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I AM JOE'S ASSHOLE

The horror that fell out of the intestines. What is its unspeakable mission in Joe's body?



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DEAR RANDY

"I am an attractive curly-headed 15-year-old looking for a physical/emotional relationship with a gay 'brother.'" **Ho ho!** Randy Wicker answers this and other letters.

Cover Photo: Novelist Truman Capote, who was scheduled to write a "Houston Diary for the Washington Post and 50 other papers, took ill and withdrew from the assignment.

Requiem for a Gay Doctor

Dr. Clarence Brown, who specialized in treating venereal disease and had an almost entirely gay practice, died of cancer in November.

Like thousands of others, I now have to find a new doctor—one who treats me like a human being and ministers to my ills without making me feel embarrassed and uncomfortable. And one who doesn't charge an arm and a leg in cash on the way out the door.

He was a competent physician and a warm human being. He served his patients and the gay community well. It was my good fortune to be among his patients. His death was a loss to all of us, a very personal one for me.

Dr. Clarence Brown was not related to Dr. Howard Brown, the Lindsay Administration's Health Commissioner, who has recently publicly come out and has been working with the National Gay Task Force.

For many years I had tried to convince Clarence Brown to do an interview—anonously if necessary—for GAY. He always smiled and declined. I first visited the good doctor in the late 50's. Some friends recommended him as being inexpensive. He charged \$5 per office visit—which included a blood test and a shot, sometimes two shots, of penicillin. My \$50-a-week salary as a mail clerk was modest. Nevertheless, it was worth \$5 to avoid the depressing atmosphere and embarrassing interrogations at the NYC Department of Health.

Initially I was just another patient for Clarence Brown. However, over the next couple of years my promiscuous ways compelled me to return for treatment several times.

I can't recall how I broached the subject, but I discovered Dr. Brown read the New York *Mattachine Newsletter*. He recognized my name and volunteered that he "enjoyed" my column.

During the summer of '61, I had an affair with a young Cuban refugee. He attended the University of Oklahoma and had only come to NYC for the summer. He was desperately poor, earning only \$30 weekly as a part-time messenger. Unfortunately, I discovered I had syphilis. Obviously, he must have caught it too.

In those days, I could afford \$5. However, syphilis required a series of ten shots over a couple of weeks. Even at Dr. Brown's rates, the full treatment cost \$50.

I went to the Health Department. Julio didn't dare to do so. Not being a citizen, involvement with the U.S. Government in a way which revealed his homosexuality could have resulted in his deportation.

"I just want to make sure I have it," Julio told Dr. Brown after reaching his

office. "I don't know what to do. I don't have \$50. I only work 20 hours a week at \$1.35 an hour. If I go to the Health Department, they might deport me because I'm a Cuban refugee."

"Don't worry about it," Dr. Brown responded. "Just come in for treatment."

Julio went several times and received the full ten shots. Dr. Brown billed him for \$10, period.

Not long thereafter, I'd become in-

fare wasn't added on the bill.

The really nice thing about Clarence Brown was his office manner. With 30 patients waiting outside, he didn't dawdle. In you'd go.

"OK, drop the pants," he'd announce as he pulled his utensils from a nearby cabinet. "Bend over and spread."

Then he'd agilely plop down on a stool behind you, medical flashlight in hand, a reflecting concave mirror strapped onto his head.

ways remember my name, but usually inquired about the well-being of my lover by name.

It was a very nice touch. "What about poppers?" I asked him once.

"Just a harmless kick," he counseled, then added quickly, "but I don't write prescriptions for them."

I found that many gays would giggle nervously whenever Dr. Brown's name was mentioned. After all, he was "the pox doctor." Unlike many gays, I went to Dr. Brown for all my ailments.

The last time I visited Dr. Brown was almost two years ago. I wasn't sick but decided to have a check-up anyway. Dr. Brown stood behind his desk, his finger in the air, his mind obviously whirling trying to recall my name.

"Wicker," I volunteered.

"Of course," he laughed as he flipped through the file by his desk to pull out the card with my history on it. "And how is Peter?" he added as if to reassure me he remembered me even if he'd momentarily forgotten my name.

"How about letting me interview you for GAY?" I ventured again. "You wouldn't have to use your name if you didn't want to."

"Oh, no," Dr. Brown sighed. "I don't think that would be a very good idea."

"You must get stuck with a lot of unpaid bills," I volunteered as he fingered through the files.

"Not really," he grinned. "A lot of people take a long time to pay me. Sometimes they take several years. But, you see, they do pay me eventually because there comes a time when they want to come back again."

During the past couple of years I've had occasion to call Dr. Brown's office to make an appointment. Usually his answering service would say he was away but "would be back in six weeks."

Once I resorted to another doctor, also named Brown, who supposedly was gay himself and treated gays for VD. The other "Dr. Brown" interviewed me briefly in his office. His collection of stuffed lions filled a nearby table. Then I was led to an examination room and told to disrobe by one of his two assistants. The doctor came in and stood back at least four feet, gingerly placed one finger on each cheek and spread my buttocks.

Clarence Brown never told me anything about his private life. Other patients pointed out a masculine-looking fellow in his late 20's or early 30's as "Dr. Brown's lover."

In earlier years Clarence Brown took summer trips to Europe. He lived a good life and had a lucrative private practice. I assumed during his recent absences he was simply taking more vacations.

Jumping Jack Flash



ROAST AND BOAST: Jack the Stripper ignites his genitals nightly for YOU!

West 46th Street is the center for male burlesque in the Big Apple. There's the Gaiety Theatre, whose headliner Jack the Stripper performs the most amazing fire dance you're ever likely to see in the city.

And there's the Follies, but that the-

atre is having problems. The male strippers there picketed the place, protesting reduction of salaries from \$12 a day to \$9. "The female strippers get \$50 a day," one male stripper lamented, "it's just not fair."

"Let's see what the story is," he'd say as he slid a chrome KY-coated missile into your rectum and cranked it open. Peering inside through the spread sphincter with his light, he'd take a smear with a piece of cotton on a stick, while commenting as to whether the area looked irritated.

Dr. Brown's rectal examinations were as casual and unembarrassing as other doctors' tonsil checks. After taking his smear, Dr. Brown would zip down the hall and examine your smear under a microscope.

"Yup, you've got it," he'd announce matter-of-factly, returning a couple of minutes later. "We'd better give you a shot."

I only went to Dr. Brown every year or every couple of years after the mid 1960s.

I always expected Dr. Brown to forget who I was. Not only did he al-

Thrills & Outrages



TOSHIAKI sings Japanese songs Feb. 3.



DERN is DISMAL in LAUGHING POLICEMAN.

There aren't too many big holidays to celebrate in February, but there are some special occasions worth keeping in mind. For instance, on Groundhog Day, call Intro 475 murderer City Councilman Matt Troy to ask if he sees his shadow when he crawls out of his hole. On Feb. 3 at 8:30 p.m. catch an unusual program of Japanese songs at Toshiaki Kunihi's New York debut at Carnegie Recital Hall. For Valentine's Day send your love and a check to the Gay Switchboard (P.O. Box 929, New York, N.Y. 10010). Barbara Love's course, "Homosexuality: Old and New Perspectives," begins Feb. 4 at the New School for Social Research. And the Metropolitan Community Church will hold its Northeast District Conference in Boston the weekend of Feb. 15-17. See, there are some things this month.

Drag queens who hoped to win a sex-change operation as top prize in a series of Through the Looking Glass female impersonation contests will be disappointed, according to Henri David, the contest's sponsor. Charges of "exploitation" and "poor taste" after the first leg of a multi-cities contest sparked some second thoughts, but a "death threat" caused Mr. David to cancel the competition completely. "We hope that this matter is now closed," he said.

Professor Anatoly Kharchov, a top Soviet sex specialist, admonished casual sex experiences, claiming they caused venereal diseases and impotence. "Real love is always chaste, timid and respectful, and is always dominated by self-control and self-sacrifice," he said in a Reuters report. In a related item, Soviet film director Sergei Paradjanov (*Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors*) was arrested for a supposedly less than chaste homosexual involvement.

The Houston trials are the talk of the town, and at Ty's bar in the Village a young black told of his misadventures hitchhiking through Texas the week the bodies were being dug up. "A lot of guys who picked me up had a weird sense of humor and felt I should be afraid hitchhiking, considering the slayings. Yet strangely enough most wanted to give or get blowjobs. At one point I got arrested because on Texas highways you have to keep off the pavement and on the grass. I had one foot on the road and was picked up and jailed for a day. But I was lucky. I didn't get beaten up by the cops."

CBS is taking legal action against Philly Gay Raider Marc Segal for bursting upon Walter Cronkite's evening news program (viewed by 20 million) to protest anti-gay CBS shows. So Segal subpoenaed Cronkite as a defense witness. It wasn't easy. CBS people tried to bar service of the papers but they were told 100 Xerox copies of the subpoena would be given to GAA members and the Hell's Angels, with a \$25 reward to the person who served Cronkite first. So, preliminary hearing is set for Feb. 19, and guess who is going to be there.

Actor Bruce Dern couldn't understand why Los Angeles gay activists picketed his latest film, *The Laughing Policeman*, where the bad guy is depicted as a homosexual killer of nine people, and where Dern calls gays "queers" and "fruiters." "We weren't trying to say anything bad about their community," Dern said. "We just wanted to show it the way it is." Another film to avoid, *United Artists' Busting*, is about police entrapment. Oh, yes, and forget Broadway's worthless soap opera *Find Your Way Home*. It's a piece of shit.

Fecal Foolishness

I am Joe's Asshole and basically I'm pretty happy. I mean, you would be too if you got as much attention as I'm used to. My spectacular popularity is because I look great in all of Joe's tightly-fitting jeans and the smartest looking underwear money can buy at Bloomingdale's. But I'm in my finest glory when Joe drops trou'. Then I become the center of attention at home, at the Club, at the trucks, or wherever else I might be on display: eyes pop open, smiles broaden, cocks rise and I get licked, sucked, probed and massaged (I've had the finest cocks imaginable: why, one looked like a baby's arm with an apple in its fist, but no real arms: fist-fucking is too tacky). Anyway, nothing makes me squirm with delight more than getting kissed up the ol' wazoo by guys who like to rim, and I've grown to appreciate that kind of mouth action. You like it, it likes you, right. One thing about rimming—and I only mention this because I feel it is my duty to protect the rimmers who treat me so fine—is an awareness of some dangers attributed to this glorious enterprise. Now we all know by now, I'm sure, that hidden way up inside me are those nasty intestines, a veritable breeding ground for the strangest flora known to the human condition. Why, on a bad day, it can harbor simple bacteria or the most virulent hepatitis viruses which have a way of creeping around me.

Before Joe "came out" it was okay. I mean, my life was a one-way street: things went out, but nothing came in.



FEAST OF FECES: He risks protozoan infection for a mouthful of assflesh.

Now, however, this has changed. Also, if I'm not careful, I break out, so to speak, in warts. And what makes it more humiliating for me is that Joe will go to the doctor to remove those awful things, burning them off with acid. But, such is the price one pays for health and beauty, right.

Anyway, every time some friendly tongue caresses me, it becomes a target for these various ailments, and unfortunately that's not the half of it. Few people know about the protozoan infections lurking in the intestines waiting to host upon some unsuspecting tongue. Take amebiasis, for instance. Why, before you can scarf one tasty mouthful of assflesh, you might swallow a cyst (assuming I am infected), the shell of which dissolves in your stomach so that an active organism (called *entamoeba histolyta*) releases in your intestines, where it will parasitically live on the walls, causing inflammation, abdominal pain, weeks of diarrhea, bleeding and weight loss. And then those little beasts multiply and creep out of your asshole to infect still others!

Luckily there is medication lethal enough to kill these single-celled creatures, but for treatment you're going to have to go to the doctor and have your stools examined. Well, there you have it, the story that is, about amebiasis. I certainly hope you don't really have it, or even the symptoms. But if you do, take a tip from Joe: take care of your ass and your ass will take care of you.

Murders in Houston: Arthur Bell Tells All! Will Those Texas Trials Tarnish the Gay Image?

BY PETE DVARACKAS

By now—unless you've been living in mainland China—you know all the particulars of Houston's mass murders, where last summer 27 bodies of young boys were unearthed; you know that a 33-year-old homosexual, Dean Corll, and his two teen accomplices, Wayne Henley and David Brooks, are allegedly responsible for the crimes, and you know that Henley shot Corll dead and now stands trial for whatever involvement he had in the slayings. And now that the trial is underway not a day goes by that we don't relive all the lurid details in the news. Truman Capote was covering the story until illness cut short the assignment from the Washington Post. What does this all mean to the gay community? To get a clearer picture, GAY interviewed Arthur Bell, the widely-read journalist and author whose penetrating first-hand coverage of the murders will appear in the March issue of Esquire. For GAY, Bell discusses all the personalities, particularly Corll's sexuality, describes the families of the victims, talks about oppression sickness, the attitudes of Houston citizens and how those attitudes obliterate an open lifestyle for the supposedly large gay population there.

GAY: When the news broke last summer about the Houston mass-murders, you were one of the few New York journalists on the scene. What was it like being there, and tell us something about the people you encountered?
BELL: I was sent down to Houston by Esquire magazine and got there about a day and a half after the story emerged about Dean Corll being shot by Wayne Henley. I had never been to Houston before, I hit it at the worst time of summer, and I didn't know a soul there. I went there to get a feeling of the territory where the murders took place. At the time it happened I was able to take it alright, it was only afterwards that I began to get physically sick. And the ugly parts really started to sink in when I spent time with the families who themselves couldn't fathom the horror of what had happened. As far as they were concerned, their sons had been gone a long time and many parents had grown accustomed to that fact. News of the murders reopened wounds, only more horribly than they ever imagined.
GAY: How would you describe some of the parents you met?
BELL: Those whom I got closest to were God-fearing, honest, strict on their children, extremely good people, but people with no real life outside their work and bringing up their kids. For example, one father paints white lines down city streets, a job he's had since 1941. He gets up at 6 a.m., comes home at 6 p.m., watches television, goes to bed exhausted at 9:30 and is up again at 6. On weekends, to make extra money, he



has the same sort of job, not for the city, but for an independent parking lot. You might call it day-by-day death.

On the whole, television commercials shape their lives, which revolve around Dr. Pepper's and TV dinners, and if this is sounding like a stereotype, many of the people there were stereotype people. Of course they varied from person to person.

The mother of another little boy I focused on was a tough cookie, a divorcee very much into platitudes who kept a box spilling with notes her son had written which said, "Dear Mother, I love you, I will always love you," or "Dear Mother, You are the best mother in the world." All of these things were mementoes of a son's love for his mother, but really more of a memento thing than the Real McCoy.

Now, there was another mother, God... I had a gun pointed at my head by the mother of another little boy. I went over to visit, rang the doorbell with credentials galore. The mother came out, took one look at me, said excuse me a minute, came back with a gun, pointed it at me and said, "This thing is loaded, you fag pillfreak, hippie..." but worse. She said, "If you aren't in the car by the count of 10, I'll pull the trigger." That was another mother.

The worst scene was at a town hall meeting in the area where the murders happened. A lot of parents were there, who had one conception of homosexual and that was limp-wristed fag—and that's in quotes—but after Corll it became fag ogre. The stuff which came out at that town hall meeting demonstrates

what I mean. People were vomiting their guts out, crying our little boys were taken away by a fag ogre. I was pretty open about my gayness there but I kept my mouth shut at this particular point.

Crazy things happened. A wild man ran up to the preacher who was conducting this little symposium and took out a gun and knives. Secret Service men tackled him and later he claimed he wasn't going to kill anyone but he wanted to show how easy it was to kill, okay. I cannot begin to describe how bizarre that whole experience was. The parents, meanwhile, were blaming every homosexual in the world for the sins of this one man.

GAY: What about Dean Corll? Was he known in gay circles?
BELL: He was not known around homosexuals. I checked from the first day and continued to check. He did not go to gay bars, nor to any of the hangouts, with one exception: the Silver Dollar, where a lot of the very young hustlers go. I went there to talk to a waiter who was said to have known Corll and when I approached him on this he said, "What business is that of yours?" I said I was curious and that I was doing a story. He started yelling at me and broke down crying and said, "This is enough. It's giving this place a bad name, it's giving homosexuals a bad name."

GAY: Is the press treatment of the murders going to change people's opinions of homosexuality?
BELL: It will change some people's attitudes. When I first got to Houston I was very open about what I was doing and discussed it with people at the gay

bars, but they didn't want to hear about it. They were closing their eyes and ears to it. Others, shopkeepers and people on buses, were more concerned about it's giving Houston a bad name than anything else. Towards the end of my research there I heard about some gay hunting where people were beaten up in gay places.

But, I don't know, Dean Corll, you can't really call him a gay person. He wasn't gay, he might have been homosexual, but he certainly wasn't gay. I don't want to go into any two-bit psychological thing, but you just know that he was so goddamn filled with guilt.

GAY: What kind of story was Esquire looking for?
BELL: They thought that the news reporters would pick up the hard news facts, the Times would cover the psychological aspects, right, so they wanted me to do a human interest story on the families of the victims. Now, most of these boys were not runaways, they all lived in this neighborhood where Wayne Henley and Dean Corll lived. The three

involved were Corll, a 33-year-old man, David Brooks who was his 18-year-old lover, and Wayne Henley, a 17-year-old boy who eventually shot Dean Corll to death.

GAY: How exactly did Corll die?
BELL: It finally ended this way: Henley, another boy and a girl were partying at Dean Corll's place where they snuffed glue, and when the three young people were out cold, Corll tied them up and when they woke up he said he was going to kill them, Henley was able to sweet talk Corll out of killing him, and made a pact whereby Henley would fuck the girl, and Corll would fuck the other boy. Corll untied Henley, who went into the bathroom to get the KY and came back with the gun and shot Corll dead, then called the police and when the cops arrived the three young people were sitting on the front lawn waiting. Brooks was not there for the final thing. Now, the two people who were tied up will probably corroborate Henley's story but, in terms of the other murders, they don't go any fur-

ther back, at least at this point we don't know if they were involved with any of the other killings.

GAY: How do you think Truman Capote will handle the trials?
BELL: Brilliantly... You see, Truman is going down there with a knowledge that nobody else has. Truman should have been a criminal lawyer. He covered the Juan Corona trials, and the Sharon Tate/Charles Manson thing. He's never written about this, but he's sat in and listened to testimony day after day. What he's going to do is use his knowledge of these other two trials and apply it to the Henley trial. He is more interested in the workings of the criminal mind rather than the juicy aspects of the murders themselves. When I was down there for the arraignment of Henley and Brooks, nobody was allowed to see them. Brooks' attorney even complained he didn't have sufficient time with his client. They were really isolated. Truman will try to get to them, and I hope he does. He told me before he left that he already spoke to the

judge there, and people high in the administration, plus when he's down there he's staying with the Wyatt Coopers who are very big in Houston society so he'll be able to pull strings which I'm sure nobody else could. So he's just the right person for the assignment, plus he's such a brilliant writer.

GAY: What kind of gay scene does Houston have?
BELL: Judy Garland records... low lights. I may not be the right person to ask about this. I hated it. I would compare Houston bars to the most oppressive uptown bars that there are in New York, places where you sit around the piano and sing "Oklahoma." I'm generalizing, but people seemed to spend two and a half hours in front of a mirror before they stepped foot into their air conditioned cars, to the air conditioned bars where they would meet their air conditioned friends.

At one point I got invited to dinner. This is going to sound tremendously snobbish, but while I was down there I

continued on next page

See Story Column 1

Dow Jones Is Off Fraction in Slow Trading

HOUSTON CHRONICLE

COMPLETE CLOSING QUOTATIONS MARKETS

Houston's Family Newspaper

HOUSTON, TEXAS 77002

Vol. 72 No. 302 THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1973

15 Cents

11th Body Found; Teen-Ager Says He Helped Kill '25 to 30' Total

Two More Burial Sites Are Named



Vol. 72 No. 303 SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1973

Death Penalty in Orgies Doubted



DA's Aide: It's Not in New Law

didn't have one fresh vegetable, they don't even have frozen vegetables. It was canned peas, everything there was canned peas and Wonder Bread. So we were having a canned peas and Wonder Bread dinner and this guy who I was with looked as if he were shot out of the wrong end of an Elizabeth Arden salon. Anyway, he told me, "The most terrible thing happened today..."

son should be like made it impossible for the likes of Dean Corll—with all the guilt that must have been drummed into his dear little head from the time he emerged from the womb—to accept his homosexuality. There is a repressed atmosphere there so you hide your homosexuality, you destroy it. When you talk to gay people in Houston about liberation, they say, "We are liberated, we go to the bars." But you'd go to the bars and it's like a different country, you're in Oz there. But god forbid there should be any affection shown in the street or any acknowledgment of the fact that you're gay. It doesn't happen. And I'm told that Houston has a population of 20 per cent homosexuals.

Outwardly, the people I met in Houston were very sweet and interested in asking you about your state of health, but they weren't interested in your health. They would come up to you in restaurants and say, "Why, hi, how are you? Can I help you?" It was an automatic thing like kissing and shitting. The people I met were not thinking people but they were not bad people. They were very interested in role playing: the women were the most feminine you could imagine, and the men were the most masculine, and I have a feeling that this enforced image of what a per-

son should be like made it impossible for the likes of Dean Corll—with all the guilt that must have been drummed into his dear little head from the time he emerged from the womb—to accept his homosexuality. There is a repressed atmosphere there so you hide your homosexuality, you destroy it. When you talk to gay people in Houston about liberation, they say, "We are liberated, we go to the bars." But you'd go to the bars and it's like a different country, you're in Oz there. But god forbid there should be any affection shown in the street or any acknowledgment of the fact that you're gay. It doesn't happen. And I'm told that Houston has a population of 20 per cent homosexuals.

GAY: Give him your handkerchief. BELL: Perhaps it's wrong for me to damn the entire city of Houston, but I am talking about the particular part of Houston that I saw. They don't think they're by-products of products: Coca Cola is the Mayor. If they heard on the radio that Mary Tyler Moore shot a lesbian, they know that Mary Tyler Moore can do no wrong so the thing to do is arm yourself and go out and shoot more lesbians.

lived in that neighborhood who knew all the participants who were very well known. Corll had this big white van and he would ride it around the Heights area with the radio playing real loud and he and Henley would ask kids to come in the van, or to go to parties they were having. One little boy I spoke with said that a week before the final break he had been asked by Henley to come into that white van but said he didn't want to do it because the boy said Henley was trouble.

GAY: What were the parties like? BELL: From what I gather they were parties where lots of people get together. Corll would point out boys he wanted and Henley and Brooks would later go as a team to ask them back for paint sniffing or pills. There was never talk of any hard stuff, no smack. Paint sniffing seems to be the big thing down there because they're poor. One of the horrible ironies of Corll's approach was this business of him and the candy: he was tempting kids with symbolic candy.

GAY: Do you think that because this was a poor neighborhood that the police did not become concerned about reports of missing kids? BELL: The police claim no. They say there are 5,000 boys reported missing every year in Houston but what amazes me is that many of these boys knew each other. There is a place called the Rio lunch counter and I talked to people who worked there. Both boys whose stories I was researching worked there summers and others of their friends were missing too. They knew each other and their parents knew each other. I guess the parents thought the boys just went off on their own. They made no connection. Some would make reports to the missing persons bureau but to be a missing person you are not a criminal so the police didn't do anything too in depth to look for the boys. In fact, they did nothing.

GAY: How did the cops explain such negligence? BELL: At one big press conference the I talked to about a dozen boys who

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More About The Slayings

continued on page 16

A 19th Century History Lesson He Tickled Beame's Fancy, But Who's Laughing Now?

BY DICK LEITSCH

What's the story with Mattachine President Don Goodwin? He pissed off a coalition of gay groups that zapped Abe Beame for not endorsing Intro 475 by sending the then candidate for Mayor a letter claiming not all homosexuals wanted to zap him, and many, in fact, were looking forward to good relations with the new Mayor's administration. The letter was censured as a divisive compromise and Goodwin was ousted from the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee for writing it. Now, you may have your own opinion about the matter, but so does Dick Leitsch, who gathers up some 19th Century parallels.

Abraham Beame is now Mayor of New York City. Most of us still blink when a newscaster says "Mayor Beame..." In our subconscious minds, we know it's Mayor Lindsay and Comptroller Beame. We'll grow accustomed to the change about the same time we get used to winter time daylight savings time and writing "1974" instead of "1973."

Meanwhile, those who call themselves our leaders predict bad times for gay people under the new regime. The gay demagogues darken the air with gloomy predictions of raids, repression and arrests. The only optimist is Mattachine's Don Goodwin, who made the mistake of holding out the hand of friendship to Mayor Beame. Better, Don says, try to make friends with the Mayor than just sit around and dish him. For his heretical attitude, Goodwin has been ex-communicated from the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee and placed under interdict by other local gay "leaders." Medieval Christians were expected to excommunicate, not negotiate with, "infidels"; similarly, gay liberationists would prefer that we all be oppressed before they see a gay spokesman work with a politician not canonized by the New Democratic Coalition.

This is not a political column. Political happenings are not interesting until they're long past and one can see the beginning, middle and end of the conflict. Confrontations in progress are guessing games; you and I know only as much about them as the partisans want to tell us. I brought up Mayor Beame only because his gay enemies promise us raids and trouble, and this column is about trouble and the first recorded gay bar raid.

In the early days of the 19th century a man named James Cook opened an elaborate gay emporium called the White Swan. Located in London's Vere Street, this establishment combined for its members most of the services offered today by baths, bars, drag balls, computer dating corporations, stud services and gay churches.

An eyewitness left a description of the place, which featured, among other things, an orgy room with four beds, a

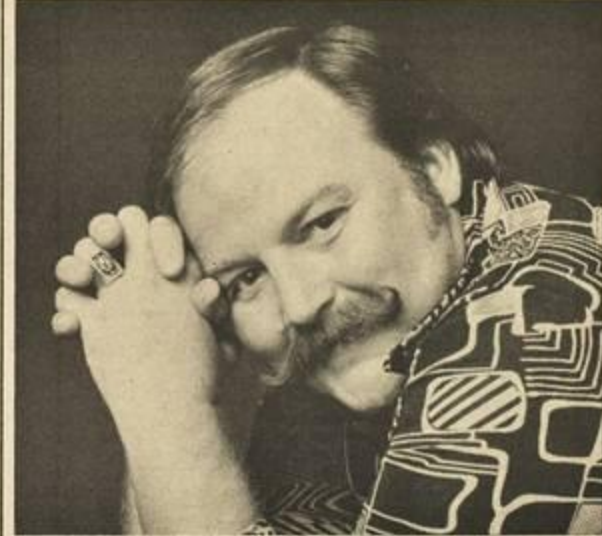
dressing room for the drags, complete "with a toilette, and every appendage of rouge, etc.," and a Chapel "where marriages took place, sometimes between a 'female' grenadier, six feet high, and a petit maitre not half the altitude of his beloved 'wife!'" The weddings were formal, complete with bridesmaids and groomsmen, and sometimes the unions were consummated with gang-bangs involving the entire wedding party.

The second floor of the club was set aside as a brothel, and a slew of sexy young studs worked there, offering their services to a steady stream of casual customers. In those rooms "men of rank and responsible situations in life might be seen wallowing either in or on the beds with wretches of the lowest description." Not only did the nobility and gentry patronize the White Swan, but "evan men in the sacredotal garb

coal-heaver," and that "Kitty Fisher" had two very handsome young sons, both of "whom he boasts are fully as depraved as himself."

The star attraction of the White Swan in its early days was Thomas White, a drummer in the guards. Charming, handsome, well-hung and very agreeable, White knew everybody in the club. Many had been to bed with him, and those who hadn't looked forward to the experience. Unfortunately, White picked up a number in the club, a bit of seafood named John Newball Hepburn.

The two men met at the White Swan on May 27, 1809. They bailed, and maybe fell in love. Some called "tommy" (as queers called themselves then), jealous because White threw him over for Hepburn, screamed to the police. The cops arrested both men, questioned them, and obtained confessions that



have descended from the pulpit to the gully-hole of breathing infamy in Vere Street for similar vice," wrote a horrified Londoner of the era.

"The greater part of these reptiles," he continued, "assume feigned names, though not very appropriate to their callings in life; for instance, Kitty Cambric is a coal-merchant; Miss Selina is a [policeman] at a Police Office; Black-eyed Lenora a drummer; Pretty Harriet a butcher; Lady Godiva a writer; the Duchess of Devonshire a blacksmith; and Miss Sweet Lips a country grocer." Like most naive people, the reporter was shocked to find that big, butch numbers can scream, camp and carry on. He was appalled to find that "Fanny Murray" was actually "an athletic barge-man," "Lucy Cooper" a "Herculean

sodomy had occurred between them. White was also coerced into describing what went on at the White Swan. Sodomy was a capital offense then, and White and Hepburn were both hanged.

Egged on by the newspapers, preachers and other demagogues, the cops staged a raid on the club. They chose a Sunday night, at about 11 p.m., knowing that was the busiest time of the week there. Twenty-three men were arrested and taken to the jail near St. Clement-Dane's. The following morning they were loaded into hackney coaches and hauled off to the Bow Street magistrate's office for examination. An "enraged multitude, the majority of whom were females" tried to attack the "tomnies," and it was only "with the utmost

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Special Circle-Jerk Symposium Gay Ways to Whack Off

Has masturbation become a lost art in this era of sexual sophistication? Not to members of our circle-jerk symposium, who happily collected their best fantasies and allowed us to lock them away in a roomful of pornography and a one-pound jar of Vaseline. There they all sat around on a king-sized foam bed and demonstrated guaranteed ways to beat off.

GAY: Remember when masturbation was considered an act of self-abuse? When did it become self-fulfillment?

ARTIE: I was jerking off four times a day when I was a kid. I never knew it was abuse at all. Nobody believed that negative conditioning.

MARTIN: Oh, no? I must tell you I grew up in a Jewish household and whenever my mother saw me touching myself she would take my hand away from my penis if she saw me rubbing it—even with clothes on.

PETER: I grew up in a Catholic home, and learned how to jerk off from a kid down the street. But there was a lot of fear involved, fear of being caught. A friend of my kid brother's actually thought that jerking off was a mortal sin.

ARTIE: Circle jerks were big in high school. We would sit around at various homes and jerk off. It was the first group commune I was ever in.

RANDY: I knew someone who did that with his friends but they could put up a dime or a quarter and the one who came first won the pot. Personally, I recall seeing how often I could come in a 24-hour period. It got to be a numbers game and I was able to do it 13 or 14 times. Just pushing on like that decreased its excitement value and it became unpleasurable because it was increasingly difficult each time. It was like continuing to run although your side is aching, sort of a sexual experiment.

MARC: At home after school doing my homework I would get that urge in my pants. Jerking off, I would keep score with a friend and we would communicate by phone. We'd beat off into puddles on the floor. We never took measurements but I'd call up from time to time and say, well, I've jerked off five times so far and the puddle is pretty big now. I once collected it in a jar and put it in some yogurt which my brother ate. I also put it in the family milk.

MARTIN: That's why his brother is much healthier than he is. And we thought Portnoy's Complaint was terrible.

RANDY: Have you ever had an overwhelming compulsion to masturbate, no matter how much sex you've had in any given period? Sometimes I can spend a weekend fucking and sucking and still want to masturbate, so I have to sneak off. And if I'm tricking with a person who doesn't know me well, they're

always offended. They don't like it.

MARTIN: Why do you have to sneak off?

RANDY: Listen, when you've been lying around for three days in bed with someone you feel peculiar saying, gee, excuse me, I have an urge to masturbate. I don't want to screw you, I don't want to get blown again. I want to jerk off, just that. Nobody has ever jerked off in front of me as I recall.

PETER: I agree that jerking off can be an extremely satisfying act in itself. Who ever said it had to be some sort of substitute for the "real thing"? I sometimes find jerking off to be even more exciting than sex with another person. But I don't see why you'd have to "sneak off" to do it. If the person you're with has his act together, he shouldn't have to get uptight.

MARTIN: When I was 14 there was a guy who told me a story about someone with a compulsion to masturbate to

In your fantasies you can conjure up anyone you want to be with... and it's as real as if the guy is with you in bed



such an extent that he needed to know how many times a day he could do it. So he would tie electrodes to his cock and an alarm would go off whenever he got a hard-on, so he could wake up and masturbate. Apparently he had counted up to 60 times a day, if you believe that.

RANDY: I never hit 20 times in a 24-hour period. And it got to the point where I would start fudging as time ran out . . .

ARTIE: What about masturbation as the subject of a fantasy in itself. This makes up 20 per cent of my fantasies.

RANDY: I sometimes masturbate about all the beautiful boys—especially straight boys—who don't know about the sexual availability in the world and are at home and jerking off. There was a poet who said, "Oh, and when I think about all the beautiful boys masturbating, I almost go out of my mind." It struck me: what an image, and it's true.

The world is filled on the one hand with frustrated people who could service each other so well if they could span the gap which keeps them apart.

MARTIN: I'm not very much of a fantasy person, but I often conjure up a circle of gorgeous guys standing over me jerking off and coming all over me. Usually, though, my fantasies have to do with having control over a situation so that I could, say, touch, or reach out and grab, or have.

ARTIE: As a kid for four or five years I would fantasize being X-Ray Man who could go through walls, be invisible, go through floors, look through things and inevitably I would zero in on some nice little boy jerking off in bed. I would always come before he would so that in my fantasy I would never see him come. So the top fantasy in my coming-out period was a masturbatory fantasy.

MARTIN: But what does that have to do with what you do in reality?

ARTIE: Well, my fantasy trips are very much my reality trips.

RANDY: I find the fantasies of rape very exciting and yet I know that they would not be pleasing in real life.

ARTIE: You really have to say what you mean by rape: there is a big priority assumption that it would not be pleasing. Now I've gone through simulated rape, and an actual rape. Both were phenomenally exciting. The real rape was not exciting while it was happening, but it sure was afterwards.

RANDY: I can think about taking an utterly desirable young man, straight, who would not normally be available, and tying him down and restraining him in a way that he has no choice but to be screwed. At that point the rape fantasy is exciting, but then the fantasy shifts to where I want to make him like it.

ARTIE: You're talking up a gay porn drama in your mind, that's not rape.

RANDY: Don't you think most masturbatory fantasies are simply that?

ARTIE: I tend to act out all the fantasies I have, and that's why I have a lot of sex and I enjoy it. Many of us don't.

RANDY: What about X-Ray Man? If what you say is true you'd be peeking around fire escapes watching boys masturbate in bed.

ARTIE: I don't fantasize that any more. But I get that Peeping Tom fantasy off every time I go to the baths. I masturbate like crazy there to act out my voyeuristic tendencies. It's satisfying.

GAY: What about the techniques of masturbation?

PETER: Do you mean how to hold your hand, or accessories, or what? There are thousands of different ways of masturbating. I used to masturbate in the shower using a lot of soap, but I'd use a stroke that was not like any other kind of stroke in any other situation, and would only use that particular stroke in the shower. Also, I'm rather

fond of assorted paraphernalia, like shoving dildos up my ass, or mirrors, or porn, and poppers. If I'd achieve a certain very high pitch of excitement during a session, sometimes I could just spit on my cock and hold it in my hand without even moving my hand, and that would bring me very close, but would not be enough to send me over, and I could go on for a long time like that. I also find that sometimes when I'm going to masturbate with a dildo up my ass, it takes a long time for me to get a hard-on, but the excitement is still very high, and then eventually I get a hard-on and I get into a kind of zone with myself, as opposed to just beating the meat, and this can go on for close to an hour before I come. And it's something that I can't do with someone else around, that is, the feelings are totally different, even though I may be doing the same things by myself as I do with my lover.

RANDY: Let's talk about lubricants. I used them for years, and then stopped for reasons I don't know for years, and just recently started again. It's interesting. Joy Jell, the multi-flavored lubricant, sinks in and doesn't leave you with that greasy feel on your genitals as Vaseline will. Of course, with flavored lubricants, whenever you walk into a room everyone knows that you've masturbated with Strawberry Joy Jell. The hair creams are the same in terms of smell.

MARTIN: In the shower washing my hair I'll often jerk off with hair conditioner.

RANDY: Spit is great too. At a Turkish bath someone blowing me spit into his hands and rubbed it on my balls. It's erotic, so now I rub spit on my balls and masturbate with Vaseline. I also knew someone who got off on putting a small rubber ball into a sock, covered it with Vaseline and stuck it up his ass. It was just enough of a rough sock and the ball was the size of a golf ball and at orgasm he would pull it out. I've seen things advertised like that to be used while masturbating, strings of beads, and I've often wondered if they would be a kick or not.

ARTIE: It's not such a thrill.

GAY: The whole field has become so sophisticated that love beads will not do any more. We've progressed to dildos.

MARC: A friend of mine has a device, a balloon in which you pump up your ass while you jerk off.

MARTIN: Masturbation for me is when I'm horny and don't want to go out to find sex. I always get horny when I'm stoned—and I can't move, so I jerk off when I can't run out and get someone.

RANDY: I find masturbation very efficient. I'll wake up and masturbate immediately with the conscious idea that I'm going to jerk off and get sex out of my life so I won't be nervous and irritable, getting frustrated desiring people I

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First-Timer Cracks New York Orgy Circuit

BY BURT HOLDER



"Shall I succumb to my desires? Take it up the chocolate path? I will wear my finest towel! And get sucked off at the bath..." Yes, how blithely we seem to take the group sex experience these days. But what about those of you at yet unindoctrinated with the whole business? Well, Burt Holder was once like YOU until he penetrated the New York orgy circuit and returned with this exclusive report.

To everything there is a season, and this winter was the season for my first venture into the twilight world of orgies.

How did it all come about: a friend gave me a number to call and I found myself on the phone with Ralph, a New York gay organizer who insisted on a preliminary interview with me. "As a host, you have to be selective," he explained. "You have to bring the right people together at the right time. That's why I always screen my guests before any bangs I give." We set up an appointment the following day for me to get screened.

Ralph was younger than I expected, actually, about 42, a bit tired looking and puffy around the eyes, but he had a nice body and a definite seriousness of purpose with regard to group sex. "We've all been to bangs where absolutely nothing happened all night long," he confided. "I've been to East Side bangs where everyone stood around drinking and socializing for hours on end waiting for something to happen and not a shirt or a shoe was removed. I've been to bangs where guys have sat watching porno films until 2 a.m., watching each other out of the corner of their eyes, and then leaving without a thing to show for the whole evening. Deadly."

I wondered what the secret of a successful gang-bang would be. "First of all," he explained, "you strip at the door. Not completely. Just down to your underwear, so as to leave something to the imagination. The glory of an orgy, let's face it, is that everyone is equal. Differences in intellect, background, and where you buy your clothes are immaterial. The physical experience is all-important."

Which brought us to the question of what actually goes on at these affairs—the usual fucking and sucking, or are more bizarre things permitted and/or encouraged? "It depends on the group. Some groups are more into S&M than others. A friend of mine had a bang where they started things off by playing sort of musical chairs. All the guys who liked to get fucked knelt in the center

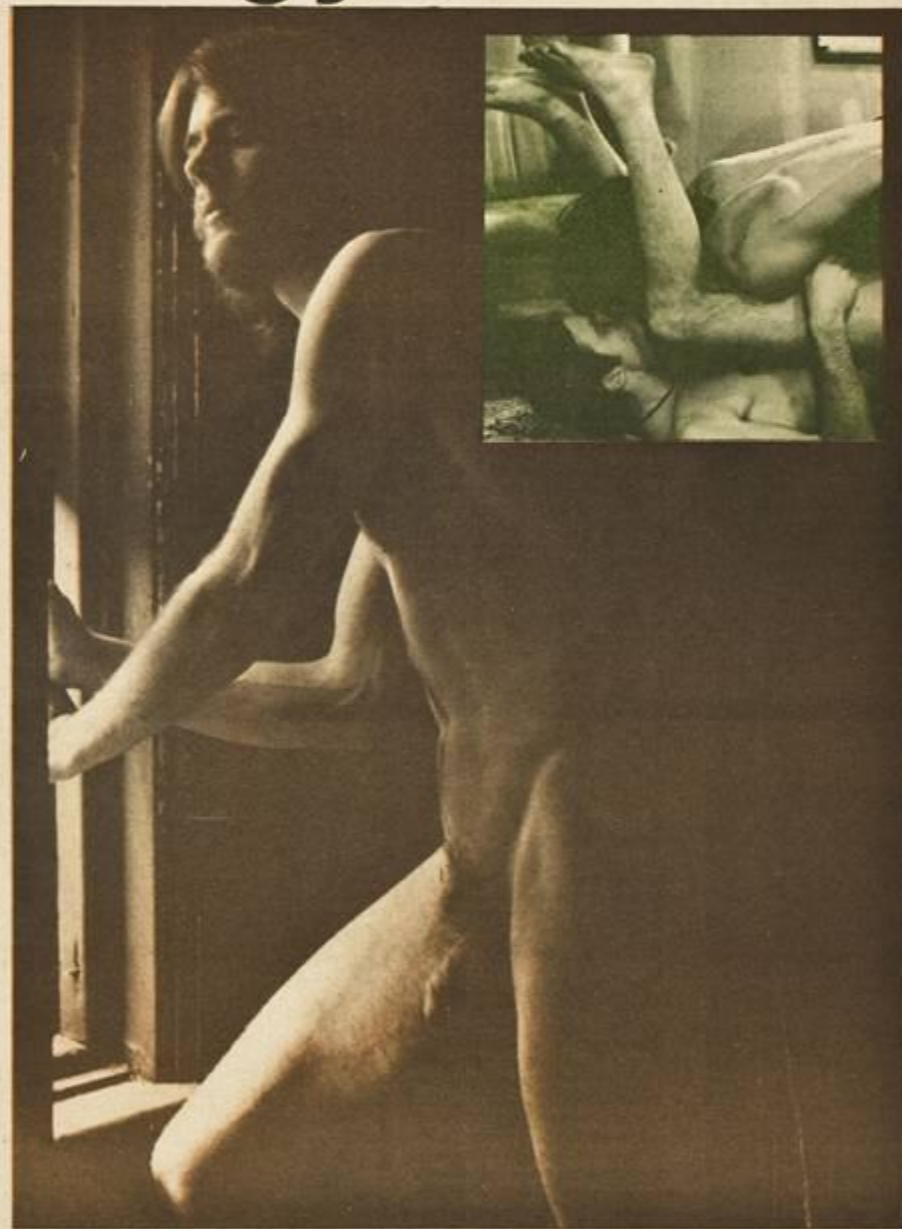
of the room and the guys who liked to do the fucking paraded around them and, at the proper signal, fucked the nearest ass. I haven't tried that. But it certainly breaks the ice, don't you think?"

"I'm not into S&M myself," he went on, "apart from an occasional fist-fuck. But you don't have to take part in any activity you don't want to, at my bangs at least. All I requires is that you get here on time, 9:30 sharp. I lock the door and turn off the bell after the appointed time. I've been to bangs where there was so much greeting of newcomers and where the mood and spirit were so constantly being interrupted, that I've simply gotten up and left. Also, I don't allow liquor at my parties. I serve beer and pot in moderation. Liquor inspires a certain sort of conviviality which is nice, but entirely out of place at a bang."

I asked Ralph to what extent he himself participated in the proceedings. "As much as I can under the circumstances," he replied. "Being host to one of these things is a full-time job—showing movies, making sure things are in their right place at the right time—refreshments, towels, Vaseline, that sort of thing. Of course I participate whenever possible but I like to have time to mill around and see what's happening."

The preliminary interview was over, I was found acceptable, and agreed to join Ralph's group on Saturday. Like the first day at school, an opening night or a first lay, this particular orgy would be like none other I would ever attend, because it would be the first. My head was full of infantile expectations of disaster; nevertheless, I managed to arrive at the door several minutes before the appointed time (dressed, I might add, in my best underwear). Ralph greeted me in his undershorts and escorted me to the closet where I stripped down to my jockeys per instructions. As I was doing so, a strapping young dude walked out of the bathroom, looked me up and down and said, "Hi, I'm Alan." Alan was a stunning lad—not gloriously handsome, but radiant and well-built with a friendly look in his eye. I extended my hand, noticing it was actually shaking from nervousness and was about to withdraw it when Alan grasped it strongly and warmly and murmured a simple, "Mmmmm..." At that moment another spirit marched out of the bathroom and asked, "What is going on here? Alan, who is this little grapefruit?" He breezed past before either of us had a chance to reply.

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The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Cruise on the Queen Elizabeth to watch Comet Kohoutek. It rained the whole time, obscuring the comet. Prof. Kohoutek got seasick so there was no lecture about the comet. Mrs. Kohoutek neglected to pay her bar bill, and was summoned to the cashier over the ship's loudspeaker. Jose went gallivanting off with every middle-aged number he could find, which was quite a few. "You shouldn't let him. Don't be so permissive," advised Dr. Ruitenbeek. You can't make somebody behave if you're not behaving yourself. "You're paying the bills. You can do what you want," advised the good doctor.

...

Dallas, where every home's a palace. They serve only New York State "Champagne" at the Dallas Country Club, though the locker rooms are nice. Lunch with Sloan Simpson O'Dwyer who doesn't look a day over 35 though she's at least twice that. Mr. Algor Meadows dragged us through a tour of his collection of fake paintings. He explained how pleased he was to learn they were fakes (could never tell by just looking) and how he had "gotten back" at some of the dealers who had pawned off the junk on him. His circular marble swimming pool in the living room was decorated by astonishingly uncomfortable furniture and big, slightly saggy



Battcock with Alexander Calder

paintings by the inevitable "color" artists everybody with vulgar taste collected ten years ago—Noland, Dowling, Louis, Davis. Mr. Meadows himself didn't seem to know anything at all about his paintings. "The date? Well, let's see. Maybe it's written on the back. No, not there. Well, I don't remember exactly..." The butler kept chasing after us with his bottles of very expensive Champagne as we ooh'd and aah'd at the Dufy's, Chagalls, Vlamincks, Renoirs, Monets and Bonnards.

...

We offer, once again, our list of **The Worst Dressed Men of 1973:**

- 1) Truman Capote
- 2) Dr. Frank Field
- 3) Geraldo Rivera
- 4) Jack Mitchell
- 5) Al Goldstein
- 6) Andy Warhol
- 7) Lou Reed

...

Los Angeles. The Century Plaza Hotel is one big bar. Poached salmon with Hollandaise and a half bottle of a white California wine by the pool didn't distract us enough to miss a surfer eating yogurt and wheat germ from a plastic container. Boy, did he look healthy.

The best place in the entire world to be continued on page 16

Dear Randy

BY RANDY WICKER

Dear Randy,
I'm a 16-year-old homosexual living in a super straight suburb. I also have no hangups about the fact that I am gay. My problem is I cannot find a "brother" anywhere in the Buffalo area (or anywhere else for that matter). Now I need an open relationship with a fellow homosexual, both physical and intellectual. I realize you are not running a computer dating service but I thought you might be able to help me. Love, peace and happiness.

Isolated
Tonawanda, N.Y.

Dear Isolated,
You have a very difficult problem. For a 16-year-old, you have come a long way toward accepting and living with your homosexuality. This should give you a good foundation for a successful and happy homosexual life.

Being a consciously gay teenager, living at home, in a "super straight suburb," is difficult. Many of your "brothers" simply don't realize they are homosexual at ages 15 and 16. And more mature gays who are out will probably (wisely?) shy away from becoming involved with someone as young as yourself.

You will soon discover the wide and diverse gay life of larger cities. You may be tempted to leave home, discontinue your education and go to live where

there are others like yourself. Such a move would be premature and foolish.

I'm enclosing a copy of **Gay Bibliography** published by the Task Force on Gay Liberation of the American Library Association. You will find the books and periodicals listed and starred to be interesting and informative.

There must be gay organizations in your area. The only listing in the **1973 Directory of Homosexual Organizations and Publications** is for the Stonewall Community Church, 25 Calumet Pl., Buffalo. This is reportedly a gay church group with "non-sectarian gay oriented services."

While you may or may not be religiously inclined, contacting that group will probably be helpful in discovering the closest organized gay group in your area.

You will not be able to go into bars. There has been some trouble with the Police Department in Buffalo and the gay bars there have reportedly been closed and harassed from time to time. However, there is probably a gay campus organization at Amherst. Don't be shy. Simply call the school's information center and tell them you want to contact the gay liberation group there. Otherwise, call NYC's Gay Switchboard (212) 924-4036 (6-12 p.m.) and ask them for the address of a gay group in your area.

I would suggest not confronting your parents with your homosexuality while you must continue living at home. In another couple of years, you will be able to move away to college or get a job in a larger city and commence living an openly gay social life.

Good luck. Keep your spirits up. Your problems will solve themselves.

Dear Randy,

I do feel that I am gay and I certainly would like to pursue it. Is it true that a large percentage of gay people are actors and/or dancers? I like to act and dance and have some ability. My drama teacher in school thinks so too.

Do gay people usually live in their own societies, almost separate from heterosexuals? Are there many gay people who can be "turned on" by the opposite sex? Are a lot of gay people involved with drugs? Drugs and I won't go together.

Sincerely,
R.E.,
Old Saybrook, Ct.

Dear R.E.,

While a large percentage of actors and dancers are homosexuals, most homosexuals are not involved in theatrical pursuits. Many are teachers, ministers, social workers, nurses, designers, businessmen, etc. Like everyone else,

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TEXAS

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then chief of police—who has since been ousted after eight to ten years' tenure—apologized all over the place and tried to put the blame on other cities for ridiculous reasons. There's a political thing too. The mayor appointed the chief, his long-time friend, and because of the scandal there was a possibility that the mayor would not be reelected. And in the past November election he wasn't. Both are out.

Houston is, by the way, into breaking records, everything has to be bigger and better than anywhere else. Well, up until the Corli murder the 20th century U.S. record for mass murder was 25, and that was Juan Corona in California. In Houston, when they found the 26th and 27th bodies, they just stopped. They broke the record and didn't do



any more checking around. I was there the day they broke the record, my claim to fame, okay. I was with another newsman and we were driving from Houston proper out 75 miles near Galveston Bay area where the digging was taking place. We were listening to the radio. Four bodies had been found that day. They were up to the 24th victim and the radio said it was "getting all hot and heavy . . ." and added, "Twenty-six victims and we'll break the Juan Corona California record." And the guy whom I was driving with started putting the speed on and said, "We gotta get there to break the record." And it was insane, I was feeling the same way. It was like a Miss America Contest. Who is going to win the prize?

When we got to the digs, Texas Rangers were literally lifting these baked heads out of a pit and placing them on the side of it. There were three or four newsmen there, plus ten or 12 tourists who, in Texas, love this kind of thing. The bodies had been buried in this pit for more than two years so there was nothing left but bones covered in Saran Wrap with ropes tied around what was left of the necks, the hair looking more like strings than anything else, but certainly nothing like you'd see in a film. But the horror part was the tourists' dogs digging into the sand to get the

bones. A TV newswoman threw up and the whole scene was grotesque.

GAY: Do you think you'll ever go back to Houston again?

BELL: It hardly seems likely, unless it's to cover Truman covering the trial. The three weeks I spent there were probably the worst three weeks ever in my life.

RANDY

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homosexuals are individuals with different interests and aptitudes. A homosexual can be anything he wants to be.

Some homosexuals socialize mainly with other gay people. However, the vast majority have extensive contacts with the heterosexual world. While a few professions, say dancing or hair-dressing, even theatre, may have somewhat ingrown isolated cliques, most homosexuals must go out into the "straight" 9 to 5 heterosexual world to earn a living. Many prefer a mixed heterosexual-homosexual working and/or social environment over a completely gay one even if given the choice.

Many gay men might be occasionally "turned on" by members of the opposite sex but most infinitely prefer the sexual companionship of other men. However, a large percentage, perhaps a majority, of homosexual men immensely enjoy the social companionship of women.

It's been my impression that gay people are not as involved with drugs as are straights. While many may like pot or poppers and a few become acid freaks or alcoholics, I've never encountered any extensive problems with hero-in or barbiturate addiction.

There are several million homosexuals in the United States. They come in all types, sizes, shapes, colors and occupations. After you begin socializing with other gay people, you will have no trouble finding people who share your interests and values.

Dear Randy,

I'm 18 and have decided to be homosexual but I don't know where to start. I've read John Francis Hunter's **Gay Insider, USA** and enjoyed it completely. From that book I found out where some gay bars are in Birmingham but I am afraid to go to any because I don't know what to expect.

What nights and what time do most gays go to bars? Is it OK to go alone, and what should I wear? Does the evening include sex sometimes, even on the 1st time out, or what? Are bars the only places where I can meet gays? How do you recognize other homosexuals? I've ordered Pete Fisher's **Gay Mystique** and I hope that will help some when it comes.

K.C.
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Birmingham,

Go to the bars around 10:30 p.m. on Friday or Saturday evening. Of course, it's all right to go alone. No one is going to attack you. Wear whatever you feel comfortable in or feel you look good in.

You can meet other gays anywhere. Bars are just very convenient. You should check out the gay lib and gay church groups in your area. You will learn to recognize other people you "suspect" are homosexual after visiting a few bars. Pete Fisher's **The Gay Mystique** is a fine book. You are on the right track. Now, just keep on going.

ESTATE

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on Christmas Eve is the **Wagon-Lits** sleeping car from Rome to Venice. We left Rome at midnight, sipped Cognac in the narrow hallway while watching the outskirts of Rome give way to the Umbrian Hills; then snuggled under our blankets as the long train chugged through Florence, Bologna, Ferrara and Padova before gliding into foggy, damp Venice at 8:30 Christmas morning.

...

Cunard Lines called, for advice on organizing what they call their "Quality of Life" cruise. They intend to feature as leading celebrity James Michener because he wrote a book called **The Quality of Life** or somesuch. Sounds like a Palm Beach Benefit, all this collecting non-celebrities. A celebrity is, after all, a celebrity because he is NOT available.

GOODWIN

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difficulty that the prisoners could be saved from destruction," a contemporary newspaper account said.

Fortunately, the cops had found no sexual action going on when they raided the Swan, but on September 22, 1810, the Middlesex Sessions Court found the men guilty of running and patronizing a disorderly house. The sentence: to stand in the pillory for one hour in each of London's various places of punishment, and to serve two years in prison.

Led by women (some of them perhaps grandmothers of ladies who would, 85 years later, line up at Old Bailey to spit on Oscar Wilde as he went in and out for his trials), the proletariat of London turned itself into a mob. The streets leading to the Old Bailey were so thronged that the court had to adjourn for the day. All shops between Ludgate Hill and the Haymarket closed as people lined the streets, hung out of windows and perched precariously on roof-tops to see the "tommies" pass.

Around noon, a newspaper reported,

"the ammunition wagons from the neighbouring markets appeared." These were driven by butchers' boys, who had filled the carts with the debris of slaughter houses. Other hucksters made the rounds with baskets of rotting fruit and vegetables, stinking corpses of dead animals, and any other nasty things they could scrounge. This garbage was sold, at high prices, to the angry mob. Only the fishwives declined to profit, refusing to part with their "stinking flounders and entrails of other fish" at any price, as they wanted them for their own use.

Inside the Old Bailey yard, the procession began forming. The men caught in the raid were loaded into open carts, where they sat stiff and proud until "the sight of the spectators on the tops of houses operated strongly on their fears, and they soon appeared to feel terror and dismay." Fearful of incident, the cops organized a guard of "more than 100 Constables mounted and armed with pistols, and 100 on foot." The gates opened, and the horror began.

The crowd, "and particularly the women," met the convoy with "a volley of mud, and a serenade of hisses, hooting and excretion which caused [the convicts] to fall flat on their faces in the caravan." The rain of mud, garbage, and contents of chamber pots continued all along the route, and by the time the prisoners reached the pillory at the Haymarket, "they were hardly recognizable as human beings."

Poor Mr. Cook, the owner of the White Swan, was a huge man, and made an easy target for the mob, which pelted him with "dead dogs and cats, offal, potatoes, turnips, etc." "Nothing but the motion of the cart" kept the good people of London from murdering him.

From one p.m. until two, the men were locked into the pillories while the frenzied throng jeered, struck, and otherwise abused them. When the hour was up, the prisoners, whose "faces were completely disfigured by blows and mud until their whole persons appeared to be one heap of filth," were put back on the wagons to the next pillory at St. Martin's watch house. There "upwards of 50 women were allowed to stand in a ring and assail them incessantly with mud, dead cats, rotten eggs, potatoes, and buckets filled with blood, offal, and dung" brought from the slaughter houses.

After an hour of that, the men were barely alive. Heaped on the carts again, they were taken through St. Martin's Lane, Compton Street, and Holburn, past hostile crowds now "plentifully regaled with gin and beer." Again they were pilloried, and again pelted, this time with rocks, stones and brick-bats. One prisoner had a lump on his eyebrow as big as a hen's egg; another's eyes were both swollen shut and his face a bloody

continued on page 20

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GOODWIN

continued from page 16
pulp. A third was insensible, and had to be lifted down from the stocks into the wagon.

Word of the spectacle had by now spread throughout the city, and people flocked from everywhere to join the "fun." The streets leading back to Newgate prison were filled solidly with people, all of whom jeered and flung any available object at the pitiful convicts. Coachmen, whose equipages were curbed by the mobs, joined in the spirit of the day by cutting the prisoners with their whips as the parade passed by.

Finally, and not a moment too soon, the grim facade of Newgate Prison, the cesspool of London, came into view. The poor "tommies," lying atop the garbage that filled their conveyances, half dead, and bleeding all over, must have viewed that hell-hole as a paradise. After such an experience, any sanctuary would be welcome.

The newspapers which, then as now, profit by catering to mankind's worst side, congratulated the mob on its fine job well done. The public had done well to show so much hostility towards "these grotesque persons," "the sweepings of Sodom, the spawn of Gomorrah."

The moral of this tale? Oppression is ugly, public opinion fickle, and the mob, a beast. If Don Goodwin and Mattachine want to make a friend for us in Mayor Beame, then good luck to them! Homosexuality should not be politicalized and put entirely under the patronage of liberals from the New Democratic Coalition. Otherwise, when non-liberals hold office, you and I risk riding in the carts.

WHACK-OFF

continued from page 11
can't waste time trying to get. I like doing it in the morning. I get up, shit, shave, beat off and shower. In just that order.

PETER: I like to jerk off if I get excited about some idea that passes through my mind, but I usually don't want to come if there's just me. I'd much rather not waste my energy on a solo come, when I can look forward to a scene with my lover and/or someone else. I can't just get into a new scene if I've already come, even several hours before. The spirit is willing, but I'm afraid the flesh is weak.

MARTIN: There are things I don't like about masturbation. Anybody who uses it all the time to subvert his own real desire for contact is self-indulgent and moving away from reality and into over-fantasy. It's not that I would write to my Congressman to ban masturbation, but I feel that too many people are jerking off who should be

out fucking. They use it as an excuse not to go out and make it with others.

RANDY: Well, you don't catch venereal diseases jerking off.

ARTIE: So what?

RANDY: Masturbation is also an aid to sound sleep.

ARTIE: Yeah, but I find fucking a better aid, and getting fucked is a better sleep inducement than anything.

GAY: Frankly, I'd rather have contact with another person than masturbate. I know people who would do anything, go through any kind of hassle to have sex with a person, rather than jerk off alone.

ARTIE: Masturbation is a great safety valve for fantasizing experiences you can't have. There are a lot of **ifs**, and there are a lot of **buts**, but the reality of the situation and the pragmatism that's involved make it impossible to always get what or whom you want.

MARTIN: But some people use masturbation for ever and ever to avoid doing something in their lives. If you really want something in your life then you go and get it. Why waste time jerking off? Be alive, **live**, interact!

RANDY: Nonsense. I believe masturbation is the greatest source of pleasure in the world for the greatest number of people.

PETER: That may be, statistically speaking, but it ill bespeaks the **quality** or **joy** of their sex lives. It's just the easiest thing there is, that's all. Just because something is easy doesn't mean that something can't be improved with a little effort.

ARTIE: More people masturbate than any other sexual activity. I have no statistics to back that up. However, Columbia did a survey of all the incoming freshmen on their sexual preferences which showed that most of the guys masturbated at least **once** a day. From that sampling you can surmise that a helluva lot of other people are masturbating, which I think is **really** nice and I think they should all do it over my face at the same time. Masturbation is a good sexual outlet. In your fantasies you can conjure up anyone you want to be with you, doing anything you want, and it's as **real** as if the guy is there with you in bed.

RANDY: Have you ever used Polaroid pictures of people you lust for or articles of clothing, or some token thing to make masturbation more vivid?

MARTIN: I ripped off a pair of underwear belonging to a guy I was hot for and had fantasies on the underwear.

ARTIE: I did something like that recently. I picked up this pretty kid, brought him home for an S&M scene and in the course of it I tore the underwear from his body and kept it. The kid split and the next night a friend who I make it with frequently came over and I

showed him the underwear. He got wild-eyed and grabbed it out of my hands. Then we made a deal, actually a **trade**. Before he left with the ripped underwear we took off each other's clothes, he gave me his underwear and put on the torn pair and we beat off into them alone in our own apartments.

GAY: Interestingly all these games are people-related, we always seem to come back to doing it with someone else. If you look back on your sexual experiences and you were to rate them on a scale of one to ten, how many masturbatory experiences would be toward the top?

RANDY: My best sexual experience in **life** was a masturbatory experience. I was driving alone in Mexico in 110 degree heat. I parked the car and went over into a sand dune and lay in the 2 o'clock sun which came down like a rain of fire all over my body and I masturbated. As I did this I looked over to the horizon and fantasized that at any moment some vagabond would come over the hill and join me in some sexual thing. It was incredibly sensual. However, masturbation experiences can also be your worst, like on a night when you have a fight with your lover and you masturbate.

GAY: Then masturbation becomes a weapon.

RANDY: One thing I can't tolerate is masturbation in public Johns. I think it's an outrage that the public sanitation in this city is so bad one cannot go into a library or widely-used toilet facility and sit on a toilet without looking up at walls covered with dried, dripping come. You close the door and the walls are splattered where somebody must have ejaculated all over.

ARTIE: I hope that people who masturbate against walls will **please** continue, and if they have any come to spare they can send it to me. I say **down** with people who say we have to live in a sterile society.

GAY: I'll jerk to that.

ORGY
continued from page 13
"That was Mary Magdalene," Alan whispered, and we proceeded into the living room where the rest of the crowd was congregating. Ralph had covered the carpet and the furniture with white sheets, creating the unmistakable impression of a morgue. The six or seven bodies standing or sitting in their white underwear looked not unlike phantoms. I sat quietly on the sofa and Alan, sensing my trepidation, plunked himself down next to me and eased his arm around me.

"We're just about all here," Ralph was saying. Introductions were brief and non-specific. Wendell, a slim and most attractive bloke, looking almost as nervous as I, was slumped in one of the

chairs. Grant, the assistant host, a bearded, wiry youngster with bright blue eyes, was passing out beers. (The grass hadn't arrived yet.) A hunky number whose name I didn't catch sat pensively in the corner in a '50's macho position, rippling his muscles and showing off his tattoos. Ralph was carrying on an excited conversation with Carlos, the token Spanish member of the group, whose lover Bob was due to arrive momentarily.

Alan's hands were now roaming all over me and we had started a game of footsy to pass the time. The announcement that the grass had arrived inspired a clamor of relief among the crowd and as the first couple of joints were exchanged, tension in the room visibly decreased. "I'm going to start the movies now," Ralph intoned. "Everybody on the floor." Alan and I didn't need movies to get us started. Our cocks were stiff as boards. Our hands were darting out of each other's underpants, our tongues madly probing each other's mouths. As the lights dimmed and the movies began, another spectre appeared in the room—Carlos' lover, Bob, a husky beautiful blond of about 35 who looked like a refugee from a romantic movie of the '50's. His was the sort of body and countenance that used to fill up my teenage masturbation fantasies. He walked casually into the room stark naked, having chosen to dispense with the underwear rule. All eyes were on him and I wondered if this would turn into one of those familiar scenes at the baths where the young **Adonis** is pounced upon by everyone who can get their hands on him while he observes with passive detachment, narcissistically absorbed in his own spectacle. Bob knelt down on his haunches and exchanged a few words with Carlos, his cock hanging long and relaxed and eminently suckable between two muscular legs. Wendell caught his eye and in a moment the two were gently kissing. Carlos nuzzled his face into Bob's crotch and started to lick his mounting erection. It was time to doff underpants. Alan and I just about ripped ours off, revealing rock hardons. Bob removed Wendell's and after fingering the good-sized cock that emerged, changed his position and expertly began to suck on it. Wendell lay back in a state of dreamlike ecstasy and as I edged nearer this blissful threesome, Wendell turned toward me, put his arms around me, and we kissed very wetly and hotly. At this point I felt a warm mouth engulfing my own joint and as I glanced down to see what Alan was doing, Bob looked up from the tending of Wendell's back and noticed me for the first time. Sound of crashing cymbals and gushing violins. It was pure fantasy-time. He shot me a toothpaste smile and we melted into a

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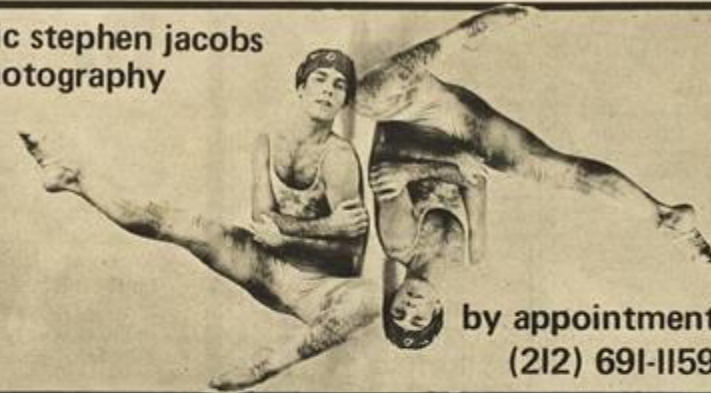
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ORGY

continued from page 20
glowing embrace.

By this time, Carlos had maneuvered himself into a position so that his large brown cock was directly in front of our faces; Bob lowered his head to the challenge and started doing the honors. "Let's both suck on it, c'mon," he suggested. Since it was his own lover's cock, I figured he knew it better than I did, so I watched him for a bit, then, when I was sure I had caught on to the rhythm, I joined him. We started at the base and slurped our way to the tip where we took turns massaging the sensitive part of the organ with our tongues, intermittently deep kissing along the way. It was a fun but arduous process and Carlos was going to be a long time coming at the rate we were going. Alan had taken leave of my cock a while back and could now be seen fucking Grant in the center of the room.

At that point the film broke. The lights went up and Ralph repaired into the kitchen to fix it. The man who provided the grass—an aging, rotund, rather morose gentleman who seemed to be content sitting on the sidelines—rolled a few more joints, and Grant passed around some beers.

Alan was sitting in a rocking chair, his legs perched over the shoulders of a thin, frightened youngster seated on the floor who hadn't said a word all evening. I took his hand and asked him who he was. He looked up half-heartedly and tried to smile, but gave up, and stared blankly down at the floor. Wendell and Carlos were sitting, Indian style, back to stomach, arms and legs entwined, looking like Siamese twins. Bob sat in another rocker, alone, having a beer, and seemingly lost in his own thoughts. I wanted to penetrate the haze and find out more about him; but, somehow, the time and place weren't right. The fantasy was more important here—all that mattered, in fact, I told myself I'd talk to him later, at the door, as we were going out. I'd introduce myself and make a date with him. Yet, I knew, at the same time, it wouldn't happen. We would part strangers as we had met.

Intermission was over. This was, unquestionably, my night for cock-sucking. Bob reached out his arms toward me and I responded in kind. Without knowing quite why, I dropped down and planted my lips on his half hard-on. His knees arched slightly, his prick stiffened, and we were off and running. He came quietly—only a trickle of semen oozed from that glorious prick. I savored it fully, waited patiently until the muscular contractions had abated (this guy was definitely a Scorpio) then withdrew from his groin and snuggled up to him. We lay still for a few minutes,

squeezing each other from time to time. The assemblage was rapidly diminishing by now. Bob got up and went to the bathroom, quickly followed by Carlos. Soon there was no one left except Wendell, Ralph and me. In a flash I realized I hadn't come once! That discovery was a bizarre finale to the evening. By the time I got to the door Bob had left. The least I had wanted to do was say goodbye to him but this was clearly not to be. On the street outside, at last I shrugged, and turned away.

Days later I gave Ralph a call to thank him for a time well spent. Since this had been my first orgy experience, I was curious to know what Ralph and the orgy experts had thought of it. "I've never been to such an oral bang," he said. "Usually these things start with a little cocksucking here and there and then it's mostly fucking. Well, there was some fucking going on, but the amount of sucking was just ridiculous. I'm more of an anal person," he admitted. "That's what I'm like and I can assure you my next bang is going to be definitely more anal."

So as a novice orgiast I would submit that there are good bangs and bad bangs, bangs to regret, bangs to remember, and bangs to look forward to. But bangs are here to stay, and whether or not you're an "aficionado," they'll improve in spirit and quality if we keep that old maxim in mind both as orgy goers and givers that it's not what an orgy can do for you, but what you can do for an orgy.



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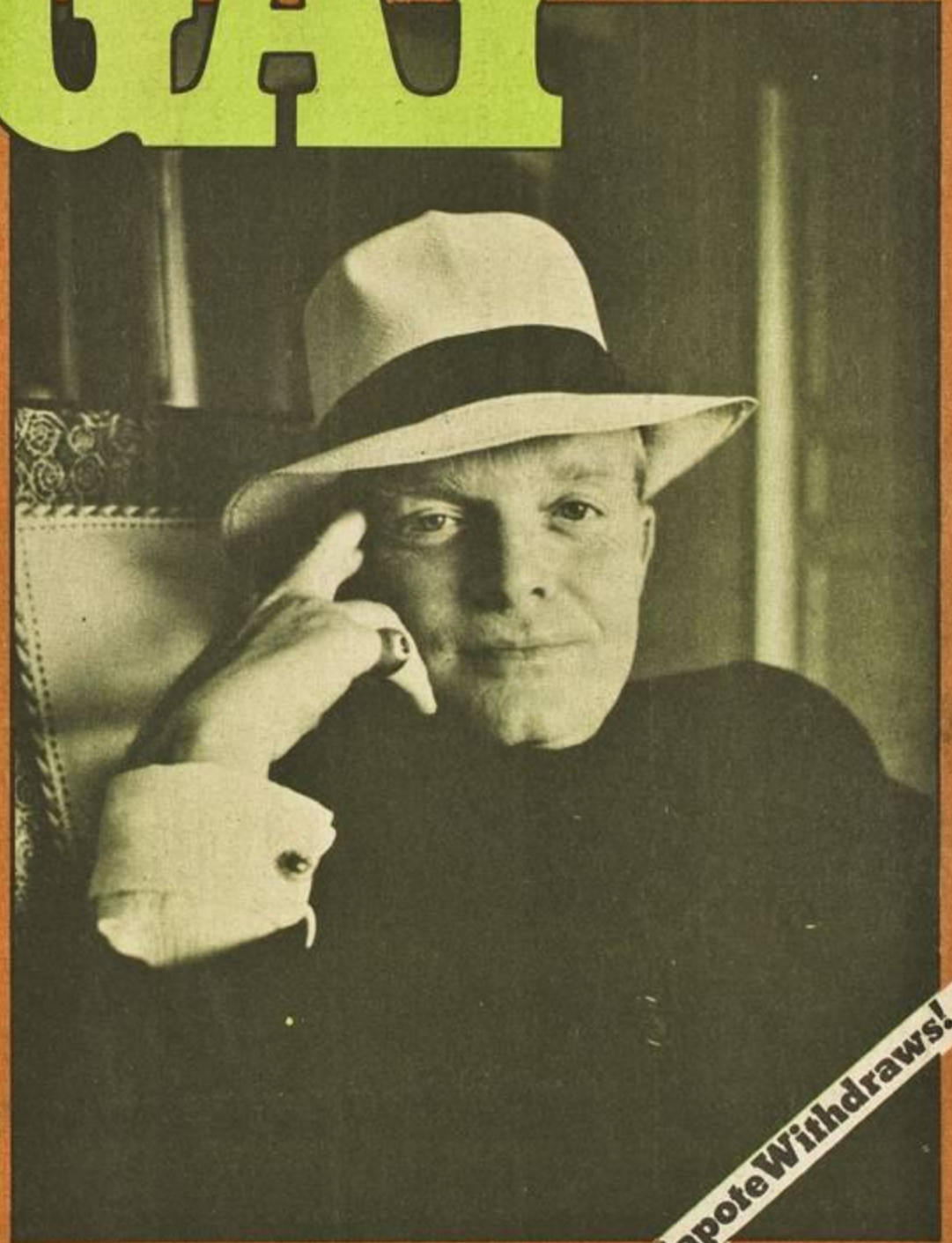
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