

6

FIST-FUCKING

Would you like to have a fist in your anus? Well, you might change your mind after reading **this** real butt and guts expose of "love" fists greased for action.



8

TRUCKIN' ON THE PIER

This guy wasn't satisfied tricking at the trucks, see, so he checked out the action on the West Street Pier and almost got his ass thrown in the slammer for it. A true story!



9

THE NEW REVOLUTIONARY

In the hot flush of coming out, young gay people have made a vigorous impression proclaiming their committment to the gay lifestyle. But, look here, Dr. Howard Brown is different—a new breed of revolutionary.



10

DEEP SUCK

Five throats get into cocksucking **deep** as GAY holds yet another symposium to illustrate how to slurp and not slobber in this intimate form of oral lovemaking.



12

DREAM ORGY IN N.Y.

The Night Before, Arch Brown's 25th homosexual film, is not only his best movie but may rank among the greats in all of gay cinematics. Hot scenes from it, therefore, stretch across our centerfold for your pleasure.



17

ENTERTAINMENT

Vito Russo takes you down the highways and byways of big-city fun and excitement. Bite down to the core of the Big Apple but don't forget to spit out the pits.

On The Record

BY PETE DVARACKAS

If we are to believe the polls, Abe Beame will become the next Mayor of New York City, America's largest and most intricate metropolis. However, Beame, the 67-year-old Controller, is the **only** mayoralty candidate who has consistently refused to publicly address the gay community here, which contains more than 1 million gay people, or to speak out on gay issues except for his discriminatory and offensive position that gays are not entitled to serve as firemen, policemen or teachers, nor are they entitled to job protection in those fields. Beame may be the victor in the Democratic run-offs and front-runner in the mayoralty fight, but he is out of touch with the times, and with the so-called "progressive" ideals of his party for which he is the standard bearer. In a year where gay rights and human rights are becoming more and more synonymous as an issue, Beame's neglect to take the just stand is disheartening and negative and he deserves to be confronted on it publicly. New York's gay community certainly does not need such a man in office, nor does any community for that matter, since his staunch and flagrant disregard for human rights is indicative of a greater threat to all New Yorkers; that is, an inability to be a creative leader in a diverse city with its unequalled melange of personalities and interests. The Mayor of New York must be a man who can persuade and gain the confidence of these varied groups, and not alienate them. Such a man is **Al Blumenthal**.

Having won a nomination on the Liberal Party ticket, Blumenthal is best qualified to function in the interests of all the people of New York, and not just the regressive special-interest power forces so characteristic of Beame's candidacy. Blumenthal has supported gay civil rights issues since before 1970 when he got a gay rights plank into the Democratic Gubernatorial platform. In 1971 he submitted a package of bills: a constitutional amendment which would outlaw discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, and a bill to repeal New York State's sodomy law and expand employment protection to homosexuals. Gay people could do no better than to give Al Blumenthal their vote.

As for Abe Beame, win or lose, he's in trouble until he changes his tune and publicly commits himself to the rights of New York's one million gay citizens. Morty Manford, the newly elected GAA president, vowed at a press conference to hold Beame "fully accountable for his actions and to confront, demonstrate and disrupt his campaign trail until he supports the issue of gay rights, including Intro 475."

GAA does not endorse candidates, it is a one issue organization dedicated to securing full social and political rights for homosexuals. Announcing a new action agenda for the militant organization, Manford said he is determined to thrust GAA's energies to reach the media, employers, City Council members, the Mayor and organized religions with the message that "gay rights are not to be trampled upon."

While GAA New York says it is the largest gay liberation group in the nation, New York now has another major group called the **National Gay Task Force**, the first to employ a full-time staff of seasoned civil rights workers—actually erstwhile GAA leaders—to focus upon issues of national concern: to challenge the sodomy laws of 43 states, to remove the "sickness" label from homosexuality, to take nationwide action against corporate and media discriminators, and to challenge municipal, state and federal agencies which discriminate. The Task Force is seeking foundation and government support to pay an estimated \$150,000 budget for its work.

Actress Margaret Anderson, once described as "the last of the great lesbians," died recently of emphysema at her home in France. She was 82. Ms. Anderson was an influential figure in the freedom of speech struggle who serialized James Joyce's novel, **Ulysses** in the **Little Review of Chicago** which she founded and published. Aside from the first U.S. publication of **Ulysses** for which she was sued and fined on an obscenity bust, she was the first American to publish T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. The third of her four-volume autobiography, **My Thirty-Year War**, details the story of her long love affair with Georgette LeBlanc, ex-mistress of the great poet Maeterlinck.

Margaret Anderson was a contemporary of Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas. She will be missed.

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The Mail Bag

HE WANTS PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER

Ms. Souza

P.S. I liked the rest of your paper too.

Dear GAY:

I am a brand new subscriber and already I am not very happy. It isn't that I don't like the paper—I **do**—but I had thought that a plain brown envelope meant a plain brown envelope. The word **GAY** up in the corner (though it is very slightly disguised) is pretty clear. The envelope had been opened and was left open (it had been **torn open**, quite clearly). My roommate is not gay and I don't like to subject him to any unnecessary embarrassment and I do receive other mail (such as bank statements) where they just use a P.O. Box number as a return address, and sometimes a bulk mail permit with **no** return address, so I am wondering if you have any plainer envelopes(?).

E.A.S.

Forest Hills, N.Y.

[A second-class mailing permit, which GAY has, requires complete return address information. The price of privacy for subscribers, I'm afraid, is first-class mail.—Ed.]

GAYTIMES FOR GAY

Dear GAY:

Congratulations on a highly readable and entertaining issue 107. You achieve a blend of entertainment and news that is welcome competition to our own format at **Gaytimes**. It was our firm belief when we began **Gaytimes** that the old, bluenose Lib papers had had their day and that it was time to move on to a more general interest publication. We're happy to see that we are not alone in that estimation!

Robert Leighton

Editor

North Hollywood, Calif.

MORE ABOUT ASS-FUCKING

Dear GAY:

Concerning your article "How To Take It Up The Ass," issue 107. I am a "straight" woman living with a "straight male"; I'd always been interested in anal sex and wanted to try, but my mate had never tried it and was afraid of hurting me. A gay friend of ours left a copy of GAY while he was visiting us and I read your article. I related to George the article. We followed some of the instructions and are happy to report good, satisfying results. Thank you so very much.

Heterosexual papers never dealt with this subject so sensitively as GAY and we just wanted to let you know the article was beneficial to heterosexuals as well as homosexuals.

Thanks to this particular article we now have a more gratifying sex life. It

Dear GAY:

Regarding GAY's ass-fuck symposium, issue 107, the best way for an ass-fucker to come out clean is to go in wearing a rubber. It does not change the feeling for either person, it's a better guarantee than douches, and it prevents diseases.

Many straights and bi's have hang-ups about ass-fucking because of the shit. Handing a man a rubber easily solves the problem. I ought to know. I have to buy them by the **gross**.

Joyfully,

Ima Hotass



ANOTHER INCH and it's hard-core!

SHL WANTS "OLD" GAY

Dear GAY:

"The new GAY wants you!" Well, we don't want the New GAY, we want the old GAY. I have never seen such a rapid regression in what was once a quality newspaper. Good luck, I think you will need it.

Bruce McKeon

Student Homophile League

Univ. of Massachusetts

Amherst, Mass.

[Sales are up nearly 35 per cent from the "old" GAY. If it's a choice between putting out a polemic on the joys of political gaydom and going out of business or directing GAY to the point where it's readable and fun and staying in business, well, we don't have to tell you what the final decision was. Buy back copies of GAY if you want to stay in the past. GAY has opted for the future.—Ed.]

MAIL-ORDER LOVER

Dear GAY,

This is a note of thanks to your paper and your staff for placing my ad for which I got numerous letters and where I found a perfect **lover**—thanks to you all! I have hopes of living a full, free, joyful gay life with a person very much in love with me.

Fondly,

GAA Is Back and Morty's Got It!

Through the turbulence of the past month Gay Activists Alliance has been virtually shorn of its leadership, endured fears of organizational collapse, and now emerges in the beginning throes of re-organization with new goals and a new president.

If one word could be used to convey the overall atmosphere which has sparked sweeping changes in the GAA structure, that word would be **frustration**. It was that very feeling which prompted erstwhile President Bruce Voeller to **resign** and take almost every officer on his staff with him. Not that this move came as very much of a surprise to anyone close to GAA politics, but when it **did** happen and the foundations of GAA gave the illusions of crumbling, a major regrouping got underway: new leaders had to be elected, even though only for a two-month interim status. While all of these changes went smoothly enough, ending with the uncontested election of Morty Manford as President, and Al Block second in command, succeeding Ginny Vida, it was not an entirely sweet revolution. Fears and resentment in the final days of Voeller's regime provoked a fluster of emergency meetings to prevent momentary eruptions, which were becoming more important than the long-standing reasons for dissatisfaction.

But the chief flurry came with the news of the formation of the National Gay Task Force, headed by Voeller and key members of his GAA staff. This was



Photo: Eric Stephen Jacobs

NEW FIRE CHIEF ELECTED: Morty Manford slides into victory on Firehouse poll.

initially interpreted as some malevolent plot to "destroy GAA." Adding to the confusion, Voeller was quoted by Mary Nichols in the **Village Voice** as explaining he quit GAA because of an attempted co-optation by the Socialist Workers Party.

But when you get to the heart of the matter—and here we get back to the

underlying frustration motif again—Voeller's staff and the GAA general membership were simply on different tracks where group goals and leadership energies were concerned. Voeller's desires for GAA seemed to run along the same lines as what he's trying to achieve with the new Gay Task Force, that is, a tightly-knit executive committee pursuing action on matters of national scope.

GAA, on the other hand, sought, and still seeks, in that regard, group-action programs where the membership plays a direct, integral part of planning and decision-making. Little wonder there was dissention right to the end.

Luckily the situation did not deteriorate into any significant petty back-biting, and today we have both groups: GAA with leaders dedicated to participatory democracy, and the National Gay Task Force—already commanding country-wide attention—an executive ACLU-type organization.

The election of Morty Manford to the top GAA slot is considered an attempt to renew the group's activist spirit by reaching out into the community and rededicating GAA to dynamic projects involving the membership.

These projects, as Manford outlined in his nominating speech, include expansion of the **video tape** program and a nationwide tape lending policy whereby thousands of gays across the country can share in movement activities in New York. To that end, a membership exchange policy was recommended as well.

The Firehouse was also seen as a focal point for social activities. In addition to the Saturday night dances and the Friday cabarets, it is now suggested as a coffee house, still another alternative for socializing gay people.

So, for the moment at least, GAA seems to have taken the necessary steps toward solving its own identity crisis.

Human Rights and the New Gay Task Force

Dr. Howard Brown, NYU Professor of Public Administration and former New York City, announced the formation of a major new gay liberation organization, the first in the field to focus on issues of broad national concern, and the first to employ a seasoned professional staff. It's called the National Gay Task Force.

"The gay liberation movement in America has come of age," Dr. Brown said about the group. He will serve as interim Chairman of the Board of the organization.

"There are two important differences between this organization and the 850 other gay groups which have sprung up around the country in the past four years," Dr. Brown said. "It will be the first to focus on broad national issues, and it will be the first to employ a full-time staff of seasoned civil rights workers." Dr. Brown stressed that the National Gay Task Force will not supplant or oversee the activities of any existing organization, but will work with them toward a common goal. Dr. Bruce Voeller, who has resigned his position as President of the Gay Activists Alliance, and will take the post of the Task Force's executive director, outlined some of the principal objectives the new



Photo: Pete Dvarackas

EAT YOUR WORDS, Brown/Voeller gay task force battlers call homophobe diet unhealthy.

group intends to pursue, including a major challenge to the sodomy laws of 43 states; a final push toward removing the "sickness" label from homosexuals; nationwide action against major corporate and media discriminators; and chal-

lenges to federal, state, and municipal agencies which discriminate against gay parents or deny equal rights to gay people in such fields as health care, drug abuse programs and child welfare shelters.

Gregory Dawson, the group's Finance Director, said that the group will become a broad-based membership organization. Initial funding, he said, came from "the contributions of a few individuals close to the movement." But unlike the majority of existing gay organizations, he said, the Task Force will mount a major fund-raising campaign not only toward individual civil libertarians, but private foundations and government sources. The group requires an annual budget of \$150,000.

The Task Force's paid provisional staff includes:

Executive Director: Dr. Bruce Voeller, former President, Gay Activists Alliance.

Communications Director: Ronald Gold, former News and Media Chairman, GAA.

National Coordinator: Nathalie Rockhill, Spokeswoman, New York State Coalition of Gay Organizations; former Vice-President, GAA.

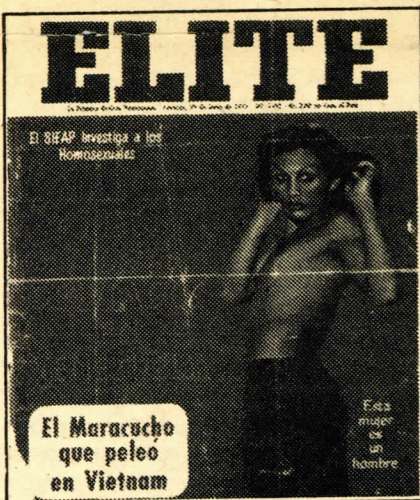
Community Services Director: Thomas H. Smith, former social and operations director, GAA.

Finance Director: Gregory Dawson, former Political Action Chairman, GAA; Chairman of the Board, Fortune Society.

Latins Say 'Maricon'

No matter how bad you might think discrimination might be in the United States, there is always someplace else where it's worse. Take Latin America and Spain, for instance.

There are a million and a half **deviates** in Venezuela warns **Elite**, a leading Caracas magazine which featured **pages** of "fichera" photos (transvestite prostitutes) recently sporting false eyelashes and bared flat chests. The story quotes endless pseudo-psychological ravings attributed to **Doctora Marina Laguna**, head shrink of the **Intelligence Service of the Armed Venezuelan Police Force**. She calls gays "sick people who are not bothered enough by their mental state to care about becoming normal" implying it's society's job to "fix" them. With the exception of those who became hairdressers, ballet dancers and the like, the rest of Venezuela's gays are, presumably, **hookers** she claims. For this reason Ms. Laguna, along with police chief Luis Jose Rodriguez Salazar, are rounding up gays to give them "tests" to illustrate what leads a normal person to "enter into homosexuality and become a



deviate." Sounds worse than the States in the fifties.

Meanwhile, it's 1973 in Franco's Catholicissimo Spain where they've set up a "re-education center for homosexuals" in Huelva. Unfortunate gays can find themselves confined in these concentration camps for years. Priests who run them tell gays they are living examples of a "crime against God, Nature and Spanish Morality."

Spanish morality being what it is today, they send out plainclothesmen to entrap Spanish gays in the **act** and then ship them off to the **calabozo**. One of the interviewed Spanish victims said he never suspected anything was wrong until the police broke into the room because the agent "behaved in bed like a homosexual, participating fully."

He complained of being sadistically treated "like the worst criminal," enduring insufficient food and poor prison conditions. When **Gay International News** interviewed police officials, the

Stroking the Silent Majority

Minneapolis—Jack Baker is running, quietly but effectively, for alderman in the Minneapolis city election November 6th. He just might do very well indeed, but in any event, the gay political tide is spreading.

"They tell me that my candidacy is a joke, that a gay candidate doesn't stand a chance," the 31-year-old gay activist said. "That's the same thing they were saying in 1971 when I ran for student body president at the University of Minnesota."

The 2nd Ward, where Baker is running, does not have a very large gay population. But it does include the university campus, whose 41,000 students already are used to voting for Baker. In 1972 they re-elected him student government president, apparently the first time anyone had been elected twice, gay or straight.

His opponents, on the other hand, are political novices—Republican Carolyn Anderson and lawyer Tom Johnson, to whom Baker lost the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party's endorsement last April, running fourth of five candidates. The incumbent, liberal Republican John Cairns, isn't running.

Baker still has far and away the best-known name of any candidate, from his frequent appearances on radio and TV talk shows, and news stories about his frequent court battles to get a license to marry his lover, librarian J. Michael McConnell.

That's one reason the DFL convention didn't endorse him—everybody knows a gay can't win. Baker isn't so sure.

As of mid-September he had knocked on 4,000 of the 11,000 front doors in the ward, "and the reception is surprisingly warm, especially from older women who aren't used to having a young single man come to call," Baker told GAY.

Baker makes his calls during the morning, so as to avoid middle-aged males who might be uptight about gayness. "So far, out of 4,000 people, only ten have frowned on hearing my name, and only six or seven have refused my literature," he said.

"And that's at the south end of the ward near Lake St., which is supposed to be awfully conservative. The response amazes even me."

Baker plans to spend \$3,000 on his campaign—\$600 to rent a huge billboard during October in the heart of the campus shopping district, the rest for 4,000 bumperstickers (yellow and black, in bicycle, auto and window-card sizes), posters, mailings and literature.

That's only \$1,000 less than Jim Owles spent in his campaign last June in a New York City Council district far larger than the 2nd Ward, with its 33,000 residents. Where Owles ran a



Photo: John Hustad

MIDDLE AMERICA's Jack Baker rides into your heart, and out with your vote.

"Right now I have only two gay workers, the fellow who writes our newsletter and the advertising artist who's doing the posters," Baker said. His manager, dentistry student Dave Bixler, 25, coordinated a 1971 DFL aldermanic campaign that raised eyebrows for its near-success in a heavily Republican ward across town.

Other straight friends have donated cash, considerable amounts. Other straights gave Baker the basement of their five-bedroom house in the heart of the ward, to use as campaign headquarters for free.

Baker is taking pains to dissociate himself from gay issues, lest he be thought a one-issue candidate. He even phoned a TV station to suggest that they postpone the David Susskind interview show taped last February until after the election, lest Baker's opponents demand equal time.

His campaign literature is low-key, printed cheaply enough to let him change its tone in different parts of the ward. "In the south end, where they don't like the university very much, we stress that I live just off Lake St.," Baker said.

"Further north, where urban renewal is the issue, we talk instead about the need to preserve sound housing and keep neighborhoods human. On the campus, where students are furious about the idea of candidates' trooping down dormitory halls campaigning, we'll point out that we refuse to intrude that way. We'll have five different versions in all, carefully tested by sampling neighborhood opinion when we rang doorbells."

It is the student vote that Baker ex-

started courting vigorously October 1st, after classes resumed. He will be aided handily by a new state election law which lets voters be registered at the polls on Election Day, rather than at least 20 days in advance.

"We're trying to get a Baker coordinator in every dormitory, every floor of every dormitory. We already have several—straight people," Baker said two weeks before classes began.

"We won't campaign door-to-door down the halls, but I'll eat most of my meals in dorm cafeterias, and there'll be some coffee hours in the dorm lounges. We'll also talk about our Baker's Dozen issues, 13 student concerns like encouraging low-rent apartments near the campus and the need for bicycle paths."

Baker skipped the DFL primary September 25th and filed for the November election as an independent, presenting 800 signatures on petitions, where only 500 were needed. In Minnesota, where politics are super-clean, petitions are almost never challenged.

Baker's campaign posters, not due until late in the campaign, will be based on photographs and "some will be a little campy and light-hearted," he told GAY.

"But we won't have another one like we used on campus in 1971, with me in the corduroy jeans and high-heeled shoes—not this time," he said. The tongue-in-cheek 1971 poster was invariably hated by gays who saw it, but was an immediate hit among straights, who kept apologizing to Baker for having removed copies as souvenirs—and kept pestering him for more copies. A news service wire-photoed it across the country.

"But this year I can't afford to look

God is on Our Side, Honest



BELOVED DISCIPLES Rev. Robert Clement and lover John Noble at new gay church.

Spiritual Renewal came to New York like a blast of fresh air, clearing away a bit more of the fetid religious dogma, you know, the fire and brimstone line which promises any guy who ever took it up the ass a long-term engagement in the Infernal Pit.

The dichotomy of the church's stance on homosexuality is like an uncoordinated yo-yo. On the one hand, various Christian factions are making tremendous strides eliminating the doomed to damnation stance the Church has always had. But then you are slapped in the face with supposedly savvy churchmen who uphold the **oldline** for all it's worth, in addition to making a bundle off of it. For example, **Creation House**, some Holy Roller book publishing firm which printed Pat Boone's autobiographical homophobic diatribe, now appears with a new title, **Joy**, the story of a so-called lesbian at her wit's end. You know the story: she writes to Pat Boone for advice on her sex life and he tells her to turn to God. "Homosexuality," Boone explains, "is a fatal disease." Isn't life for that matter? With such prevalent attitudes, it's encouraging to see the proliferation of gay churches throughout the country and in New York.

Luckily for gay New Yorkers, the Church of the Beloved Disciple, New York's first and oldest gay church, has, at last, found a **permanent** home.

Under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Robert Clement and his lover Father John Noble, Beloved Disciple began services nearly three years ago at the Church of the Holy Apostle, long-time meeting place for budding gay organizations. Recently, they moved their sanctuary to the West Side Discussion Group

Center on 14th Street at 9th Avenue. Last month, in a procession of purple and lavender religious regalia, they marched down 14th Street to officially open their new \$25,000 Church and Community center, a stone's throw from their last meeting place.

Father Clement said a great number of groups have already requested room in their spacious building, including a number of "straight" groups. A Gay Women's Alcoholic organization is meeting there now. Church officials say that they are doing their best to comply with all requests. New Yorkers can rest assured that this is the most potentially innovative gay occurrence since the "Firehouse."

We haven't forgotten **Spiritual Renewal**, Rev. Troy Perry's aggressive evangelical world-wide tour to get gays for Christ since he's sure Christ is for gays. Perry, top swain at Metropolitan Community Church, strikes out vigorously against gay oppression and the resulting guilt trips associated with being gay and Christian too. He's generous with vignettes reacting to religious homophobes. Once at the Democratic National Convention, a young "believer" tried to convince Perry that he would die and go to hell for being gay. Perry turned around, put his hand on the guy's shoulder, and said, "Heavenly Father, you deliver this poor closet queen right now!"

The Scriptures, he said, contain 366 references to heterosexuality and only eight pertaining to homosexuals. "It's quite obvious," Perry said, "that God had more problems with heterosexuals."

Perry's message in a nutshell is "God made me the way I am." There's a lesson there for everyone.

Thrills & Outrages



CROTCH IN FLAMES: no crabs on Jack.



STEAMED STEBER toweled for tubs.

At last it can be revealed, the skeleton in our closet, **SCREW** magazine, GAY's affiliate publication, **discriminates** against female impersonators, or specifically a transvestite lesbian who applied for a job as assistant editor. Peter Brennan, **SCREW's** managing editor, refused to hire the job applicant, maintaining, "I refuse to hire a man who is breaking New York State laws by dressing up as a woman." The applicant is suing Brennan.

Last month GAY editorially slapped theatrical producer Alexander Cohen for his attitude toward the opening of a gay cinema on West 44th Street, opposite his offices. He was quoted in the Times saying, "We will drive the vermin away." The theatre has since closed. **Mattachine**, the gay activist organization, meanwhile warned it would not book group-sponsored theatre parties in a Cohen show until he retracts his statement. Cohen wrote back and apologized.

Oh boy! **Boys, Boys, Boys**, the sex theatrical at 114 W. 14th Street, is including more audience participation. This month it features **The Love Bag** in the second act of its weekend show, wherein members of the cast climb into a 15-foot long semi-transparent bag and the audience is invited to **join** them. On the same bill, "Jack the Stripper" sets fire to his **genitals** for you to watch. What will they think of next!

The Cross and the Flag, the anti-everything magazine, focused an attack on "sex, perversion, dissipation and dope" in its October edition. Claiming that negative forces are soft on sex perversion, it opposed those who want "homosexual perverts to be recognized as a third sex and honored for their degeneration." Where is America?

Party time! Everybody was at the Fellini Halloween party midnight to dawn at the Rainbow Room. Raquel was there, and bearded Ruth Truth, Sylvia Miles **without** John Simon, and **Pink Flamingo** Lady Divine with a steaming turd. In Brooklyn, the **Pervert Pirate party** drew the same people who attended the Gorilla in a Banana Costume party last month. The ultimate in deca-glitter. But the best fun was **Eleanor Steber's** concert at the Continental Baths!

In an attempt to reduce homosexuality within the Oregon prisons, the legislature recently passed a law authorizing conjugal visits. Ironically, however, the new bill passed by the Senate permits one 12-hour visit per month with anyone on the inmate's visiting list who is over 18!

Lavender is the color of Seattle's gay patrol, created by the Seattle Coalition of Gay Social Services. Wearing lavender armbands, these civil patrolmen follow police and act as witnesses in the harassment cases involving cops. Since these patrols got under way, police have become more cooperative and are less likely to hand out jay-walking tickets in the gay bar areas.

Hands Across the Sphincter: a Fistfucker Comes Clean

WARNING: This gripping inside story on fist-fucking may offend the squeamish. It is not a romanticized treatment of the subject, such as has been seen in films like L.A. Plays Itself and Erotikus, but a butt and guts expose on the realities and dangers of this much misunderstood sex trip, which claims a large underground following.

By Charles Pitts

A man is tied to a bed. Another man lubricates his arm and slowly pushes his fist inside the bound man's rectum. Then he violently pushes his fist into the asshole, plunging his arm in up to the elbow, then pulling it out. In and out it goes, violently. In and out.

That's fist-fucking—or at least the popular film version of it. What the popular version leaves out is what can happen afterwards.

The fist-fucker unties the other man and leaves. The man who was tied up, still remembering the stimulation of his asshole, feels somewhat light-headed as he stands up. He feels the need to go to the bathroom. He's dizzy as he makes his way to the toilet, but there is no pain. The fist-fucker didn't cause him any pain while he was being fist-fucked, and there's no pain now—just the usual soreness around the asshole.

He sits on the toilet and notices that he's broken out into a cold sweat, and his heart is pounding rapidly. He feels no pain, but feels like he has diarrhea and has to shit, fast. He lets his bowels go. He feels a strange giddiness and weakness. A liquid is gushing out. He glances down and sees his blood filling the toilet bowl.

Unless he can make it to the emergency room of a hospital he will bleed to death in a matter of minutes.

Pretty frightening, eh? Why then would someone show that for sexual stimulation. Could they be trying to out-macho us? Could it be a kind of aversion therapy, associating S&M with unpleasant things like permanent injury? Do they think we all know, in this society which barely acknowledges gay sex, the dangers of fist-fucking? Do they think it's so scary that only hustlers, mafiosi and moviemakers do it? Could its shock value be more important to its money-making promoters than the danger to innocent gays who want to do something "far out"? Or don't they know it can be fatal? Do they care? Do you?

Most people viewing—and rave reviewing—the films are entertained by fist-fucking, but either don't know or don't want to know about those injured or dead from it. Some are turned on by it, can't admit it to themselves, and put it off into a corner of their heads marked "forbidden," to which they only have access when they're drunk or stoned. It's then that their ignorance and lack of control could be a deadly combination.

Others, familiar with S&M and fist-fucking, see the films as pernicious pandering to the air of taboo that surrounds the subject. They see a misrepresentation of their life-styles; a clumsy attempt to capture the excitement of S&M on the screen, failing miserably to depict its essential ingredient: the raunchy complicity between master and slave. To them, it irresponsibly perpetuates the ignorance and prejudice about S&M and fist-fucking

which the movement, in trying to keep homosexuals from getting hurt by gay exploiters, has been fighting.

This article is an attempt to set out some facts about fist-fucking which could save your life.

Last night I had sex with a tall, well-built fellow who models and hustles. As a hustler, he fist-fucks some of his johns. Some are doctors, and they told him how to do it right. He saw a recent film depicting fist-fucking and told me that the last part of the sequence, showing violent, arms-length insertion and withdrawal, was faked (the filmmaker told me it wasn't). I think he believed it wasn't real because knowing the dangers to the guy being fucked would have made it lose all of its 'sexiness. Unlike homophobes, he's not turned on by brutality towards homosexuals, only sadomasochism. Two other fellows, who know the filmmaker personally, also believed the last part of the scene was faked. The one person familiar with S&M that I know of who didn't think so "assumed" the compliance of the masochist (I'd hate to be his slave), even though we never saw the masochist alive after the pounding by the fist. The filmmaker exacerbated the worst fears about S&M by making the masochist's part ambiguous.

Apparently my hustler friend was turned on by all the fist-fucking he'd been doing, because when he was my slave last night (don't tell his johns), my biggest, donkey-size dildo wasn't enough for him, so I fist-fucked him.

Not everybody knows as much about it as he, though. Another friend of mine, also a hustler, was amazed when I ex-

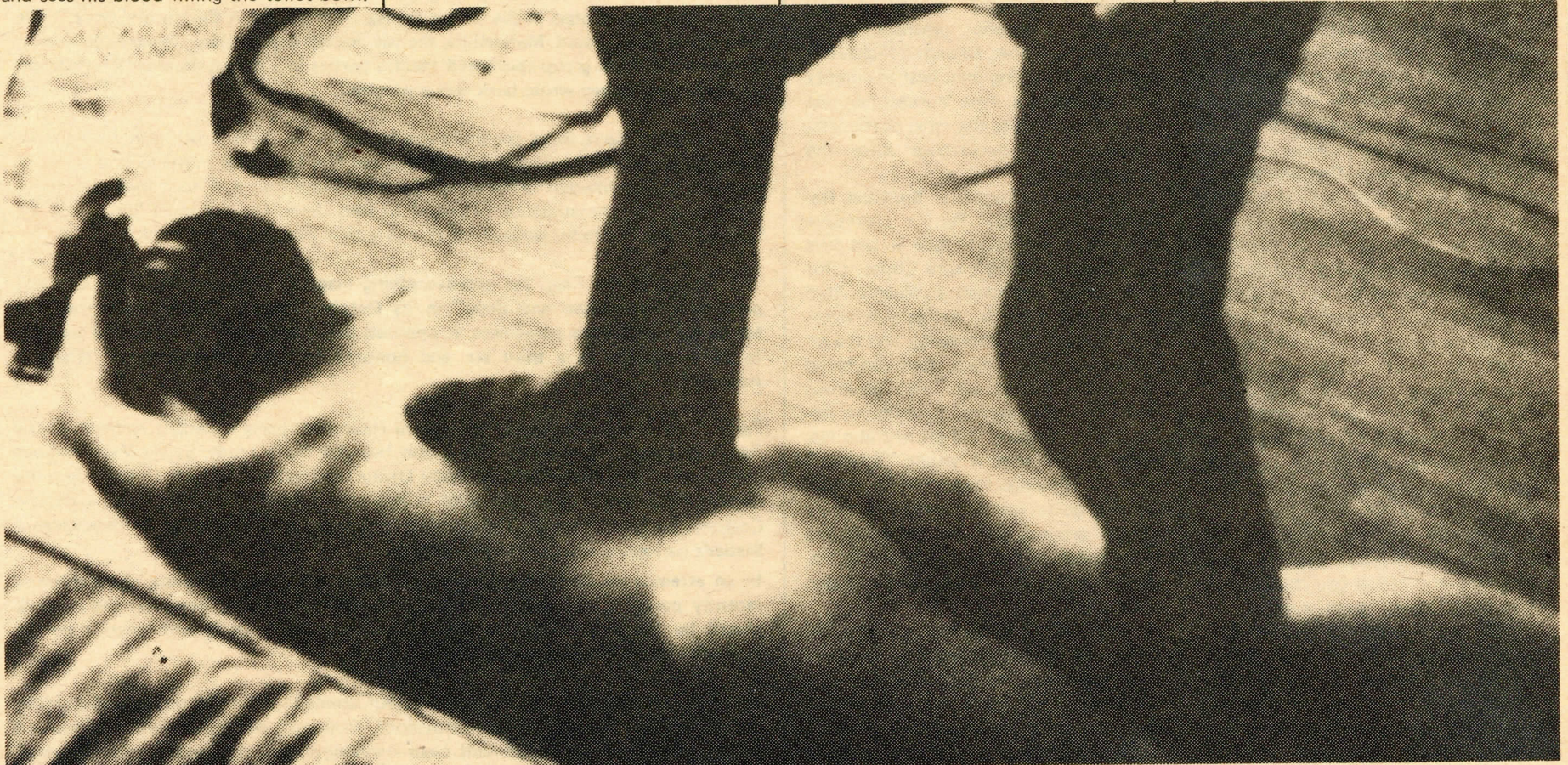
plained it to him. He said he'd never do it again. But that's not the point.

I'm not about to tell people what they can or cannot do with their bodies. But it's only fair that everybody know the potential dangers involved. With that in mind, we'll proceed up your asshole.

The technical name for it is the **anus**. It's surrounded by a round muscle called the sphincter. Round muscles, found also in the irises of your eyes and around your heart, are the strongest muscles in your body. Most people last thought about their sphincter when they were toilet trained at an early age. They learned to open it and close it during bowel movements, and that was it. But the whole anal-genital area has a network of nerves that is second in complexity only to the brain itself. With all of that potential, it was only natural that people would develop awareness of sensation and control over their muscles down there during sex that would extend beyond the mere mechanics of ejaculation.

The normal control of the sphincter muscle by the deeply-ingrained habits of shitting can be overridden voluntarily, and we can learn to relax the muscle or tighten it at will. Because the sphincter is such a strong muscle, though, it is likely to be sprained or even torn if forced.

Permanent damage can occur from the forced insertion of one or two fingers. It's not so much the size of the thing being forced in, it's the fact that the strong sphincter muscle is fighting it. That can happen if the person being fucked overreacts with his toilet training control. Or, if fear or panic has made him "freeze up."



STOMP THE STARS: this "scene" may seem like "fun" to you but Charles Pitts says it may lead to fist-fucking and you don't need the surgeon general to tell you that's hazardous to your health.

The damage that can occur is tearing of the muscle fibers. This could mean that the hole couldn't be closed completely, and the person would be doomed to a life of walking around with an absorbent pad strapped to his ass.

Once in the hole, he could tighten it up out of fear or desire for pain; but this would only be painful, not likely to tear the fibers. To relax somebody's asshole, turn him on sexually.

The sphincter, like any other muscle, can be trained to do amazing things. It's possible, gradually, over a period of months, to get it to open to ten or so centimeters (about four inches) in diameter, without affecting its ability to close all the way. To many, this sort of feat passes from sexual fantasy to the level of sideshow sword-swallowing, but for all we know, those few who can take two arms up their asses probably think our sexual practices are silly peccadillos.

All in all, though, the sphincter is a pretty hardy little device, and it's possible to use the sensations of pleasure and pain in that area as feedback to determine whether or not there is any damage being done.

As we move past the asshole into your rectum, however, things change. After about eight to ten centimeters (three to four inches) inside, we no longer have the delicate touch sensations that exist up to that point, **nor can we feel pain.** It is this fact that makes it imperative that you know what you're doing when you're in there.

These descriptions are simplified, to clarify the dangers. They are intended to keep you from getting hurt any more than you want to.

I talked to a doctor in New York about this. Eighty per cent of his clientele are gay, and he has had as much experience up guys' assholes—privately and professionally—as any physician. He claims the safest thing is to keep anything but shit and cocks out of your asshole, since it's next to impossible to do any harm with either. But, he says, if you're going to use anything else—fingers, fists, dildos—you should know what you're getting into, so to speak.

What you're getting into is the rectum. Its job is to draw the water from your shit, compacting it from a mushy blob into a neat, easily disposable bundle. It might be described as a soft elastic bag, covered on the inside with mucous membrane, rather easily scratched, but also—like the roof of your mouth when it gets burned by a hot pizza—amazingly fast in healing. Little seeds and things passing through can cause superficial abrasions which will heal in a day or two. The ubiquitous network of blood vessels which are all over everything inside you also cover the outside of your rectum.

All of your guts are in a bag inside you, made of a flexible but not very elastic membrane. It's called the peritoneum. There's a slippery wet coating on all the



HIS FIST may be made for fucking but you'll never find it in this photo.

intestines to reduce friction inside. At various places around the bag, the wall of the peritoneum sweeps in and hooks around the colon to keep it from slipping around and getting out of place. The rectum loops through the last of these hooks on one end and connects to the hole in the bottom of the bag—your asshole—at the other.

People's inner dimensions, like their other characteristics, vary greatly, so these figures are average: the length of most people's rectums is about 16 to 20 centimeters (six and a half to eight inches). The hook of the peritoneum around the top end of the rectum limits its diameter at that point to about four centimeters (one and a half inches), and this, unlike most everything else in there, can't be stretched without damage. I fist-fucked one guy who had a small rectum and a hook through the peritoneum about the size of a quarter, and another guy who had not only a large rectum, but a large opening at its top. I was able to thread my arm into him up to the elbow. I was ready to go further, but at that point I encountered some shit, which I had him eat. Lunch break.

But I digress. The point is not to force anything through that inner hole or try to move it around much. It could tear the peritoneum, and that, as we'll soon see, is bad news.

The soft, small bag called the rectum, which is inside the bag called the perito-

neum, is very flexible and elastic. Just as your belly expands when you're full and contracts when you're not, so this bag can stretch to accommodate very large things and contract again when empty. Like your belly, if stretched a lot and then let loose, it would get flabby. Stretching it suddenly could rupture it. If your rectum is naturally large, or has, over a period of time, been stretched more and more, it is less likely to be damaged by a sudden stretching than a naturally small or even average-sized one which was never stretched much.

It is important to get a sense of the physical characteristics of your rectum, because you cannot feel pain there. Your body doesn't always tell you when you're doing something to injure or kill it. You feel no pain from an overdose of sleeping pills, or a lethal dose of radiation or carbon monoxide. So, in the absence of warning signs from your body, sometimes you have to use your knowledge of the nature of things to keep from getting hurt. So it is with the rectum.

Beyond eight to ten centimeters inside the anus, the only sensations we can feel are those of general pressure, stretching, and pulling. We can have a sense of fullness, or gas pressure perhaps. Superficial wounds, as we said before, even if they should bleed a little, heal quickly and unless there is some local infection are no problem. What is a problem—and a serious one—is any hole through the wall of the rectum. This can happen from a sharp

edge on an object, a ring, a fingernail, even a finger poking through the wall, or something so large that the rectum cannot stretch fast enough to accommodate it. (People have been known to stick water hoses up there, connected to a faucet. Don't do that.)

However it may happen, any tear in the rectum is bad because the bacteria from the outside world (particularly the rather tough types that hang out in the intestinal tract) rush into the inside of the peritoneum. Now, there is nothing in there to kill these invaders. The warm, moist surfaces inside are an ideal medium for their growth. So the infection spreads rapidly and is extremely difficult and often impossible to stop.

This infection is called peritonitis. As we said, you will not feel the hole poked in your rectum. You will only know by the symptoms, which will develop between two and 12 hours later. You will experience extreme belly pain. There will not necessarily be any blood, but the muscles in your belly will contract so strongly and rigidly that it will become as hard as a board. It is urgent that you seek immediate emergency treatment. The longer you delay, the less your chances of survival. Get to a hospital. They will open you up, try to clean out the peritoneum, and give you infection-fighting drugs.

They will give you a colostomy as well, where they divert your colon just above the rectum and bring it out to a hole in your belly, and attach a drainage bag to it. This is so they can isolate your rectum while they try to fix the hole.

Meanwhile, though, the job of tracking down and killing the bacteria amongst the 30-odd feet of coiled intestines in your peritoneum must continue and could take many weeks. If it's not successful, you're dead. And that's no fun. With peritonitis, you've got about a 50-50 chance. If you hemorrhage, it's worse.

Various things in and around your ass can cause bleeding. Minor bleeding, say, a teaspoon or so, which stops by itself, and with no other adverse symptoms, is nothing to be alarmed about. More than that, or bleeding which continues, no matter how minor, should be reason to call a doctor.

A hemorrhage can happen when, in the course of poking or tearing a hole in the rectum, there is a blood vessel on the other side which is also ruptured. Remember, there is a network of them embracing the outside of the rectum. Hitting and breaking one means internal bleeding. No way to put a pad on it or crimp it shut from the outside. It takes as little as five minutes to bleed to death, so an internal hemorrhage of this sort is an extreme emergency where seconds could literally mean the difference between life and death.

So now you know. You can do it like they do it in the movies if that turns you on, but doing it like that makes it pretty likely that you'll lose out in the end.

Risk Real Arrest! Truckin' at the West Street Pier

BY BRANDON LeSEUR

Way down at the end of West Street by the docks in New York, you can crawl through a hole in a fence and walk out upon a sprawling pier used during the warmer months by nude sunbathers, and year round by a hearty band of cruisers seeking "instant" sex. It is not entirely safe from arrest, as our reporter sadly found out in his quest for thrills. So if you're interested in the Pier Scene you better check out this story pronto!

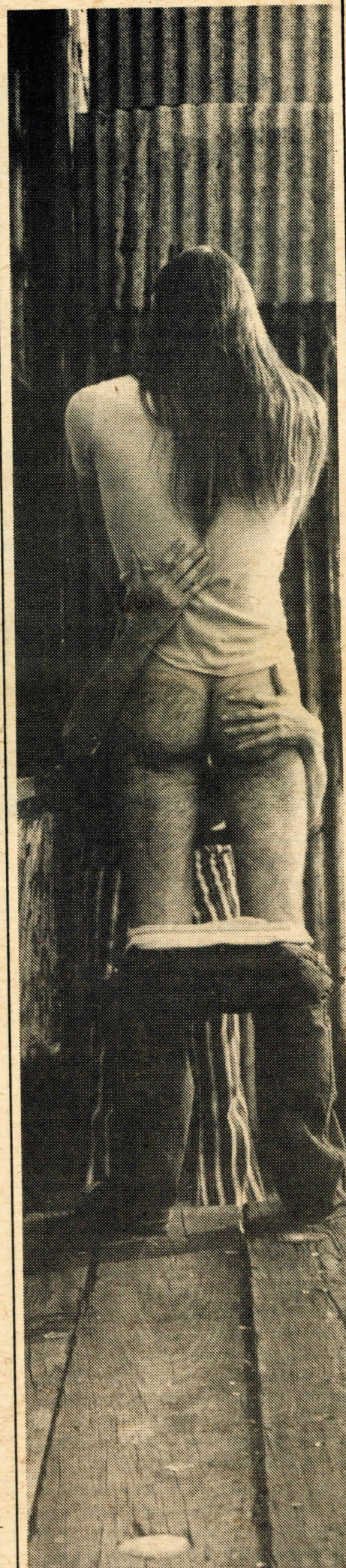
It all started out as a lovely Sunday. The Abbott & Costello movie on Channel 11 was one of their better ones (**The Time of Their Lives**), but with the onslaught of finishing the **Times** puzzle (finally), The Bowery Boys, baseball games and a terrible selection of movies on TV, the day got boring. I looked out my windows across the West Village roofs and gardens. And I started to have a sex fit. I was in no mood for the raunchy Metropolitan or a lingering walk through Central Park, so I decided to hoof it down to West and Bank Streets to the neighborhoodish pier where nude sunbathing is popular by day in warmer months and you-name-it is popular at night (there's nothing like sex on a wooden pier with a sparkling moon dancing across glimmering waters).

Sorry to say, it was rather dead, but it was after 4:00; however, I noticed some attractive guys taking the sun at the foot of the enclosed and abandoned pier next door. What's **this?** I exclaimed—and went off for the nickel tour. For some reason, I am always behind the time on what's new and funky in New York—I mean, I only found out about the trucks and the Met about two years ago and always assumed **The Jewel** was one of Liz's new diamonds.

One of the warehouse doors was pulled up and this hunky bearded number (whom I seemed to scare the shit out of—if you can imagine that) was crawling out to the street. He seemed relieved when I said my butch "Hi." When I asked what was going on, he said you'll enjoy it better if you just go in and take a look around. Stupid me. I **did**.

The place is cavernous and littered with broken glass—and guess who had on nellie sandals . . . you guessed it. There are several floors (three to be exact) at the front and water ends of the pier—evidently where travelers waited to board the luxury liners of yesteryear and where family waved their goodbyes or good-riddances. I saw little directional signs scribbled in chalk that read: RIM ROOM . . . SHOW HARD . . . YOU'VE ARRIVED—TAKE IT ALL OFF . . . FUCK, SUCK, GETFUCKED, GETSUCKED . . . etc. Having a brilliant (I thought) reporter's mind, needless to say, I investigated—which, as it turned out, was only about the **third** error of the day.

I went up creaking stairs and in room after room I found little twosomes, threesomes, orgies—all enjoying sunlit sex



scouting for action. It was, as it usually is, a case of I wasn't interested or They weren't interested. So I sauntered to the water end where I encountered more of same—only the group sex and twosome scenes were fantastic—right out of a good **fuck** movie. Of course, I tried to get involved. And this time I managed. It was a little after 5:00. For once in my life my time for coming and going was perfect. At 5:15 the place was raided by a motley crew of **plainclothesmen** from the Sixth (Sullie, the Irish redhead, and a hung little number in an Indian headband—the same ones who hang around the sidelines at the trucks protecting us from pick-pockets—were among them). I happened to be caught in the act of talking to some gay and straight couples who were sitting on the back dock of the pier. Others weren't so lucky.

Suddenly, when the badges were flashed, we were marched out **Gestapo-style** to the street where we were questioned and made to wait for marked patrol cars. I felt sorry for everybody, especially myself. I have always tried to have a respect for the police and tried to obey the law—so getting busted scared the dickens out of me. And worse, I had no identification on me. **Worse** yet, one of the more gorgeous numbers among us told this other guy (who must have been in the pier because he was interested in the architecture of abandoned piers—that's how innocent he looked in his laced-up jeans—I mean, who wears laced-up jeans to an orgy?) that he had two vials of amil nitrate. As it turned out, he had nothing to worry about because neither were we tossed (frisked) or, for that matter, read our rights. Actually, we were treated like the **scum** of the earth—and that's exactly what we were assumed to be by the cops who were as rude as all getout till they got us to the station house. The poor lieutenant in charge must have been asleep (no insult intended, as he seemed to be the only guy with any sense there) and looked around bewildered and rubbing his eyes. "I don't believe you brought all these people in!" I heard him tell Sullie, who till then was quite proud of his **bust** (there had been a rash of burglaries at one of the adjacent piers and the police were on a crime prevention kick) and fairly positive he would be getting some sort of brownie points for bringing in four carloads of cock-suckers.

The kid with the amil nitrate managed to stash it between the cushions of the patrol car he was riding in, according to one eyewitness. He managed this by lowering his hands, reaching in his back pocket for a handkerchief to blow his nose. At this point the cop driving the car went berserk, threatening to beat the kid's head in with his pistol handle. The hands went up again, naturally; but little did the cops know what was left behind.

First, they were going to charge everyone with a misdemeanor and this meant court, or, if you pleaded innocent, a night

Dr. Howard Brown: New Breed of Revolutionary Kicking Open the Closet Door

BY RANDY WICKER

What prompts a respected physician, university professor, and former top city official to throw open the closet door and proclaim his homosexuality? The answers are here in this exclusive personal interview with Dr. Howard Brown, a new breed of revolutionary—the middle-aged successful professional who has taken on a second career as leading spokesman for human rights.

GAY: Dr. Brown, when you announced that you were homosexual to your professional associates, did you expect the response you received?

BROWN: No. It was astounding frankly. It was a front page story in the *New York Times* and all the television networks have also carried a spot on it so far.

GAY: What was your reputation in the medical field based on before you announced your homosexuality? How did you get appointed to the high political post of Health Commissioner in the Lindsay Administration?

BROWN: To be Health Services Admin-

Health officer.

GAY: Now, the *Times* says you served for 18 months as Commissioner of Public Health and that then a "scare" situation developed in which Washington columnist Drew Pearson was reportedly planning to do an expose on homosexuals in high positions in the Lindsay administration. When this came to your knowledge, the *Times* said it caused you to resign. Could you fill me in on that?

BROWN: Well, some people may recall Drew Pearson had written a story about homosexuals in Reagan's Administration in 1965 or '66. So, when I heard that he was planning to write such a story about homosexuals in the Lindsay administration. I had a relative who worked for the *Times*. The *Times* knew about the story. I don't know exactly who in Pearson's camp told them, I think the thing that was fascinating, indeed **frightening** at that time, was that, of course, the *Times* knew that I was homosexual. Apparently the *Times* has a strong tradition that they do not use that kind of material. That's one

tain number of feet apart or would mix with different social groups?

BROWN: Well, I would be invited to the Mayor's house, Gracie Mansion, and obviously I would go alone. Now, the few occasions I went with my **lover**, such as the opening of Lincoln Center, were usually huge champagne receptions where the lobby was filled with people. And when the Mayor introduced me to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, I wouldn't turn around and say "and here is my lover."

GAY: Would you be willing to give me your personal gut opinion of **John Lindsay**, the man? He seems to be a very controversial figure within the gay community. Most homosexuals, I believe, have supported him politically. But certainly some elements of the gay liberation movement are always attacking him for his alleged lukewarm support on **Intro 475** and seem to ignore the many good things Lindsay has done such as issuing executive orders banning discrimination against gay people in City employment. What are your feelings?



istrator and Health Commissioner of New York City is generally not a political appointment. And so one is picked for one's professional background. I had never been involved, at least was not in the past, involved in politics. I presume the most immediate thing that led to my being picked was that I developed the prototype health program for the poverty program. These were the kinds of programs that were set up in Watts, in Chicago, in Mississippi, and funded by grants from the Poverty Program.

GAY: And this program was widely accepted, found to work and got you a lot of professional recognition?

BROWN: Well, I originally set up the first program in New York. Yes, it became accepted. I suppose you can say a major innovation in health care for the poor. So the thing for which I was known was working with health care for the poor. And when Mayor Lindsay came into office, he was particularly interested in community health programs for the poor and that's why he picked me as chief

thing. Now, of course, at the time there could also be no proof that I was homosexual in the sense that I hadn't been arrested, photographed or publicly involved in a sexual act.

GAY: What about your personal life? You think of public officials having to go to parties, entertaining people from out of town, etc. How did you conduct a social life, a homosexual social life, and how did you fulfill your sort of public social obligations which frequently call for a heterosexual couple format?

BROWN: Well, first of all, at the time that I was chief health officer of the city, my homosexual life in some ways was cut down considerably because you go to some official function almost every night. At that time I was attached.

GAY: Was that a long-term relationship?

BROWN: Yes, ten years. However, only on the rarest occasions would he go with me. This would be to only very large functions where it wouldn't be apparent that we were together.

GAY: You mean you would stay a cer-

BROWN: Although I have tremendous respect for John Lindsay, and you're quite right, in certain respects he has been a very humane mayor for homosexuals. He certainly stopped entrapment by the police. He certainly stopped raiding of gay bars. I have every reason to feel this was his direct intervention in the Police Department. However, these were based on his strong feelings about civil and human rights. I, of course, have no way of knowing how he feels about homosexuals. My guess would be that despite the fact that he has been very humane, his gut reaction would be very negative.

GAY: He has officially endorsed Intro 475 which says people should be hired strictly on the basis of their ability. Do you think you would have been appointed to the position of Health Commissioner if Lindsay had known you were homosexual?

BROWN: No, I would not. And if it had been known, I would have been asked to resign.

Continued on Page 16

Hot Gay Slurp Secrets for You!

How to Suck Cock Better

Cocksucking may be the most intimate form of lovemaking two men can share together, so it stands to reason that if you are going to engage in oral sex, you'll want to know how to do it right. So GAY asked five throats who get into cocksucking deep to tell you how to slurp and not burp all the way to that final ejaculation. Most of the panelists are in their mid-20s: Myron, a film distributor; Allan, a long-haired student; Gil, a singer; David, a young antiques restorer; and Randy, a writer.

GAY: Sucking cock is a staple of the homosexual diet, sensuous and non-fattening, yet some gay people have an aversion to the act, or some phase of it. What about you people?

MYRON: I love cocksucking altogether, not better than fucking, but it's an excellent second.

ALLAN: I hate cocksucking basically because I can't do it well. I keep getting my teeth in the way and start worrying about how the other person is feeling and then lose my erection. You know, I get afraid my teeth may be biting the guy, it's a mess.

MYRON: You've got suck paranoia. I had sex with a person who couldn't sustain a 69 position because he got so engrossed in trying to make me come that he lost track of the way he was feeling and subsequently wanted to come separately himself.

ALLAN: Well, I'm always stoned at all times, so when I feel my teeth accidentally sinking into a guy's cock—and I know how that feels when it happens to me because I have a sensitive cock, you see—I become upset that I might be getting carried away.

GAY: Maybe it's paranoia. You're thinking too much about it, rather than feeling. Possibly the guy you're sucking liked the spontaneity, teeth and all.

ALLAN: Maybe. I also have trouble with uncircumcised people. I can't make someone with an uncircumcised cock come. I know about cocks like my own, that is, circumcised. Another thing, I can't deep throat a cock, you know, put it all the way down my throat without puking.

MYRON: All you've got to do is relax. Anyone can do it. When I first tried I couldn't get it down my throat, but finally it ended up a matter of relaxation. You must learn how to take the cock and get it into your mouth and if you have your lips in the right position your teeth will never get in the way.

ALLAN: What is the position, then?

MYRON: You put your lips down over the teeth.

ALLAN: Yeah, but that hurts, though. Your teeth dig into your lips and after you've done that for a while your lips feel awful.

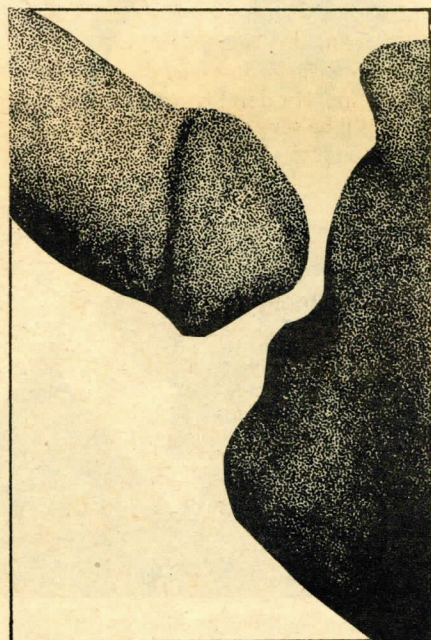
MYRON: You really have to enjoy cocksucking, and like to feel it throb in your mouth. From the beginning, I get a person sensually aroused and excited by, say, licking his balls and all around the pubic area and teasing the cock until the guy is

if someone starts grabbing your head and tries to force you to go down on him, well, you can do it and occasionally get off on it, but that's generally when it becomes awkward and you can gag and feel sick. But, if you approach it right, there should be no problem even with size. I've taken big cocks I never believed I could get down there, but the throat is amazingly flexible.

ALLAN: I learned to get fucked by big cocks by practicing putting zucchinis up my ass, but I cannot imagine putting a zucchini down my throat.

MYRON: If Linda Lovelace can do it, you can do it. I've had cocks so big I've felt my throat stretch out. I can even get fucked in the face once in a while, really hard too. I thought I was going to have a hole in the back of my head.

GIL: Many have discovered that the section of the cock just below the head is more sensitive than the head itself. But there are so many sensitive areas, people are different, so you simply have to become aware of what individual people like.



MYRON: I like a guy to go all the way down on my cock so that I can feel it in a really hot tight place, then I'll come right away . . . Otherwise, a lot of friction around the head of the cock is very stimulating.

GAY: We haven't touched on the role trip of cocksucking. Many straight people who discuss it feel that sucking is an act of masochism in that you are subserviently servicing a cock. People answering that maintain the sucker is actually in control because he determines the timing and the quality of the suckee's orgasm by his actions.

MYRON: Plenty of that stuff goes on in restrooms, where you walk in and men hang around waiting to have their cocks sucked and they're not going to reciprocate in any way. To me it feels good to suck and to have my cock sucked, naturally the former isn't quite as exciting as the latter. But there are people into this

GIL: The thing that I like about cocksucking is the equal exchange of experiences. The penetration idea, where someone is getting into my body and I am getting into his, is exciting. One of the greatest thrills which you cannot achieve in fucking is 69ing, both people in each other, tightly embraced with cocks down each other's throats. An overwhelming warmth generates between the two people so that you're almost becoming one body oozing sexuality and pleasure. And the simultaneous orgasm—which happens very infrequently—is one of the most vivid thrills you can share with another man.

MYRON: Speaking of one-sided sex, a couple of times I've met these really butch numbers, right, and I'll start sucking them off and all of a sudden one grabbed my head and fucked my face, baby . . . It was nice, heh, heh, in a perverse way, but the act is basically rape. It's rape. Afterwards I felt uneasy about it. Now, I'm not saying these truck-driver types are all like that. Some very masculine people are very gentle in bed and really great sex. It depends on the person.

GAY: Where are the liberated gays? All this talk of separatist sex, one-sided . . .

RANDY: Liberated gays are a myth of the Gay Activists Alliance and the gay lib movement, they don't really exist. Getting back to sensitivity zones, it's interesting how some people only want a lot of pressure around the head of the cock, some want to be sucked very slowly, and others only get off when it's done rapidly. If your aim is to please your partner—and in simple, one-sided oral sex, it is—then you have to know what turns him on. For example, to take a cock down your throat smoothly and easily like, say, a sword swallower, you should get into a 69 position with your eyes looking at his toes and then you're able to swallow the entire thing. Some people who are so adept at swallowing can completely take any sized cock over and over. Even that, on occasion, will not please all people and you have to feign a gag reflex, because they get off on the idea that you're really strangling sucking their cock, rather than just smoothly taking it down your throat. I personally don't like mutual cocksucking—now I don't have too strong an oral sex urge, but when I do suck cock, I like one-sided oral sex with a straight male. I like the idea of blowing them, getting them hot and flipping them over, but if you can't flip them over, which is very often the case, you're stuck with just blowing them, but I can get very turned on by that act rather than going down on a gay person, or going down on someone whose sexuality I don't know. Reciprocation to me is a total turn-off.

MYRON: Well, what we're discussing is personal taste. I feel that way sometimes, especially if I'm sucking someone who is fulfilling my fantasies, like if he's a really butch person, I don't really require reciprocation.

RANDY: And I don't see this problem about losing one's erection. When I'm

is really not of paramount concern in my mind. This may be a selfish focus, but I only think about how my **being** sucked feels, and of course, my **own** orgasm. Now, if you're blowing someone, it's often important to use your hands as a buffer to give extra friction, even if you take it all the way down you can spread your hands out when your mouth gets to the base of his cock, so really to give an absolutely exquisite blowjob **both** hands are necessary and that doesn't leave you anything to masturbate yourself with.

DAVID: I overcame my aversion to cock-sucking by getting **deeply** involved in it. I ran into a person who demanded that I take his cock down my throat, and after a period of time and patience and practice I was able to take it **all** and got to love it.

RANDY: Getting into someone's throat is very exciting with him leaning back with his head over the bed. As you screw him in the throat, he'll find that breaths can be taken between cock thrusts. Of course, there is always a part of the throat you can't have, because his windpipe is blocked, and I get really excited when I feel him gag because he squirms to get away from me. However, not all people get off on this. Once a boy was sucking me off and I pushed it in a bit more than half way, and he **upchucked** all over the livingroom rug. There are people who have psychological blocks, and physical as

well. I remember getting a fantastic blowjob from a one-legged lawyer in New Orleans who in the middle of blowing me, said, "pardon me"—we had just been out for a steak dinner—hopped over on one leg to the bathroom, and **barfed** into the toilet, and came back and said, "now I'll be able to do it much better."

DAVID: Having my face-fucked is a real turn-on for me: laying over the end of a bed where I can see the **balls** come down and hit me in the face.

GAY: Many people who suck cock have a phobia about **come**. If you're fucking them down the throat they feel the cock throbbing, feel the squirts of come shooting, but they **don't** have the oral taste sensation. Their mouths don't fill up with come. So what about the **taste** of come?

MYRON: Well, there's the good, the bad, and the ugly. Tell everybody to eat celery because it makes the taste of come much sweeter, but if you eat asparagus, forget it. It depends on the diet. I love the taste of come and I like people to come in my mouth.

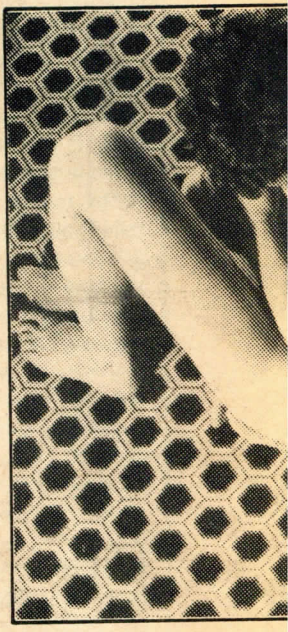
DAVID: When you have sex frequently in the same day with a person, I've found the taste to get progressively **worse**.

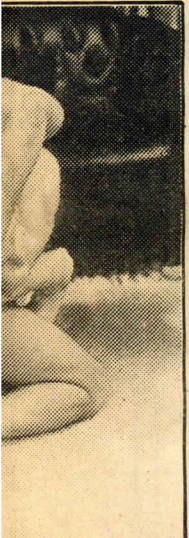
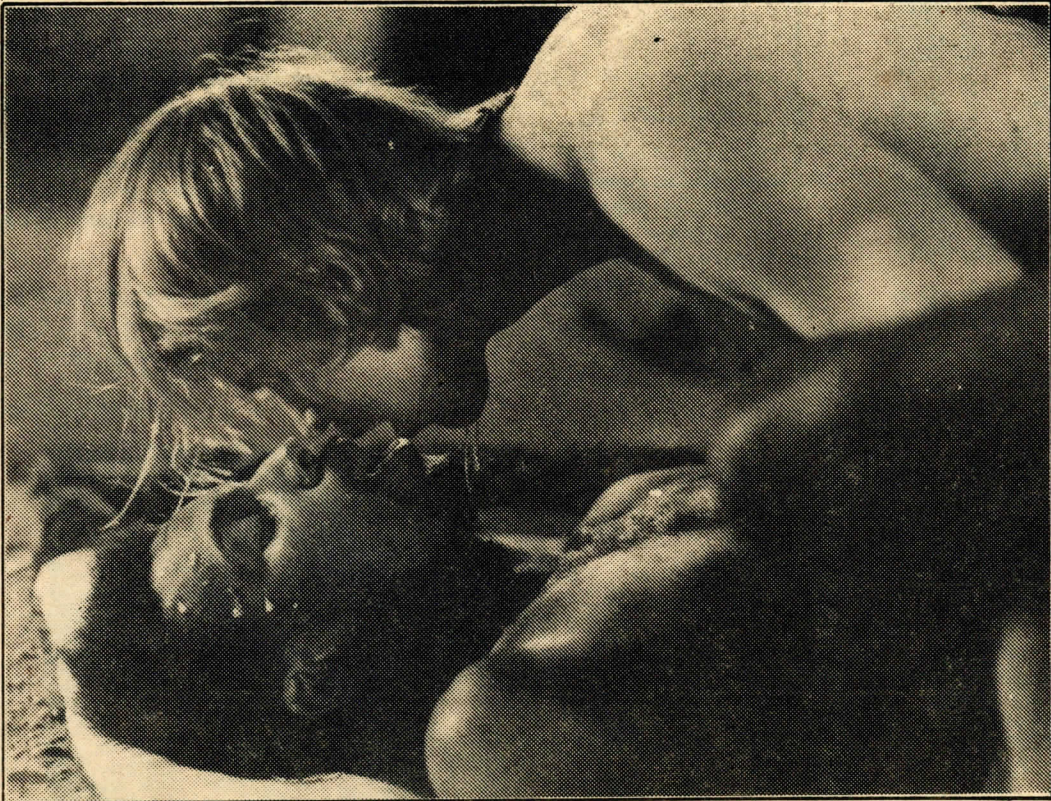
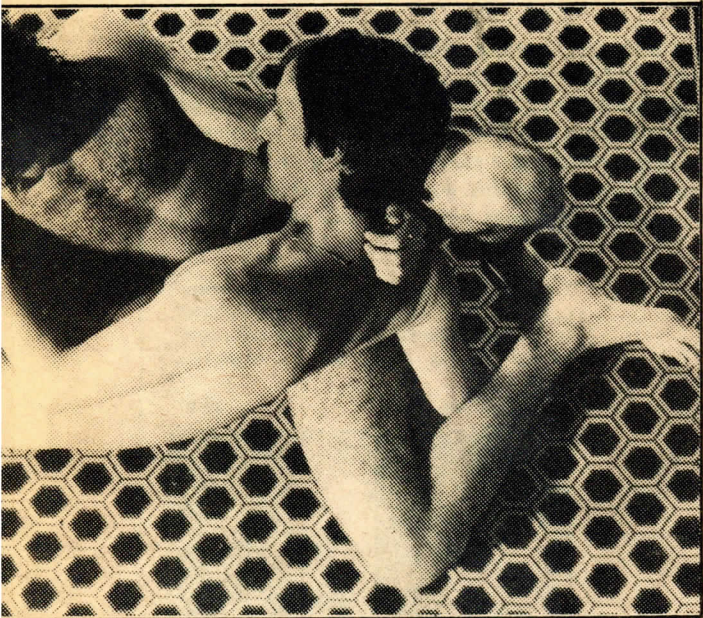
RANDY: The consistency of come is interesting. If I don't come for a few days, it'll be very thick, so thick you could support a 25-cent piece on it, you

Continued on Page 16



DreamOrgy in New York






Arch Brown's 25th homosexual film, **The Night Before**, is his best effort to date, and one of the finest gay cinematic experiences. It's intellectual insemination mixing **gestalt** and gonads.

Currently playing at the Lincoln Art Theatre, 57th Street east of Broadway, **The Night Before** probes dreamsex, not as the unlikely creation of an ego-tripping director, but clarifies fantasy as a natural experience, the kind you would desire for yourself. The actors are people you can identify with, and not the health club-type models you gape at like an 8x10 glossy. These points of identification dominate the plot with subtle touches throughout—especially in the music—to expand your sense of wholeness. Perhaps it's not the final statement for the homosexual film, but it certainly points the way to a more total blending of humanity and erotica. —P.D.

COLT

GALLERY · 9
A COLT STUDIO PRESENTATION



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This issue of our privately printed magazine contains 36 pages of our exclusive model TIGER in all new b/w photos. Available only through COLT.
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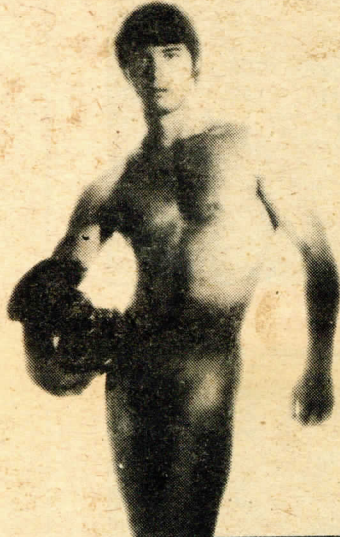
Now in our sixth year of business, Colt continues to bring the masculine image to our thousands of subscribers. Over the years we have discovered many new faces which have gone on to fame in many areas; films, theatre, sports, etc., and we hope to continue the excitement of the search for talent all over the globe. When ordering from the Studio, may we remind you that because our men are photographed in the nude, we must ask that accompanying your order is a statement that you are 21 or over. And also, to the total of your order, please add .50. We must ship your order First Class, double-taped and the additional .50 helps defray that extra cost. We want to be sure *you* get what you want. Thank you.

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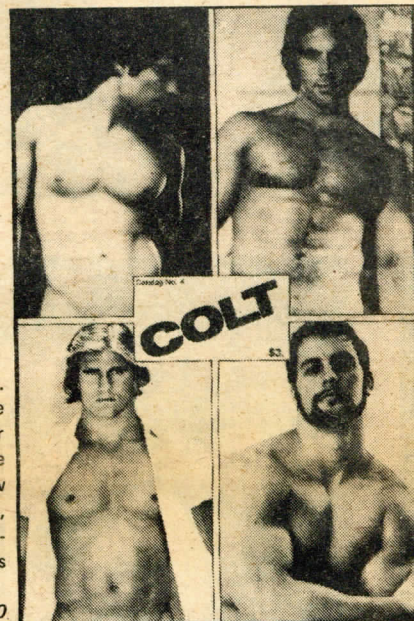
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MANPOWER! #6

The man's magazine. For this issue, we've wrapped up the leather scene (including the cover!). Many new models, much color, the COLT touch. Definitely *not* the children's hour.
MANPOWER! #6 \$6.00



THE DRIVE-IN NEWSPAPER



See this fellow? He's a subscriber to GAY magazine. Once a month every month GAY comes straight to him, rolled up in a long elegant cylinder, and he just feeds it straight into himself: articles on matters of interest to the gay world, reviews, columns, humor, consumer articles, guides to the latest in gay entertainment and amusement, and lots of photographs of young fellows much like himself, posed similarly. He's a lucky guy. Subscribe now to GAY, the drive-in newspaper.

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The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK



"Paris is too expensive," they say. "A Coke costs 75¢." Well, who cares. A decent glass of Beaujolais is only 50¢ and if you're picky you can find an alarmingly drinkable Borgogne or Cotes de Bourg for a few pennies more. Paris is for the quality traveler, the would-be connoisseur and not he who would never have left Beau-blossom in the first place. Most tourists who flock to Paris don't like it no matter what it costs because they would rather drink Coca-Cola instead of Cote de Beaune and because they honestly prefer frankfurter to Foie Gras D'Oie Frais or the Garden State Plaza to the Faubourg St. Honore.

We had to go to Paris to catch some fall art shows including the **Biennale de Paris**, a grand exhibition of artworks by new, young artists. Organized at the **Musee des Beaux-Arts de la Ville de Paris**, the show was advanced enough to make New York look ten years behind the times and, since New York isn't ten years behind the times, you realize that New York's museums are.

Anyway, here is a pleasant little story about an autumnal train ride from the Riviera to Paris, France!

There are several ways you can get to Paris from the South of France. Driving, if you stay off the Autoroute, is a delight. You can fly which is a bore. Or you can take the all first class overnight sleeper, le

Train Bleu operated by the **Compagnie Internationale des Wagon-Lits et du Tourisme** since 1876.

The **Train Bleu**, once known as the **Calais-Nice-Rome Express** and **Calais-Mediterranee Express**, is an all sleeping car train that starts in Ventimiglia on the Italian border with only five cars and by the time it leaves Marseilles for the long stretch north to Paris has about 15 blue and gold sleeping cars besides an ancient wooden, dimly lit bar car and an equally ancient, almost **belle epoque** restaurant car.

The seats in the restaurant are actually arm chairs and you can push them back. The outside of all the cars bears the legend, in gold, **COMPAGNIE INTERNATIONALE DES WAGON-LITS ET DES GRANDS EXPRESS EUROPEENS** on one side and on the other side the same thing in Italian: **COMPAGNIA INTERNAZIONALE DELLE CARROZZE CON LETTI E DEI GRANDI TRENI EXPRESSI EUROPEI**. And if that isn't a hell of a lot better than "Eastern" or "Amtrack," then I don't know what is. In addition, in smaller letters on each end of the car, we find one of the following: **Sleeping Car, Carrozza Con Letti or Voiture Lits**. Each car also has a black and white stenciled sign: **TRAIN - BLEU - VENTIMIGLIA - NICE - PARIS**. When the train pulls into a station everybody stops everything and stares at it.

The train was already there when I

arrived at the platform at Ventimiglia, the starting point. It was dark and I stood alongside reading the **Herald Tribune**. A young French lad wearing faded dungarees and a sparkling smile rushed up and said, breathlessly, "Hi! Vous etes le premier passager!" He grabbed my bar and carried it on the empty train, flicking light switches and adjusting things on the way to my compartment. He explained the light and call buttons in the little, cheerful compartment and asked: "Qu'est-ce que vous voulez comme boisson?" I ordered a Scotch, with ice and Perrier. He returned with the Scotch, having managed to put on half his uniform in the meantime.

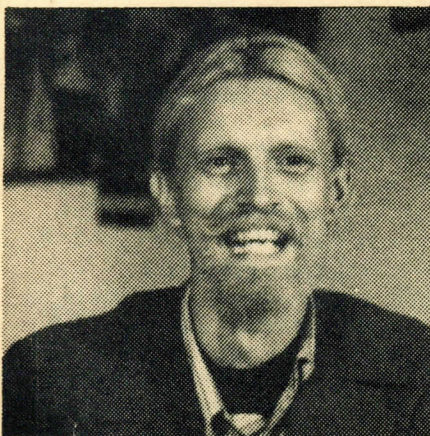
I opened the window and spent the first hour of the trip doing what all Italians and many Frenchmen do on trains and that's hanging out the window. "If the window doesn't open, don't take it!" is an important rule of thumb that excludes airplanes and Metroliners, so we breathed the air of Menton, Monte Carlo, Nice, Antibes, Juan les Pins and Cannes and then went to the wooden bar car with its faded rug and 1930's ocean liner furniture. We forced open a window (there was nobody in there to complain about a draft), had a Noilly Prat and wondered whatever drove them to have pearl and wood inlaid panelling

The restaurant car was almost empty and, though it was late, it wasn't even

Continued on Page 20

Your Gay Task Force

BY BRUCE VOELLER



Randy Wicker turns over the space for his Wicker Report this month to **Bruce Voeller**, executive director of the **National Gay Task Force**, for a first-hand explanation of the group's aggressive new goals. **Wicker** returns next month with a problems column, so send your letters and questions to Dear Randy, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

The Gay Movement is no longer the domain merely of a few courageous human beings such as those wonderful people who started the **Mattachine Society**, **One** and the **Society for Individual Rights**. Nor is it any longer that alone of the gutsy gays who electrified America at the Stonewall Riots and founded **GLFs** and **GAAs** around the nation. The Gay Movement has nurtured a nationally present civil rights and human liberation movement. Every significant non-gay civil rights group is joining in our fight, N.O.W., Women's Political Caucus, A.C.L.U., the Citizens Union Politicians from conservative Republican John Marchi and ex-cop Mario Biaggi to liberal Al Blumenthal court us. Meetings with these men once could be obtained only through zaps or demonstrations; a telephone call suffices now to arrange a meeting with them. City agencies and state call to seek advice and to offer services. Because of our efforts, the august American Bar Association votes its resolve that the remaining 43 states repeal their prohibi-

tions against consensual sex acts. The American Psychiatric Association, even, and the American Psychoanalytic Association move rapidly towards ending their long oppression of gays.

The Gay Movement has altered an entire climate of attitude towards other human beings with the consequence that the number of governmental, social and business institutions ready to change, if given the right nudge, is enormous.

To assist some of these changes, a group of 30 of us have formed a new kind of gay organization, similar in many ways to existing groups we have worked in but differing in at least three important ways:

- 1) We have a **national** focus rather than a local one . . . that is, one in which we will attempt to deal with those institutions and individuals where nationwide effect can result from our efforts, whether directly or indirectly,
- 2) We have a **full time, paid staff** of seasoned civil rights workers from the gay movement working on our projects,
- 3) We are focusing the actions and priorities of the staff by means of a nationally prominent board of openly gay trustees willing and able to be creative, innovative and present at regular meetings of the board.

Two major targets of the **National Gay Task Force** are removal of the stigma of "sick" and "criminal." Principally through the efforts of members now on

our Board, these goals are well on their way. I think we can predict reversal of the sickness designation within a matter of months and repeal of the sodomy laws across the nation within a year or two.

The first goal is well on its way, thanks especially to the work of Ronald Gold, Barbara Gittings and Frank Kameny, who will see to completion the removal of "homosexuality" from the list of mental disturbances and who will follow up the reversal of the myriad consequences in government employment, child custody, etc., that evolved from the sickness designation.

In a class action suit we are bringing a federal court challenge to the constitutionality of the sodomy law of New York State. The National headquarters of the American Civil Liberties Union will conduct the test and appeal decisions to the Supreme Court if necessary in order to make the impact of the challenge nationwide.

In addition, we will begin at once the longtime effort needed to secure amendment of the federal civil rights acts to include gays.

We will seek government and private foundation support needed for caring for the aged gay woman and man; for the education and rearing of underage and homeless gay youth; for gay alcoholics and addicts.

We will work with the New York City Board of Education and the publishers

Continued on Page 20

COCK-SUCK

Continued from Page 11

can twang it like a rubber band. People who are very phobic about my come, who say they refuse to blow me, I have at times masturbated and taken a long string of my come two or three feet long and said **ahhh** look at that delicious come, stuck my tongue out and deposited the whole string down like a coiled rope on the top of my tongue and then pulled it right back **off** again. When I did **that**, I really ruined it forever for them blowing me.

MYRON: The Son of Silly Putty.

RANDY: It's often fun trying to outfox people who refuse to let you come in their mouths. I try to hide the fact I'm having an orgasm and then lock the head in a vise grip. That doesn't always work, some are expert come phobics who, as soon as they feel the **first** drop, they pop the cock out. Once that happened and my come fell on this boy's cheek. I ejaculated like one of those porno books. Actually, that image was more exciting to me than if he had taken every drop and swallowed it.

MYRON: My favorite cocksucking experience was with a Vietnam veteran at the Continental Baths. His cock was **huge**. I went into his room, it was very dark, so I started caressing his body and when I got to the cock it was so huge I didn't know whether I could take it, but I **did**. And when he came, it was such an enormous load—like about a half a cup—really really the largest amount I've ever swallowed. He must have saved it from Vietnam.

RANDY: Talk about enormous ejaculations, one boy who was masturbating in my bedroom just kept squirting and squirting all over my thigh and bed, **everywhere**. I asked him about it and he told me he took **Vitamin E**, and ever since then I've taken "E" and it is **not** an illusion, because the volume of my come has **doubled**. I overcame a come phobia and had a total **come** experience by once allowing this kid's come to effuse all over his cock and up my nostrils which was all very erotic, and I'm not into oral sex all that much. I tasted that come more than any other.

MYRON: Try taking **two** cocks at once. That is a trip. I did that at an orgy where I had a cock up the ass, a cock in each hand and two cocks in my mouth . . . wonderful, and the two in my mouth both **came** at the same time, really fabulous. I've sucked cocks in about every imaginable position, kneeling, standing, suspended, upside down, right side up, under water, **all** over . . . I can't say which is the best. Laying down and having somebody service you is nice, but you can really get into so many different things with a little imagination. I met a rock guitarist through a GAY ad and all the ad said was **receptive male**, right, so I really freaked out and said to myself I'll **do it** because I'd never answered a GAY ad before. I went to his apartment, he opened the door and he was **gorgeous**. He

back of the bed. But he lubricated my cock with **Vaseline** and **then** started sucking. You cannot imagine . . . that was a trip. And there are **flavored** lubricants now. Joy Jell.

GAY: Blessed be modern-day technology for cocksuckers!

TRUCKS

Continued from Page 8

whispering and finger-pointing and rude giggling (the cops were like a bunch of old ladies at a tea party) while the lieutenant was busy making a round of phone calls. I really think he found the whole thing absurd. When he finally got off the phone, I asked to speak to him and told him that we were not read our rights nor could I find any reasonable reason for the fact that we were hauled in criminal fashion: The doors of the pier were open and there were no KEEP OUT/NO TRESPASSING signs.

Finally, after each person was interviewed, the lieutenant came back to say that we were being dismissed with a reprimand, **"and don't go back on that pier again**. You've got the one right next to it for sun-bathing. What more do you want?" Well, I guess he just didn't understand the mystery and mystique of having sex in such atmospheric places. At any rate, we were greatly glad to hear the news (especially those straight couples who surely didn't know what they had wandered into).

It was a great example of image-building as far as the plainclothesmen and other police were concerned—you had to have an **escort** to go to the bathroom (which, of course, could have led to the start of something for some of us) and put your hand up to go or to get a drink of water and for a while there was no smoking allowed and we all were separated from each other in the type of desk/chair used in high school. Worse was the attitude of the police. Whether calling one leather number past his prime "an old leather queen" or wondering aloud what nice girls were "doing in with a bunch of degenerates" or referring to us (in loud whispers to make sure we heard) as **"faggots,"** the conduct of the police was unbecoming that of a dog much less public servants who so "bravely" flaunt what they term to be manhood.

However, I have changed the route of my Sunday walks. And even take an I.D. card with me when I go out to water the flowers . . .

Law and order to all.

BROWN

Continued from Page 9

GAY: Without naming names, do you know of any instances in the Lindsay Administration where this type of thing was seething under the surface where people did resign on request of Lindsay or other officials?

BROWN: I know of none of the homosexuals in the administration who re-

That is simply because most of us were so hidden, so terrified, that we were extremely careful to avoid any public activity that might expose us. Of course, none of us had acknowledged our homosexuality or been publicly pictured anywhere. If we had been, we would have never been appointed.

GAY: Did people in the administration, or in City Hall, informally know or suspect or heard rumors that you were homosexual?

BROWN: There was certainly a great deal of talk about it. I knew about the talk; it, needless to say, terrified me. Now this should be borne in this context. I was a reform administrative commissioner and very controversial. My special field was health services for the poor. So, I was trying very hard to redistribute the services from higher income groups to lower income groups and also trying very hard to end the economic segregation in health. That hardly made me popular with medical societies and many medical groups. So that very often I'd have the feeling that they didn't know how to oppose me on some of the reforms I was making, so they would gossip about my personal life.

GAY: It's interesting that you chose to resign when the pressure got heavy a few years ago. And now several years later, you have voluntarily come out and made a statement of the fact that just a few years ago you were terrified of. If you were in the same circumstances today that you were then, what would you do? Do you think it was a mistake to be informally pressured out of office, or do you think you should have perhaps stood your ground and fought, and faced down Pearson or anyone else that made an issue?

BROWN: Let me say that there is no question now that I would not serve as Administrator or Commissioner. Incidentally, in that regard, all the candidates for Mayor have pledged not to discriminate against homosexuals in employment. It's a real question. Probably I wish I'd spoken up earlier than I have done. You know, I've let activists and organizations like the Gay Activists Alliance do most of the work while people like ourselves sat back and really did virtually nothing. Probably 1967-68 was too early. It probably would have ruined me and not have been particularly effective. About 1970-71 would have been the earliest I could have considered doing that.

GAY: What do you plan to do now as an openly gay person in the medical field?

BROWN: Well, first of all, of course, whenever I can I intend to be speaking out and pointing out discrimination. Of course, my being known and being known through such extensive publicity, it means that all the professional committees and professional meetings and boards that I sit on will have to deal with the fact that they surely do have a homosexual present.

One of the most pleasant calls I got was from Congressman Badillo, which lasted about 25 minutes. Now, he has set up a committee to be certain the new

Mayor protects civil rights. He's promised to include a homosexual. I was able to ask him to do that. So that's one thing.

Secondly, I intend to take whatever role is appropriate in testifying for such bills as **Intro 475**.

GAY: Don't you feel the **New York Times** exhibited a type of "expose" sensationalistic mentality by featuring your coming out as a homosexual on the front page right next to other stories such as coverage of the war between Israel and Egypt? After all, I thought it was common knowledge that homosexuals were found in all walks of life. Do you think this was because of their previous meetings on the Drew Pearson situation?

BROWN: Well, I'm frankly astonished by the extent of the interest. And of course, it's not just the **Times**. It's really been highlighted on most of the news broadcasts.

GAY: Well, the **Times** broke the story first. Aren't the rest of the media just following their lead?

BROWN: There is a kind of contradiction here. I think in a city like New York people know there are a lot of homosexuals and that they exist in all parts of life. I've been astonished, however, by the extent that it appears to be "mind-boggling," to use my own words, that it's a physician. I know my initial remarks were made to the Board of Directors of the Public Health Association of New York City a few weeks before the speech mentioned in the **Times**. When I finished my presentation, in essence I was asking them to support legislation and I announced I was a homosexual. I looked around the room and for three minutes there was dead silence, as if it had never entered their minds that such a statement might be made. And similarly, oddly enough, I've had a number of anchor men who have interviewed me afterwards say, "You know, you don't **look** homosexual." So, I think we have a mixture of more sophistication and more naivete.

GAY: I wonder about that same sophistication and naivete also in various professional groups. Now, you have been appointed to head a committee in the Public Health Association to combat discrimination against homosexuals. Yet only a few years ago the New York Academy of Medicine or the New York County Medical Society issued a position paper which claimed homosexuality was indeed a sickness. That particular paper was an example of extremely shoddy research even from the viewpoint of those who would agree with its biased conclusions. What type of confrontations, etc., do you think this type of thing will lead you into?

BROWN: Well, first of all, the Public Health Association has always been a more liberal association than medical societies. Traditionally, medical societies are conservative organizations.

GAY: Are you a member of the New York County Medical Society?

BROWN: No, I'm not. I'm a somewhat left-wing physician and just as a matter of

Continued on Page 20

Entertainment

BY VITO RUSSO

Fall is always a great time for entertainment in New York. It's true that to see the multi-colored autumn leaves you either have to risk Central Park or skip town, but to experience the many hued pleasures of the city, you simply have to stick around and enjoy.

The best movie bet in town right now is Martin Scorsese's **Mean Streets** which opened at the New York Film Festival and is now living at Cinema I. **Mean Streets** is the most uncompromising film I have ever seen. It makes **The Godfather** look like a looney-toon. Its portrait of two young hoods in Little Italy strikes such a terrifyingly real note that I almost refused to believe that it wasn't filmed with hidden cameras. Hidden cameras, however, couldn't possibly produce the almost obscene effect of distortion achieved in this film. The world of Little Italy, its bars, apartments, streets and second generation Italian sons who live and die in it is literally its subject matter. It's a feeling that the film is about which can't be totally explained without having been felt, lived through. Johnny Boy and Charlie are two products of the candy store Italian storefront generation whose mothers iron their handkerchiefs and shirts but don't otherwise exist. They come from scapulars around the neck, blue confirmation suits, envelopes for Sunday Mass, football weddings, Friday night novenas and flowered print wallpaper. Their bathtubs were in the kitchen and they sat on the stoop at night, opened the fire hydrant in the summer, wore strap T-shirts and made scooters out of wooden boxes, a two-by-four and the front and back of a roller skate. As they grew up they wore silk suits and acted like big shots, mouthing off a lot for the children they used to be. Big fish in a little pond doomed to die without a piece of the real action in life. Their mothers would miss them, having no shirts to iron, no handkerchiefs to fold, no one to cook for anymore.

It's never really been captured, this way of life. Not so you could feel it in the air in the theatre. Not so it scared you the way **Mean Streets** does. The San Gennaro Festival on Mulberry Street covers a lot of shit which **Mean Streets** uncovers and throws in your face.

The impact of the film is due in no small part to the striking performances of Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel as Johnny Boy and Charlie. Keitel is excellent in bringing depth and reason to his glowing, low-key portrait of a character with a sense of fury always lurking beneath the surface. His guilt, mixed with an odd sense of decency, rounds out a very real person. DeNiro as Johnny Boy makes us believe he's been shooting guns off the roof and blowing up mailboxes all his life. For my money, nobody ever said

"He's a fuckin' liar" like that and couldn't back it up with a lifetime. Thanks, Marty Scorsese, for a magnificent motion picture experience.

Another kind of experience is coming to New York soon. After a 12-week tour of the United States, Bette Midler opens at the Palace Theater on December 3rd for a two-week stay. I managed to catch her act in San Francisco at Berkeley Community Theater but her first words after the show were "Don't you tell **one** person in New York a thing about my act—costumes, songs, material—**nothing!**" I tried protesting but she sweetly reminded me that the "pen is not mightier than the sword" (pronouncing the w in sword) so you'll have to tip over to the Palace and see for yourself. I **will** tell you that the show is magnificent and that she had San Francisco in the psalm of her hand.

Another act that shouldn't be missed is a group called Gotham. I first caught this



Photo: Eric Stephen Jacobs

FAGGOTS ON ATLANTIC: Will this original cast recording make the top 10?

new male trio at Brothers and Sisters one night and have since become a devoted follower. Michael, Gary and Jonathan are the first male singers I've seen who can sew up all audiences in one fell swoop. How many men do you know who go over as well with a gay male audience as Bette Midler or Judy Garland? Of course, it doesn't stop there. These guys are no flash in the pan camp act. Their appeal is universal and their excitement comes as much from their unique vocal qualities as from their ample sexuality. Very seldom have I heard three male voices combine to dare such songs. Their opening medley of "42nd Street," "Do The Huck a Buck" and "Dancing In The Streets" spans three generations of music with mounting excitement until you're sure you've seen their whole act. They, in fact, top it sensationally with fascinating renditions of "Gotta Have Me Go With You" from **A Star Is Born**, the Andrew Sisters' "Sea-

"Billy's Blue" and "Emily" by Gary and Michael. Jonathan Morrow on the piano does more than just accompany the other two. His music and vocal sound are an integral part of a dynamite act.

Gotham will be at When We Win on Sheridan Square on November 9th and 10th. Don't miss them. This should be the start of something big.

Speaking of When We Win, their entertainment lineup this month reads very well. Michael Federal, former lead guitarist for Bette Midler, will be appearing next week. His charm and good solid singing style have drawn rave reviews at Reno Sweeneys and Brothers and Sisters.

Their mid-November attraction is Wayland Flowers, a man with one of the most mind-blowing acts in New York. He and his outrageous puppets have shocked and entranced audiences here and in Provincetown since he first came to light at a few uptown clubs last Spring. His latest appearance on AM New York with Kevin Sanders provided some hilarious moments between his puppet Madame and co-host Sylvia Miles. Ms. Miles, by the way, recently gave the performance of her career at the Ginger Man Restaurant party for

on Sheridan Square at the end of this month.

Christopher Larkin's film **A Very Natural Thing**, the first feature film in this country to deal honestly and non-pornographically with a relationship between two men, is now in the editing stages. It should be ready by Christmas. If you ask me (and you didn't, did you?), that'll be quite a Christmas present to all of us who are sick and tired of the same old bullshit porno films about gays who have nothing to do all day but wander around New York penniless, looking for a cock to suck. Don't any of these "characters" ever do a day's work? Or eat dinner? Or visit friends? Or do anything at all but cruise their natural lives away? Now, of course, I **do** realize that these are porno films we're talking about and they're **about** sex, but the problem is that straight people have both a history of film dealing with their lifestyle and also porno film dealing with sex. Now, granted, one should do both, but gay people have only a history of porno film dealing with them so that sex and pornography **become** their lifestyle. That's why I hope Mr. Larkin's film is successful and starts a trend.

Finally, I would like to say a few words to those of you who are always moaning about being bored and having nothing to do. Eileen Heckart has opened in a new play called **Veronica's Room**. It's short, tense and good. She's a great actress and you shouldn't grow up without having seen her in person.

If you haven't seen **American Graffiti**, **Mean Streets**, **Heavy Traffic**, **Day For Night**, **Visions of Eight** or **The Way We Were**, what are you waiting for?

The Warner Brothers retrospect at The Museum of Modern Art is showing **Klute**, **Woodstock**, **Clockwork Orange**, **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**, **The Bad Seed**, **Bonnie and Clyde** and if you're clever and keep your eyes open, you may catch a preview of William Friedkin's **The Exorcist**.

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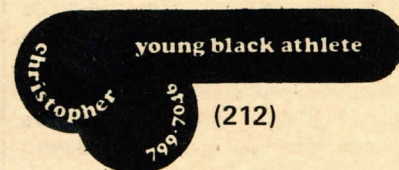
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BROWN

Continued from Page 16

principle, don't belong. However, one of the reasons I gave the talk in New Jersey to 600 or 700 practicing physicians was because they know so little about sex, and particularly about homosexuality.

The physician who chaired the program—most physicians think that all homosexuals are hairdressers. They were completely astonished to have a physician stand up and say he was homosexual. So one of the things I want to do is to help educate physicians to be more humane to gay people that they happen to encounter.

GAY: I gather this is what you mean by your *Times* quote about "wanting to leave a legacy" so those that follow don't have to suffer "the agonies of hiding." What is this going to do to your career? What is going to be the effect of all this on you?

BROWN: I'm a full-time professor at the School of Medicine and the School of Public Administration, New York University, and the University has been most generous. In personal notes, they've assured me it's fine and said they felt very bad that I ever felt any anxiety about their attitude if they had known I was homosexual. So, my position at the University is intact. So far in the profession the comments have been only positive.

GAY: You are 49 years old, so you look forward to another 15, 20, even 30 years of professional life. Do you think that now there is any chance you will ever again hold a prestigious position, say, like the Commissioner of Health? Do you think you will now be prevented from achieving goals you might have otherwise achieved before making your announcement?

BROWN: I think not. It would certainly be difficult if I, say, wish to move to another city and get established in an academic or top health position. Probably this public announcement would make that impossible.

GAY: What about your friends, other homosexual physicians, who are terrified at the very idea of what you did? Aren't their fears that their careers could be blemished or seriously hampered if they did what you did to some extent justified, especially, say, a young 30-year-old doctor who perhaps has the ambition to be Health Services Administrator or something?

BROWN: Well, I don't know. If a young physician was to ask me for advice I'd probably tell him he should be careful. But of course, one of the reasons I did this was to find out what happens. The thing that's been very intriguing is that not only has there been nothing negative, but I've gotten numerous telephone calls and letters and people I've spoken to have given me very warm, friendly support. So, it could well be, and I think this is why some of us have to come out and test the mood, that at this stage there is no danger. I hope there isn't.

actions you've gotten from other physicians in your own age group or stature?

BROWN: Most of them have been very happy with it. There have been a few who have been very uptight about the fact that they're known as friends of mine and might be considered homosexual. I, of course, remind them that I know all sorts of people in the city who are not homosexual. I've been unable to find any homosexuals I know of to serve on the Public Health Association Committee to fight discrimination, so I'm going to be a homosexual chairman of a heterosexual committee fighting homosexual discrimination.

GAY: You gave a quote to the *Times* that "there was no evidence conclusively es-



ablishing homosexuality as a disease that can be treated." Some gay activists have taken exception to that statement because they didn't feel it was quite positive enough. Was that an accurate quote? What are your feelings? The gay lib rhetoric is that homosexuality is "healthy" or "homosexuality can be as healthy as heterosexuality" or some variation on that theme.

BROWN: It was an accurate quotation but let me elaborate. My precise statement to the medical meeting was that review of literature shows no evidence that homosexuality is a disease and shows no evidence that any number of homosexuals can be changed by psychotherapy to heterosexuals. I furthermore spent a considerable amount of that talk to the physicians, a matter that none of the press picked up on, explaining how **happy** a homosexual's life could be. I spoke to the wide variety of people all sorts of psychological and professional types that homosexuals can be. I spoke of the many long-term relationships that my homosexual friends have. So, nothing that I said suggested that homosexuality can't be quite happy alternative lifestyle.

GAY: In a conversation before our interview, you said you also limited your statements on the subject because as a scientific person and a medical professional, you felt you should be very circumscribed on this issue and not make any statements that you couldn't easily defend.

BROWN: That's exactly my point. I felt that to the extent that I could be a pro-

should stick very much to scientific data.

GAY: You mentioned wanting to be a small town physician but deciding to come to New York City because you felt that lifestyle was incompatible with your homosexual leanings. Do you know many homosexual physicians who have made a life for themselves in a small town community?

BROWN: Some, but not many. Most of the homosexual physicians I've known have migrated to New York City, San Francisco, Los Angeles or some other big city because a physician in a small community is a high status individual whose almost every act is watched. It would be very very difficult to live that sort of life in a small community. The ones I've known generally escape from the community fairly frequently.

GAY: We haven't gotten too much detail regarding your lifestyle. You own this lovely building in the West Village. How would you describe your lifestyle?

BROWN: New York City has been very good to me. Besides allowing me to advance within my profession, I have developed a large group of both heterosexual and homosexual friends. Now, the homosexual friends I've had I've known for the last ten, 12, or 15 years. Most of them are professional people and we've sort of grown old together. This has made life really a very warm experience.

GAY: You mentioned to me before our interview began that you weren't worried so much about being exposed during your tenure as Health Commissioner because you and your lover lived a quiet lifestyle. You didn't go out that much publicly to gay bars and socialized with friends at private parties and the like. That you didn't have any bizarre sexual habits.

BROWN: I've never much liked public sex and for a variety of reasons have never been very good at picking up people in public places. In that sense I was safe. Certainly, when I was younger I went to a lot of gay bars. I continue to have many friends with whom I go to parties but now I've grown tired of bars.

GAY: As a public spokesman for homosexuals, how are you going to answer questions about the Houston murders or the activity at places like the trucks?

BROWN: Well, there are all sorts of lifestyles among heterosexuals as well as among homosexuals. To answer your question, my introduction to S&M was through heterosexual acquaintances. It's phenomenon of heterosexual sex as well as of homosexual sex. Similarly, I can tell you my students, who are predominantly heterosexual, certainly are not living celibate lives. So, the answer is that the majority of homosexuals are not that different from people I know in the peace movement or in heterosexual society.

GAY: You had a ten-year relationship which ended just recently. Did the pressures of your professional life, having to go out every night and being unable to take your mate, cause you to pay a personal price in your private life?

BROWN: Oh, there is no question. There were so many occasions when you were

out on social affairs when either because it was very good or because it was dull as the devil that you wish you had your lover there. So, the necessity to conceal your emotional attachment deprives homosexuals of many of the warm experiences of life.

GAY: Did it cause fights? Say, after going out six nights, you might have had the night off and wanted to stay home while your lover wanted to go out because he had been left at home for the last six nights?

BROWN: Well, my lover never felt that anyone should devote as much of his life to work as I used to do. And I suspect, like any male, and he was very male indeed, the notion that he might be accepting a secondary position bothered him.

FORCE

Continued from Page 15

and authors of the 50 most widely used health and sex education books to remove homophobic and sexist references and to end the automatic assumption of such books that all the young will grow up to be role-restricted heterosexual mothers keeping house and bread winning papas. Because nearly all these books are published in or around New York, change brought about for New York school usage will affect schools in Dubuque, Paramus and Eugene as well.

In working on these and many other projects, we will attempt to find funds for other gay groups to help plan and indeed to conceive and run projects. It would be impossible for the **Task Force** to oversee all the activities we would like to see functioning. Nor do we wish to supplant existing groups in projects their members have created. The need we see is to help find ways to provide assistance for more than 20 million gays and to see that the human liberation we have learned about is shared by those innumerable gay men and women we can help "come out" and by humankind in general.


The response of the gay community to our plea for funds and for office equipment has been extraordinary and heartening. If you can help with funds, spare time or office equipment, please get in touch with me by calling 431-8843 or 666-7264 or writing to 186 Spring St., NYC 10012. If you would like to be a member of our new organization, please send \$15 to **National Gay Task Force**, 186 Spring St., NYC 10012.

ESTATE

Continued from Page 15

thinking of closing. Dinner started with an omelette fines herbes and a rich, heavy, nutty Mersault to go with it. Alas, the dinner menu is not what it once was, but since you can't eat everything, we settled on a veal chop that was, if anything, distinctive—the thin flattened chop deep fried, tender and very large. It was perfect

Continued on Page 22



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ESTATE

(continued from page 15)

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Dinner stretched for over two hours and we got completely plastered, retired to our lovely compartment, opened the big window all the way, undressed, snuggled under our crisp sheets and wooly red blanket and pushed the button for the bouncy, charming steward. He took the breakfast order, brought us a tiny glass of Napoleon, and bid a soft **bonne nuit**. We snoozed away the wheat fields of Provence, the flat vineyards of Macon and the picturesque valleys of Lyon and woke only once, in the wee hours, at lovely Dijon, and all of France passed in the night and then we were sipping coffee, watching the misty morning outskirts of Paris, window still wide open, freezing to death. Promptly at 8:30 our lovely blue and gold train, bells clanging, steam hissing and very elegant people disembarking with lots of Vuitton Hermes and Gucci, had completed its daily trip as it has every day for 97 years.

Within minutes our taxi crossed the Seine, passed the **Ile de la Cite** to our hotel on the left bank. Less than one half-hour after arrival at the Gare de Lyon we were reading the **Tribune** and munching fresh croissants at a wicker chair and table at the Cafe de Flore.

Cheers, Gregory

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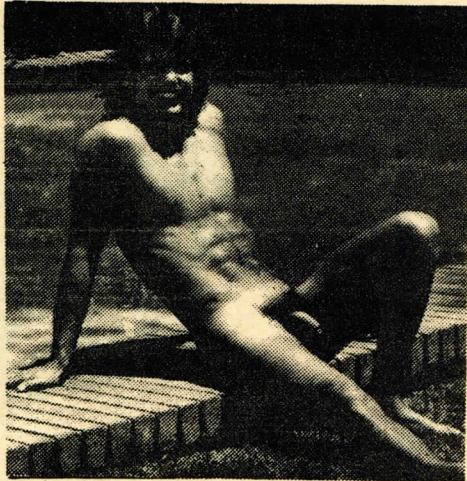
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to Gay**

Meet Market

BY GIL KNIGHT

Members of the **Ninth Circle cult** will be ecstatic to learn that this famous West Village institution on 10th Street is reopening this month freshly reconstructed from the devastation of a kitchen blaze last summer. It's reopening not a moment too soon, either, as colder climes approach our city making us wonder what winter will bring. Reflecting on last winter's diversions reminds us of the good times we had over a hot roast beef and french fries and giant salads (and whatever ELSE might have been hot enough to attract our attention) at the **Ninth Circle**. Many a frosty night we'd rush over to the West 10th Street boite after having thrilled at Lincoln Center to Leone, Birgit or Bette, mixing finally there with fellow opera freaks, GAY staffers, or someone whom we'd just met but would surely get to know much **better** before the dawn. There was always a friendly crowd of attractive young guys who were into excitement which lent warmth to our winter as well as to our **beds**.

Then winter ended, but the spring wasn't kind to the Ninth Circle as fire raged up through the exhaust system after devouring the kitchen and crippling the whole operation, then it closed down for "endless" repairs. With the NINTH CIRCLE out of commission, we had no choice but to take a second look at some of the other bars in the neighborhood or, simply, hit the **streets**. There were usually enough thrills on **Christopher Street** to make the summer worthwhile but we kept asking ourselves when the surefire fun of the "Circle" would once again be ours. While waiting for the answer we found ourselves re-visiting some of the following places as Ninth Circle **alternatives**.

JULIUS', 159 W. 10th St.

This is the granddaddy of village gay bars. More conservative types gravitate to this well-lit place where business has always been good. We found some of the hip crowd spending the summer meeting with the usual throng of posed patrons.

ROADHOUSE, 570 Hudson St.

The tres masculine types enjoy this helmet-hung haven where men decked out in their finest faded denim lounge around the pooltable in poses of masculinity complemented by the rustic atmosphere. S&Mers often patronize this lodge-like bistro for those who like to be treated "good" and "bad."

TY'S, Christopher & Bedford Sts.

Speaking of dominant types, there are a number of terrific studs to be lapped up here. An intimate wooden room with a long bar and plenty of stand-up space might remind us of a leather cocktail party. The chains clank, the keys (left and right) jangle and the muscles glisten.

You'll meet your master at Ty's.

LIMELIGHT, 91 7th Ave. So.

This glittering dance palace is a popular meeting place for those who like to don their best platforms and colorful attire for a night of **Terpsichorean** flight. We saw some lovely blond boys and some equally pretty Latins dancing their way through the haze to the sounds of the latest modes. It seems as though the fuzz didn't know quite what to make of all the crowds out front and along 7th Ave. South during the summer and were somewhat unpleasant about it. Talk about understatement.

NITE LIFE, 85 Washington Place (off 6th Ave.)

Here too we find ourselves surrounded by hordes of shining dancers. The music is great and the company fine. Walking through the maze of rooms between bar and dance floors can be quite pleasant if you enjoy pretty people who dance and **fly** through the night.

Even with all **this** going on in town, who can forget the NINTH CIRCLE's warmth so we called to ask how soon they'll be reopening. A spokesman for the place told us that they hope to be operating some time before **Thanksgiving**, appropriately, and are anxious to see their old friends back again. Many of the same waiters have returned, but it could be that resemblance to the **Circle** as we know it ends there. The reconstruction will understandably stun many folks. The neighbors, as you may remember, were upset by the presence of the **deca-glitter-drug** crowd which pursued the offer of nightly dancing and **Village Voice** publisher Mary Nichols joined them in a press campaign against a dancing bar in that location. Possibly as a result of this dissonance we're told that the new **Ninth Circle** will show us a much changed **interior**. The major recreation will consist of a pooltable and a color TV. Will the pooltable and the TV replace dancing for mobs of wandering gays who've waited all summer the resurrection of their favorite stomping ground? Guess we'll have to drop by and find out for ourselves. See you **there!**

BRONX BARS

BEAT GOES EAST, 601 Morris Ave. at White Plains Rd. (931-8666)
CHEZ BIPPY, 2207 Boller Ave. (379-9407)

BROOKLYN BARS

DANNY'S OF BKLYN HGTS, 108 Montague St. (625-8844)
GRACIE'S MANSION, 79 Pineapple St.
NEW ATLANTIS, Stillwell Ave., Coney Island (996-2250)
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)

LONG ISLAND BARS

DOCKSIDE, 771 South 9th St., Lindenhurst ([516] 226-9838)
FIRELIGHT INN, 112 Carleton Ave., East Islip
HAYLOFT, Hempstead Tpke, Elmont
RENEE'S, Main St. near bus terminal, Hempstead ([516] 486-9099)

RESTAURANTS AND CLUBS

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)
MARY'S MARY'S, St. George Hotel (Bklyn Hts.)
MONA'S ROYAL ROOST, 28 Cornelia St. (242-9557)
ONE POTATO, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260)
PELICAN, 200 W. 70th St.
RENO SWEENEY'S, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)
RONNIE'S SUPPER CLUB, 324 E. 49th St.
SEBASTIAN'S, 1068 1st Ave. (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)

BATHS

BEACON BATHS, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322)
CLUB BATHS, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283)
CONTINENTAL BATHS, 230 W. 74th St. (799-2688)
EVERARD BATHS, 28th St. at B'way (684-8935)
MAN'S COUNTRY, 53 Pierrepont St., Bklyn Hts. (624-1362)
MT. MORRIS BATHS, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004)
THE SAUNA, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880)

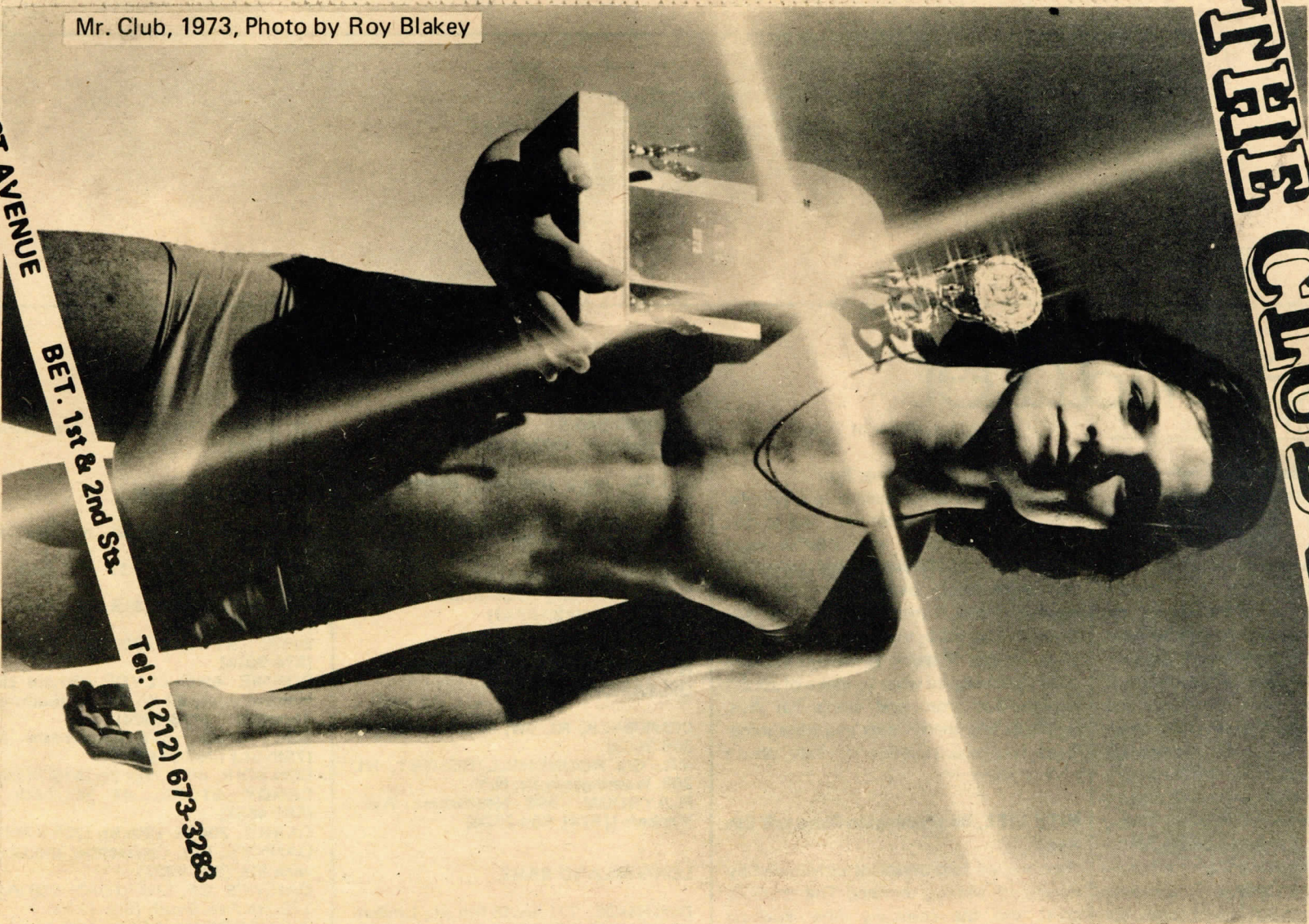
ST. MARK'S BATHS, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929)

MANHATTAN BARS

THE BARN, 19th St. at Park Ave. South (473-9080)
BETTER DAYS, 319 W. 49th St. (582-9747)
BIG SPENDER, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9880)
BIKE STOP, 230 W. 75th St. (874-9014)
BONNIE AND CLYDE (Private club: women only), 82 W. 3rd St. (Sullivan & Thompson) (473-9304)
BOOT HILL, 317 Amsterdam Ave. (75th St.) (787-9412)
BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859)
CANDY STORE, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664)
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)
JUDY'S DISCO, 255 W. 43rd St. (594-2523)
JULIUS, 150 W. 10th St. (cor. Waverly Pl.) (929-9672)
KELLER'S, 284 West St. (CH 3-1907)
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.
LIMELIGHT, 91 7th Ave. So. (255-9379)
LIB, 305 E. 45th St. (532-0290)
MARIE'S CRISIS, 59 Grove St. (243-9323)
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)
PICADILLY PUB, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-8632)
RAM ROD, 394 West St. (929-9718)
ROADHOUSE, 570 Hudson St. (cor. W. 11th) (CH 3-4242)
ROUNDTABLE, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310)
SPIKE, 120 11th Ave. (989-8913)
TIJUANA CAT, 350 W. 46th St. (265-9572)
TY'S, 114 Christopher St.
UNCLE CHARLE'S NORTH, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132)
UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH, 581 3rd Ave. (38th St.) (684-2170)
YUKON, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122)

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