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HAWAIIAN LEI

Vacationing over the holidays? Then **skip** the Caribbean. Go for broke and check out the Honolulu gay scene. Not for nothing do they call it **Diamond Head!**



8

WAS PETRONIUS HUNG?

Now hold on! If you thought Fellini's imagination was responsible for those lusty adventures in **Satyricon**, wait until you get into the head of the guy who **wrote** it, one Gaius Petronius.



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FREE "CALL" BOYS

Stop smacking your lips, you won't get laid with the guys at 924-4036. But don't let that deter you from reading this two-sided story on the truly dedicated work they **do** provide.



10

ORGY! ORGY! ORGY!

Whether you're into the group-sex experience or not, you'll want to acquaint yourself with the revealing antics of orgy boys in action. Another symposium!



12

SANTA'S STRANGE RIDE

There will always be a morning after, so wait until the night you tie on a **big** one before you tackle this gross slander of Santa's ride on that holiest of eves.



15

SIX-FOOT COCK. IT'S TRUE!

Dick Leitsch researched this blockbuster on stick-'em-in-the-shitter **gods** who came down from the sky to menace Peruvian Indian lads.

And, there's more at the aquarium **after** you see the fish. Stories on **Bette at the Palace**, homophobia USA, the Ninth Street Center, Thrills & Outrages, People & Places and a **new** problems column. You may turn the page . . .

On The Record

BY PETE DVARACKAS

The holidays are here so let's become introspective and consider some new decisions for our lives, decisions about morality, human values, and idealism and how they are undermined by homophobia, or the fear and hatred of homosexuals and homosexuality.

How do you begin a discussion on something so irrational as homophobia: I mean, how do we confront persons who are content in their discrimination; how do we convince men who accept mindlessness as an escape from bewilderment, self-protection and subconscious terror, how do we search for human values among people desolate and distracted from themselves by an irrational society.

One important factor about society is clear: it's constantly in motion and ready to be directed by anyone with the initiative to set a course—either by an individual with the willingness to express a moral conviction or else by the thug who holds responsibility to no conviction and who often goes unopposed. Homophobes are such thugs, and homophobia, unfortunately, is not only the crude, low doctrine of brutes, but also that of parents who disown us, employers who fire us, psychiatrists who call us "sick," churches which condemn us as sinners, legislators who deny us our rights, and friends who sever us from their affection. Homophobia is all of this with one thing in common: all subscribe to an irrational moral evil, one which, if unchallenged, serves as a sanction and spreads the very evil whose existence many of us are afraid to acknowledge.

Can the foul tide of homophobia be reversed? Possibly with great effort, but effort more on our part than the homophobe who doesn't want to change, really, because his condition is an easy way out of solving emotional problems he'd rather ignore. Homophobia in the long run is the quest for the unearned: in which heterosexuality becomes its own automatic symbol of self-esteem and where the sexual credentials of others are attacked by those who have failed to acquire their own. A survey of sexual experiences and homophobia conducted among 600 Columbia University freshmen and sophomores at an all-male dormitory revealed that "un-easiness about homosexuality is more likely to be found in those of less heterosexual experience." Homophobes are people who have earned no sense of personal moral identity and who prey upon gays with a kind of hysterical intensity that killed 31-year-old William Battle, who was stabbed, sexually mutilated and dumped in a garbage can by a gang of adolescents and young adults in the Bronx. Also consider the gang attacks at Carmine and Bleecker streets in the Village.

Yet, if there is any light in the darkness, it is on the issue of gay rights. At press time the N.Y. City Council adopted, after a three-year battle, Intro 475, a civil rights bill for the city's one million homosexuals, the tenth such bill passed in the U.S. and Canada. It is a triumph for all the city's gay organizations which fought bitterly for this day! Good news? Certainly. But are laws enough? No, Homophobia is a moral problem and, while it should be the moral purpose of government to protect man's rights, it hasn't demonstrated the knack to force rationality. On the contrary, government seems uneasy to allow people to function as individuals and instead distracts us from ourselves, idealizes lesser values, poorer instincts, and teaches us to accept a plastic-mold reality of togetherness, rather than cultivating a fertile landscape where our personalities, humanity and sexuality can be explored.

The antidote, then, for homophobia begins with ourselves and a search for humanness, individuality and sexual realities. This exploration process begins with coming out.

We cannot escape from our own moral values; therefore, coming out is essential. Remaining in the closet is an endorsement of injustice and a declaration that good or evil is good enough for you. Coming out expresses your character, your standards and gives value to your love because you proclaim your belief in it. To stand from this personal responsibility is to become an accessory to the homophobe and one day you'll wake up some dismal middle-aged morning realizing you've betrayed yourself.

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The Mail Bag

IT'S ARM, NOT FIST-FUCKING

Dear GAY:

In your fist-fuck piece, issue 109, you neglect to mention the difference between fist-fucking and arm fucking. The wrist is good enough for me—I don't need any elbows or shoulders.

D.G.
Rochester, N.Y.



L.A. FIST-FUCKER PLAYS HIMSELF

Dear GAY:

I would like to add a few comments to Mr. Pitts' timely diatribe on "FIST FUCKING."

Mr. Pitts is to be lauded for his exposition of the physical dangers of this unique mastery of the human body. THESE DANGERS DO IN FACT EXIST AND PARTICIPANTS MUST BE MADE AWARE OF THEM. Mr. Pitts and GAY magazine have made a valuable contribution to the well-being of our brothers. THANK YOU.

Being the FILMMAKER of L.A. PLAYS ITSELF and narrator and contributor to EROTIKUS, I must expose myself as being the man [in the film Pitts wrote about]. I seem to upset poor Pitts greatly. "UP YOUR ASS BABY" is my comment to Pitts' editorializations of my work.

personally I am a FAG ASS FAG-GOT... viewing the male body as a SEX OBJECT... that cannot be compared.

FIST FUCKING is a great and pleasurable method of achieving liberation... free orgasm... free mind. "I SAY... LIBERATE YOUR ASS FIRST... YOUR MIND WILL FOLLOW."

L.A. PLAYS ITSELF, SEX GARAGE, EROTIKUS are expositions of the view that you must leave your mind and personality outside the door, within the chambers, have the mental state of EMPTY and let you be stripped of personality and all extraneous substances... let you stand naked before your self and choice, then it is possible to be FREE and discover what the fuck is going on.

The NEW IMPROVED GAY is certainly fun to read...

Fred Halsted
Los Angeles, Calif.

[Thanks for your comments, but come on, Fred, why don't you admit that that sweet little kid in L.A. Plays Itself was not the guy you had impaled on your arm? Those were just two different asses!—each beautiful in his own way—but the ass with your arm in it looked at least 40 years old. Maybe that would reassure Charlie Pitts a bit.—Ed.]

TACTICS FOR COLLEGE GROUPS

Dear GAY:

We would like to share a tactic which may be of help to other gay groups having hassles from college administrations.

In 1971, the Homophiles of Penn State (Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Pa.) had their student charter revoked by the administration. We went to court, but since the case took so much time we had difficulty operating as a group. In order to continue functioning, the president of the student body (the Undergraduate Student Government) created the Minority Affairs Department as part of his executive's governing apparatus. The department included a gay desk, a women's desk and a black desk. The then two coordinators of HOPS were appointed as co-chairmen of the department. As a result, we were able to get a budget, an office, and the right to use University facilities. The administration was powerless to stop us. The only thing they could have done was to dissolve the student government, something they were unable and unwilling to do.

Coincidentally, we did receive our official charter six months after the creation of the Minority Affairs Department as a result of an out-of-court settlement with the administration.

Any groups or individuals seeking more information should write to HOPS at the address below.

Anthony J. Silvestre
president,
Homophiles of Penn State
P.O. Box 218
State College, Pa. 16801

Bette at the Palace, and Then What?

BY RALPH SEPULVEDA, JR.

Something curious and totally unexpected happened at Bette Midler's opening night at the Palace, something I never thought would happen: Bette Midler, one of the true great originals of our time—a performer so red-hot she practically burns on stage—gave a terrible performance. It was such a sorry spectacle that perhaps the proper response would have been to look away politely or go home, but I was held there by the hope that she'd get better. She never did, though. Unbelievable though it was, her energy and wit seemed to have shriveled and dried up before my very eyes, and it was like witnessing the demise of a superstar. For her long-time admirers—present on that night to celebrate the summit of her career—it couldn't have been anything but painful, and by the end of the evening I was depressed beyond words. True, the first-night audience was not as a whole the best she ever had; indeed, at times they were even downright unresponsive. But they were more often than not highly enthusiastic and at the end they gave her a jumping-up-and-down ovation. And yet I thought I sensed in the audience's joy an edge of desperation that was ghastly—as if they were trying too hard to convince themselves that tonight Midler was as marvelous as she'd always been. At the end of the concert, swept up by the clamorous roar of the crowd, she had wrapped her arms tightly around herself in a self-embrace and looked terribly vulnerable, terribly sweet—a little Raggedy Ann holding a big secret. My heart went out to her.

The next day, everywhere I went people were shaking their heads in disbelief and asking themselves what had happened. It all had the air of a mystery, and the rumor (as yet unsubstantiated) that had been circulating the week before among those in the know that Miss M was about to get married and give up her career heightened it.

But if all this was curious, what happened two days later when I went back to the Palace was even curiously. As if by magic, Midler had managed to transform herself and to be as incoherent and as much of a star as ever. Going at full strength, she had recaptured her all-powerful magnetism, had got a grip on her artistry. She hadn't on opening night, on opening night she was wildly, hysterically, unrestrained and maniacally restless—there was no method in the madness and, for her to be good, there's got to be. "Miss M," her stage incarnation that is the personification of Camp, is a caricature, and caricature, for all its broadness, needs to be sensitively manipulated if it is to transcend mere caricature. On opening night, "Miss M" was allowed to run amuck like a fluttering



OPENING NIGHT at Palace! Bette's encore is "Chapel of Love" with wedding bells as she points to a ring on her finger. What does this portend?

decapitated chicken. "Miss M" was no longer an integral part of Bette Midler's act: she had overtaken it—and was grotesque, beligerent, irrelevant, someone who just got in the way. But two nights later Midler put her back in her place and "Miss M" was a delight. Midler and the audience functioned in perfect harmony. Minutes after coming on stage she blasted off in triumph and for two hours straight never came down; neither did the audience. And those of us who had attended the fiasco on Monday could only stare at each other incredulously and be pleased by this miracle.

It would be too easy to attribute the opening disaster to opening night "jitters," just as it would be too easy to blame the audience entirely. There may be no simple explanation. But a close clue may lie in Midler's divided personality, which couldn't be more clearly and accurately reflected than on her newly-released second album, *Bette Midler*. An artist in conflict with herself, she chose to give us a complete side of sure-fire hits—"Higher and Higher," "The Lullabye of Broadway," "In the Mood," "Twisted"—and a side full of

songs that suggest the direction she seems to want to move in but can't— "Skylark," "Drinking Again," but especially "Surabaya Johnny." The problem seems to be one that plagues most performers once they make it big: an unwillingness to change and take risks for fear that it may cost them their popularity. It's an understandable fear of course, but it's crippling to artistic growth, and Midler does seem to recognize this. Yet what has she done beyond assuring us again and again that she recognizes this? Last New Year's Eve she told us that she was growing all the time and that by the time we saw her again she probably would have grown so much we might not even recognize her. She also expressed, rather movingly, the hope that we would not desert her. Then, much later, at the start of her nationwide tour, she announced on the *Tonight Show* that she had had to "kill Miss M." While I thought that was going too far—Miss M, after all, had already become an icon of popular culture, and thus too important to destroy—it gave me pleasure to speculate on what to expect on her return to N.Y. And as the

feature stories on her hugely successful tour multiplied, my excitement increased. Perhaps our disappointment opening night was the result of our expecting something a little different from the show she gave us New Year's Eve—a show that one would think she can do in her sleep by now—but if so, it was no one's fault but her own; she'd been priming us for it. How could one avoid feeling a little resentful, a little cheated?

On her album, "Surabaya Johnny" doesn't quite come off for me, but it's an ambitious try and I admire her for it. On my second visit to the Palace, she sang "Surabaya Johnny" and it came off brilliantly on stage. It was the most strikingly dramatic part of the evening, and I was floored, as was the entire audience.

Overwhelmed by the response, she told the audience, "You're getting my ass moving again." I hope she meant that. If she did, and if we're all lucky, she will have changed her act by closing night. If anyone deserves to be called "immortal," it's Bette Midler. If we can't expect great things from her, whom can we expect them from?

Hot Nights at the Ninth

BY JOHN PAUL HUDSON

"You can tell when there's love in a home. You can tell when you open the door. Ev'ry table and chair seems to smile. Come on in, do come in, stay awhile' . . ."

So went a tender, folksy ballad from the 1950s musical *Li'l Abner*, adapted from the comic strip about the never-never land of Dogpatch and its mostly counterculture inhabitants. The lyrics of "Love in a Home" were called to mind on a first visit to the nine-month-old Ninth Street Center between First and Second Avenues in the befooled Mad-Dogpatch of the East Village, recent stomping ground of the Flower Children and successor heads, now evolving after its notoriety in the Sixties toward becoming a renovated neighborhood of responsible non-conformists more fertile even than it used to be when the likes of W.H. Auden lived peaceably there.

Beyond the similarity between the mood of warmth and welcome instantly conveyed by the basement quarters of the new gay social center and the spirit of the *Li'l Abner* lyric, the Dogpatch/Mad-Dogpatch analogy peters out at the front door. The Ninth Street Center is not a hybrid between a mythical escape and a microcosm of the outside reality. It is the New Free Gay reality, a genuine alternative, probably The Alternative fuzzily envisioned by Gay Lib philosophers of the Ultimate Island revolution. By those messianic freaks who predicted that, after the political nerve-center, such as the Gay Activists Alliance's Firehouse, had taken root, it and other enclaves like it would provide space for cultural consolidation and would flower.

Back in the turbulent days of 1969-70, the Gay Liberation Front Alternate University briefly thrived, but as it was a slip stuck into the shifting sands of politics, it failed to attract, or attract and hold, the patient builders/cultivators who follow the rash frontierspeople with plowshares and fertilizer. (Raped and usurped Indians, please forgive the metaphor.) There was something missing from Alternate U., just as to many who seek the social fruit of militant activism there is something missing from the Firehouse.

What? Maybe a quietude for leisurely growth and development where one does not have to respond to the continual challenge of political expediency.

The Ninth Street Center is a haven "where gay people can be comfortable yet where important human challenges are acceptable and expected. . . . With personal development our goal, the horizons are unlimited," declares its descriptive pamphlet. It is "designed for those who want their homosexuality to help them lead more fulfilling lives . . . (providing) a setting where gay people can



Illustration: Bob Blake

Street Center

learn about themselves and develop their relationships with others."

The Center's founders and present staff of about 15 volunteers "believe in the creative individual who is attempting to expand the dimensions of his world," intending for the Center to become "a workshop of human resources."

Who are these second-wave Gay Libbers, what have they already done, and what remarkable "supra-movement force" inspires them? Since its grand opening last March 24, the Center has initiated regular weekly discussion groups "which examine the problems of gay life fully and openly," a drawing class where gay males draw gay males, a weeknight and Friday afternoon counseling service, a non-commercial journal of gay ideas, an acting class, and a super-popular Saturday night contribution-only buffet—with other activities such as a Sunday game night in the planning

world," commented one athletic-looking brother crouched between canvas deck chairs in a room bubbling with some 50 males and 20 females early one Saturday night this fall. He was balancing a plate overflowing with meat loaf, lasagna, succotash, salad and chocolate cake—all prepared at home by the Center's "guiding genius," Dr. Paul Rosenfels, who has rapidly come to be far more than the Center's chief cook.

Paul's youthful lover, Dean Hanotte, is another mainstay of the Center, which has no elaborate organizational structure, just the "standard" officers and a board of directors. Dean is a quietly dynamic long-hair who finds joy in writing, philosophy, art, music, math, the movement and the teaching of Paul.

Talking with him you feel you have just pressed the valve of a spray can containing a concentration of something potent. He's extroverted, but circum-



stage.

Most participants are male, though as one of the brothers explained in a WBAI "Gay Pride" radio broadcast in the summer, "We want people to relate to each other as human beings and not come up with any sexist . . . ideologies. We are not limited, but the Center was started by a group of men."

Operating on donations by a handful of alternatists—about half of them former GAA members who "are not opposed or cool to the Gay Lib movement"—the Center obtained a one-year lease on its suite of two large rooms, kitchen, bath and storage area, every inch of which is now spanking clean. Redecorating was done by a small nucleus. Now upwards of 150 different persons come and go on a weekend night, joyously utilizing the facilities collectively.

"I've never seen such a warm, smiling, spontaneous atmosphere in the gay

spect, inside-out, quite on top of his expanding world. He exudes conviction and strength of purpose.

Motivator/moderator Dean explains that the Center "is reinforcing. You can really turn to somebody else and say, 'Listen, I'm having a bad time about going to the bars and baths. I'd like to meet people on another level.' What's coming about here is a tremendous amount of support to people in their homosexuality. The basic idea is psychological growth. We want people to feel at ease."

He is thoroughly convinced that "homosexuality is not a sickness or perversion. It is a way of expanding into a more human world. People who think and do what they want use homosexuality to explore life because it is an area which society cannot control. Without the automatic imagery and programmed rules of behavior which characterize

(continued on page 21)

Black and Blue Ads



CLASSIFIED! He'll play ball with YOU!

We can't all be Madison Avenue whiz kids, sure, but by God anybody should be able to get laid through a classified ad! It doesn't matter what you're into, how far out you go, who you're looking for, where you live or what you look like—if you desire to contact other people through the mails for purposes of sexual gratification, you can do it easily. All you have to do is express your interests clearly, and somebody's bound to pick up on you and write back; and if you can garnish the bare details with some subtle advertising, then you can't help but succeed. I've been advertising for months myself in the **Rigid Bondage Roster** (P.O. Box 411, Church St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10008), and I've been getting such great results, why, whole weeks go by that I can hardly sit down, my ass is so sore.

But we'll not talk about me, thanks. Let's look at the way some of the other advertisers in the **Rigid Bondage Roster** hype themselves: that way, when you set down to write your own ad, you'll have a better idea of what works, and what to avoid.

First of all, be unmistakably clear about what you're into. Nothing's more frustrating than reading a fairly interesting ad, but being unsure of where the person's at, and whether his trip is something you'd like to be part of. For instance, here's a typical ad from the last issue.

ALBANY, N.Y.: Bill. I am interested in S/M-B/D such as pretty boys being Bound, humiliated, tortured & whipped by men. Also of boys forced to have oral & anal sex with animals such as Bulls, dogs, goats, horses, pigs and &.

So big deal! Who doesn't like to see

pretty boys getting what they deserve? Even pretty boys get horny over that. The thing is, what's he looking for? Does he want boys to beat up? Pictures, books and films of boys getting beaten up? Letters from other people like himself? And it's enough to mention "sex with animals" without naming the livestock desired, unless you're into boys having sex with lobsters and platypi.

Then there's always the problem of being obscure. In this day and age, thanks to the sexual revolution, it's perfectly all right to come right out and say what you want—genital torture, enemas, suffocations and revivals, hot pennies, etc.—without resorting to those hackneyed old code words that make everything so secretive and shameful. Who would want to answer no. 257's ad?

WESTERN NEW YORK STATE: Ray. W/M, sin., clean, mas. w. end. cut., 5'11" 150 lbs. mut. love man, French cult. only. Det. pic. No overweights, sizys, long hairs, crooks.

Clearly, no. 257 has problems. While he can just barely gasp out what he desires—mutual blowjobs with another man—he's perfectly clear about what he despises. He surely doesn't sound like a very agreeable person. And what in the name of Krafft-Ebing does "w. end. cut." mean? Is he circumcised, maybe?

It's also very confusing when a person seems to contradict himself in his ad. Take no. 153, for example:

WHITTIER, CALIF.: Glenn. W/m, 50, well educ. and clean. Valley behavior control therapy by non-pro female whose techniques include bondage, forced feminization and sexual denial. No men, pros, or rough stuff.

Now c'mon, no. 153, you know you get off on "rough stuff." What's this "no rough stuff" shit? I'd like to just take you right over my knee, and . . .

Ahem. Then in the world of S&M especially, it's good to be literate, especially if you fancy yourself as a Dominant. Who would want to submit themselves to an obvious idiot like no. 232:

ALBANY, N.Y.: Mark. Dominant White Married Male 40 desires to meet slaves of either sex or color. Wife will participate. Can travel or intertain.

So these are the things you have to watch out for. To write good ads, though, it's always nice to throw in some nice sexy prose. Why not practice up by sending off an ad to GAY classified!

Thrills & Outrages



GOOCHIE OR POOCHIE? No, it's Ruth Truth, who STRIPPED at Betty's Palace opening.

Some lucky drag queens will have the opportunity to win a real sex-change operation as the "ultimate prize" of an East Coast drag queen contest series. The New York competition at the Statler Hilton Ballroom will be Jan. 11. Finals in bathing suits are set for spring in Philly. Contest impresario Henry David said, "Sex changes are no longer considered something from outer space, and I hope to provide a beautiful person with her life-long dream."

Marc Segal, Philadelphia's gay militant who barged in on the set of NBC's Today Show, startling newscaster Frank Blair and millions of sleep-eyed viewers to protest gay slurs on Sanford and Son, is foaming at the mouth because Ron Gold took credit for his "raid" in the name of the National Gay Task Force. "Gold had nothing to do with it," Segal called GAY long distance to say.

"Bad! Dirty!" said wide-eyed teachers at GAY staffer Marc Wald's alma mater, Valley Stream Central High School, as he distributed issues of the paper to students after a speaking engagement there. Health and sex education instructors evidently felt that while theoretically gay is good, in reality a few shots of anatomy were too much for their suburban sensibilities.

Bette Midler's opening night audience at the Palace gave her standing ovations but Bette, nevertheless, seemed unsatisfied. "It was like Night of the Living Dead," she said. "And Poochie and Goochie were there," a reference to Bearded Lady Ruth Truth and escort Jon Rene whom Julie Newmar introduced from the floor of the orchestra. Ruth broke up the show doing a strip up the center aisle, no doubt leaving pounds of glitter trailing behind.

A Baker's Dozen of 13 campy posters became the talk—and collector's item—of Jack Baker's unsuccessful campaign for alderman in Minneapolis. They included a 1940's photo of former Mayor and Mrs. Hubert Humphrey, and were designed by Thom Higgins, a gay copywriter and artist, and an ad agency co-worker of his. Baker's knock-on-every-door campaign got him 1,044 ballots, ten per cent of the votes, running fourth among six candidates in a neighborhood with no significant number of gay people.

With Newsweek and Mademoiselle running gay articles, there remains only the Readers Digest, writer Leo Skir suggests. Think of the titles: 1. "The Case for Bisexuality," 2. "My Most Unforgettable Transvestite," 3. "Homosexuality Can Save You Money," 4. "What To Do With That Recurring Hemorrhoid," 5. "I Want My Daughter To Be A Lesbian," 6. "The Homosexual: America's Last Bastion Against Communism," 7. "The New Homosexual Diet and How You Can Eat It," 8. "Our Daughter Married a Homosexual," 9. "I Am Joe's Penis," 10. "The Lord Is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay (Book Condensation)."

Hawaiian Lei for the Holidays

Three months can change any scene, but in Honolulu three months can mean a revolution. Certainly the gay scene there has taken some giant steps forward in three months' time. When I left the tropical paradise at summer's end, it was quiet and subdued to say the least. The Glades, Honolulu's only all-boy review, was the only show in town; the Dunes' nude waiter happening was under heavy pressure to close down; the House of Charles on Kulo was just getting a good start, and the quiet businessman-closet-queen bars were being quiet and businessman-like. The only gay bar on the Waikiki Strip making a showing for itself was The Gay Nineties.

When I returned to Honolulu this week, I was surprised to discover that, in the first place, the Dunes had not only kept the nude waiter thing going, but that the show is better than ever... Butch Williams and Carl Green are still letting it all hang out (and for those bro's all is much!). The Thursday and Friday lunch shows are still crowded, but not packed, so good tables are easy to come by.

The Glades down on the wrong end of Honolulu's picturesque and notorious

Hotel Street has maintained the quality of the "Boys Will Be Girls" review, even more mahus (Hawaiian for drag-queens) are gathering to take part in the nocturnal revels, and the gay movie houses and peep-shows along Hotel Street are still thriving.

The gay scenes, like all scenes in Hawaii, possess an admirable "melting-pot" aspect and the multi-racial sexual spectrum of colors and physiques add a smorgasbord dilemma, choosing among a splendid variety of experiences. This aspect is especially noticeable along the beaches of the Waikiki Strip, where the most beautiful and expensive things in the world are for sale, and where even the loneliest tourist can pick up a free lei.

Most of the beaches are crowded from dawn to dusk as the beautiful and not so beautiful check out bodies abundantly on display—a voyeur's paradise.

The gay beach in Waikiki is located about four blocks towards Diamond Head from Waikiki Beach. Called Kapiolani Beach Park, it runs a comfortable half-mile or so between the Honolulu Zoo and the World War I Memorial Natatorium (the natatorium, scheduled



NUDE WAITER serves up big lunch.

for demolition next year, has been Hawaii's most visited tea-room for decades). Halfway down the beach is a wide, grassy, shade-tree planted strip that has been staked out as the territorial imperative of the gay community. Whatever hassles one might encounter on other beaches will not be encoun-

tered here. This short strip of sand is home grounds—the Fire Island of the Pacific. Be yourself and do your own thing are the only dictates of behavior.

The club scene in Waikiki has trebled since last summer. Besides the Gay Nineties—good drinks, good dancing, good crowd—which is located on the opposite end of the strip from the beaches, there are two new nightclubs presenting entertainment for the gay population. The Stuffed Tomato, one block mountainside (as opposed to oceanside) of the Gay Nineties, is plush, crowded and possessed of some of the most erotic go-go boys on the planet. The House of Charles, behind the International Market Place, is quieter, more dimly lit, less crowded and altogether more reminiscent of some of the much-treasured trysting places in San Francisco.

For the adventurous there are numerous tea-rooms and glory-holes enough for the most voracious appetites. Cruising is maintained in a constant 70 degree tropical climate so that even frustration (of which there should be very little) is less frustrating. All in all, a Christmas in paradise would be even more paradisaical! —Hank Watson

Leo and the Sacred Heart

It was Quebec and it was cold. But the heart continues.

It pleased the Good Lord to have one of Leo's friends visit him. Daniel from New-York did appear, albeit briefly. It was good to hear English again and Leo talked and talked and talked.

"I must go out for air and to see the place," said Daniel. "I shall return in an hour or less."

He went. Leo returned to his labors, which consisted of tapping on his typewriter. Tap tap tap went Leo.

Thump thump thump came a sound on the stairs.

"Can that be my friend Daniel?" thought Leo. "I would have thunk him lighter of foot."

Thunk thunk thunk came the sound on the stairs. Not the footsteps were in the hall. Someone came to the door.

Knock knock knock.

Leo opened the door.

It was a man selling a Church calendar.

Leo asked him in, sat him down, gave him coffee.

"I am a stranger here," said Leo (in French). "Much interested in comparative anatomy."

"I have more pictures of Jesus of the Sacred Heart," said the man.

He was an open-faced robust man. Married, it seemed, a clerk in a government office, supplementing his income—a necessity since he had two children



SACRED HEART of the Yukon.

—by these sales in the evenings. Leo looked at the picture of Jesus showing his heart.

"I am interested in live subjects," said Leo. "How much do you weigh?"

"175," said the man.

"Your height?"

"Five feet, nine inches."

"Good! Good! Your waist?"

"34."

"I can't believe it! Take off your coat and vest."

The man took them off.

"I have a tape here," said Leo. He had a fisherman's need to remember lengths and all other measurements.

"Let me see," said Leo. He measured the waist and then said, "I get 34."

(All of this is in French. This is French culture.)

The man took off his belt.

"Look!" he said.

On the inside of the belt was the number 34.

Leo gave him the measure. He measured himself. He came up with 36.

"It may be my extra clothing," he said. He was wearing long underwear.

"We'll have to do something about that," Leo said. "I want to get your chest and hips too."

Just then there was a knock at the door. Several knocks.

A friend indeed, Leo opened the door. It was Daniel returned from his walk.

"What a short walk, Daniel," said Leo warmly.

"It was cold," said Daniel.

"You should have dressed," said Leo.

Daniel was looking at the Sacred Heart salesman who was smoking a cigarette.

"Have I come at the wrong time?" said Daniel. "I have to get back to New York..."

"No, no," said Leo. "I'll go out for a

walk with you before you go..."

"I have to go to the toilet," said Daniel. He left.

"You haven't taken my chest yet," said Sacred Heart.

"I am sorry," said Leo.

The man's chest was 40 inches.

"I hope you're keeping in shape," said Leo. "Do you do exercises?"

"Not now," said the man. "It's winter."

"Oh," said Leo.

There was a knock at the door. Daniel returning.

"We have to go," said Leo.

The man just stood there and looked at Leo.

"I'm going out with my friend," said Leo.

"Oh," said the man. He slowly put on sweater, belt and jacket and began to leave.

At the door he turned and looked at the calendar.

"It's correct?" he said. And smiled. Leo picked up the calendar and looked through the months.

"If there are any mistakes I'll let you know," he said.

After he left Daniel said, "He seemed very agreeable. A pity you don't have his picture."

"Yes," said Leo. "He had a 40-inch chest."

He looked at the calendar. Jesus pointed to his chest.

—Leo Skir

Events & Places



HUNG ink sculpture at Legend Gallery.

GOT HEPATITIS? GET CHECKED!

Volunteers are needed for medical research checking how hepatitis spreads among gay people. Samples are being collected two evenings a week, Tuesday and Thursday 7-9 p.m. throughout December and January. Contact the New York Blood Center, ask for Dr. M. Isaac Much, (212) UN 1-7200 (ext. 272 or 361). Volunteers get a free and confidential analysis of how their livers are functioning. Are you a hepatitis carrier and don't know it?

GAY was disappointed in Bruce Cooke's article, "W.H. Auden: He Gave a Name to Our Age," in the National Observer. Like so many writers, Cooke reviewed his subject's life and work, heaping praise on both, but scrupulously avoided any mention of Auden's homosexuality, the openness of his lifestyle and his longtime relationship with a male lover. A feature on the Houston murders makes a great point that they were "homosexual" rape slayings. But when a homosexual who has contributed to our society and has accomplished something positive in his life dies, some unwritten code of propriety causes his homosexuality to be ignored.

In a move designed to create a Supreme Court test case forcing a legal confrontation on the constitutionality of the Washington, D.C. (and all state) laws prohibiting private sexual acts on the part of consenting adults, Dr. Frank Kameny, D.C. Mattachine gay lib leader, sent written sodomy solicitations to D.C. police chief Jerry Wilson. Kameny said, "I expect and demand prosecution." So what's the story, Jerry?

You never know what you'll be hearing next at GAA Cabaret at its Wooster Street Firehouse headquarters in SoHo. You'd expect Zach's Trio, a group which mixes hard rock, jazz and Indian ragas, and you'd expect the back-handed humorous song of pianist-singer Barbara MacKay. But Elizabeth's aria from Wagner's Tannhauser came right out of left field, but it worked because Klaus Sperber, a German lad, actually sang each note in a dramatic soprano reminiscent of Leonie Rysaneck. Next Cabaret is Dec. 21, held on alternate Fridays after that. And \$2 admission gets you entertainment, beer, cider and popcorn—a great deal!

Ink sculptures from an exhibition of erotic art by Gerard Frazer, George Morrow, and Jonathan Medford are on view at the backroom of the Legend Gallery, 152 Seventh Avenue South, through December 31. And a photo exhibit of Roy Blakey's nudes is now permanently installed at the Club Baths, 24 First Avenue. Photos are taken from his 64-page book HE.

Out is out. The new monthly magazine is on the newsstands for a dollar, a first-of-its-kind offspring of gay men and women in the media, arts, and politics. Editor-in-chief is Ernest Cohen, with Arthur Bell, Chuck Ortleb and Michael Shepley among the participating editors. Out derives its name from the lib slogan "coming out," and its logo shows a ground hog tooting a horn atop the lower case titles, illustrating that a powerful voice of another of the world's well-populated underground will air its opinions.

Another new publication making its debut is a quarterly called Prurient Interest, put out by the Erotic Conspiracy. You won't find this one on the newsstands, but if you go into Charles Pitts' fist-fucking story in GAY issue 109, then you'll probably like Prurient Interest, so send a buck to him c/o GAY and he'll mail you a copy.

Remember the gay prisoner this holiday season. Christmas Eve in an 8-foot cell is no fun, so Mattachine is collecting gifts to take to gay convicts. Drop off money, cigarettes, candy, fruit, books, or clothing at Mattachine office, 59 Christopher Street at Sheridan Square, Monday to Friday 6-9 p.m., or Saturday 2-9 p.m. The phone is (212) 691-1066. Prisoners are also looking for pen pals so do your Xmas bit and fill up the gay Santa's bag when he heads out to Riker's Island.

Gay Boy Goes "Straight"

Robert Westenberg, 22, who was sentenced to two years for his part in planning an abortive bank robbery with John Wojtowicz in August, 1972, has been granted at least partial freedom after serving 16 months in prison.

Westenberg was unemployed, on welfare disability and in poor health when "Littlejohn" Wojtowicz, a casual acquaintance at Danny's Bar on Christopher Street, offered him "a chance to make an easy 50 grand."

Their original plan called for Westenberg and Sal Naturile to commit suicide should they become trapped in the bank. However, after carrying a package containing guns into the bank, Westenberg decided Wojtowicz and his scheme were "crazy" and fled before the robbery commenced.

Wojtowicz was enraged and told the FBI of Westenberg's involvement. Westenberg hid for a few days and later surrendered voluntarily.

While hiding from the authorities, Westenberg contacted an ex-lover, with whom he had been involved for four years, and asked for financial help in getting out of town. His ex-lover notified the FBI that Westenberg was due at his apartment later that evening. FBI men stationed themselves inside, on rooftops and in the backyard. When Westenberg's friend discovered the FBI intended to shoot Westenberg if he attempted to flee, he broke into tears.

"Things weren't too bad in West Street where I spent the first nine months before sentencing," Westenberg relates. "But by the time I reached the penitentiary in Tallahassee, Florida, the word was out that I was the one who wanted the sex change, and had gone halfway that I even had a vagina."

Westenberg entered the prison and was inundated with love notes, offers of

free cigarettes, wolf whistles and a few cat calls. He was, in prison terminology, "a nice boy"—meaning very attractive. Within a few hours of being put into the compound, the largest black prisoner and the largest white prisoner started fighting in the yard over who was to be "his daddy."

Westenberg, unaware of what was happening, was called into the Warden's office and castigated for "starting a riot." He was immediately isolated and shortly transferred to a coed experimental youth rehabilitation center in West Virginia.

"No sex pressure there at all," he relates. "Most of the people there were first offenders like myself who had just made a mistake."

In late November, he was transferred to Manhattan where he is allowed to seek work during the day. He has experience in working in fabric houses and learned some photography while in West Virginia.

"Most gay people have been very nice to me," Westenberg muses. "I know I made a stupid mistake, if anyone ever suggested something crazy like that again, I'd tell him to go fuck himself or punch him in the jaw."

"Believe me, I've had my 'taste' of prison and I intend to be law abiding the rest of my life. I'll never make another mistake like that."

Originally he faced a possible 20 years in prison for just planning the robbery and carrying the guns into the bank.

"I got a just sentence," he says. "I don't understand those people who insult me and say: 'How could you have become involved in a thing like that?'"

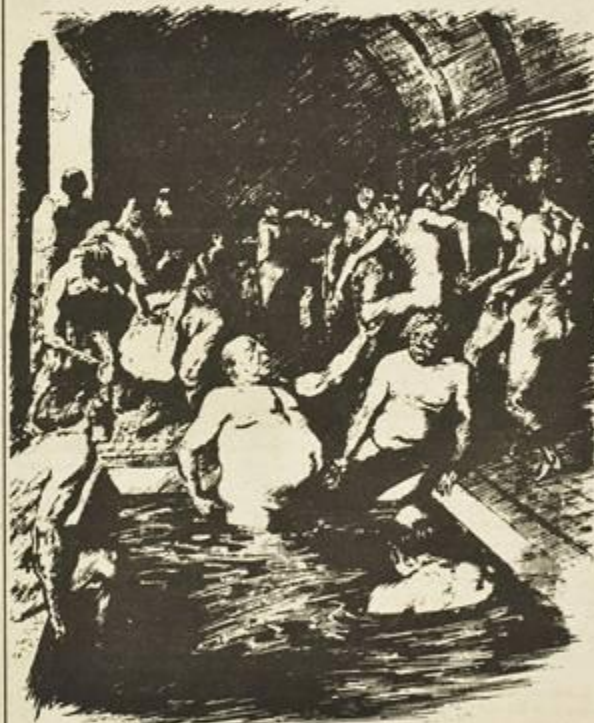
"I was just a naive, dumb kid who didn't know any better. I'm a lot smarter now."



Homos in History Petronius and His Pleasure Pals

I'll bet you thought Satyricon was hatched in the mind-incubator of Italian film director Federico Fellini, right? Wrong. Those lusty adventures of hunky young men in and out of loin cloths sprang from the weird head of one Gaius Petronius. And, as usual, the book is better than the picture.

To go by this guy, Gaius Petronius—there's an old pun—you'd think everybody around Rome in the old days—he died in A.D. 66—was queer as a three dollar bill. Of his writings, only the *Satyricon* has come down to us, and that only in a couple fragments, but there's enough carefree faggotry in it to make the old



Via Veneto sound like Christopher Street.

The plot concerns the misadventures of a certain good-looking young stud named Encolpius, who with his slave-boy lover Gito is on the lam from a nobleman named Lichas and his wife, Tryphaena. Through some devilry or other, the boys seem to have earned an arrest warrant, and in the beginning of the *Satyricon* we find them skulking around the back alleys of old Rome, sleeping in wineshop cellars and whorehouse attics, looking for the quickest boat out of town. Encolpius manages to keep them pretty well fed, though, by pimping little flaxen-headed Gito to the highest bidders, male or fe-

male. The situation has its drawbacks, though, in that frequently Encolpius himself and his "chum" Ascytos are pressed into service, which they find odious to their station as freeborn citizens.

One such tableau occurs when a noble woman named Quartilla gets wind of their embarrassed situation, and blackmails them into letting her fuck Gito while Encolpius does her maid. "The maid whose name was Psyche," Encolpius relates with distaste, "spread out a rug on the floor and industriously tried to bring my manhood out; but for all its response to her fingers it might have been my big toe. Then the servant-girl lifted up her

with grinding away, and then drivelled all over us with wet snorting kisses, until Quartilla who held a whalebone stick of office, her legs naked for action, gave the sign for the end of our indignities."

But alas, it was hardly the end. Hardly have the company lapsed into slumber, than "a brace of Syrian sneak thieves" creep in and wake everybody up again, initiating another round of revelry: "Next entered a frowsy comedian full of insipid smutty gags, and consequently very suited to the place. He beat his palms together as an accompaniment to a kind of snuffling whine intended as a song. It went something like this:

*Come to me, all ye who adore
Beauty's spread Posterior.
Jump delicately, dears, around,
Hop birdlike from the bouncing ground,
With playful hand, with thighs of grace,
And arse in agile sweetness swung—
All, buggery with age or young.
Whom love snipt in love's chosen place.*

"At the finish of this recitation he vomited on me a filthy kiss; then leaping up on the couch he did his best to uplilt me. The villian was tireless, he kept butting away at me high and low in the hopes of scoring a hit. But I spoiled his aim. He was so excited that a gummy hair-oil ran sweatily down his forehead, and the chalky powder streaked his cheeks with wrinkles of make-up like a plaster-wall beslobbered with rain-drops."

And the next day, apropos of nothing much, Encolpius falls in with a rich man named Trimalchio. Now, to be rich in ancient Rome was to be unbelievably rich, richer than Howard Hughes and G. Paul Getty put together. Some 200 families in Rome owned virtually all the arable real estate from Portugal to Turkey, from England to Morocco, and most of the human beings living there as well, and so the portrait here presented of Trimalchio's wealth, while undeniably satirical, was probably essentially accurate.

"You're to dine with us," he told us. He had hardly got this out when Trimalchio snapped his fingers. This was a signal for the eunuch to hold the chamberpot in front of his master, who continued the handball game, nonchalantly pissing. When this elegant micturition was completed to the last dribble, Trimalchio called for water to wash his hands; and after immersing the ends of his fingernails he towelled his hands dry on the hair of a slave-boy's head."

Unhappily, there's no space here to cover Trimalchio's legendary supper, where the slave-boys figured as aperitifs. Suffice it to say, it's a riot. Betimes, though, Encolpius leaves and finds that Gito has absconded with Ascytos, and after a falling-out that verges on murder, Encolpius and Gito finally sneak aboard a midnight craft leaving for Asia Minor. Dawn, however, reveals to them that

(continued on page 16)

Dial 924-4036 "Call" Boy Service for You!

BY ARTHUR FELSON

Doug Rook, a top swain at the collective which runs Gay Switchboard, said he'd tie us up with telephone cables if we made his dedicated problem-solving service sound like call boys for hire. Well, don't be confused; you can't get a blow job calling the fellows at GS and the guy photographed here is our model. The Switchboard's many functions are amply described below by GAA news director Art Felson.

In the basement of a Greenwich Village walkup, two men sit waiting for a pair of telephones to ring.

The room in which they sit is sparse: occupied with two wooden chairs, one old, somewhat worn fabric-covered chair, its color obliterated by old age and grime; a series of maps of Manhattan thumbtacked to the bare plaster-board walls. Slips of paper, names of bars, messages for other volunteers, notices, mimeographed flyers announcing dances, cabarets, meetings, line another another wall.

This is the **Gay Switchboard**, otherwise known as 924-4036.

Seven nights a week, two teams of gay men work three-hour shifts from 6 p.m. to midnight answering questions, providing information, rapping with lonely men and sometimes women, giving information on cruising areas, bars, doctors, lawyers, political organizations, gay areas outside the United States, and sometimes who to vote for.

The Gay Switchboard is a non-political entity run by a collective of men who administer such functions as scheduling volunteers, placing ads and solving minor difficulties as they arise.

But the heart of the Gay Switchboard is its unpaid volunteers whose primary benefit is helping gay people and sometimes working with an attractive co-worker. Its arteries are the pieces of information passed out to callers, its veins are those who contribute information on events, services, apartments for rent or jobs.

At the Gay Switchboard one becomes a **problem solver**. Sometimes these problems defy solution, so the Switchboard has a Question board, where **stumpers** are written, hoping that someone will know the answer. For example: Where are Staten Island bars? Anyone know of a black, gay psychotherapist, where are the bars for those interested in fat people, are there any bars for gay deaf people?

More often, however, what seems to be a major problem to a caller will have simple solutions.

Many questions are of a medical nature. Will the city V.D. clinic reveal my identity? Do I have scabies? Where can I find a gay dentist?

Sometimes they are social. Where are the trucks? How do I get to the Firehouse? Where is the Ninth Circle bar? There are times when questions are



sexual. I like to be **spanked**—where can I go to meet someone? What is the right way to be fucked?

Occupational questions are also raised. Where can I find a houseboy? Got any jobs? I need a gay piano teacher.

Coming out is another area that is frequently telephoned about. And so are legal and psychological questions.

There are also times when the phones won't ring. You converse with the person who is working with you that night—you thumb through tattered copies of GAY, the *Mattachine News*, an old porn book or maybe even some earworn model magazines. When all else fails—you look at the walls, the floors or perhaps just fantasize over what the first phone caller looks like or an old trick or your lovers.

The Switchboard has a policy, or rather a **non-policy**: volunteers shouldn't make dates with their phone callers. Otherwise, there are no real policies at the Switchboard. For the key to its success is in the total individuality and confidentiality between the volunteer and the caller.

Working in the dank area, whose space once was shared with the women

of the Lesbian Switchboard (which now is located at the Women's Center) and is adjacent to the Gay Men's Health Project, one often feels the highs and lows of the people who call in. One feels pathos and anger and shares experiences.

One such moment was when a caller related how much he was in love with his brother and how they shared experiences with each other, sometimes sexually. They were 12 and 13.

Another was from a woman who asked how she and her lover could get married, and if not, could they adopt each other.

But then there is the beauty of repeated conversations, hearing the happiness of people going through the process of **coming out**.

There are also bad times: a guy calling in a tirade about **homosexuality**. A hysterical man unable to deal with his lover who had just attempted suicide. Or the call from the person who had just been attacked by a homophobe.

The Gay Switchboard is a vital part of the gay community. Let it work for you—call (212) 924-4036. Or won't you work for it? 924-4036.

Gay Group Sex Symposium

How to Get It Up at an Orgy

Group Sex. Three-somes. Multiples. Orgies. What does it all mean to you? Not very much if you're into sex on a one-to-one basis, although you can probably get off on the experiences of others who do like group gropes. But for those who are into group sex, this symposium with several Abolene Creme-greased orgy guys who discuss all aspects of the scene will enlighten and surprise.

GAY: Group sex is not a new phenomenon, it's as old as Rome or Greece, but there has been relatively little discussion about the gay group sex experience, so that's the reason for this symposium. To start off, someone tell me what would the requirements be for a great orgy.

MARC: A harem of 14- to 16-year-old boys with blue eyes who are built like brick shithouses.

RANDY: That sounds very good. But realistically the best orgy would be with only one other person in a comfortable locked room.

MARC: And a German shepherd. Seriously, though, it sounds like you are not going to be speaking in favor of group sex.

GIL: My idea of a good orgy is lots of masculine-looking people doing incredible things with each other, fucking and sucking.

GREG: I've experienced my orgy fantasy somewhat, even though it was from the aspect of a voyeur in which 40 persons participated. I wish I could overcome the sensation of just wanting to watch and not get involved, because it was wonderful seeing all those bodies doing everything you could imagine and things I'd never seen before, but I couldn't get into the actual sex.

DAVID: I like group sex but I prefer it with people I don't know. With people I know I just end up watching and that's not fun.

GREG: I prefer the opposite and much rather do it on a personal level with six or seven friends. With large numbers of strangers I'm embarrassed and think, how can I get into the sexual fray with my

MARTIN: My ideal kind of group sex based on my experience falls into two categories: one is a desire for impersonal sex which doesn't happen often, but when it does I would like to walk down, say, Christopher Street and just grab each person I meet and do a fantastic arm-in-arm parade to a house where we would do a slow undressing scene and then have sex until every fantasy is realized and everybody does what he wants to every-one. And when it's over, everybody puts his clothes on and leaves the same way. That is about as pure and as close to physical joy and expression as you can get. The other kind of orgy would be sitting with people you like very much, rapping and getting into one another for three or four days of sex where eventually everyone ends up having sex with members of the entire group complete with other types of involvement with loving feelings coming out. That's the other side and both are fantastic.

PETER: For me, the ideal orgy is one that gets going by itself, with no real planning, but just a sudden realization that there is a group of people who decide on the spot that they would like to have sex with each other. That can involve usually only small groups of people, but the aura of improvisation lends quite a thrill. Sometimes looks are secondary; even unimportant.

DAVID: I like group sex but I prefer it with people I don't know. With people I know I just end up watching and that's not fun.

GREG: I prefer the opposite and much rather do it on a personal level with six or seven friends. With large numbers of strangers I'm embarrassed and think, how can I get into the sexual fray with my

body?

RANDY: You think that way because group sex is cheap and degrading, right? All those anonymous strangers.

GREG: It's not that, really, I just imagine what other people may be thinking of me. Perhaps I have a low opinion of my naked body. With friends I know they are not going to criticize or reject it, so it's more personal and it means something.

GAY: Then most of us here like group sex as a real sexual part of their lives, others like it on a fantasy level, and a few of us are opposed to it completely.

GIL: The fantasy element has a lot to do with the appeal of group sex.

GAY: Well, who thinks it is degrading or a threat to personal integrity?

RANDY: The primary consideration in group sex is health. When you go into an orgy with 20 or 30 people you are essentially dealing with a highly promiscuous group of people with whom you may have contact with ten during the course of the evening, all of whom probably had contact with ten or 15 others that week.

So you are really having contact with 225 persons, and that's a perfect, almost fool-proof way to contract venereal disease. In our society most gay group sex takes place in orgy rooms, Turkish baths, places like the trucks, all of which are dark environments where the participants are anonymous dark figures. Very few orgies—admittedly they can take place—occur with people who are socially acquainted because group sex is really not fun unless you have the fantasy element and for that you have to have a group of strangers.

MARTIN: So you're saying that you wouldn't mind having group sex in an apartment in the East 80's where everybody came from that neighborhood and

"People should have all the experiences they can and then judge themselves whether or not the experiences have any validity."



washed behind their ears.

RANDY: It's degrading! The last time I was at an orgy there were seven or eight other people, I got turned on by this boy who I wanted to screw. At an orgy you must subscribe to the premise of all for one and one for all. Well, I started to fuck this really beautiful boy and I opened my mouth to take a breath of air and the world's ugliest troll tried to shove his cock down my throat, while yet another troll was climbing on my back trying to stick his manny cock into me. At that point I was disgusted because my body was the price I had to pay just to possibly copulate with this person I was interested in. I got up and left the orgy. It's degrading to throw your body in like a slab of meat, like a fish in the fish market as this group of men grope and feel around for a hot hole to stick their genitalia in. They don't try to relate in any way to you, because at orgies they never talk. Try and start a conversation and you'll find it's one of the taboos.

PETER: Randy, you just don't know what you're talking about, because you're not into orgies at all. The last time I was at an orgy, we were invited, and you refused to go. Well, there were about 60 very nice people, and a lot of conversation going on before the sex began, and fair amount during it, and a great deal after people came or were standing around drinking beer between bouts.

There certainly is a good deal of conversation. The point of an orgy may not be to meet the man of your dreams, but you are there because you are in the mood to let yourself go, to forget about being a total person and concentrate on being a sexual person. And by the way, what's

wrong with a little degradation? It's kind of fun sometimes.

RANDY: It's interesting that the people in group sex situations are basically unattractive who can't make it in another way.

MARTIN: The fact of the matter is most people who go to the baths have nice bodies and go there to show them off. They want to find an audience.

RANDY: I object to these ridiculous thoughts about group sex that it is all love and sharing, when it is nothing more than a form of masturbation.

MARTIN: When you use words like "degrading" and "cheapening" and "meat rack," it always brings me back to the problem of many people about being gay, which is a secularization of ourselves where theoretically it is beautiful, but in reality many say, "I don't want to have that label," or "I don't want to have that guilt." That's really what the problem is. Many of us reject experiences because of limitations we don't want to face or deal with.

RANDY: Let's look at the facts in the context, and that's that 40 percent of homosexuals in this society never have relationships that last a year. That's a frightening thing, and group sex contributes to that somewhat because it's a way of short-circuiting relationships. On a pure physical level, I'll agree, group sex can be a pleasure but you have to detach your emotions from your innermost sexual being, but you can't do that because your sexuality is intricately involved with how you feel about yourself and other people. Group sex teaches nothing on how to relate and develop meaningful relationships, and that's what

most gay people have to learn.

PETER: What is the great virtue of being "together" with someone for over a year? That may look very good on paper, but the passage of time is hardly a criterion for the quality of a relationship. I've had thrilling and elevating relationships that lasted a week or two. The quality of a relationship, a meaningful one, if you will, is something that goes beyond whether or not your were fucked by a bigger cock than the one your lover has.

And who's to say that multiples or orgies are bad for a relationship. I know many couples who have very fine relationships who are into threesomes, foursomes, or large groups for diversion and new thrills. I mean, I like group sex, although I don't get into it too often, and I've been having a thrilling and elevating relationship with someone for a number of months, and he likes the idea of groups too.

RANDY: Group sex, and I've had many such experiences, impinges on my life-style. I liked Turkish baths, but they were destroyed for me when they introduced orgy rooms. It's fun to skip down a hall and meet an attractive person and bring him to your room.

GAY: Of course, you don't have to go into the orgy room.

RANDY: Yeah, but everyone does, so you have few in their rooms and mobs in the orgy room. Also group sex in the way it has developed in the West Village at the trucks drags down all of gay society. Instead of being able to relate to people in bars, these guys simply stand around all night with their noses in the air until the bars close and then march to the trucks for some desperate grabbing in the shadows for some quick cocksucking

amidst the smell of urine, feces and God knows what else. So they get their rocks off, but they literally deny themselves the chance to develop meaningful relationships because of the strange appeal of group sex. Also consider the orgy bars, and it was a blessing they were closed because people who used those facilities left them lonely and depressed. Group sex is a way of self-destruction.

PETER: Oh, come on! Maybe you left the orgy bars feeling lonely and depressed, but how can you say that everybody did? You know, not everybody wants to have a meaningful relationship, especially if they're just coming out. You sound like an assistant DA railing against pornography because it's bad for the "moral fibre" of the community, whatever that means. Why must one shun experiences? People should have all the experiences they can, and then judge for themselves whether or not the experiences have any validity—especially in areas that have a "strange appeal." Maybe after going through a group sex phase, one might not find it either strange or even appealing.

MARTIN: There are other forms that are lovely celebrations of the body. This society is very anti the human body. One of the great things about group sex is the realization that your body is not ugly, that it is beautiful no matter what kind of body you have, unless you are really grotesque, which isn't often the case. It is a way of confronting yourself which is something we don't often do because we're so used to using words to get away from the real nitty-gritty of our lives. You know, the physical things, because

(continued on page 16)

The Night Before Christmas or a Visit from St. Prick-tickle

'Twas the night before Christmas on Christopher Street,
Where all the blithe cruisers were shopping for meat,
The rough trade was hustling in tea-rooms and bars,
Getting done at the trucks and the back seats of cars.

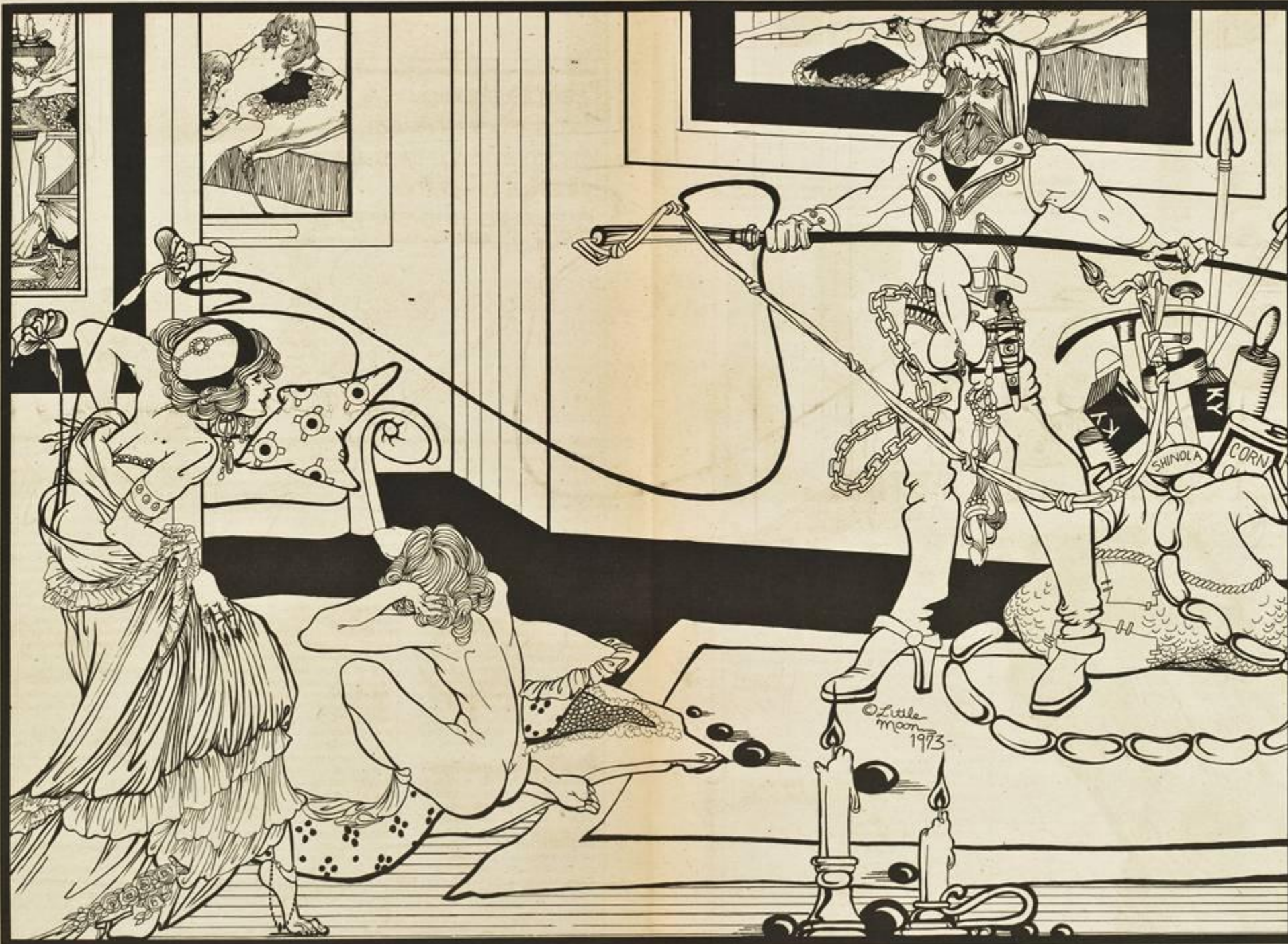
But Jake in his leather and me in my drag
Were stoned in our pad on a ten-dollar bag.
When up on the roof there arose such a fuss,
You'd have thought Big John Wayne had got pinched in his truss.

Away to the window I sprang in surprise,
Tore open the shutter and threw up my fries.
The soot on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Was as black as a pimp in the streetlamp below,
When what should I see as I peer through the fog
But a cute little cart pulled by eight little dogs,
With a butch little driver so rotund and slick,
I exclaimed with a giggle, "It must be St. Prick!"

Now faster than service at Nathan's they came,
As he whipped each one's hiney and called them by name:
"Now Hot-Lips, now Tuschie, now Big-Balls, now Spike,
"Up Phyllis, Up Ram-Rod, up Butchie, up Dyke!
"Stick them up from behind through that old chocolate pie,
"Stick them hard, stick them long, and don't hold the K-Y!"

As a virgin's hind-quarters keep tight as a tin

"Till they meet with a stiff one and admit



It within,
So too round my tenement this menagerie flew,
With a cartload of dope and St. Prick-tickle tool

And then with a shudder I heard on the roof
The plopping of smelly excreta of wool.
As I plugged up my nose—it was all just too funky!—
Through the window St. Prick-tickle crawled like a junkie.

He was hung to his socks, a magnificent tool,
And I wretched quite by instinct and started to drool.
He was dressed all in suede, it was dappled with stains,
He wore rings in his earlobes and he jangled with chains.
He wore thigh-high jack-boots and a shiny pink rubber,
And he shook when he came like a basket of blubber.
His eyes, how they sparkled, his scrotum, how hairy!
His tush was as tight as a 14-year-old cherry.

Like a loaf of French bread he pushed in through my teeth,
While his thighs, they encircled my neck like a wreath.
He spoke not a grunt, but turned right to my rump,
And came off with a cum-charge that made us both jump.
Then wiping the brown off his joint through my hair,
And leaving a buck, he took off through the air.

He dripped to his cart and he took up his whip,
And the poodles took off at a vigorous clip.
But I heard him exclaim as he humped out of sight,
"Fairy Christmas to all, and keep your anse tight!"

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Cocks of the Gods

BY DICK LEITSCH



Greg Battcock, whose column usually fills this space, called after deadline to say he was too busy planning a trip to Peru to write for us this month, doesn't he ever stay home? So, to prepare Greg for his trip, Dick Leitsch wrote this legendary horror story about why Peruvian lads were forced to tie shells over their genitals.

Easter Island is dotted with huge stone heads, ten to 40 feet high, weighing about 16 tons each. These enormous sculptures, once about 600 in number, are apparently too huge to have been created by man, but they stand there, gazing out towards the horizon as though waiting for something—or someone.

In remote areas of the world archeologists have discovered strange drawings, miles in length and outlined in rocks. These shapes are obviously man-made, obviously ancient, but they could never have been appreciated, or even seen in their entirety, by any man in pre-airplane days. Elsewhere, often overgrown by jungles, are traces of what were evidently airstrips.

What are these things, who built them, and for what purpose? According to Erich von Daniken, Eric Norman, and other authors, spacemen visited our planet frequently during Earth's prehistory and left behind those (and other)

traces of their presence. Our collective unconscious, our history, our literature, remembers those visitors as "gods." Presumably, when Jews wait for the Messiah, or Christians for the Second Coming of Christ, they are actually waiting for the return of the spacemen. (See Ezekiel 1:4-28 for a description of their flying saucers.)

These ideas are the hottest things going these days. Von Daniken, for example, has published two books, *Chariots of the Gods?* and *Return to the Stars*. Those books have sold three million copies, and his new one, *The Gold of the Gods*, is just out, NBC-TV based a special on von Daniken's theories and walked away with top ratings, and the author himself is now touring the nation, lecturing overflow crowds in the nation's largest auditoriums.

Readers who say, "That's all very interesting, but what has it to do with GAY?" haven't counted on Dick Leitsch and his magic card file. We can relate almost anything to homosexuality, so, without claiming to believe what I write, I'll relate the spaceman/god theory to ancient homosexual legends.

To begin with, we have to accept several premises. First, prehistoric man was much less evolved than we are. Second, extra-terrestrial visitors landed on earth, provided the "missing link" and pushed us up the evolutionary lad-

der rapidly in the space of a few generations. Third, these spacemen (called "Giants," "Watchers," "sons of God," "gods" or, in Hebrew, "Nephilim") taught mankind many new things, promised to watch over us from "up there," and said that they'd come back some day.

Genesis 6:4 says, "There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after then, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children unto them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown."

The Jews, who have always been chauvinists, objected to these outer-space goyim bawling Nice Jewish Girls. Moreover, the Books of Enoch and Jubilees, the Testaments of Ruben and Naphtali, and the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, all state or hint that the Watchers did more than just go "a-whoring after the daughters of men"; the Hebrew authors relate the Giants to the Sodom story and imply that the "sons of God" were also giving it to Nice Jewish Boys up the tushies.

The Indian legends are more explicit, and in Mexico and South America the Giants found humankind more suited to buggery than heterosexual coitus. Las Casas and Oviedo, two colleagues of Columbus, and a later author, Cleza de (continued on page 16)

Dear Randy

BY RANDY WICKER



Even the most accomplished, experienced gay, thoroughly versed in the uttermost excesses of Greek, French or English Culture, has some question about sex, or lifestyle. So in order to keep your superego up to snuff, GAY herewith presents Randy Wicker's problems column. Send your questions to Dear Randy, Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Dear Randy,

I am 21 years old and have been working steadily since graduating high school three years ago. For the past couple of months my new lover has been living with me. He is 19 years old and says he wants to work but hasn't been seriously looking for a job. I have been supporting him.

I don't object to that so much but I do believe lovers should be faithful to one another. He wants to trick around all the time and says that it is the "modern" gay way.

His tricking worries me, even when he's out with someone I know isn't a romantic threat. I feel he should be satisfied with me. His tricking and failure to seriously seek work make me feel more like his John than his lover. Am I being over-demanding?

Young John

Dear "Young John,"
It is not unreasonable to expect both

fidelity and dependability from someone you have just commenced an affair with. Tricking and outside diversions usually come later in a relationship (if at all), after the first burst of romantic glow has dimmed and life together has become just a routine.

At 21, you certainly don't have to support someone to have an affair. Your lover's refusal to seriously seek work and his cavalier attitude about tricking with others, even though he knows that it hurts your feelings, indicate he does not appreciate either you or your generosity.

The fact that you are his sole means of support should give you leverage. Tell him you object to his tricking with others. Let him know in no uncertain terms that you expect him to find a job and to contribute his full share in your relationship. If he's unwilling to do either or both, then kick him out and look for someone else. You'll be happier for doing so in the long run.

Dear Randy,

Ever since I came out almost ten years ago, I have been intensely attracted to butch, straight, macho Latin types. Since I speak Spanish fluently, I have found it easy to have countless sexual experiences with this type of Latin, especially macho Puerto Ricans. However, in the long run I have

found all these involvements emotionally frustrating. It seems that my type, the real men, only want you to suck their cocks, to play at being "their woman" or "their faggot." They don't have any emotional interest in you beyond getting their rocks off. Even those who reciprocate sexually are uptight and emotionally frigid in a gay sense.

I have many gay friends, some of them dig more nebbie types. I really envy them. Feminine types are inevitably romantically inclined. But I can't get involved with them. They just do nothing for me sexually. They just leave me cold.

I'm tired of just tricking. I'm tired of machos who only use me as a receptacle for their come. Yet, other types just don't turn me on. What am I to do? It all seems so hopeless.

Fed Up

Dear Fed Up,

Nothing is hopeless. Life is change. You can make your life whatever you choose. There are certainly many extremely masculine gay men around, Latin ones included, who would respond to you emotionally as well as physically.

If you are only attracted to heterosexual males, you must broaden your tastes. Otherwise you effectively program romantic sexual involvement out (continued on page 21)

PETRONIUS

(continued from page 8)

they're on a boat belonging to the dreaded Lichas. When their presence becomes known to him, he seizes them and threatens to cut their hands off, whereupon the entire ship breaks into a general hooley. "On our side the valet divided up his stock of razors, bristling himself with edged tools. On the other Tryphaena's slaves rolled up their sleeves and flourished their bare arms; and the squalls showed that the wench was in the battle-line. The helmsman alone kept his post, though even he bawled out that he'd let the ship swing where the waves pitched her if this bedlamite game framed up by a set of hellhounds didn't stop. No one took the slightest notice of him; all fought frenziedly—our side for revenge, we for life itself. Many of both parties were knocked out, though there were no mortal wounds; while others who found themselves bleeding from a slash retreated to the rear as in a real battle. And still the uproar rang on.

"Then Gito, the gallant fellow, turned the razor on himself and swore he would dismember that part of him which was the harmless cause of all our strife. Tryphaena hurriedly prevented the fell deed by a swooning gesture of unaffected relenting."

Sure enough, as it happens, Tryphaena has a case of the hots for little Gito. And what's more, Lichas is smitten, in spite of all, with Encolpius. While being pawed and fondled by Lichas, though, Encolpius is writhing with resentment at Tryphaena's treatment of Gito: "I couldn't eat or drink, I could do nothing but peep at them in a fury out of the corner of my eye. Every kiss gave me a twinge, every caress that the libidinous wench's fingers felt at, I couldn't yet make up my mind whether I was annoyed more with the boy for stealing my mistress or the mistress for stealing the boy."

But just then a typhoon arises, putting an end to this unbearable situation by driving the ship up on a reef. Only Encolpius and Gito survive, and head straight-away into another romantic adventure, too complicated to be related here. The tragedy does inspire Encolpius to burst into poetic lament; however, in the course of which he lists all the many forms of death and deterioration, including this elegy on the castration of boys:

*Boys on the brink of girls' sweet kisses
they take
And slice their manhood out, to break
them in
For carrying, like fillies, Love pickaback.*

GROUP

(continued from page 11)

we are, after all, physical beings: we are animals, a fact which we deny to our-

selves. Isn't it better to explore our animalistic nature and find out what it's really all about? Instead we continuously move away and use words like "degrading."

MARC: But what about people who want to have sex for the sake of sex?

RANDY: They're pathetic, and unhappy, by and large.

MARTIN: Getting back to your statistics on gay relationships, if only 40 per cent don't have long-standing, meaningful relationships, then obviously 60 per cent do. Heterosexual statistics show that they are no better off, and relationships last only because of social pressures. Really, what's so great about living with someone for 85 years in misery, when you can have the freedom of choice to find someone else? Group sex doesn't eat away at relationships, rather it may be a positive way of bringing new things in. Going outside the relationship can help people grow with one another because there are fresh things that they can share instead of only eating on one another for long periods of time. When you talk about learning to relate, I don't think that repeating the same mistakes with one person in an isolated room makes you able to learn anything. Plus, we must remember it's not how many people are involved, but what kind of people, what they want out of life, and how they approach it. If you can understand physicality and joy, you can share joy and expand upon it.

GREG: I'm from Boulder, Colorado, and getting into group sex there is rather a big step. In New York, people just go at it, or so it seems: it's a sexual city. But group sex is a personal choice, if it feels good to some, get into it. For myself, it feels good but I can't take that step into it because I'd rather watch. Now with friends it's a different matter. In Boulder, it's a small place and if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck? Small group sex is nice, but with over ten people I feel clumsy and uncomfortable.

MARTIN: I'd like to have group sex with people who are capable of one-to-one relationships on a decent level, because they are the people most capable of giving the most. I don't want to go to a place where all the losers of the world show up because it's the only place where they have acceptance.

RANDY: One of the most popular lines at the baths is "let's leave." Basically, people are unhappy to be there, they just fill time and would much prefer to trick alone with someone who might turn into a relationship.

GI: That doesn't mean they didn't like the group sex setup, it just meant they were looking for something beyond that. People who shy away from group sex do it because it's a reflection of themselves, they are afraid to perform for whatever reason.

PETER: That also doesn't mean that the people who are at the baths doing a group

sex scene don't already have a going relationship with someone else. They might not want to meet anyone who could possibly come between themselves and their lovers.

RANDY: I am not very democratic in my sexual tastes, but I can see that at an orgy where there is a wide diversity of types, your enjoyment simply depends on how diverse your tastes are. But I'm not geared that way.

MARTIN: Just after I came out I went to a party which developed into an orgy and I was terribly frightened because I had never had very many experiences, so I didn't know what to expect from myself. It was Christmas, there was a tree, people were lying around on the floor. I took my clothes off in the hallway and felt very strange walking in with my little pot belly expecting to see Adonises. Well, people were too busy in a physical way to worry about what they looked like. Once you've lost all your clothing it all becomes very democratic, you're all on the same level. I remembered at one point—this orgy went on a whole weekend with people going out for sandwiches—there were 20 people piled on top of each other, an Everest of flesh. I climbed up to the top of this body mountain wanting to get over their heads and down the center. It was a sudden illumination about my body being beautiful, I realized my body was my body and I had to live with it and give with it, no matter what kind of things I felt about it inside, I had to deal with those things. One way you do it is by exposing it to people and having them feel it and find things about it that are beautiful. Suddenly I loved my body—I discovered I had a nice cock, a fetching thigh—because people were responding to it. I can't really think of people as being trolls and not: they are people. If they have one part that's really pretty I go after that part. That night was a turning point for me. Some other group sex experiences have not been good, where I thought, how do I get out of it. But once you've experienced the good, you know it exists and can be repeated at some point.

MARC: I managed to pick up three people and drove out to Westchester and suddenly we were a mass of bodies on the bed, boys gliding across each other with tongues, cocks going everywhere, everything happening. Two started going and I started fucking one of them and this other guy fucked the other person. It ended in almost a simultaneous orgasm and in the middle of it all the bed collapsed, but we didn't care. We just rolled in puddles of come.

GI: I once went to a bar in Puerto Rico and took home a group of boys, all from the same country town, and, in fact, they were brothers, uncles and cousins. It was interesting to watch how they saw the family structure relating to the sex. One of the boys who was nervous claimed he

couldn't get into it and said, "I'm never going to come," so I sat on his cock and in the middle of the sentence he came. The family that lays together stays together.

RANDY: I most vividly remember going into a bathhouse in San Francisco and saw this disgusting herd of old men humping one another. I thought that life must have more to it than this.

PETER: Of course life has more to it than that, but that is not to negate the joy that that scene of men humping can bring. It wasn't either a disgusting herd of old men, I should know, I was in the middle of it all, and had a ball.

MARTIN: In Paris I went to a sauna and got into a circle jerk. After we all came I went with them to their 10-room apartment and they chased me around the room, kissing and hugging. It was fantastic. Don't concentrate on the so-called bad aspects of group sex and you'll go far.

COCKS

(continued from page 15)

Leon, recorded Indian legends of a god called Chin (or Civial or Maran) who buggered another male god to show mankind how it is done.

After the gods had gone back to heaven and men began worshipping them, the Incas and others remembered how much sodomy had delighted the visitors. Hence, every temple and holy place maintained a staff of handsome men whose function it was to repeat that Divine Act. On holy days prominent men, kings, priests and others went to the temples and screwed the sacred faggots. From Peru to Alaska, nearly every Indian tribe had a rule that only gay men could be priests, maintained available gay men in a sacred place, or held homosexuals and transvestites to be sacred beings, like unto the gods.

Cieza de Leon and others recorded the Indian accounts of the first coming of the Giants. The initial group landed near Point Saint Elena and immediately began balling the women. All of the human females died, split open, it seems, by the giant cocks. The visitors then started cornholing the men, who didn't die; some of them loved it.

Buggery pleased the interstellar visitors so much that when they later landed on the coast of Peru, they raped every human male they met. So vigorously did the Giants pound away with their enormous cocks that the Indian men—those whose asses were not too sore—fled to the hills. The Giants pursued them there, and it was about this time, according to legend, that Indians began wearing breech clouts. As late as the end of the 19th century, when Herr Wunderlich visited some of the mountain tribes, the men always placed a large shell, or a flat rock, inside the seat

(continued on page 21)

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COCKS

(continued from page 16)

of the loin cloth, presumably to prevent any surprise entrances from behind.

The Spanish chroniclers claimed that while all this was going on, an Angel appeared with a glittering sword, with which he cut down the Giants. A rain of fire and brimstone followed, consuming the Giants and leaving only a few skulls and bones—which the Indians kept as holy relics. Most historians agree that this part of the story is "a pious fraud of the missionaries, a European-American version of the Sodom legend." Certainly the Indians went on buggering, obviously not expecting any similar fate.

Oh yes. You'll want to know if the Giants were humpy. According to the *Royal Chronicles of the Incas*, they stood about 20 feet tall, had very large eyes, and wore their hair long. A few donned animal skins, but most ran around naked, ready for any male Indian they might meet. How well were they hung? My dear, why do you think those Easter Island heads are staring at the sky, eyes bugged out, lips pursed in an amazed whistle?

RANDY

(continued from page 15)

of your life. If you honestly examine the attitudes which attract you to such tricks, you will be taking the first step to possibly changing your tastes.

Perhaps you subconsciously fear emotional involvement. Perhaps you have a negative self-image and feel unlovable. Sexual partners who have no real regard for you will only reinforce such feelings. Demand more out of others and you'll be more likely to get it.

GAY CLASSIFIEDS PULL. TURN TO PAGE 18 FOR THE HANDY COUPON.

ART

(continued from page 4)

straight life, gay people are exposed to a great need for insights and tools of mastery that often involves an arduous growth struggle.

"We believed when we started this thing that a need existed for a clearing-house of psychological knowledge about homosexuality, individuality and creative living in general. So we set up a counseling service to deal with problems associated with coming out, living with another person, learning how to make love work, and developing interpersonal power."

He further states that the goals of the Center—which is non-profit and free

(except for a \$1.50 donation to pay the live nude model for art class and a similar one for acting workshop)—are to "help the person use his homosexuality as an asset, to heighten his sense of individual identity, and to work out a creative relationship with society."

Dean has been moving toward a service role in the gay community (even before he knew it) since his high school days when he fell in love with a peer, a "turning point when it was unthinkable to become homosexual . . . And I realized we're living in a world that doesn't give us information to fulfill our human needs."

Dean met Paul in 1966, and despite the disparity in their ages (Paul being in his 50s), in 1968 they became and have remained lovers.

"When I met Paul it wasn't just that he helped me come out," he asserts, then becoming even more deliberate and confident in describing his personal world, exudes that he "found all the wisdom I had searched for in college was concentrated in one man and his work. The truth that was not to be found in Freud or Aristotle lay in this man, and I have learned more about human nature in living with Paul for five years than by pursuing scholarship for a hundred years."

Paul encouraged Dean to get involved with GAA where he could "find other guys looking for a meaning in life," and he did. He immersed himself in talk groups at the Firehouse and at home. Then he, Mark Liebergall and others decided they had "done enough talking, we wanted to put our concepts into action." That was the genesis of the Center.

Fellow Rosenfelds follower Mark declared on WBAI that through the Center he has become "less selfish. I was selfish because I was so isolated in the straight world." He cited the absence of competition as a motivating force at the Center and commented that brothers there "interpret to each other what we're doing." Mark, incidentally, plays bottle washer to Paul's chief cook on Saturdays and is one of the dedicated regular staff.

These include Richard Rosenfeld, Anthony Pepi, Peter Orsoto, David Tesdell, Mel Strong, Giulio Sorrentino, Rich Schupper and Ed Baynard. The last three were also on WBAI, where they all matched Dean and Mark in enthusiastic praise of the Center and the principles on which it is based.

Tumbling over each other to speak, they stressed that at 319 E. Ninth Street people are encouraged to feel at ease, free from pressure to prove their sexual desirability, not being confronted with "outside political pressure."

When asked what distinguished the Center from other gay gathering places, the group chorused, "IT'S THE PEOPLE!"



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- DANNY'S OF BKLYN HGTS, 108 Montague St. (625-8844)
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 PIANO BAR, 103 Montague St. (624-9722)
- QUEENS BARS**
 (the borough, n'est-ce pas?)
- ALLEY, 74-05 37th Ave., Jackson Hts. (428-8878)
 BETSY ROSS ROOM, 73-13 37th Rd., Jackson Hts. (429-8605)
 SQUARE LEMON, 135-01 Northern Blvd., Flushing (359-9158)
 WHAT A DUMP, 76-06 Roosevelt Ave., Jackson Hts. (429-8249)
- WESTCHESTER/ROCKLAND/UPSTATE BARS**
- COMEBACK, Rt. 9W, Piermont (914) 359-9653
 MR. G'S ROUNDHILL RESORT, Rt. 208, Washingtonville, N.Y.
 PLAYROOM, 590 Nepperham Ave., Yonkers (914) 969-2320
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- DOCKSIDE, 771 South 9th St., Lindenhurst (516) 226-9838
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 RENEE'S, Main St. near bus terminal, Hempstead (516) 486-9099
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- BEAU GESTE, 239 3rd Ave. (20th St.) (475-9724)
 BIG DISH, Cor. W. 12th & W. 4th Sts. (243-9898)
 BLEECKER STREET, 302 Bleecker St. (YU 9-3907)
 BROTHERS AND SISTERS, 355 W.
- 46th St. (765-7848)
 CASA PACO, 330 Bleecker St. (cor. Christopher) (989-9050)
 COMPANY, 365 3rd Ave. (MU 3-9033)
 COUNTRY COUSIN, 1313 3rd Ave.
 FEDORA'S, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691)
 FIVE OAKS, 49 Grove St. (675-9669) (Bklyn Hts.)
 MARY'S MARY'S, St. George Hotel (242-9557)
 MONA'S ROYAL ROOST, 28 Cornelia St. (242-9557)
 ONE POTATO, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260)
 PELICAN, 200 W. 70th St. (CH 2-1366)
 RENO SWEENEY'S, 126 W. 13th St. (49th St.) (846-9317)
 SINGLES, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832)
 TOR, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337)
 TROUBADOR, 1078 1st Ave. (PL 5-1955)
 WALTER'S APARTMENT, 1068 2nd Ave. (371-3374)
 WHEN WE WIN, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-1960)
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- BEACON BATHS, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322)
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 EVERARD BATHS, 28th St. at B'way (684-8935)
 MAN'S COUNTRY, 53 Pierrepont St., Bklyn Hts. (624-1362)
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- MANHATTAN BARS**
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 BETTER DAYS, 319 W. 49th St. (582-9747)
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 BOOT HILL, 317 Amsterdam Ave. (75th St.) (787-9412)
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 CARR'S, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742)
 DANNY'S, Cor. Christopher and Greenwich Sts. (929-9321)
 DANNY'S OF SHERIDAN SQUARE, 170 7th Ave. South (691-8373)
 DIRTY EDNA'S, 264 W. 46th St.
 DUCHESS (Private club: women only), 70 Grove St. (242-1408)
 EAGLES NEST (Private club: leather/western men only), cor. 21st St. & 11th Ave.
 FAST FREDDIE'S, 185 W. 10th St. (675-9447)
 FOREST, 3rd Ave. at 81st St. (744-9873)
 GINZA, 40 E. 48th St. (421-4320)
 GIANNI'S, 53 W. 19th St. (691-7446)

- GILDED GRAPE, 719 8th Ave. (582-8690)
 HARRY'S BACK EAST, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991)
 HOLLYWOOD, 128 W. 45th St. (265-8902)
 HUNGRY HILDA'S, 709 8th Ave. (581-1667)
 JOHN'S JOYNT, 1145 1st Ave. (355-8663)
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 JUDY'S, 150 W. 10th St. (cor. Waverly Pl.) (929-9672)
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 KELLY'S VILLAGE WEST, 46 Bedford St. (929-9322)
 KOOKY'S, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226)
 KON-TIKI, 1604 Broadway (586-6101)
 LE JARDIN, 110 W. 43rd St. (255-9379)
 LIMELIGHT, 91 7th Ave. So. (477-9401)
 NITE LIFE, 85 Washington Place (477-9401)
 PAINTED PONY, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580)
 PAULA'S, Greenwich Ave. off 7th Ave. So. (691-3660)
 PETER RABBIT, 305 W. 10th St. (WA 9-9579)
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 RAM ROD, 394 West St. (929-9718)
 ROADHOUSE, 570 Hudson St. (cor. W. 11th) (CH 3-4242)
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