendly and pretend interest.

"Well, he fucked me. You know, I've got hemorrhoids so bad, and they're still bleeding. After he came, he stood up on his little stumps..."

"Wait a minute! His little what?"

"Stumps. Didn't I tell you? He didn't have no legs. Rather his legs were plastic and he took them off."

"Christ!"

"So he stood up on his little stumps and pointed a knife at me. He said for me to give him all my money or he'd kill me."

"And you did. Was he holding you down?"

"Naw. I was sitting there, and he was balancing on his stumps, and had one hand on the bed, holding his balance, and the knife in the other hand."

"You dumb fairy! Why in the hell didn't you jump up? He certainly wasn't going to chase you. I'd have taken his clothes and his plastic legs out into the hall and let him crawl for them, then slammed the door on him. Or you could have left his legs in the hall and called Roberta—Big Bert. She lives right around the corner from you. She and some of her tattooed butch friends would have come over and hauled the guy out for you."

"Yeah. You're right. I just didn't think."

There was silence for a moment, then the tears started.

"Simon?"

"Yes?"

"Why do these things always happen to me?"

I cut short my visit and flew back to New York the next day. Fun City is also full of marks ready to be preyed upon, but fortunately, none of them has my phone number.

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FIRE ISLAND MURDER!

(continued from page 11)

Then we go home. Only we don't really go home, do we gang? We walk all the way down Fire Island Boulevard until we come to the end and there, in the dark, do the things that nobody really ever does in the Pines. If we run into a friend, it's the first time we've ever been here and we just came to watch the scene. See? I learn real fast, don't I? This Pines life is a cinch. Privacy is a very important thing.

♦♦♦♦

Well, I've been in the Pines for two months now and it's really not so bad. I've gotten used to eating late dinners and bought a jump suit. I've ordered a half dozen gym shorts (different colors) and given my Caftans to an old friend who lives in the Grove and doesn't care what he puts on his back. We go over to the Grove once in a while, just strolling, you understand. We don't usually stay very long. It's... I don't know... uncomfortable. They laugh too much and too loud. They dance as if they didn't care who was looking. They wear outrageous clothes that aren't even in style. And I think they're a little cracked, some of them. Saying Good Morning to perfect strangers on the boardwalk, for chrissake. You'd think they were away on vacation... I mean, you know, without a care in the world. Besides, they have no sense of fitness of things. Arm in arm with the bar close with their friends, on their way to the meat rack if you please. As if there were nothing wrong with it. Laughing and joking all the way. Am I glad I live in a place where you can live privately as you please. They'll never catch me acting up like that.

♦♦♦♦

Well, now the summer is almost over and to tell the truth I'm kind of looking forward to getting back. Oh, I like it here fine, you understand, but it's a bit of a strain, all this social life. And walking back and forth from the Grove to the Pines is knocking me out. I, uh, go over there once in a while, just to relax. I joined the Property Owners Association and had to vote against allowing gays to hold hands at the dock but I figure it's a small price to pay. After all, we do get along quite well here, you know. Oh, and I made John Whyte's column in the Fire Island News. Of course I had to spend a lot of money having all those parties and invite a lot of people I'd never met, but two people said hello to me at yesterday. One of them was gay, too. Very nice person.

The only thing is that lately I've been noticing a strange thing. There's this tiny little alligator shaped mark growing above my left breast and I can't seem to get rid of it. I'd like to go home today but it's my turn to shake the Tambourine at the Sandpiper tonight.

(continued from page 6)

which takes things in stride and only fights back when necessary," said a long-time summer resident. "The nice thing about it," a waiter volunteered, "is that it brought us all closer together than before. All petty grievances were forgotten. Straight people and gay people pulled together to protect the community they love. It'll take more than a few fires and one hateful person to destroy what we've built up here."

BOSTON It's a fine prelude to paralysis, Charles Lerrigo said in the **Boston Phoenix** recently. "Everybody seems to know it's happening, nobody wants to believe it's happening because it's scary, and while there might be a host of immediate responses possible, nothing but a massive cultural change can be a satisfactory denouement."

The event which touched off mounting concern about violence in the Boston gay community was the murder, last month, of Jeremiah Lynch, 21, of Garrison Street. Lynch and his companion, Stephen Tuscher, 22, of Wayland, were lured into a car with six other men with promises of "booze, pot and a lot of fun." The "fun" took place at the South Gate entrance to the Arboretum, a sprawling botanical garden-type facility. There was no sex involved. The eight men got out of the car, beat, robbed and stabbed Lynch and Tuscher and threw them into a nearby sewer where Lynch suffocated in the muck. Tuscher was able to claw his way out. Two men were arrested in the case: Robert Ray, 23, and Keith Christie, 19. Tuscher identified the two in a line-up. The suspects were later released on bail, at their own recognition at the police's suggestion. Meanwhile, the search for four other assailants continues.

In Boston stories of robberies and beatings of gays are commonplace and the paranoia may well increase: one of the stratagems posed by the Gay Defense Committee is a leafletting of the bars and major cruising areas warning of the dangers. Local gay activist Charles Shively observes that the rash of violence this summer is not new and isn't the fault of gay activists calling attention to the life.

Weeks ago a trio of gays were walking home on Beacon Hill after a night of frolicking and were attacked by "college-age jock-types who roared by in a car with its lights off." One gay was hit in the head by a quart of beer thrown from the car, a second had his nose broken and teeth chipped from an assailant's fist, a third was kicked in the head resulting in a concussion.

In none of the instances were reports made to police. The reason boils down to the gays' lack of confidence in and mistrust for the Boston blues. Shively says, "There is an unwritten law not to report beatings and robberies. First of all, the police aren't going to do anything except maybe beat you up or hassle you. Secondly, even if the attacker could be

found, it's your word against his and he can always say you solicited or molested him and he was only defending his manhood."

FLORIDA On July 22nd, a story involving the torture and murder of 16-year-old Mark Matson by Albert Brust, Jr., 44, a Dade County housing inspector, shocked the nation.

A 15-year-old girl who had been kidnapped with young Matson, and been kept a prisoner for four days and repeatedly raped by Brust in a padded, sound-proof 4'x8' bedroom. She had witnessed Brust slay Matson when the boy began to struggle after Brust had taken the two of them into his soundproofed room and "forced" them to perform sexual acts. Matson resisted and Brust shot him three times.

Brust was discovered dead, an apparent suicide, on his chaise longue. Neighbors noticed him lying there through an intense rain storm. Ironically, the girl had reported the incident to the police after being released by Brust but when the officials called the 15-year-old girl's parents, they were told the girl was a "pathological liar" given to telling tall tales.

The girl said she had been whipped and raped by Brust while chained to the wall in his soundproofed torture chamber.

TEXAS A couple of weeks later, yet another grisly murder story broke in Houston, Texas. This time, the killer, Dean Allen Corll, 33, had two young accomplices who helped him lure 27 boys to his home where they were made incapacitated by sniffing paint thinner, overcome, handcuffed to a specially constructed "torture board," and then killed by knife, bullet or strangulation.

Once again, the killer himself—Corll—was dead. One of his accomplices, Elmer Wayne Henley, 17, allegedly shot him in self-defense. Both of Corll's accomplices were reportedly young heterosexuals, although they both agreed to take it up the ass for money, usually \$5-10.

Henley was enamored of a 15-year-old girl who had moved away some months earlier. He had been helping Corll lure boys to the house, for which he was paid \$5-10 a head, according to David Brooks, 18, the other accomplice, participated in the killings and apparently got quite a thrill out of it.

Henley and Brooks will both be tried. Henley's lawyer says he will argue that his client is insane. Henley's parents were divorced several years ago and his mother told the press that her husband used to beat both her and young Henley.

Brooks claims that he only helped dispose of the bodies, stood by and watched several of the killings but did not get involved—although he was supposed to help if something went wrong.

Brooks is being charged on two counts of murder. Henley is being charged with six counts of murder. Both have given detailed statements to the police.

The victims were reportedly handcuffed to a torture board eight feet long

and two and a half feet wide with two holes near the edge at either end. Handcuffs were placed through the holes and the other handcuff put on the victim's arm to hold him in position. The boys were then forced to perform various sexual acts. Three additional holes were drilled through the middle of the board but police are baffled or unwilling to say what these holes were used for.

In any event, the mass murder total of 27 exceeded the Juan Corona slayings (25 dead) of a couple of years ago. The two youngsters who are now to stand trial will be examined at great length in the press. And the nation will have a steady diet of "homosexual-sadist-pervert" tales.

PUERTO RICO Gov. Rafael Hernandez Colon had to call out the National Guard and armed guardsmen to hold off striking firemen who attempted to cut off water lines fighting a general alarm blaze which destroyed **Casa Mario** guest house and two gay bars, the **Cabaret** and the **Downtown**. A third bar, the **Main Street**, suffered water damage but reopened. Somewhat later, the **Hotel Roma**, also in Old San Juan, a hotel frequented by gays and prostitutes for quick sex, was gutted by fire. Seven persons were killed in that blaze.

CALIFORNIA San Francisco's Metropolitan Community Church suffered \$100,000 in damage after a three-alarm fire set by arsonists, Fire Inspector John Hopkins said. MCC Pastor James Sandmire called the fire strikingly similar to the one which destroyed MCC Mother Church in Los Angeles last January.

Arsonists apparently entered the building by breaking a heavy wired-glass panel in a door at the side of the church. They would have had to go through the basement social hall and climb the stairs to enter the main sanctuary.

Once there, they apparently tried to set several fires, but Lt. George Kelly of the San Francisco Fire Department arson investigation squad called their attempts "very amateurish."

Three fires were attempted before one finally caught the building on fire—one on the pastor's bench, a second on the organ, and a third on a pew. Matches and matchbooks were seen in several locations in the sanctuary.

The fire that finally was successful was set in the southeast corner of the sanctuary, Kelly said. The walls at the rear of the sanctuary were ignited, and flames billowed upwards through the belfry, creating a fireplace effect which kept the fire from completely destroying the building, although it did spread to the roof, destroying it and one other wall traversing the sanctuary.

Firebrands sent hurtling into the air also apparently ignited the roof of the parsonage, but by that time fire department units were on the scene, and that blaze was quickly extinguished.

Three fire battalions were summoned by an unidentified person who pulled a nearby alarm box.

Meet Market

BY DONALD LANE
THE TAJ IS ALIVE ON 28th STREET

Old timers and retired patrons of the Everard Baths* on 28th Street near Broadway recall an open balcony-like hole on the second floor, and a painted over stained glass dome above the stifling mason-board "rooms" on third; beds of iron and wire mesh from a World War I military store, mattresses of hopeless horsehair, and tattered sheets only slightly cleaner than the dingiest cubicles this side of Devil's Island.

Patrons tearing or cutting the admittedly long and unflattering robes were warned of a \$5 fine, and attendants—usually asleep, rarely personable, and never fond of sanitary precautions—were known at times to break up promising orgies or simply to put a stop to what they considered colorful behavior.

The interesting round hole was covered over years ago; and in spite of the oppressively dark atmosphere the establishment, in those inhibited times, enjoyed a fame that got to Harvard students in their first year, public-out-of-towners, and an ageless coterie of local faithful who bestowed on the place a speechless adulation usually reserved for certain restaurants in France or that Indian temple mentioned in the title.

Periodic visits to the place were an accepted ritual like Wednesday at the Fort Wayne Elks', and the socially prominent Wall Streeter who gave the place as his residence was detected. A successful stock speculator who operated from a rickety telephone booth in the lobby to the old Hirsch and Company brokerage office across the street was not.

An awed Hollywood lady, reduced in circumstances, moved into the London Terrace apartments nearly a mile away on 23rd Street, only to receive a breathless congratulatory letter from a candid Pasadena friend noting that she was right in the neighborhood of the old original **Our Mother of the Vapors**.

The building was, in fact, constructed as a Greek church—remember that damned dome?—and the plunge in the basement, now spewing cooling waters for the faithful of another orientation entirely, was a total immersion baptismal font; Billy Graham, where are you tonight?

Now, after a disastrous fire in 1971, caused, as every school child knows, by a Chicago clod kicking over a spittoon full of lighter fluid and dropping a joint into it, the entire establishment has been rebuilt and refurbished, at a cost, according to owner Irving Greenberg, in excess of \$200,000.

Sporting shimmering walnut-paneled walls, firm new innerparting-mattressed, sparkling fresh linens, cheery rooms (with, if you need it for any reason, an adjustable candlewatt recessed light fixture), pleasant robes—which few bother to wear, the towel draped just so having



MATTIE, to host 8th Annual Miss Fire Island Contest September 16 at the Beach Hotel.

gained favor and approval—the place has a resort aura comparing favorably to more expensive and harder-to-get-to hotels like French Lick Spa in Indiana or Colorado's Broadmoor, without, of course, the latter's sea lions.

In fact, except for the fireplaces and oriental rugs—"not everybody likes oriental rugs," management has noted—with the enlarged and improved restaurant, tables and chairs cabana effect next to the pool, and sprinkling of greenery in the lobby, there is an air of hominess around, as well as a selection of amusements not usually associated with popcorn and apples around the family hearth at eventide.

Even the staff, many of them gratifyingly young, has been instructed to show the guest of moment every courtesy, and many of them manage to do more than that, especially around the 10 a.m. shift change when, unfortunately, the lights go on in the capacious and popular orgy room on second.

As for the clientele, it is, somehow, a lot more fun. Prices have not changed, attitudes have, and a whole new generation of forthright pretties out to get their rocks off stream by the famous glass admitting desk to be told to sign the register please, and be informed that it is a quarter for the locker room attendant if you want to take care of it.

The thirteenth generation of well kept yellow cats guards the office, the lockers are capacious, the bathrooms clean, and a new day at the old stand-by is summarized by a six-foot-two-inch Viking with shoulder-length blond hair, eyes like blue morning glories, perfect teeth, flawless skin and hod carriers' build with an endowment that would put two girls through Vassar College for four years. Judging from his diction he was a rising actor.

"If you want to interview me while I'm getting blown and fucked all at once it won't be the first time. But you'll have

to ask my agent. He's in the next room with some number, getting flogged."

* Everard Baths, 28 West 28th Street. Open 24 hours. Lockers \$4.75 Monday-Thursday, \$5.25 Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Rooms \$6.75 Monday-Thursday, \$7.75 Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

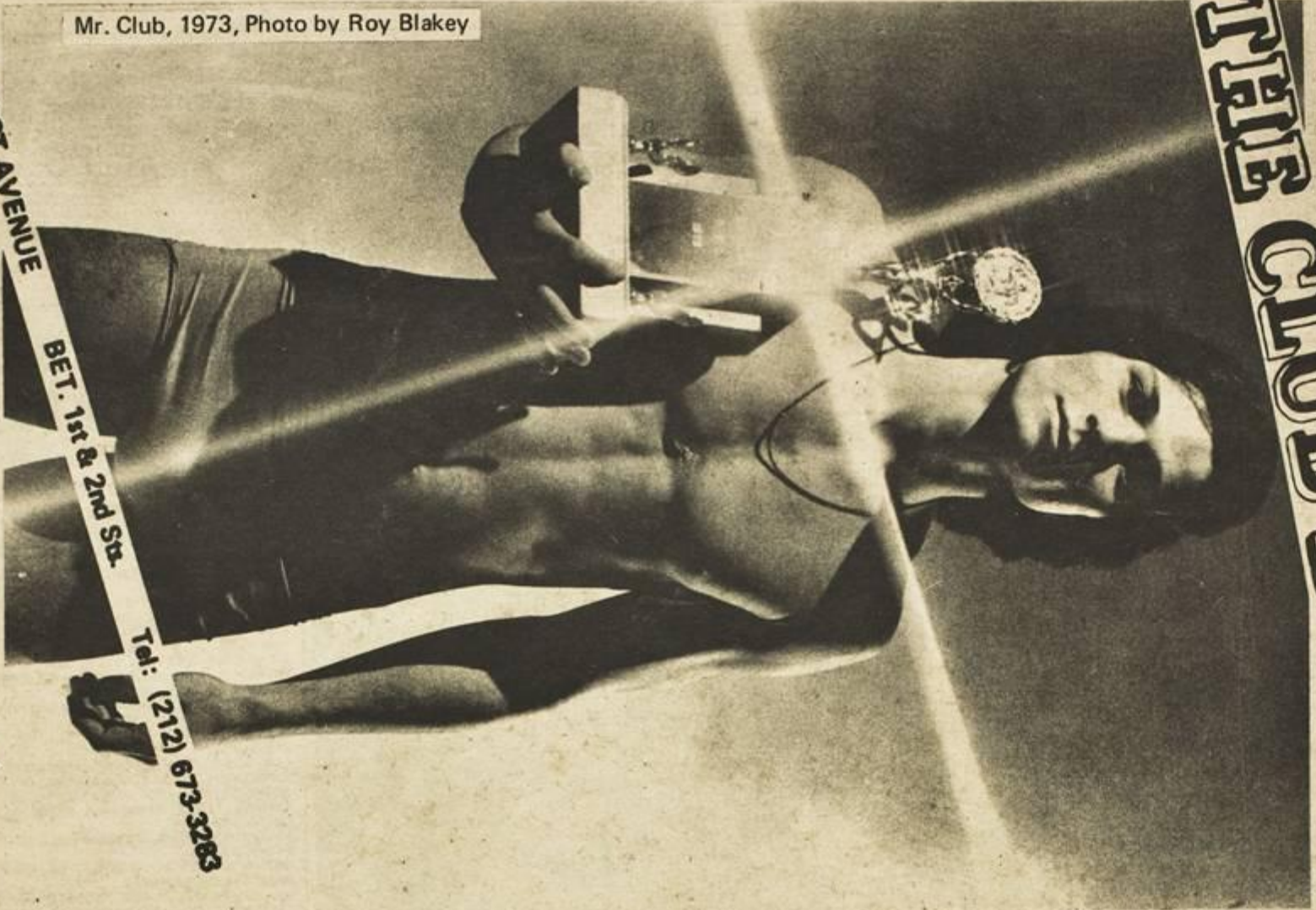
- ALEXANDER THE GREAT, 216 W. 46th St., Phone 247-9192.
- ALIBI, 1544 Second Ave. (80-81 St.), NYC. Phone 429-7025.
- ALLEY, 74-05 37th Ave., Jackson Hgts., Queens, Phone 429-8879.
- BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, NYC. Phone 473-9367.
- BARN, Park Ave. South & 19th St., NYC. Phone 473-9080.
- BEAT GOES EAST, 461 Morris Park Ave., Bronx, NY. Phone 321-8666.
- BEAU GESTE, 239 Third Ave. (at 20th St.), NYC. Phone 473-9724.
- BETSY ROSS, 73-13 37th Rd., Jackson Hgts., Queens, Phone 429-8505.
- BETTER DAYS, 316 W. 48th St., NYC. Phone 162-9742.
- BIG DISH, W. 12th & W. 4th St., NYC. Phone 243-9898.
- BIG SPENDER, 315 W. 48th St., NYC. Phone 243-9898.
- BRIKE STOP, 230 W. 75th St., NYC. Phone 874-9014.
- BONNIE AND CLYDE, W. 3rd St. betw. Thompson & Sullivan Sts., NYC. Phone 473-9304.
- BOOT HILL, 317 Amsterdam Ave., NYC. Phone 787-9412.
- BOY SOIR, 40 W. 8th St., NYC. Phone 473-9854.
- BROTHERS AND SISTERS, 355 W. 46th St., NYC. Phone 265-7848.
- CANDY STORE, 44 W. 56th St., NYC. Phone 581-4664.
- CARR'S, 204 W. 10th St., NYC. Phone 252-9242.
- CAVE, Bank & Washington Sts., NYC. Phone 242-9550.
- CELL BLOCK, W. 11th & West St., NYC. Phone 989-9550.
- CHEZ BIPPY, 2207 Boller Ave., Bronx, NY. Phone 378-9497.
- COMBINATION, 2540 B'way, at 95th St., NYC. Phone 886-9520.
- COMPANY, 365 Third Ave. (at 27th St.), NYC. Phone MU 3-9033.
- COUNTRY BOY, 1313 Third Ave., NYC. Phone 879-6614.
- COPABANANA, 57 Lexington Ave., NYC. Phone 688-8668.
- DANNY'S OF BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, 108 Montague St., Brooklyn, NY. Phone 625-8844.
- DANNY'S SHERIDAN SQUARE, 170 7th Ave. So., NYC. Phone 691-8373.
- DELANEY'S, 72 Grove St. (off 7th Ave. So.), NYC. Phone AL 5-7995.
- DIRTY DONNA'S SCOREBOARD, 264 W. 46th St., NYC. Phone 265-9075.
- DITCHESS, 70 Grove St. (at 7th Ave. So.), NYC. Phone 242-1408.
- EAGLE'S NEST, 11th Ave. & 21st St., NYC. Phone 82 CLUB, 82 E. 4th St., NYC. Phone GR 7-8820.
- FACES, Jerome Ave. at 179th St., Bronx, NY. Phone 234-0084.
- PAST PRESENTS, 185 W. 10th St., NYC. Phone 674-9447.
- FEDORA'S, 239 W. 4th St., NYC. Phone CH 3-9691.
- FINALE, 48 Barrow St., NYC. Phone CH 3-7338.
- FOREST, Third Ave. & 81st St., NYC. Phone 744-9673.
- FRIZZY'S, 531 Hudson St., NYC. Phone 255-9741.
- GABE'S, 98 Christopher St., NYC. Phone 929-0012.
- GAY DINZA, 45 E. 58th St., NYC. Phone HA 1-4320.
- GIANNINI'S, 33 W. 19th St., NYC. Phone 691-7446.
- GILDED GRAPE, 719 Eighth Ave., NYC. Phone 832-9094.
- GODMOTHER, 305 E. 60th St., NYC. Phone 691-7446.
- HARRY'S BACK EAST, 1422 Third Ave. (80-81st St.), NYC. Phone 249-6991.
- JULIUS, 150 W. 10th St., NYC. Phone 929-9672.
- KELLER'S, 284 West St., NYC.
- KELLY'S VILLAGE WEST, 46 Bedford St., NYC. Phone 242-9226.
- KOOKY'S, 149 W. 14th St., NYC. Phone 242-9226.
- LIB, 305 E. 45th St., NYC. Phone 532-0290.
- LIMELIGHT, 91 7th Ave. So., NYC. Phone 255-9379.
- LOODGE, 1683 First Ave. (87th St.), NYC. Phone 289-9556.
- MARIE'S CRISIS, 59 Grove St., NYC. Phone 243-9323.
- MONA'S ROYAL ROOST, 28 Cornelia St., NYC. Phone 242-9557.
- MY SISTER'S PLACE, 2056 B'way (70-71st St.), NYC. Phone 877-0600.
- NEW JIMMY'S, 1576 Third Ave. (near 80th St.), NYC. Phone 860-4709.
- NET-LIFE, 85 Washington Place (off 6th Ave.), NYC. Phone 477-9401.
- ONE POTATO, 518 Hudson St., NYC. Phone 929-9672.
- PAIN'TED PONY, 1485 Third Ave., NYC. Phone 744-9540.
- PANDORA'S POT, 332 Bleecker St., NYC. Phone 229-9048.
- PALMER'S, Greenwich Ave. & 7th Ave., NYC. Phone 691-3360.
- PENNY LANE, 220 W. 49th St., NYC.
- PETER RABBIT, 305 W. 10th St., NYC. Phone WA 9-9579.
- PIANO BAR, 103 Montague St., Brooklyn, NY. Phone 624-9222.
- PICADILLY PUB, 324 Amsterdam Ave., NYC. Phone 874-6632.
- PIPER'S LOUNGE, 1201 Lexington Ave., NYC. Phone 734-9355.
- RAM ROAD, 394 West St., NYC. Phone 929-9718.
- RED HARE, Christopher & Greenwich Sts., NYC. Phone 929-9321.
- ROADHOUSE, 570 Hudson St., NYC. Phone CH 3-4212.
- RONNIE'S SUPPER CLUB, 324 E. 49th St., NYC. Phone 242-9321.
- ROSETTE, 18 & 2nd Ave., NYC. Closed Monday. Phone PL 2-9429.
- ROUNDABOUT, 151 E. 56th St., NYC. Phone 758-0310.
- RUBY FOO, 240 W. 52nd St., NYC. Phone 489-6396.
- SINGLES, 951 First Ave., NYC. Phone 486-9832.
- SIRDS', 148 E. 53rd St., NYC. Closed Sunday. Phone PL 3-8059.
- SPRKE, 120 Eleventh Ave., NYC. Phone 989-8913.
- SQUARE LEMON, 135-01 Northern Blvd., Flushing, Queens.
- THREE, 314 E. 72nd St., NYC. Phone 734-9303.
- TUJIANA CAT, 350 W. 46th St., NYC. Phone 265-9572.
- TOR, 21 Greenwich Ave., NYC. Phone 255-1372.
- TROUBADOR, 1068 First Ave., NYC. Phone PL 5-1955.
- TYS, 114 Christopher St., NYC.
- UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH, 1049 Lexington Ave., NYC. Phone 861-6132.
- UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH, 581 Third Ave. (cor. 38th St.), NYC. Phone 684-2170.
- WALTER'S APARTMENT, 1068 Second Ave., NYC. Phone 371-3374.
- WESTSIDER, 2160 B'way, NYC. Phone 874-8013.
- WHAT A DUMP, 76-06 Roosevelt Ave., Queens. Phone 429-8249.
- WHEN WE WIN, 1 Sheridan Square, NYC. Phone 875-1960.
- YUKON, 140 E. 53rd St., NYC. Phone 421-8122.

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Mr. Club, 1973, Photo by Roy Blakey

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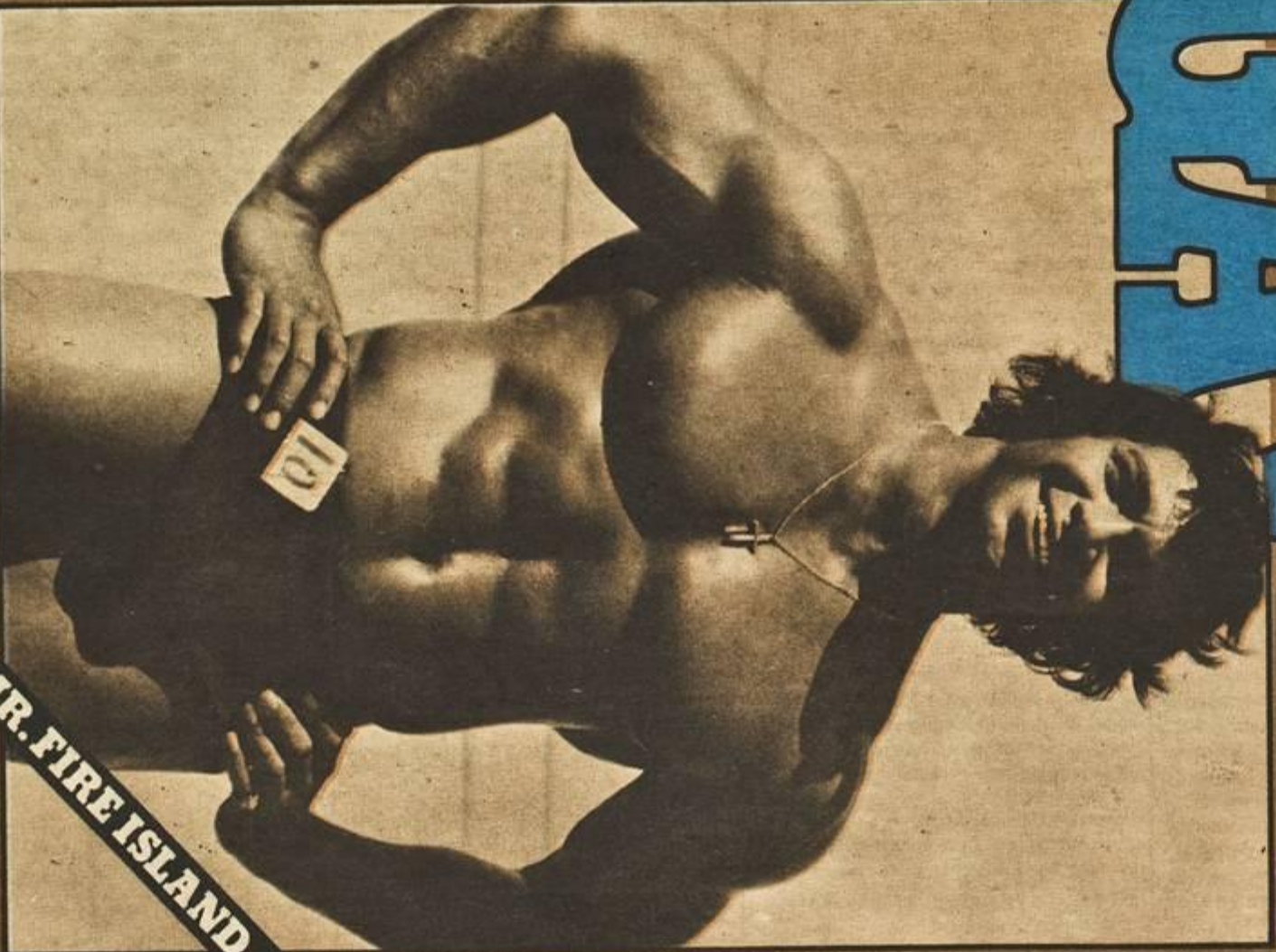
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