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MAGAZINE



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Cover Photo: Drake Connery

# On The Record

BY PETE DVARACKAS

Taxiing my way to JFK for a two-week stint in London, Amsterdam and Hamburg, the cab driver reflected on life in the city: "Every time I leave New York for vacation I feel anxious and can't wait to get back. It's funny because basically this is such a fucked-up city, I can't imagine **what** I miss." He misses **New York**. I did too, despite London's theatre and music, Amsterdam's nightlife, and Hamburg's opera.

Gay life in those cities is a mixed bag. London was perhaps the least impressive. In one instance, conversing with a man outside the Picadilly Theatre where Angela Lansbury is starring in **Gypsy**, I asked him where the local gay bars were located. He looked at me as if I were Godzilla and asked incredulously, "What do you want to know for?"

"Because I'm homosexual," I replied. Well, he didn't know of any place, then suggested that I "try the **toilets**" and walked on. When I did discover Earls Court, the gay section and hit a few discotheques, the atmosphere was basically standoffish. Unusually hot for the season I took off my shirt after some strenuous dancing only to be ordered to "put it back on." People don't hold hands, or kiss or embrace even in bars with much comfort, **forget** the streets. The little things you take for granted here, right.

When I got back to New York, I got on the telephone to find out what had been happening. Vito Russo told me Alexander Cohen and Vincent Sardi were agitated by the presence of the **Little Theatre** on W. 44 which showed all-male films until they somehow got the place closed down. Cohen, who lives in London, told how proud he is of West 44th Street's cultural aspects which he wants to "protect," and Sardi vowed to "drive out the vermin" that male films attract to his street. A great many gay people patronize his restaurant, who after **that** remark, perhaps shouldn't.

Russo, Jeff Shaw and Morty Manford individually had much to say about the first public meeting of the Gay Democratic Club at **Brothers and Sisters** on 46th Street. Not only did the club (an outgrowth of Jim Owles' campaign for City Council) draw more than 100 people to the initial meeting, but it was also populated by politicians such as Congresswoman Bella Abzug, Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, City Councilwoman Carol Greitzer, Robert Wagner Jr. and Congressman Ed Koch.

Coming away from the event with egg on his face was Ed Koch who supported **Village Voice** publisher Mary Nichols' complaints about Christopher Street which was called a hotbed of male prostitution. Koch is opposed to sexual solicitation of **any** kind, apparently, terming it "harassment," and he urged gays to "understand the changing climate of the Village" and to "move on" when police ask us to, Manford reports. Then, adding insult to injustice, he refused to consider introducing any sexual orientation legislation to protect gays under the 1964 Civil Rights Act claiming it was "not the right time." Bella disagreed and said she would support such a plank; she got an ovation for that.

Overall, the meeting was a success with hopes of gaining a necessary charter to become a part of the Democratic Party. Al Blumenthal, who's running for Mayor, was particularly enthused by the new organization and summed up the sentiments this way, "It's time for gay people to form a political front to work for candidates who'll work for them." The club is meeting again Sunday at 8 p.m. at Brothers and Sisters. There's a \$7 membership fee. Thereafter the meetings are monthly.

GAY may shortly return to a bi-weekly schedule. The enthusiasm for the new format has shown itself in increased circulation and ad revenue, up about 35 per cent despite a variety of obstacles, those being that my energies have been divided between SCREW and GAY, both of which I edit, and the fact that ever since the first new GAY hit the stands we have been operating with an ad manager, David Buckley, who was just beginning to learn the territory. Buckley succeeds Stefani Lyon, GAY's long-term ad person who died in a car crash July 4. Buckley is now grabbing a firmer hold of GAY's advertising potential, and on the editorial side, I have resigned from SCREW to devote my full efforts to GAY in anticipation of bi-weekly publication. We're beginning an exciting period of GAY's growth and we hope you'll share it with us.

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## Rizzo's Last Stand

Philadelphia's ex-police chief turned mayor, Frank Rizzo, became enraged when the local reporters kept covering a "snoop squad" which he had allegedly used, Watergate style, to spy on political enemies.

"In a bitter exchange after the newspapers' first revelations, Rizzo phoned the Philadelphia **Evening Bulletin's** city editor John Farmer and asked him to check out a tip that Farmer was 'a fagot,'" **Newsweek** reported. "The paper coolly published the request, along with the mayor's subsequent apology."

Later, Rizzo agreed to take a lie detector test regarding other charges that he had attempted to swap lucrative city construction contracts in exchange for picking the Democratic party's candidate for district attorney.

"I have great confidence in the polygraphy," Rizzo declared. "If it says a man lied, he lied." Then Rizzo flunked six key questions. The polygraph said he lied.



Truth and consequences for Philly Mayor

## Fag Hags Unlimited

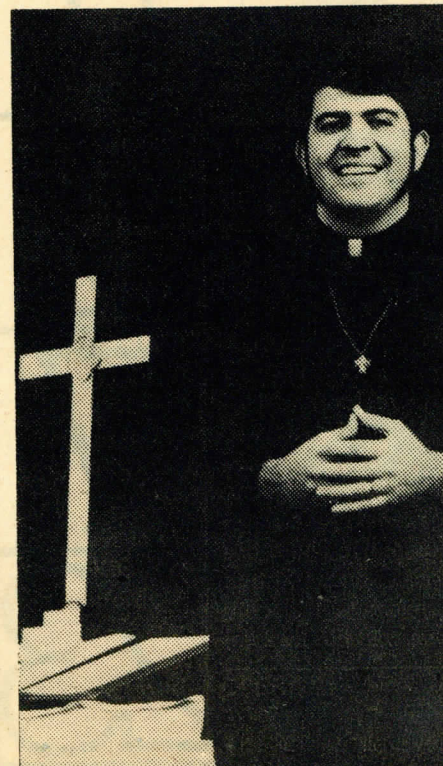
Marisa Berenson, an actress, model and aristocrat who was featured prominently in **Newsweek** as the "lauded lovely of the Beautiful People," has attitudes on gays that have raised some eyebrows.

According to **Newsweek**, Ms. Berenson runs with the new Jet Set in which the bisexuality of many is openly acknowledged.

Under a heading in bold type reading, "Nothing More Fun Than Fags," **Newsweek** reported: "With no one im-

portant at the moment, Marisa has also turned to the untouchables. 'I, for one, have become a big fan of homosexuals,' she states, a trifle defiantly. 'I adore them. They are talented, sensitive, refined people who make the best friends. I'd rather go out with a fag than a boring man any day.'" So also would—and does—her friend Loulou de la Falaise, designer St. Laurent's creative assistant and a member of Normandy's petite noblesse. "I've become a fag moll really."

## On the Road Again for Jesus



Kicking off his new career as full-time evangelist, the Rev. Troy Perry, pastor of MCC Los Angeles, and founder of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, will headline **Spiritual Renewal '73** at MCC New York the weekend of October 13-14. New York is the first stop of Perry's evangelistic roadshow tour of the Northeast U.S., Rome, the Middle East and Israel.

Perry is bringing along his "prancing dancing music director Willie Smith and his white microphone" and Louise Rose, the keyboard artist. Also appearing will be the Rev. Bill Johnson of the United Church of Christ, the first out-of-the-closet gay to be ordained by a major Protestant denomination. Johnson will attend the New York premiere of his film documentary **A Position of Faith**, which details his battle for ordination.

MCC New York pastor Roy Birchard said, "We think there will be some history-making things to bring a genuine New York."

## Playing Ball with the Cops

At the conclusion of the gays-vs.-cops baseball game both sides went off in their own directions, cops winning 16-0. Had it been good community relations? Is it possible to play baseball with the guy who arrested you on Christopher Street last week for "soliciting"? On the faces of the men of the Sixth Precinct during the game it became clear that they were out to **win** for more than the usual reasons. Let it not be said that the faggots/dykes were able to put the police to shame on the diamond. Since the game there have been challenges for further games made to GAA from Beame Headquarters (which GAA voted to refuse) and the Tenth Precinct. There are more important games to win.

How did the Mattachine/Sixth Precinct game come to be, anyway?

"We just want the world to know that gays are human beings and that we really care about those retarded kids for whose benefit it was played," Jean DeVente, manager of New York's Gay Baseball Team said several days prior to the game. It was played at the end of the summer at Leroy and Hudson Streets where hundreds converged to watch "the gays" play the "men in blue" in a less than friendly match. Men of the Sixth Precinct are holders of sev-

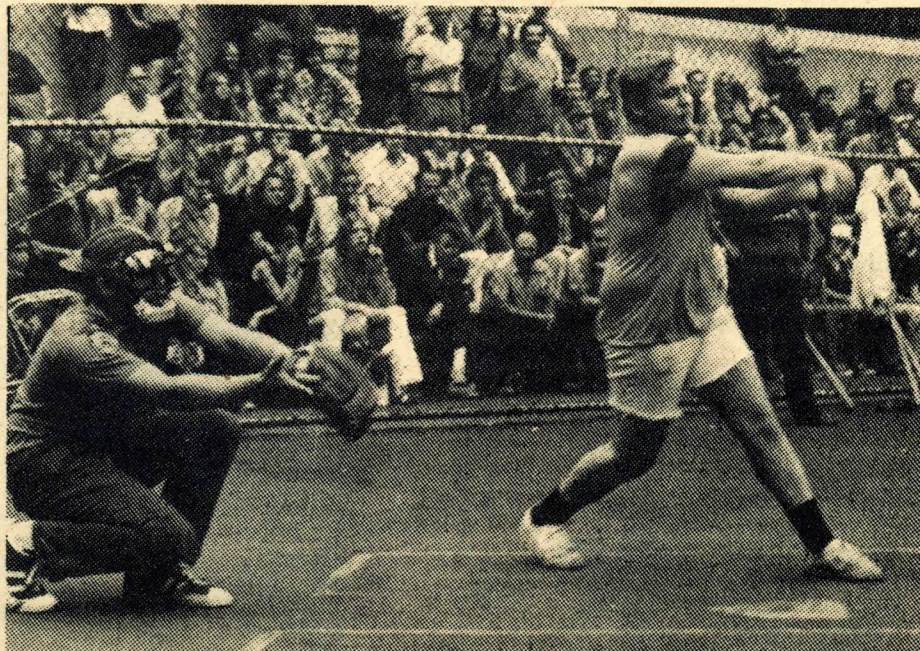


Photo: Pete Dvarackas

*OKAY, we lost a game of baseball with the cops, but if the bat were a cock we'd WIN hands down.*

eral baseball championships over the years and had challenged New York Mattachine Society to a game to benefit TV newscaster Geraldo Rivera's **One to One Fund** for retarded children of Willowbrook. Cops were cheered as were the gays, whose team needed encouragement after the telltale first two innings.

The victory went, as it usually does, to the policemen, 16-0.

Screams of enthusiasm greeted Geraldo Rivera, who arrived to **ump** the first half of the game. Rivera, a reporter for Channel 7's **Eyewitness News**, came dressed in fetching shorts and tight T-shirt which pleased the gay spectators.

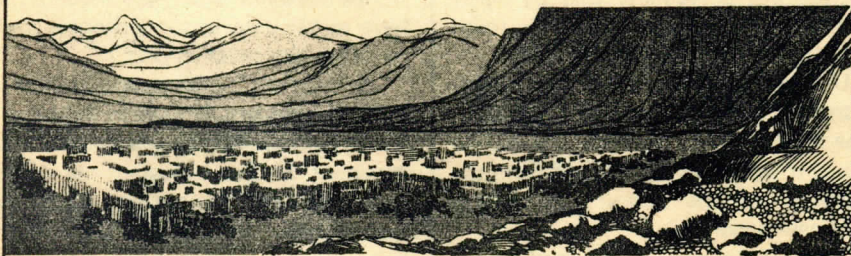
Armed with a team of cameras, Rivera covered the event more favorably than other stations who seemed to expect a freak show. All in all, the gay team put up as good a fight as could be expected. Ms. DeVente had pointed out several times that it was almost impossible to pull together a team in two weeks that would be able to beat a championship team of several years. She was right. The gays were weakest in the batting department, the area in which the cops were able to take their easiest victory.

The crowd, however, didn't give up hoping till it was all over. Several gay hecklers shouted to a cop at bat, "Come on, honey, I haven't got all day. I've got a **roast** in the oven!" Every once in a while the word **pig** could be heard escaping the lips of some angry person in the crowd, but generally the players got more courtesy than one might expect at Shea Stadium. About \$700 was collected for the **One to One Fund** by CSLDC '74 co-chairman Frank Elliot.

Halfway through the game Rivera made his exit waltzing past the gay crowd winking and smiling. Rivera had once said while interviewing Jack and Lige on Channel 13's "VD Blues" special that while he wasn't gay, he was "slightly crooked."—Jeffrey Shaw

## Religion and Assholism

THE BIBLE IS CLEAR IN REVEALING GOD'S FEELING TOWARDS HOMOSEXUALITY... LET'S LOOK AT THE CITY OF SODOM... (FROM WHENCE COMES THE WORD, "SODOMY.")



GOD TOLD ABRAHAM THAT HE WAS GOING TO DESTROY SODOM BECAUSE OF ITS GREAT WICKEDNESS. ABRAHAM'S NEPHEW, LOT, LIVED IN SODOM AND HE BEGGED FOR LOT'S SAFETY BEFORE GOD'S JUDGMENT FELL.

Is it possible to be a practicing Christian and a practicing homosexual? According to the publishers of **The Gay Blade** here—and they seem to know their Holy Writ backwards and forwards—the two states of being are as night to day, Eros to Thanatos, Zeus to Pluto, good to bad. Evidently ignorant of some of the more recent archeological discoveries dating from around the first century A.D., manuscripts which suggest that the early Christians themselves were widely regarded as gay by the folks of Alexandria and Rome, the Christians who put out this bit of tripe depict God Himself, faceless and radiant on his cloudy throne, telling a poor homosexual, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels."

It is a very funny brochure indeed,

SOME EXPERTS SAY HOMOSEXUALITY IS A DISEASE, OTHERS BLAME FAMILY PROBLEMS OR HORMONE LEVELS.

I THINK I'D BETTER GO!

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT I'M SICK—AND YOU SHOULD HAVE COMPASSION ON ME!

IT'S LIKE A DEMONIC POWER THAT CONTROLS THEM — ONLY CHRIST CAN OVERCOME IT: IF THEY'LL RECEIVE HIM AS PERSONAL SAVIOR.

unless you want to take it seriously, then it isn't. There are caricatures of David Susskind and Jill Johnston that are not only accurate, but highly flattering. Then a couple pages further on,

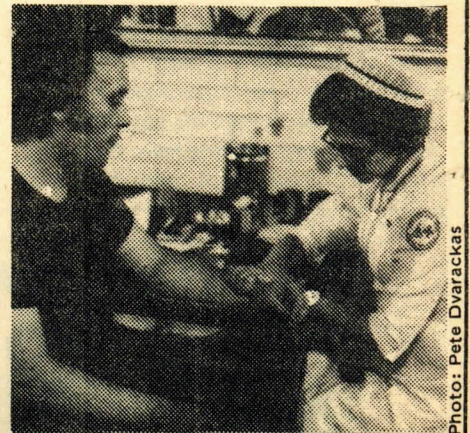
there is a **really** ludicrous panel depicting a couple pith-helmeted archeologists gaping in wild amaze at a newly-unearthed wall-painting in Canaan, holding their eyes and mouths in nausea, choking, "I'm going to vomit!" and "Good Lord, I can't believe my eyes! We can't publish this, it's filthy!" The missionaries on Easter Island said the same thing when they burned the wooden tablets that would have been the Rosetta Stone of the civilization that put up the statues there and in Peru.

Of course Lot's adventures in the Cities of the Plain are cited as proof of the immemorial iniquity of Sodomites. The story, as you'll recall, had two angels of God crashing overnight in Lot's house, and the men of the community gathering outside calling, "Send the two men out that we may **know** them." "Know" presumably meaning "fuck," of course. As this comic-book notes, even when Lot offered the crowd the "knowledge" of his two virgin daughters, they refused and persisted in calling for the Angels.

It was this that has given the Sodomites a reputation for homosexuality that has lasted 3,000 years. Assholes like this Chick Publications outfit (P.O. Box 662, Chino, California 91710, if you want to register your indignation) are always bringing up that Sodom incident to misrepresent gay people. **They** can all go to hell.

## Plasma for Victims

Blood drives to aid the victims of the New Orleans Upstairs bar fire disaster continue this month. More than 100 pints of blood were collected from stout gay New York hearts since the tragedy occurred. The Bloodmobile took in 30 pints of blood from GAA members and friends at the Firehouse. The drive is headed by Morty Manford. Much more blood is needed to aid the fire victims,



*DONOR offers up corpuscles at Firehouse.*

especially when plastic surgery operations begin. Hopefully through continued effort, the demand will be met. According to Manford there will be a re-scheduling of the Bloodmobile around Christmas or New Years at GAA Firehouse. Have **you** given blood yet? Contact Red Cross East at 310 East 67th Street, New York, and designate blood for the New Orleans fire victims.

Photo: Pete Dvarackas

## Marketing and Advertising: Big Gay Dollars and How to Get Them

When will the nation's major advertisers—the airlines and purveyors of liquor, cigarettes and men's cosmetics, for example—wake up to the rich market awaiting them in the nation's gay newspapers and magazines?

To the GAY reader, the benefits are greater than might appear at first glance. For, besides the new status, the reaffirmed validity of the gay life-style that the ads' presence would proclaim, there are the bigger issues with more articles by better-paid writers and the more comprehensive news coverage that additional ads can finance.

And the cold fact is that subscription and newsstand income generally pays for postage and distribution costs, maybe the cost of the newsprint, and with luck a little extra. But unless \$2 a copy is charged, the quality and size of the periodical, the frequency of publication, are largely determined by—the rent, salaries and composing costs are paid by—the ad revenue.

Look, Life and other mass-readership magazines were driven out of business, not by loss of readers, but by loss of advertising to television, which is the really first-class mass medium.

The success story in periodicals is being written by specialized magazines serving well-heeled readers' special interests—**Psychology Today**, **Car & Driver**, **Golf Digest**, **Playboy**, **Ebony** and their specialized competitors—753 new ones in the last 10 years alone.

Can GAY, **After Dark**, **QQ**, and the **Advocate** hope to join the trend? Why not?

The magic words are "disposable income," and the gay press can deliver plenty of it. Usually without a family to support and often with two incomes (a lover's or roommate's) per household, the gay reader has disposable income to spare.

The strongest pitch for major advertisers so far is coming from **After Dark**, a slick-paper New York-based monthly that never really says it's gay. It merely devotes its pages so intensely to theatre, ballet and photos of undraped male

torsos that it's no surprise its subscribers are male (97 per cent of them) and single (86 per cent).

**After Dark** took a full-page ad July 18 in the **New York Times**—the traditional way for magazines to address Madison Avenue. "The **After Dark** man ... you can't reach him in **Playboy**, **Penthouse** or **Oui**," the ad proclaimed coyly, "... knew about Bette Midler a full year before she became a superstar."

**Pan Am to Tokyo and Hong Kong.**  
Any day you want to go.  
Either way you want to go.



and dinner included in other hand.  
If you have two nights to spend, we'll give you a room at either the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo or the Sheraton Hotel in Hong Kong, with continental breakfast, bath and dinner and night included in other hand. All for only \$25 based on double occupancy or \$32 single occupancy. All for Pan Am Holiday 1972.  
This is the best time to go. We'll give you an air ticket to go to either Tokyo or Hong Kong on which you can travel and spend a month. (Economy class fare \$25.50.)  
Our new "Magnum Service" Magazine is a real gem. It's packed with top-quality photos and articles on all about the gay scene in Tokyo and Hong Kong. It's a real gem when you're over 18,000 miles away.  
When you arrive in Tokyo, you'll be met at the airport and taken by private limousine to the Pan Am International Hotel. There's a \$12 charge each way for the limousine!  
At the hotel, you'll be met by the most attentive manager who will show you to your room and at the same time, give you an expert check-out book. So you need have to wait any of all the time you spend in Tokyo, Hong Kong. The secret for "Magnum Service" is \$27.50 for a "Magnum" and

**After Dark** went on to cite a professional sampling of its readers, a market lush enough to make an ad-man's mouth water: its subscribers have an average age of 32.8 years, take 3.4 vacations a year and report a median income of \$18,154.

That compares with a national median of \$11,120, not for bachelors but for a family of four.

**QQ** and the **Advocate** took readership surveys themselves a couple of years ago with similar findings—average reader around 30 or so, interested in travel, income above the national average for families.

**Advertising Age**, the trade weekly, devoted an article in August 1972 to the gay market and subtly concluded it was worth going after. But it found ad people weren't sure how to approach it in straight publications like **Esquire** or **Playboy**; that gay ad executives didn't care to bring it up, and that the gay press hadn't thought much about landing Heublein or Braggi ads.

**This isn't underwear. It's Dynamite.**



All that underwear can be replaced. It's Dynamite! Made for wearing over the best underwear. Dynamite! The new and exciting, it's going to replace on the men's fashion scene like nothing else ever has before! With Dynamite design! Dynamite styling! Dynamite packaging! The first underwear. It's Dynamite! And it's going to make your underwear business boom.



Announcing the best-dressed men in America.

You're looking at a revolution. The most influential men in America are breaking out of their socks—out of their old, blah, boring, one-color, no-style socks. At Interwoven/Esquire Socks, we saw it coming all the way. That's why we make the great fashion socks that are making it happen. In lots of great colors and lengths. All in the first.

Ban-Lon pattern socks ever made. They feel softer and fit better than any sock you've ever worn. That's why we dress the best-dressed men in America. Or anywhere.

**Interwoven**  
**ESQUIRE SOCKS**

**After Dark**, circulation 62,000, regularly carries LP record, theatre and concert ads but is regularly told by major ad men to "come back when you reach 100,000," the ad journal reported.

If the gay press needs an experienced, professional Madison Avenue approach and big numbers to bandy about, it can easily take a leaf from the notebook of the nation's 25 largest daily newspapers.

Their ad directors have joined forces, call themselves Newspaper One and have a New York firm representing them to the nation's biggest advertisers. Proctor & Gamble or Evinrude can buy all 25 newspapers or any combination in any part or parts of the country, for saturation, test marketing or regional products (like snowmobiles). They deal only with the national office, not 25 newspapers, and get only one bill at the end of the month, not 25. Beautifully simple, profitable for all.

It costs the newspapers a little extra money, of course, but they regularly charge national advertisers double the local rate, anyway—a premium that ad agencies pay without blinking.

**QQ**, which claims a circulation larger than **After Dark's**, and GAY and the **Advocate**, both in the 15,000 to 30,000 class, have a number of smaller competi-

tion is not out of reach.

If it happens—if BBDO beats a path to the lavender door—gay readers may have to get used to some changes, some more sophisticated editing.

Jack Baker of Minneapolis tried to persuade Western Airlines to advertise in the gay press when he was student body president at the University of Minnesota. The Los Angeles-based airline had asked Baker to endorse their Youth Fare discount card for sale on the 43,000-student campus, but Baker said he wanted a demonstration that all students, including gays, were welcome to fly Western.

Baker suggested ads in a Los Angeles-based gay biweekly, and Western's ad representative was impressed when Baker showed it to him in June 1972—until he saw the pages of sexually explicit classified ads in the back. That turned him off at once, Baker said later.

Moreover, **QQ**—which carries few ads and charges \$3.00 a copy—insists that its circulation doubled after it started publishing photos of frontal nudes three years ago.

Could national ad revenues persuade **QQ** to change? Could TWA and Seagram's accept frontal nudes facing their ads?

At the rate social attitudes are chang-

## Gays from Yesteryear

That's right, that man is pissing and shoving things into the other one's asshole. Perhaps that was considered a great thrill, back in the Fabulous Fifties, from which this photograph sequence dates. We always wondered, as children, how those big brutes in their black leather jackets and the tight blue jeans, ramming around in their souped-up Belvedere convertibles with the wind slapping their greasy forelocks over their eyebrows, would be in bed. It was probably just as well we never found out. As you may be able to see, the wrists of this fist-fucker are none too slender, and they go right up his poor victim's sphincter nearly to the elbow. Let's hope they used Vaseline! Or maybe the



DRIVE RIGHT IN: Fifties fistfucker does.



awful goo those Fifties hoods slicked down their hair with would do just as well . . .

If you have some ancient photographic matter lying around, you can pick up a tenner easy by mailing it to **Gays from the Past**, Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

## Lutherans, About-Face on Morals Issues

Kansas City, Mo.—a national task force of six gay women and men has been formed to approach the National Council of Churches of Christ, to seek an end to the churches' usually negative stance.

Their demand, and a continuing dialogue with the National Council, were supported by officials of several major Protestant denominations at a Kansas City conference September 11th and 12th.

Members are the Rev. Roy Birchard of Metropolitan Community Church, New York City; Louise Rose of Philadelphia, president of the American Baptist Church Gay Caucus; the Rev. Susan Thornton, Kansas City; John Preston of Minneapolis, founder of the Minnesota Council for the Church and the Homophile; the Rev. Rodger Harrison, pastor of MCC in Costa Mesa, Calif.; and the Rev. Bill Johnson of San Francisco, director of the Council for the Church and the Homosexual.

They were to approach the National Council's governing board at its meeting in New York October 12th.

Washington, D.C.—A Lutheran church agency, a presidential commission and the American Bar Association have all called for the repeal of victimless crimes, including private sexual acts between consenting adults.

The Commission on Church and Society of the American Lutheran Church, based in Minneapolis, said prostitution, gambling, drunkenness and drug addic-



LUTHERANS say this stuff's okay!

tion should also be legalized.

They may affront community moral standards, the nine-member board said in a September study paper to the church's 2.8 million members, but the offenders don't benefit from jail terms.

The National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals reported August 9th that gambling, marijuana use, pornography and prostitution should be legalized, too. Attorney General Elliot Richardson said that the Nixon Administration neither endorses nor opposes the report, which he called "important."

The bar association, at its Washington convention the same week, also said marijuana possession and casual distribution of small amounts, as well as private adult sex, should be made legal, in an effort to unclog the court system and concentrate police activities on crimes where people are actually hurt.

Sexual activity between consenting adults of the same sex has been legalized in eight states, and several others are considering repeal.

## Thrills & Outrages



Photo: Eric Stephen Jacobs

If YOU were the Pointer Sisters, and YOU had a 40s act, YOU'D play at Roseland, too.

Not since Bette Midler has there been such excitement over a performance in New York, and of all places at Roseland, where the usual thrill-seeking housewives were replaced by wall-to-wall screaming, gnashing, fainting, applauding people attired as if for a 40s dream. The Pointer Sisters, four daughters of a minister, trucked out one by one costumed in furs and hats, scattin into microphones, and did an act that has paralyzed the West Coast and which New York was hearing for the first time!

The current unisex clothing trends are making the definition of men's and women's clothing impossible, right? So Chicago Circuit Court Judge Jack Sperlin has declared unconstitutional a 1943 city ordinance forbidding men to dress as women. "What a person wishes to wear is a matter of individual rights," he said in dismissing charges against four men who appeared in court wearing dresses. Good news for Windy City drag queens.

A San Francisco gay activist, 34-year-old Dick Gayer (can that name be real?), is seeking a court injunction against the State Dept. of Motor Vehicles, which snubbed his request for personalized auto license plates reading "GAY LIB" which the agency found "offensive to good taste and decency and belonging in the same category as a request for 'E Z LAY' on a license plate."

What's in a blowjob, asks Buffalo N.Y.'s **Fifth Freedom** newsletter, a possible arrest, **that's** what. The vice squad in that city has been entraping gays at LaSalle (Front) Park and in one instance a vice cop offered to be lookout for another cop who allowed a gay to suck off his pud in the bushes. After they were finished, the cop flashed a badge, and you guessed it, took him down to the station house.

Flash freaks are determined to make a big spectacle at Bette Midler's opening at the Palace in New York the first week of December. One notorious flasher told GAY, "We're going to be there in full force to flash Bette from the boxes. I'm going to wear a mink coat and a cock ring, nothing more." You gotta have friends . . .

One of the least publicized zaps of the year occurred when a hardy band of activists freed Marsha Johnson, a black transvestite, from a psychiatric observation facility where she was being held. Marsha, a warm and likeable person, was arrested by police at 4:30 a.m. in the middle of Houston Street for trying to "pull the moon to the earth."

Three male lesbians dressed as women charged recently that real lesbians were women who were into women and weren't interested in lesbians with a cock. Male lesbians are men who think of themselves as women but who are also sexually attracted to women.

## All You Ever Wanted to Know About S&M, and Then Some

What the straight press labels "sadistic" or "sadism" is quite different from what those involved in the gay and straight S&M scene consider real sado-masochism.

The recent sex-slayings by so-called "sadistic" homosexuals reported in the press sent Randy Wicker running to his files for notes he had taken during several seminars and discussions of S&M by those intimately involved.

First, there were several meetings of the **Eulenspiegel Society** which meets every Sunday at 6p.m. at the Mattachine Society, Inc. of N.Y., 59 Christopher Street at Sheridan Square.

**Eulenspiegel** could be best described as the Sado-masochist Liberation Front. It is a completely integrated group, about half straight, half gay. Men outnumber the women by about 5 to 1 but when one considers half the membership is gay, the odds become more balanced.

The credo of Eulenspiegel is S&M game playing and sexual activity which does **not** violate the rights of others. Indeed, most S&M sex, straight or gay, appears to be a stylized form of role playing.

Contrary to what one would think, the S&M scene suffers from an overabundance of masochists and an acute shortage of sadists. This is particularly true of the straight S&M scene, attributed by members of Eulenspiegel to the socialization of women in this society to be passive and dependent instead of assertive, demanding and dominant.

"I liked to be slapped around playfully," one young man related during a Eulenspiegel meeting. "One day a girl pulled my hair and I really got a kick out of it."

"I'm a sadist," another added. "I'm into heavy pain and blood."

"Me?" a third ventured. "I'm into being used and abused with imagination and wit."

"People think there's no love in S&M," another elaborated, "but there is a lot of love. When I'm with an M, no matter how violent I am, causing him pain and tears, I have concern for him, for his delight in his pain."

"Can you be a sadist without being mean?" someone asked.

"Yes," a sadist replied, "by forcing a person to do right."

Most of those at Eulenspiegel talk of fantasies and desires which involve a willing submissive or dominant partner. Many are simple desires—to have a woman shit on your face; to be told to appear precisely at a certain time for dinner and be given one slash for every minute early or late you arrive; to be smeared with lipstick and ordered about by a transvestite; to be verbally abused

endless. One discovers Kraft-Ebbing is still alive and well when one visits a meeting of Eulenspiegel.

Being at Eulenspiegel, one finds his attitudes toward S&M undergoing a radical change. The stories are touching; the agonies of men who have lived for years with guilt and frustration because they were afraid to confess to their wives or male lovers they wanted to be ordered about or humiliated.

Wicker went to Eulenspiegel expecting to be repelled and offended. To the contrary, he was very impressed. "Because the conversations were stimulating, I returned on two or three occasions until one discussion on 'dirty sex' became so repulsive I could take no more," Wicker said.

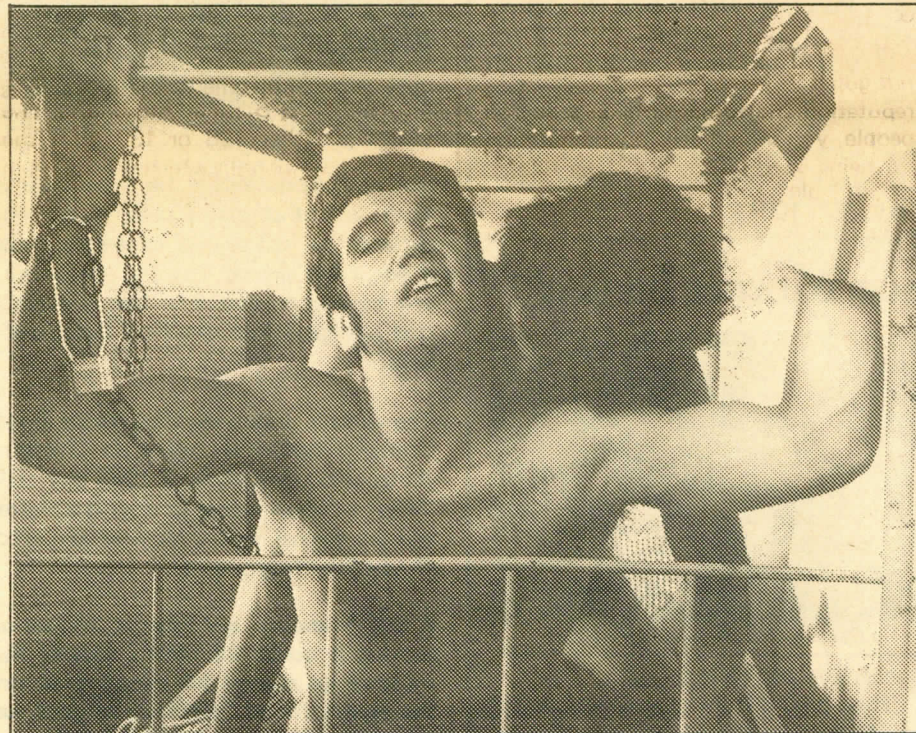
"Sitting for an hour hearing people talk of the joys of eating shit, smelling shit, having someone kneel and drink their piss as they sit on a commode and

Eagle's Nest, Spike, and other so-called S&M bars were actually into sexual sadism or masochism. Most of the patrons of those bars, all agreed, were attracted by the "macho atmosphere" of the leather bars.

By Fisher's definition of sado-masochism, two things must be involved: (1) consent by both parties into it and (2) the production of pleasure for both parties.

"**Everything** out of the ordinary is labeled S&M," one panelist complained. "Toys, dildos, cock rings. The fact is that if authority and power relationships are studied in S&M, a lot of valuable discoveries will come out of it."

One man complained that he was "rejected" at the Eagle's Nest and made to pay 75¢ instead of 50¢ for a beer although "bondage, domination and submission are part of my personality. But I don't like wearing **leather**."



**DO NOT BE CONFUSED!** This pair is about as much into bondage as any two low-paid models.

then lick their ass clean after they have finished crapping offended even my not-so-dainty esthetics," he added.

At a recent S&M panel at the **East Side Gay Organization**, about six gay S&M's participated, including Peter Fisher and Marc Rubin.

"I object to horrible sex murders and the like being called 'sadistic' by the press," Fisher declared, then proceeded to criticize most of the gay movement for being silent on the questions raised by S&M.

"Just about everybody has sexual fantasies and some of these include things like power that are acted out in an S&M sexual scene. Some people sublimate and take the same inclinations out in

someone who admits sadism. In regular sex, someone can flip out on an S&M fantasy and really mess you up. Novice M's feel guilty about being masochistic and they take it out on me. Genuine S&M experience is only possible if the person has S&M tendencies."

"You shouldn't have S&M sex with someone who you don't have enough communication with to make him stop when you really want him to stop," someone interjected.

"There's no law on consensual assault," Fisher noted. "If they agreed to an S&M scene and later decided they wanted to say they were victims, they can bring charges."

"A panic situation arises in an M when he's strung up and all. When the M freaks out, the S should take him in his arms and make him feel secure again," someone suggested.

One man told of answering an S&M ad in a San Francisco paper. Being a novice S, he thought he was supposed to hit the person as hard as possible. He did so, the person blacked out and the novice "S" panicked.

"In S&M, as in everything else," a listener commented, "you have Orthodox, Conservative and Reformed."

Several weeks later, the **West Side Discussion Group** had a panel of S&M fanciers. The tone set by the WSDG panel was not so moderate as that at EGO and Eulenspiegel. In fact, it was terrifying.

"I'm into a blood scene," Sidney Wander, one of the participants, volunteered. "You have to know what you're doing or don't get into it. Whips, clamps, shoving a dildo up someone's ass and then sewing it shut. That's **groovy!**"

"I had a scene with you seven or eight years ago. You came on so heavy, you scared me off for years," a listener declared.

"I'm into drugs—pot, acid, poppers. Poppers are very common in the S&M set. Sado-masochists have to want S&M and feel it. It's a strong feeling."

"I would respect a novice's limits," another panelist interjected. "Getting too heavy at first can turn them off. You can destroy someone so far as going into it more."

"Fist-fucking is in. But you have to be very careful as to who you seek out to have fist-fuck you. It's a lot more dangerous than other things," another panelist commenced.

"Try to get a recommendation through a friend. Talk first. Get an understanding and agreement with them. If they're going to shackle you and restrain you right off, I'd beware. You don't restrain a neophyte right off, you do it toward the end."

The panelists differed on whether most S&Mers switched roles from time to time. Most, however, thought that in every personality if one component was there, so was the other.

"There's a vast difference between S&M in a love relationship where they won't harm one another," one masochist volunteered, "and one-night stands where they might really harm one another. There are people who are into pain, being burned or having blood drawn."

"I'm an M and a sadist's reputation is very important to him," another man ventured. "I've met various S's on recommendation of other people and no S ever exceeded the limits placed by the