

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 106



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THANK YOU/FUCK YOU!

salutes gay lore's heroes and bores, from the knaves and fools who try to make gay life look dumb to the excellent souls who make one proud to be of the same persuasion.



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GAY DAY '73:

A photo essay commemorating Christopher Street Liberation Day 1973 showing how our group, which encompasses thousands of different lifestyles, has taken possession of the liberated gay world.

PLUS an expanded and comprehensive news and editorial section beginning on Page 2; a discriminating guide to the entertainment pleasures which await you after a hot grueling day in the pits on Page 16; and a listing of bars, discotheques and baths for you to booze, dance and fuck. Cover: Bette Midler at the Gay Pride Rally (Photo: E.S.J.)

On The Record

BY PETE DVARACKAS

The old GAY will be fondly remembered and, while departing editors Jack Nichols and Lige Clarke shuffle off to Europe with a second book contract, the new GAY zips on a new look and returns as a monthly.

So now it's time to talk about the future. I mean, Jack and Lige were not even in their resignation throes when rumors and grumbings from the homopress had sparked pat misconceptions about who would run GAY and what its policy and format would be like. The *Advocate*, for example, in a story that reeked of phony regret and restrained glee, sounded the paper's deathknell in a cover story which claimed GAY would no longer be geared toward the homosexual community because the "straight" owners of SCREW would be running the whole damn business. First of all, let's clear one thing up: Al and Jim are not straight—they're not gay either; they're just weird, man, weird enough to start SCREW almost five years ago and to sponsor GAY and keep it alive.

Yet, the way you read some of the stories about the new GAY, you get the feeling that there is some insidious conspiracy afoot for a "straight" takeover of a gay paper. To dispose of this issue of horseshit, we need only look at the facts.

While Al and Jim are hardly the models of equal opportunity employers, they have not shown the discriminatory traits of ANY other newspaper I've had dealings with—including the gay press—throughout our country. They have hired gays and if it satisfies anyone's parochialism on the part of our readers, I am gay and that didn't stop Al or Jim from making me managing editor of SCREW or GAY. They want to bring into focus a paper they believed to be without direction. Now, you can't fault Jack and Lige for making GAY directionless all these years once it got beyond its Golden Age because it has always been a writer's paper, not an editor's baby. You can't dump on Jack and Lige for providing the open forum of ideas which came to you twice a month in a brown wrapper, it just didn't make money, that's all. So now it's logically imperative to give it a direction.

Well, where do we go from here? Gay politicians, you know, **movement people**, advise structuring GAY as a mouthpiece for gay rights, and gay pride and news; barflies want listings and ratings of various watering spots; gays into smut want to see hardons for a change and some raunch to stimulate their crotches and fantasies; fashionplates want to see the latest glossies of slick models in and out of flared jeans and wedgies; drag queens crave up-to-date cross-dressing secrets; S&M's await quivering buttocks under the lash. In other words, we faggots are a tough nut to crack. And while these differences are difficult for anyone into publishing to deal with, they are, nevertheless, real, challenging and appealing.

GAY will come to terms with these differences, hopefully, by transcending the stereotype enemy figures: gays vs. straights, sadomasculinists vs. effeminate men vs. women, cross-dressers vs. leather freaks. Instead, we'll root out the common enemy: **assholism!**

Combating assholeism is hard work, believe me; we've been doing it at SCREW for years and it's about time that GAY got on the bandwagon, not that GAY will be modelled after SCREW, and you can see from this issue that it is not. Specifically, we are less interested in waving the gay banner just for the sake of some consciousness expansion illusion, and more interested in providing an **entertainment** for men and women who love and fuck their own sex. Liberation dogma is simply an end in itself if people only scream the jargon, but refuse to live their lives. That's where our heads are at, I think; we want people to get into their lives. Now, Jack and Lige, basically, had the right idea; they were tired and bored of homosexuality as a topic, so they explored ways to get beyond it. For them, this meant some heavy and valid things, which included the quiet reverence of nature, the thoughts of Walt Whitman, a dedication to Yoga and commitment to various esoteric things which intrigued them. And there may have been a shitload of readers out there who liked it too, but not enough to have significant market value.

Our idea, then, is to place the emphasis on **sex**, not strictly so, but the foremost bond of gay people is sex: gays groove on people of their same sex, right? Naturally, then, we want you to know more about sex, where to find sex in all its incredible varieties and, most important, how to have **better sex**. Plus, we'll interview people offering both gay figures who create havoc within the gay community as well as the leading spokesfigures. Most important, we want to expose **assholism** on every level it appears.

Beyond all this, GAY is going to talk about relationships too, why some work, others don't and how society interferes with the various lifestyles people choose to live. We want to put the **balls** back into homosexuality (figuratively speaking, lesbian sisters) and make gay more than a label, more than power, more than pride.

So, if gaylife is your life, live it with us monthly. You may be outraged every issue, but you sure as hell are going to have fun!

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Prisoners Protest "Finger Wave" Rape

A letter from Odell Bennett, no. 66048, U.S. Penitentiary, Leavenworth, charges that Earl Williams, one of his fellow prisoners, was "subjected to a weird kind of rape," when eight guards assaulted him in the Control Unit of the prison for refusing to let a guard stick a finger in his rectum during a search prior to his transfer to another institution.

Williams refused to undergo the anal search procedure which is customary when prisoners are being transferred from one institution to another. He volunteered to be X-rayed but the guards told him, "Only a finger wave will serve our purposes."

"Then the guards moved in and forcibly restrained Williams, while one of their number probed his rectum."

"Such 'finger waves' are a manifestation of a nasty kind of perversion. They are used regularly here in Leavenworth. Many people have withdrawn petitions they had filed in courts rather than undergo such humiliating search."



5-FINGER EXERCISE: anal search or rape?

[Honorable] Homo-able Discharge?

U.S. Representatives Edward Koch (D-Manhattan) and Aspin (D-Wisconsin) are trying to get the Pentagon to reclassify many servicemen who have received less than honorable discharges for being homosexual or other discharges with code numbers 249, 250, 251, 252, 255, 257, 361, 362, 388, 468, 46D, 511, 514, 552, 586, or 587.

According to a release put out by the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop, anyone seeking to have his discharge reclassified should write to the Congressmen, c/o the U.S. House of Representatives.

Congressman Koch said that he was hoping for a change "administratively" in which the Department of Defense would agree to reclassify certain types of discharges. However, he has also introduced a bill seeking to force the same changes legislatively.



ED KOCH: at last a friend in Congress.

Daily News Venom Runs Thick

Daily News reviewer Douglas Watt has panned Al Carmine's off-Broadway play, *The Faggot* for singing "the praises and sometimes the anguish of queendom."

"Of course, they stress that it isn't queer," Watt continued caustically, "and the revue's intention is to be frolicsome. But though a humorous tone is sought after, it's revealing how often the words 'desperate' and 'desperation' turn up in *The Faggot*. Beneath its rather dainty exterior is a dainty heartbeat."

The New York Times gave the Carmine musical a rave review, terming the composer one of the bright young talents of our day. Nearly everyone seeing the production at the Judson Church (it has since moved to the Truck and Warehouse Theatre) came away singing its praises. It has been successful off-Broadway.

However, venom runs thick and heavy at the Daily News about anything gay and anyone gay. Douglas Watt called Carmine's musical talent "en-



AL CARMINE: "Blessed are the bigots."

thusiastically ordinary." Then, he turned his poison-tipped pen on the composer-author himself.

"As for Carmine's," Watt wrote, "his big moment comes when he dons a red robe and plays Oscar Wilde to Ira Siff's bearded, woebegone Bosie in a song and sketch called 'Your Way of Loving.'"

Watt concluded on the note that *The Faggot* didn't "make for a very gay entertainment." Watt's review was worse, it was petty, ugly, and bigoted.

Behind the Lines on Gay Pride Sunday

The hostility that broke out during the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade could have been much worse. As it was, Ray "Sylvia" Rivera, the mentally-disturbed, destructive leader of Street Transvestites Action Revolutionaries (STAR), which on Sunday, June 24th, consisted solely of Rivera and one confederate, managed to cause constant commotion and eventually succeeded in laying her hate trip on the annual gathering of love in Washington Square Park.

Rivera forged ahead of the march at 19th Street and Seventh Avenue with her one supporter and their STAR banner. When Jean DeVente, the parade's grand marshal, told Rivera to get back in line, a squabble broke out halting the parade. Rivera attacked DeVente, tore the clothing and bloodied the throats of two other marshalls who came to her aid.

Finally, the police intervened. Many members of the Committee wanted John Paul Hudson, chairman of CSLD Committee, to give the officers the go-ahead to arrest Rivera. Hudson, being in a politically sensitive situation and perhaps fearing that arresting Rivera would make Rivera a "martyr" and himself a villain, asked the officers to forego making the arrest.

Then Rivera grabbed the glasses of Walt Doran, a marcher, and threw them to the pavement breaking them in front of the police, Hudson and several other marshalls. Doran started demanding Rivera be arrested and the police went in



LAYING HATE TRIP on audience, oppression-sickness victim Ray (Sylvia) Rivera shrieks.

heavily-armed pursuit until Hudson convinced Doran not to have Rivera seized. Doran's glasses cost \$40.

Later, Rivera, wanting—as always—to be a "STAR," tried to storm the stage. She was rebuffed but kept trying, gathering some supporters from the crowd around her. A mini riot was in the process of developing backstage. A few people even started throwing punches.

Then Hudson and the others bowed to pressure and allowed Rivera on the stage when he proceeded to harangue the crowd, calling them "motherfuck-

ers" and attacking them for being middle-class, white and unconcerned about all the third world, transvestite gays who were thrown in jail for being prostitutes and frequently raped while incarcerated.

Rivera reportedly works as a prostitute herself while in drag. Most of those gay prisoners she spoke of earn their living in the same manner, fooling male customers as to their real sex while having quickie sex for a few dollars.

Rivera believes the gay liberation groups should endorse all this and also be militant about demanding "the operation" for all those who want to change their sex.

Rivera's speech set off a series of speakers, each taking the others to task. Jean O'Leary of Lesbian Feminist Liberation read a statement attacking a couple of female impersonators who she said impersonated women for the amusement of men "for entertainment and profit." O'Leary was roundly booed by the crowd, although the impersonators had received a very cool response.

Then Lee Brewster, head of Queens Liberation Front, attacked O'Leary and the lesbians as a bunch of uptight "bitches." This sent the militant lesbians in a frenzy.

But it was all still only the tip of the iceberg. The fight had been brewing for months, even years. Rumors before the parade had it that the radical lesbians were going to pelt any drag queens with eggs.

In turn, Lee Brewster said that if they did so, he was going to go to the Human Rights Commission and challenge the legality of the Lesbian-Feminist Liberation Front having "women only" socials and activities at the GAA Firehouse.

Things never got that bad but "fringe" groups and a mental case managed to dampen a lot of spirits and remind those present that there is a lot of sickness and much too much hate within New York's small gay community.

High Court That Shamed the World

They couldn't believe their ears, the smut-hunters of the nation, since the Burger ruling on pornography came down last month. To what did they owe this sudden stab of good fortune, this writ from the highest court in the land that gave them sudden license to mutilate anything and everything written by the mortal pen? *Carnal Knowledge* was immediately judged smut in Georgia; *Playboy* and *Penthouse* were ripped off the stands in Colorado; *Last Tango in Paris* was banned from Salt Lake City while the film was still on its way from Albuquerque; *Time* and *Newsweek* were chased out of Connecticut; and at last the solons of St. Louis were able to triumphantly carry *Catcher in the Rye* and *Lord of the Flies* out of the school libraries. Clearly there are trying times ahead for the tawdry likes of anyone who chooses in his art to present subjects considered distasteful to any nut in Libby, Montana who wants to get his name in the papers by lodging a complaint with a Justice of the Peace. Hell, we may all go broke! It was this chilling realization that brought down to City Hall Park, on a balmy Thursday late last month, a collection of interested citizens who considered the new Burger ruling a threat to their rights of free expression, and worse yet, their income. Shirley MacLaine was there, as were staff members of GAY and Rex Reed, and the First Amendment was righteously invoked and books such as *Ulysses*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the



"FUCK YOU," GAY staffers tell court.

U.S. Constitution were burned in a trash can. But the authorities were not impressed. There's a law on the books now that says they can burn anything, anywhere, and by God they aim to enforce it for the "good" of the American public.

Gay Ghost of the Ramapos

We didn't know about the ghost which roams around the mansion at Mr. G's Round Hill Resort until we got there. We had heard that the 25-acre playground consisting of cabins, discotheque, restaurant, pool, lake sports facilities, bar and hotel and entertainment provided a most pleasant way to spend a weekend.

But the ghost of Room 8 was a complete surprise. Actually, it shouldn't have been because the setting and the night were perfect for ghost hunting. Our Short-Line bus from Manhattan battered through punishing rain to the Monroe, N.Y. destination, where Mr. G's attendants chauffeured us up Route 208 to Washingtonville and then onto a dirt road. It was 2 a.m. when we arrived (we left N.Y. at midnight) and the place was packed with local people and resort guests.

Then, after a crack of thunder, the lights doused which sparked talk about the Round Hill spirit and that led to a séance. From upstairs stumping began—eight bumps in the night—was the ghost of Room 8 trying to make contact? We never really figured it out, and by morning it didn't much matter anymore as the natural beauty of the Ramapo Mountains combined with the friendliness of the staff and patrons of this very civilized resort made the weekend fly by.

Mr. G's this week celebrated its fourth anniversary. For rates and information call (914) 496-9845.



GHOST HUNTERS frolic at Mr. G's.

New Type of Drag

A few doors off the Champs-Elysees in Paris, Le Grande Eugene has become the in-scene of Parisian night life, with jet-setters, Cabinet Ministers, movie stars, and celebrities like Sen. Edward Kennedy, Aristotle Onassis and J. Paul Getty packing in to see what **Newsweek** calls "the cleverest and classiest transvestite production ever put on a stage."

The 11-member cast declares their review "is not a grab-ass show." The production, which runs for about two hours, consists of 38 satiric skits. One features Angela Davis in a red-sequined pantsuit, flashing the black power salute before a backdrop depicting a frowning Statue of Liberty.

"To me, transvestism is a spectacular act with no sexual or erotic meaning," Le Grande Eugene's bearded director Frantz Salieri told **Newsweek**. "I use it as Shakespeare used 17-year-old boys to play Juliet. . . I find that boys are the most prodigious actors, and when they play women, there's a double phenomenon of distance between the character and his interpretation."

Negotiations are underway to bring the show to London and New York. A film is also in the works which will feature the troupe doing satires on the Watergate affair with bits about Martha Mitchell, Pat Nixon and other political celebrities.



WATERGATE BLUES, a drag musical coming to New York. . . but who'll play Martha Mitchell?

Jesus Tricks with Lazarus



Newsweek reports that the latest wrinkle in the religious field is a controversial book by Columbia University's Dr. Morton Smith, a professor of ancient history, that argues Jesus was a magician who used a secret and possibly sexual baptismal ceremony to initiate a few favored disciples into an esoteric kingdom of God.

The **Secret Gospel**, published by Harper & Row, uses a fragment of a letter attributed to Clement of Alexandria, a second century leader of the Christian community in Egypt, as the basis of its assertions.

The passages are supposedly portions of a hitherto-unknown gospel written by the Evangelist Mark and were, according to Dr. Smith, only for "those who are being initiated into the great mysteries."

The new version, unlike John's version, says that after Lazarus was raised from the dead, he "beseeched Jesus that he might be with him." Six days later, Lazarus returned to Jesus at night wearing only a linen cloth. "And he remained with him that night," the fragment says, "for Jesus taught him the mystery of the Kingdom of God."

Religionists were quick to label the scholar's assertions "incredible" and dismiss them out of hand. However, homosexual practices were very much intertwined with the pagan religion which Judaism and Christianity replaced and impartial critics contend that the "secret gospel" might well be true.

Same-Sex Dancing Everywhere!



WADDAYA MEAN, guys look funky dancing together, tell 'em, you oughta see YOURSELF!

New York's Gay Activists Alliance has made a mailing to the 50 leading discotheques in the New York City area informing them that GAA "will not tolerate further discriminatory practices against homosexuals."

"In the future," the GAA letter announced, "we plan to visit many establishments including yours. Any violation of our rights of same-sex dancing will result in action against such establishments, filing of complaints with proper state and local agencies, and possible state and federal court action."

The letter referred to a decision by New York State Court of Appeals **Backer v New York State Liquor Authority**, 21 N.Y. 2d 292 (1967), which stated:

"There is no sound reason to distinguish between the actions of homosexuals and that of heterosexuals with respect to the dancing of slow dances. . . ."

"Furthermore, to discriminate is a violation of New York State Executive Law Sec. B1-7.0 of Title b of the Administrative Code of the City of New York, forbidding discrimination on the basis of sex," the GAA statement continued.

The letter noted that in 1971, the Honorable Bess Myerson Commissioner, Department of Consumer Affairs, had dropped former restrictions on homosexuals from Sec. B32-350.0 of Article 38, Chapter 32, of the Administrative Code of New York City, and copies of these amended regulations were on an attached sheet.

Included along with the letter and the amended Administrative Code was a reprint of **New York Post** columnist Earl Wilson's account of how a group from GAA staged a dance-in at the renowned Rainbow Room on the 65th floor of the RCA building.

The regulations were amended by Commissioner Myerson through a process of elimination. One of the removed prohibitions relating to cabarets stated: "Homosexuals, lesbians, or persons pretending to be such shall not be permitted to remain in the premises." Another regulation for Catering Establishments declared: "Employment of homosexuals

prohibited. No homosexuals, lesbians, or persons pretending to be such shall be employed in a cabaret in any capacity, whatsoever." An identical prohibition against gays being permitted on the premises was removed from the Catering Establishment guidelines as well.

Finally, "Rules and Regulations Relating to Public Dance Halls" was amended with the wording in brackets being removed from the text which read: "9. Criminals, etc., prohibited—Criminals, gangsters, racketeers, prostitutes, pimps, procurers, degenerates (homosexuals, or persons pretending or reputed to be homosexuals) shall not be permitted to make a rendezvous of the dance hall or remain in the premises."

"We hope that if you are presently in violation of our right to same-sex dancing that you will immediately take steps to end such discrimination," the GAA letter concluded. "On our part, we mean to insure that our rights are being honored."

Ron Gold said he believed that the changes which had come about were simply to "codify" the status quo as a result of several court rulings during the late 60's.

Henry Stern, Deputy Commissioner in the Department of Consumer Affairs who is currently Liberal Party nominee for Manhattan Councilman at Large, disagreed.

"These things were done entirely at our own initiative, by the Department of Consumer Affairs," Stern elaborated. "We saw these various prohibitions on homosexuals. We felt this was unfair and discriminatory. We struck it out."

Stern said that the action, while in harmony with the Lindsay administration's civil libertarian approach to homosexual civil rights, was done by himself and Ms. Myerson on their own in the department.

"The interesting thing about it," Stern added, "was it was one thing that was done to provide greater rights for gays that was not done as a result of pressure from the gay community. It was a spontaneous action on our part

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because we felt this was the right thing to do."

Stern, who has been rated as "highly qualified and preferred" by New York's Citizen's Union, said he was optimistic about being elected to New York's City Council on the Liberal line but that "a lot depended on the outcome of the primary in the Democratic Party in late June." In the last councilmanic election, Eldon Clingan was elected to the Council on the Liberal line and received the largest number of votes cast of any candidate. John Lindsay was the Liberal Party nominee at that time. Under New York laws, the candidates for the two parties in each borough which receive the largest number of votes each get one councilman-at-large.

Stern espoused a strong gay rights position while appearing during a candidates' night debate at New York's GAA. At that time, he mentioned his actions in the Department of Consumer Affairs on behalf of New York gays.

Both the **New York Post** and the **New York Times** reported the changes in the administrative codes and quoted Stern as saying: "The laws are impossible to enforce and have simply been a vehicle for corruption and oppression. Homosexuals have a right to congregate in places of public accommodation. They have a right to drink."

"A spokesman for Mayor Lindsay said the proposed changes in regulations appeared to be consistent with administration policy of broadening safeguards for citizens against all forms of arbitrary victimization," the **New York Times** reported.

When told of the GAA mailing, Stern said he didn't believe the changed regulations would necessarily have the effect of making the banning of same-sex dancing in all public dancehalls illegal.

Lee Brewster, publisher of **Drag** magazine and a producer of annual cross-dressing balls, recalls that he first objected to a provision in the 1969 standard form application for a dance license

which asked the applicant promoter to affirm that "no males in female dress would be allowed on the premises."

"That was removed so fast," Brewster recalls, "my head swam. We had objected on the grounds that there was no prohibition on females wearing male dress and that therefore the law was discriminatory against men."

"We pointed out that the regulations lead the public to believe the police were paid off to leave such affairs alone and that as a result it embarrassed both the Police Department and the Department of Consumer Affairs."

"We had done the dance license change just by mail. It took less than three months. So we decided to try it again," Brewster elaborated. "We went down there more formal with our lawyer, Richard Levidow, and met with Susan Furst, Bess Myerson's attorney with the Department of Consumer Affairs."

"She said it was the policy of the Lindsay administration to remove those type laws. However, they had to be pointed out to them because they didn't have time to go search the records. That is why it was so easy to have them removed."

"After being published in the **City Record** if there is no objection, the changes become official in a number of months," Brewster explained. "I was furious at GAA for sending out information to the press about it. I wanted it to become law. I didn't care who got credit for it."

According to the **New York Times**, the Department of Consumer Affairs licenses 771 cabarets, 79 dancehalls and 145 catering establishments. Ronald Gold said that GAA had compiled the 50 dancehalls in question from **Cue** and the **New Yorker** magazines. A week after the mailing, there had been no response. Gold noted no responses were requested.

"Our next step will be to test it out," Gold elaborated, "one place at a time."

Brewster said that the attorney fees in securing the changes in the codes was \$500.

Randy Agnew Gets Married



DOES ANYONE really give a shit, besides Jack Anderson, who Randy Agnew fucks with?

A couple of years ago syndicated columnist Jack Anderson reported that Randy Agnew, the vice-president's son, had left home and moved in with a male hairdresser. The implication of the Anderson report was that James Rand (Randy) Agnew was gay.

Village Voice reporter Arthur Bell followed up on the story by going to Baltimore and eventually tracking down Randy Agnew at the weight-lifting gym where he worked.

Bell used his brief encounter with Agnew and his experiences with Agnew's relatives as the basis of two articles—one in the **Voice** and the other in **GAY**.

The implication of both articles once again was that Randy Agnew was gay. Bell quoted Agnew as saying that he thought the Federal Government's policies of discriminating against homosexuals in employment were wrong but that he "didn't want to talk about it."

A year later, during a panel by gay press people at the West Side Discussion Group, Bell disavowed his article by saying that he did it when he was just starting his career as a writer and would not do a similar piece again. Bell had been vigorously attacked by many in the gay community—and defended by others—for possibly "exposing" Randy Agnew

as a closeted homosexual.

While appearing on television and radio talk shows around the country, some gay liberationists noted the Anderson and Bell reports and implied, usually to the delight of politically liberal interviewers and moderators, that Randy Agnew was, in fact, probably homosexual.

Any attempt to verify anything was virtually impossible. Employees of Baltimore's gay spots claimed they knew someone who definitely knew Agnew to be gay. But it was always second hand information and no matter how sincere the person relaying it appeared to be, by any demanding standards of ethical or legal journalistic inquiry, it was all **hearsay**, commonly called gossip.

Now, Randy Agnew, 26, has married for the second time to a 23-year-old student at Essex Community College in Baltimore. His first marriage ended in divorce. He has a 5-year-old daughter by his first marriage.

The couple were married in a Greek Orthodox ceremony, and their wedding reception was attended by 350 guests, including the groom's parents, President and Mrs. Nixon did not attend but sent a wedding gift of porcelain birds sculptured by the late Edward Marshall Boehm.

Women Liberate a Men's Room

Some women attending a Philharmonic concert in Central Park found a long line in front of the ladies' room and only a short one outside the men's room. Time was short and the second part of the concert was just beginning.

"Why, this is incredibly unfair," one woman declared. "I'd have half a mind to go into the men's room." Two others agreed. The line outside the men's room had dwindled to nothing.

"We walked up quite bravely (there were two of us) and stopped at the entrance," Gay Wilentz, a writer for **Fertile Egg**, reports. "Are there stalls inside, sir? I asked for fear the trip was wasted."

There were and the women decided to enter.

"On first stepping into the Park Board Men's Room, I felt a bit frightened," she continued. "The men were wonderful. The ones at the urinals looked away, but I must admit I did too."

Apparently the men agreed with the

women's plight and one boy assured them: "You'd never see this in Missoula, Montana."

But the peace and harmony of the integrated john was quickly shattered. A few more women entered, only to be followed by a "rude staff attendant" who told them to leave or else he would "get the cops."

The men fell back on tradition and allowed the women to use the stalls before them, which they did. As they left the staff attendant was still screaming "inane threats." Their action had had far-reaching effects, as the women realized when they left.

"Lo and behold," Ms. Wilentz reports, "as I walked out of the men's room there was a long line of women waiting their turn to use the toilet. It was not just kids and radical women, as the news might say, but all types of women: respectable, well-dressed women, elderly women and young girls, all together."

At another concert, Ms. Wilentz re-



turned to the two toilets and found long lines outside both the women's and men's rooms. Although no men had gotten into the women's line, a number of women were waiting their turn in the line outside the men's room.

"The step was taken here as it will have to be taken everywhere, not just for women but for men too," Ms. Wilentz concluded. "Unfortunately, both lines were so long that I decided to urinate in the bushes."

Thank You/ Fuck You Gay Lore's Heroes and Bores

BY DICK LEITSCH

When the gay movement first started, gay people got together, picked out a common enemy and united against him. And, to an extent, that has been the *modus operandi* ever since. Now, of course, Nixon, the quintessential reactionary personality, has given "enemies lists" and those who compile them a bad name. So, a lesson has come out of Watergate about responding to people with opposing views, especially for gay people whose kaleidoscopic lifestyles have provoked the best and the worst in ourselves and others. Now, as GAY enters a new era and we move into the future, let's consider some of those people from the past who've spanned the events which make gay life today the most diverse, exciting, freedom-loving existence this side of Stonewall!

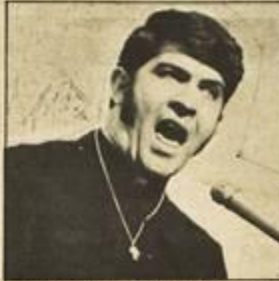
"Times change and things change," remarked the publishers of SCREW in noting the resignation of Lige and Jack as editors of GAY. Pete Dvarackas, our new Chief Scribe, told his readers in that other paper that he is going to give the word *gay* new meaning, "make it more than a label, more than a power, more than pride." Restating Auntie Mame's lines about life being a banquet and all those poor sons-of-bitches starving to death, Peter noted: "Liberation dogma is simply an end in itself if people only scream the jargon, but refuse to live their lives." GAY is making a new beginning, a celebration of life, gay life.

This fresh start coincides with a new, clean breeze blowing through the gay community, carrying away the pile of stale self-images, the outdated assumptions, and turgid movement rhetoric of yesterday. The Stonewall generation is well integrated now, and it's time for a new generation fresh out of the closets, just emerging from puberty, to take possession of the liberated gay world.

New beginnings are nothing unusual for us. We seem to change institutions and habits as often as we do our clothes and lovers. The gay world is the oldest established, permanent floating anarchy on earth. Most of us have nothing in common but our sexual preference; our group encompasses thousands of different life styles; we have no leaders. Anyone who claims to represent all of us fools only himself.

Everything changes constantly in our world, and one either learns to live with future shock and enjoy it, or (s)he simply drops out at the point where (s)he feels most comfortable. There really are people still alive who have gold-painted plaster reproductions of Michelangelo's "David" in their living rooms, who have never smoked a joint or fist-fucked. There are some who prefer the closets to the streets, and why not, if that's their pleasure? The gay world is the only really free society; each of us can do, or be, whatever (s)he chooses. If one guy wants to wear a dress and be a lady, fine. If another chooses to drop leather and denim and swagger as though he just had diarrhea in his jockey shorts, that's great. We have room for everybody.

There was a time when we were all into self-hate, and there are relics of that period around. One is that *Village Voice* author who assumes that all successful gay businessmen are part of the Mafia and the failures are not. He can't accept the fact that gay people can be clever enough



TROY PERRY got us on our knees again.



BELLA ABZUG mouthing at the tubs.



JACK & LIGE, did we have fun!



LARRY HATTERER, 50's shrink in 70's.



JOHN & LIZ, gay's Bonnie & Clyde.

to be successful without Mafia help. There was the Age of the Chauvinists, who set themselves up to decide who is, and who is not, an orthodox homosexual. Some of them are still around, too, the old fossils who write letters to gay papers deploring those who wear drag, the fetishists, the fist-fuckers, the "scruffy kids" or whomever. Other prehistorics claim you're not really gay if you didn't vote for George McGovern or Big Bella. David Goodstein, a former FBI agent turned gay "leader" in San Francisco, recently put down tearroom cruisers. That's chauvinism gone berserk. If the authorities didn't want us to enjoy tearroom sex, they wouldn't have put coin locks on the doors so we would know when third parties—or cops—are coming in.

The Advocate, those ultimate chauvinists, recently put down cuddly Al Goldstein and Bigcock Jim Buckley on the grounds that SCREW's owners have no right to bankroll GAY (edited and staffed by gay people) because Al and Jim aren't full-time cocksuckers. By that logic, Mayor Lindsay shouldn't have stopped police entrapment here seven years ago, and the Court of Appeals shouldn't have ruled that homosexuals may practice law in this state. Big John Lindsay and the black-gowned judges are never seen at the trucks!

There was a time, long ago, for gay

"The gay world is the oldest established permanent floating anarchy on earth."

people to band together, pick out the enemy, and unite against him. That's how the movement began 23 years ago. Several Californians slunk into an apartment, locked the door, and pulled down the shades, lest Joe McCarthy's spies were in the neighborhood. There were enemies there; Joe McCarthy and his gang (ironically, one of GAY's first coverboys was being kept by one of McCarthy's former aides), a whole parade of weird head-shrinkers and preachers, and a lot of politicians, some of whom, now that we're organized and powerful, want to be our friends.

Does anybody remember when Ed Koch and Carol Greitzer used to agitate to bring more cops to the Village to entrap more gay people (in those days we were called "promenading perverts")? Now Koch can't seem to do enough for us, ever since Barry Goldwater tried to smear L.B.J. as "soft on fairies" after a White House aide was caught in a YMCA tearroom. Historian Eric Goldman has written since that the smear attempt cost Goldwater votes and helped elect L.B.J. Sic transit McCarthyism.

There was a time when *One* magazine had to go all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court to establish the right of a gay press to exist. In California and New York we had to fight in court to make it possible

for homosexuals to peacefully assemble—not in 1776, or 1876, but in the early 1960's. Gay liberation was an uphill battle during the Fifties, but things brightened a bit in the early Sixties. The organizations began to grow, be taken seriously, and start to make real progress. The few people involved worked so hard that we didn't realize how successful we were.

While we were still thinking of all the things that needed doing, the Day of Liberation came, catching us unaware as it did everybody else. The cops raided the Stonewall, the customers rose in protest, imprisoned the cops and almost cremated them. True, nobody much liked the Stonewall. It was a cesspool, tacky, dirty and a firetrap. The day before the riot, Craig Rodwell and others had been handing out leaflets demanding that the place be closed. But the people spoke, and gay liberation became a people's movement.

Revolutionaries flocked to Christopher Street to demonstrate their "solidarity" and recruit gays for the revolution. They coined a tasteless slogan, "Gays Are Revolting," but we survived our new "friends" just as we had our old enemies.

The Gay Liberation Front and the Gay Activists Alliance were formed, but they, like the others, were just more organizations in an already liberated city. The important thing about Stonewall was that it spread the movement throughout the United States where before it was localized on the two coasts.

Gay organizations became almost superfluous. The American Civil Liberties Union's chapters, with all that money and all those lawyers, started taking on gay court cases. Troy Perry got California gays down on their knees, and other churches begged us to come to their deserted temples. Church and community counselling centers began giving better advice and assistance to distressed gay people than the gay organizations ever could. Politicians came to us, hats in hand. The bars and social clubs turned out more people for the gay parades than did the gay lib organizations. Popular magazines have all carried "coming out" stories which, I suspect, straight readers greet as I do those articles on "The Joys of Natural Childbirth."

Gay people were proud and powerful, and on December 1, 1969, GAY appeared to chronicle the new gay world. Before, there had been only two kinds of homosexual publications: boring movement newsletters and skin books, whose editors thought every gay man's brains swung between his legs. GAY was daring, outrageous, and incredible because Lige and Jack treated us like we were rational human beings!

The first year or two was the Golden Age of GAY. Lige and Jack gave voices to the fine writers: Angelo D'Arcangelo, for example, then at his peak, fresh and full of wisdom. John Francis Hunter was consistently brilliant and then still uncorrupted by the movement, Aaron Bates was always clever and unique, John P. LeRoy, Thane Hampton and Lilli Vincenz provided a steady stream of professional-quality material. Sorel David came along to write like a perverted Jane Austen, while Gregory Battcock displayed the indiscreet charm of the gay bourgeoisie.

The effects are still with us. *After Dark* came out of its closet, and GAY's competition was forced to try to become less tedious. Michael Giammetta served an



J. EDGAR HOOVER: mother of us all.



JILL JOHNSTON, at last it can be told.



WALTER KENT feeds body and mind.



MORRIS KNIGHT, nicest gay in gay lib.



BARBARA GITTINGS, relaxation plus!



THE MANFORDS, he's gay, they're proud.

apprenticeship here, then founded his *Thing*, which D'Arcangelo went on to edit. John Francis expanded his columns from GAY into two books, and Lige and Jack produced the first book that reflected the new homosexuality. Sorel moved on to television; LeRoy and Bates went on to edit straight publications, throwing commissions to gay writers as often as possible. Eric Stephen Jacobs, GAY's "Photographer in Residence," got a boost to fame and glory, and his work appeared in *After Dark* last month. All this came about because Lige and Jack had the vision, and Al and Jim, whom the *Advocate* recently indicated were guilty of "anti-gay discrimination," put up the bread.

The world has changed. There's a new generation coming, and they don't know about entrapment, bar raids, and all that. The Stonewall is just a legend to them, like Dr. King's marches. These post-Flower children, post-Stonewall men and women aren't into labels, power trips, and all that. Watergate showed them

"New beginnings are not unusual for us. We seem to change institutions and habits as often as we do our clothes and lovers."

where power-grabbing leads. Most churches have told this "generation" that homosexuality is morally all right; the shrinks say it isn't a "sickness," and there are few judges and prosecutors left in civilized areas who will enforce what anti-gay legislation remains on the books. Employment discrimination? There may be some of that left, but what liberated person, gay or straight, would

want to work for an employer who concerned himself with the private lives of his employees?

The first truly liberated gay "generation" is moving in to dominate and reshape the gay world. All that injustice-collecting and crying, "My, aren't we oppressed" that characterized the Fifties is passe. My "generation" of gay Kennedy liberals has realized that we're not going to make the world a shining Camelot for everyone. The later Sixties "generation" with its cries of "Gay is Angry," "Gay is Proud," is dated. It's a whole new beginning, and GAY has a new Editor, a very liberated homosexual, and will again be leading the way.

Suppose you and I don't like it? Well, there's always martinis, plaster "Davids," Judy Garland records, the *Advocate*, penny loafers, and glory-hole sex. GAY, like the gay world, only offers options, which we may accept or reject. This is the gay community, not some heterosexual suburb where everyone has to be just like everyone else.

Tricks: "Summer of Love" Shackup

BY LARRY DEAN



PHOTO BY MARC CANNON

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

He gave unique head, belligerent and full of teeth, that's what I liked about him. Of course that was not the first thing about him that attracted me, no, for a man is necessarily attracted to a guy before he sticks his cock in his mouth, unless he is a very stupid man, *sabe?* What it was that first caught my eye was his diminutive stature, and his corn-blond hair, and his cornflower eyes, and dressed in blue jeans and long hair exiled to the East Village at its worst, early 1970.

Actually he was from Minneapolis and well over 30, although you'd never know it to look at him with his clothes on. About 16 would have been your first guess, and actually, more than his appearance at that first meeting I found exceptionally attractive the way he stood over my shoulder while I sketched a concrete lion on St. Mark's Place, his breath blowing warmly against my ear in the hot midnight and his chest pressing against my bicep.

I've seen you around, he said when I finished my sketch and we walked off toward Avenue A together. That's strange, I lied, I've noticed you too. Live around here? As it happened, we lived within two long blocks of each other, and

that night we made love.

When he took his clothes off, he was suddenly 20 years older. Life had not been kind to him from the neck down. He wore baggy blue jeans to disguise the skinniness of his shanks, which had once been sleek and straight and athletic, and now were merely wiry. He moreover wore clumsy tank tops, to compensate for a certain irregularity in his right scapula, or shoulder-bone, which was visibly out of line with the other one, not quite hunchback, but hardly a testimonial to the durability of God's supreme creation. A trace too much amphetamine under the bridge along about the Summer of Love, that's what had caved his body in upon itself, leaving him a modern wire sculpture of ribs, pelvis, elbows, shoulders and knees. As long as you concentrated on his face while fucking, observing its changes, you could really get into it.

Let me here interpose the admission that I was no golden-limbed Apollo myself at the time. The Summer of Love had left me just as bony as him, although some ten years younger, and I looked even worse if possible from the neck up than down. But he was no idealist, at 33 and alone, and for me it had been a deadly hot season, so together, rubbing our emaciated bodies against one another, clattering like a brush on a corrugated washboard, we managed to coax a spark which momentarily would blind us to the misery of our respective conditions.

As a matter of fact, for the first few weeks we stoked up quite a flare each time we rubbed together. I took him from fore and aft, viciously and repeatedly, and savaged his shrinking ass with my mouth while he wrapped his kindling-stick thighs about my ears and sang in tongues. At first of course while fucking there was the pervasive question, which can with some guys proliferate into a positive paranoia, of Whether He Was

Enjoying The Sex. He was so loud in coming, so flamboyant and choreographic, to bring him off was to participate in a melodrama of sexist chauvinism: what a cock I got, to devastate a guy like that! But as time went on I decided, hell, it'd be too much fucking trouble for a person to fake a tantrum like that several times an evening, and settled down contentedly to just sawing the old pulp and watching the sparks fly off the blade.

Never before, as it happened, in his three and thirty, had he ever got into sucking cock. Essentially—more than I—he was of a liberated cast of mind, but had always regarded this act as a joyless submission to dominant rut, and a pain in the neck. But then came the night I moved in with him, having been locked out of my flat by an indignant landlord. With my two supermarket boxes of meager personal effects stashed safely in his closet, my sole change of clothes hanging newly-washed on his hanger, and my boots stowed under his bed for his gross, fat, middle-aged cat to sharpen his claws on, he commenced to take a certain proprietary interest in my throbbing staff, and lay some while that night with his cheek pillowed on my thigh and my cock in an Arnie Palmer grip, testing its reflexes. This is fun, he murmured after a bit, and bending forward took the bulb in his mouth and bathed it with his tongue.

Reaching out luxuriously, I flicked off the headstand light and settled down for the blowjob of my life. It was something else again. Over a period of what was surely a half-hour, the humid, basting sensation changed into a fierce taking, a pneumatic pulsing of hot suck, replete with mewling noises and staccato growls. He had been using his teeth for some time before I could bring myself to believe that was what accounted for the curious sunburned feeling along the sides of my

(continued on page 20)

Alice Cooper and David Bowie— Phony Faggots or Closet Queens?

Alice Cooper, the biggest moneymaker in the rock business today—he even out-grossed the Rolling Stones on his last marathon 58-city three-month tour—is the leading exponent of so-called transvestite rock, deca (for decadent) rock, glitter rock or punk rock.

He's come out with a line of unisex cosmetics called "Whiplash." He's called "the fabulous Queen of Rock 'n' Rouge." Yet, when put to the test, Alice says: "I've never had a sexual experience with a male. But that doesn't mean I won't. It's just that America expects me to be chasing 14 boys around a room with a whip. America is sex, death and money. We laugh at all three."

"Behind the mascara and sequined jumpsuit is a fellow who has had the same girl friend since 1968," *Newsweek* reassuringly reports. "He even hates most rock music: 'Since I'm writing it and singing it, I'd rather not listen to it.'"

Alice Cooper, however, has some competition from David Bowie, an English import who features flaming orange hair and who press agents promote as the first "admittedly bisexual superstar."

Bowie even has some gay lyrics in his collections of songs and in one number called "Gotta Find Me A Man" he falls on his knees before his lead guitarist and gives him a simulated blowjob while strobe lights flash in surrealistic fashion.

Yet, with all this pizzazz, Bowie's agents are very touchy on the bisexual issue. As reported in an earlier issue of GAY, the press relations woman at Capitol Records audibly gasped when asked if any of the biographical materials handed out on Bowie dealt with his bisexuality.

Now, perhaps adding injury to insult, Bowie and his cohorts have shown their charlatanism colors during a New York press conference. Gary Fried, one of WBAI-FM gay program producers, went to a Bowie press conference and proceed-



Consider David Bowie's "strobejob."



PAUL WAGNER, a singer with heart.

ed to ask Bowie about some of the "gay lyrics" in his songs.

"What gay lyrics?" Bowie responded. Laughter then filled the room. Someone standing near Bowie told Gary Fried: "Don't bring your problems in here." Another person then told the other pressmen Fried was probably one of Bowie's "male groupies."

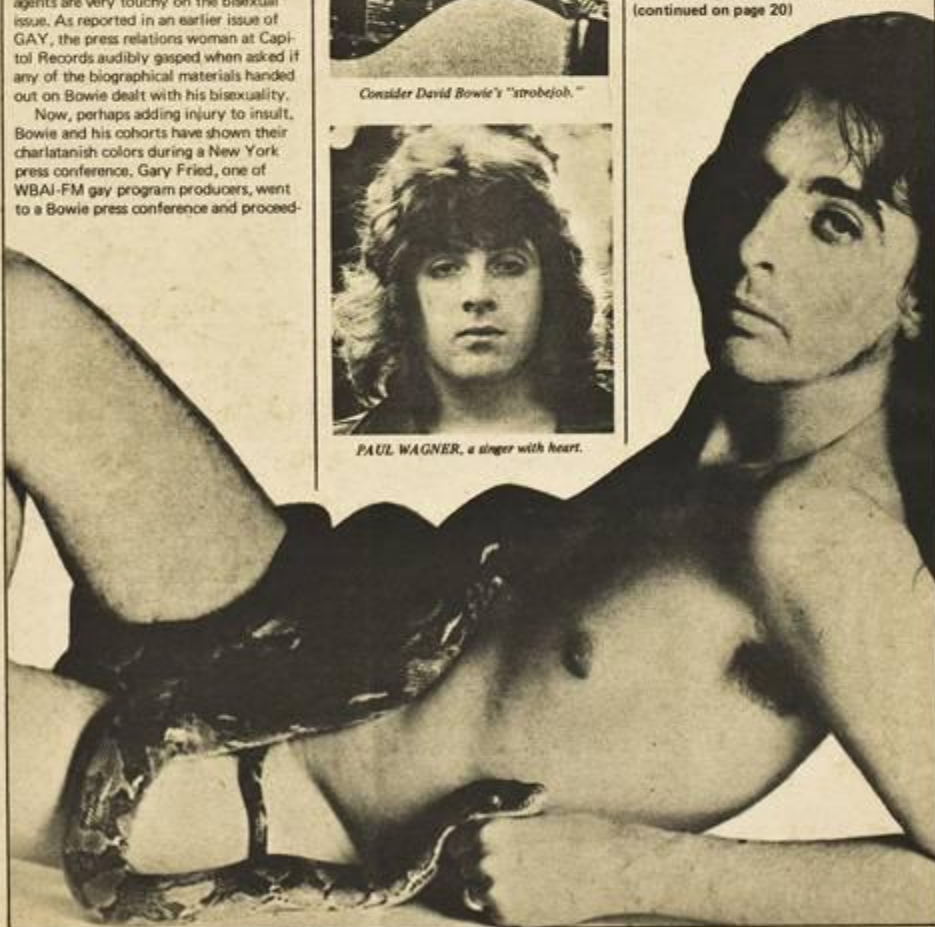
"Bowie was being vicious and anti-homosexual," Charles Pitts, an openly gay S&M WBAI announcer who was recently laid off by that station, reports. "Fried was like a lamb being led to slaughter. He kept giving Bowie the benefit of the doubt."

Pitts got Fried's tape of the Bowie press conference under false pretenses and broadcast it on his own all-night radio talk show. It caused bitter feelings on Fried's part and was partly responsible for WBAI's manager, Jerry Coffin, dismissing Pitts a short time thereafter.

"I was out to expose Bowie," Pitts says, defending his playing of Fried's tape. "He's the one who is ripping off millions of dollars doing a gay gimmick. Gary Fried isn't. But Fried wouldn't have let me play it because it made him look bad."

INTRODUCING PAUL WAGNER

For Paul Wagner, the gay folk singer who preceded Bette Midler's surprise appearance at Washington Square on Christopher Street Liberation Day, he does not (continued on page 20)



A Transvestite Tangles Tongues:

An Interview with Sandy Day

Anybody who would contemplate transsexual surgery seriously possesses a mind of no common order. Indeed, it is a decision that requires the staunchest determination to undergo the years of psychological and physical transformations before the final snip. But here's Sandy Day, a transvestite entertainer on the threshold of one of the most incredible forms of human alteration to tell the story of why he enjoys being a girl and how he spent \$20,000 on treatments thus far. Quite a test of perseverance, don't you think?

GAY: As a transvestite contemplating a transsexual operation, how have you altered yourself thus far, and what is motivating you to change your sex?

SANDY: I have spent about the last three years taking hormones and related treatments. I used to have a beard which took two years to remove. Then I had to have my face restructured with silicone injections. That left my hips and breasts, and I don't like the idea of silicone in the breasts because for me it's too close to my heart. Some people, you know, have had terrible things happen. Their bodies can't take it and tend to fall. So you have this great huge lump where the thing moved.

GAY: What about the modern method of using plastic bags filled with silicone?

SANDY: That comes out as hard as bricks.

GAY: Where have you been receiving treatments?

SANDY: There are only two doctors who have the authority to give these shots. Mine is Dr. Shifman at 71st Street and Central Park West. He is doing my hips also, which is kind of scary because of the size of the needles they use. The tip is about seven inches long. Somebody warned me, the needle's this long, but I thought it was an exaggeration until I got there and saw it! In fact, I chickened out the first time. I said, "Oh no, I can't do this." The first thing they do is give you novocaine shots—eight of them. The whole treatment takes something like 32 shots in each hip for one treatment.

GAY: How many treatments are required?

SANDY: It depends on how big you want your hips. My decision to take these treatments and change my life all came in pieces, you know. The first time I actually did it as a joke. That was about six years ago. I'm 21 now.

GAY: Where were you living at that time?

SANDY: In Washington. I won first prize at a drag ball, so I went to a few other contests in drag. Then I would wake up in the morning and pluck my eyebrows or decide that I'd like to have my hair done, and before you know it there you are.

GAY: Do you feel that you are a woman who accidentally was born with male genitals?

SANDY: I tried very hard to be a boy. I wanted to get out of this. But later I decided that whatever happens has to happen. It just grew and grew like when you catch a cold.

GAY: How did you become a performer?

SANDY: I went to some places and asked for work, so I got into doing entertainment, but I felt as though I were doing the same things over and over again. So I went to school for acting lessons and ballet and took up modern dancing, as a boy though. Then I went to New York and one thing led to another with shows and pantomime at the Roundtable and

the Goldbug and some stuff in upstate New York.

GAY: Did you have any interesting experiences on tour there?

SANDY: Yes. In Port Jervis we were doing a show in a hunting lodge where they had never seen a female impersonator. The strippers up there who aren't allowed to take everything off did it anyway because it was so far back in the woods that the police only came around every two or three days. There we were with all those 40-year-old strippers. I was doing an Andrews Sisters-type number with two others and the first thing I heard was "Take it off." We had to stay there for a week and live over the lodge. They'd come in with their deer and rabbits and hang them outside and put their rifles up on the wall. Well, it had to happen. One of the guys decided that he wanted to go to bed with me and I thought this is going to be a problem because we were not billed as imperson-

ates and that I'd meet him downstairs after I had time to dress. So he left, but came back again and I got a little pissed off at him and said, "Look, I'm not a woman. I'm a man." So we ended up fighting and the three of us finally pushed him out the door.

GAY: He was upset, huh?

SANDY: Oh, yes, he minded very much, and that was what the fight was all about. He thought his masculinity had been fooled. So I came back to the city swearing never to work any more club dates in the woods and I started to take up tap dancing. That was when all the nostalgia performing began to get big and I thought I'd like to do that. Candy Darling was into that too and we tried to get into some shows. I auditioned for **No, No, Nanette**. The casting guy asked Candy if she could tap dance and she said, "I'm with Andy Warhol." The guy said, "I don't care who you are with, can you tap dance?" I said I could but I didn't get in



Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

ators. I knew that this guy didn't know my sex and thought he was going to get himself a show girl from the city.

GAY: Had you had gay relations before this?

SANDY: Of course, anybody who says he's not gay and just woke up one morning and decided to be a girl or go in drag is crazy. That's a little farfetched. Anyway, the club closed and he pushed his way into my dressing room. Luckily, three of us were in the room because he was so big, and he had his rifle in his hand. I wanted to say, "Listen, I have something to tell you. Things are not what they seem." But I couldn't look down the barrel of that rifle and tell him that I was a boy so I said, "Why don't you please leave?" He said he was in love and pointed the gun at me and I thought, "This man is planning to shoot me in my very head with this gun if I don't do something" so I asked him to sit down and talk it over. I said that I couldn't do anything upstairs because of my room-

the show anyway. He talked to somebody who said that it was an old Irish play and there was no place in it for a black person. I understood that.

GAY: What do you think of Candy Darling?

SANDY: I think she's a fool because she's making all these movies and not getting a dime. She's still begging. Andy Warhol is getting millions and they're getting nothing. Maybe I shouldn't condemn them because they're doing it for the exposure, but I don't see that.

GAY: Where have you been appearing recently?

SANDY: At the 82 Club as a production singer but, when I really get in the mood to sing, I do a spot. Right now, I'm in a Billie Holiday mood.

GAY: How did you get started as an entertainer?

SANDY: Well, once I was in a club in Washington called the Golden Beach and someone asked me to do a number. That

(continued on page 20)

Do Gay Politicians Have Sex?

Jim Owles Spills the Beans

BY PETE DVARACKAS

After primary election time, Jim Owles headed up to Provincetown to get away from it all. There he discovered the sweet luxury of anonymity in which he could blissfully fuck and relate with people who were more interested in him than his movement image. It was a far cry from cruising the Eagle's Nest—wouldn't you say?—where the closest thing to sex for him is getting tied down in a political discussion. But duty calls and Owles is back in town to tell you about his projects.

GAY: You're a person who anyone remotely interested in gay politics would recognize on the spot. So as a celebrity you must find it annoying trying to get laid as Jim Owles when guys react to you as a former GAA President, or as a City Council candidate. How do you deal with this?

OWLES: Well, I've tried rudeness but even that doesn't seem to work. Possibly trips to Philadelphia or Boston, where I'm less recognized, might work. But seriously, if these people could only remember that politicians are gay too, and that we have the same strong urges that they have and want to meet someone just as much. When people come over and start rapping about politics I don't mind it sometimes because I'm not in the bar to stand there like a statue. I like to talk to people but I don't like to feel like a complaint bureau.

GAY: You'd like to be anonymous?

OWLES: Well, I think that means I'd like to be able to be anonymous for one night a week, in order to be able to have people relate to me differently.

GAY: Do other gay politicians experience similar problems?

OWLES: I know one person active in the movement who is very political and who wouldn't have any problem at all picking up anybody, but there are times when he gets so hassled by people that he can't cruise no matter where he goes. So he winds up going to Third Avenue to pick up a hustler or going to a hustler bar because it's the only place where they don't bother him with politics.

GAY: Speaking of politics, you've had your own experience in the big time, having recently been defeated in the primaries as a candidate for City Council. What is your assessment of that campaign now that it's over?

OWLES: It showed me a lot of things. We started very late in the game. I had not been planning to run, but another possible candidate backed out. I just got back from a cross-country speaking tour and we decided that we should run against Carol Greitzer even though we believed we couldn't really win. Carol Greitzer was backed by the *Times*, the *Post*, and sort of the back room group at *The Village Voice*. Plus she had a strong political club. So there was a lot against us. Also there was a third candidate, as you know, so even the anti-Greitzer vote was split between myself and this third candidate. So the most we hoped to get out of the campaign was experience at running a candidacy. I don't think I was the strongest of the candidates that we could have put up, quite frankly. The outcome demonstrated to us the need for another organization. My opponents were able to say "he's only running on the gay issue," and it was very hard to escape from that. This points out the need for people in the gay movements to build up coalitions with people in other areas of city work. Realistically, we can't expect to get

what we want, whether it's legislation or whatever else, without working with other people in the city. Another problem: after the initial "gay candidate runs" splurge we couldn't get the media coverage we needed. It was impossible to get the daily newspapers or the TV stations and radio because there were too many other things happening in New York. I would have had to go bump off my opponent to make it in the *Times*. If I'd been in San Francisco or someplace else, we would have had a better chance, but here in the nerve center it was impossible.

GAY: What do you plan to do next?
OWLES: I hardly stay still for more than a few weeks without getting into something. I suppose the next project will be starting another organization. Some friends of mine who worked with me, and some others who were not on the campaign, are interested in forming a new Democratic group which we'll call something like "The Oscar Wilde Democratic

group they will be initially interested in meeting a friend but eventually will get involved in what we're doing politically.
GAY: How should other people go about doing this for themselves elsewhere in the country?

OWLES: The thing that I'm proposing is not original. It's been done in San Francisco with the Alice B. Toklas Club which is predominantly gay and is in a gay area called the Catskill Valley. They had to get a charter from a state organization, although that necessity varies from state to state. If you want to be recognized within a party's official organization you get a charter, but other times you don't. I think initially we'll just be an independent club with no official status at all.

GAY: What is your goal?
OWLES: Power, not complete power, but a share in the running of the city. Whether there are 100,000 homosexuals or 8,000 in the city doesn't matter. The fact is that in the city there are a lot of gay

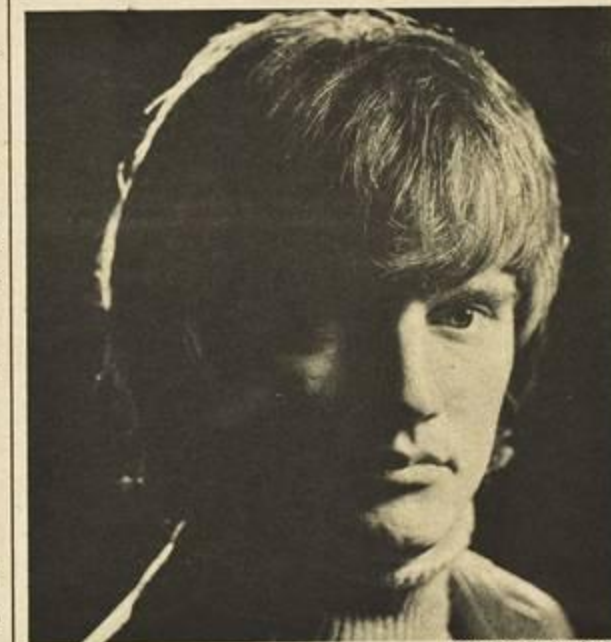


Photo: Eric Stephen Jacobs

Club" in Manhattan.

GAY: What for?

OWLES: Because in the gay movement or in gay politics we have to go into other areas aside from the demonstrations, the zaps, and aside from all else that has been going on. There's a need to move into established areas and start realizing the old slogans like **gay power**, and that means organizing things to press for appointed jobs in the state and city government and to elect people who are sympathetic to our cause. And that means getting gay people elected, too. The best way to do this is to organize a club. Now, if the Republicans ran this city I would be organizing a Republican club. The reason for choosing the existing neighborhood club format is because people join them for the same reasons people join gay organizations: they are lonely or they want to get involved. Gay people are like others that way so not very many of them are going to be attracted to a straight Democratic club. With a gay

people and they are not getting a say in government. This organization will give a shot at that so just like any other minority we'll have a shot at being Borough President or we'll try to elect a gay person to Congress. Things like that.

GAY: You have been involved in the gay movement since 1969: how has it changed since then?

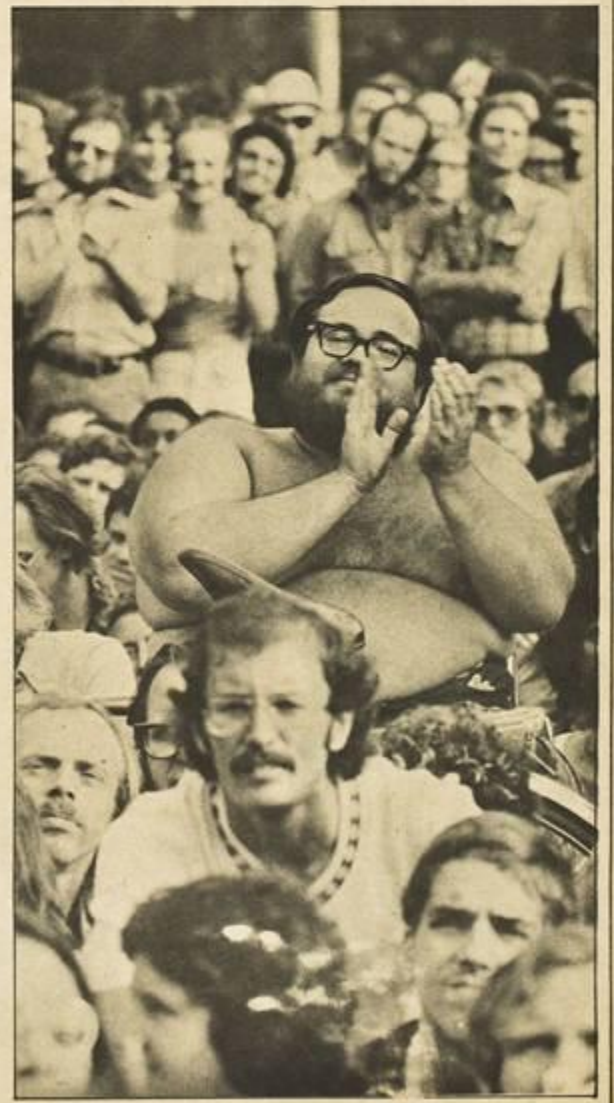
OWLES: It's hard to say if the priorities have really changed, perhaps the methods have. When you go back to the original gay movement the older homophiles were always after power in the positive sense and some of them sought it by associating themselves with revolutionary groups, as the old Gay Liberation Front did. Other types of organizations like GAA got people out and active and interested in civil rights and got them interested in the next logical step. Other groups push on an educational level, others are into counseling services. Many people think that this great splintering of organizations is not

(continued on page 20)

GAY DAY 73!

Photo Essay by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Nearly 10,000 gay men and women participated in the fourth annual Christopher Street Liberation Day celebration. They marched hand in hand, arm in arm from Central Park West to a huge "gay-in" in Washington Square Park. Banners flew, observers waved from their apartment windows, cab drivers honked their horns and cheered as gays raised clenched fists to demonstrate solidarity. For the first time they had stepped out of their psychological closets and come from their nocturnal social gatherings to shout the joy of their love in the bright light of day.



Gay Leads On!

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

Plus, for a limited time only, with your new subscription to GAY you also receive a free 30-word classified ad. Meet the person of your dreams through GAY's super expanded classified section. Fill in this handy coupon along with this ad and save \$3.00 on a 30-word classified (all additional words 10¢ each).

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Subscriber Special!!



The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

(Gregory Battcock is in Russia. His boat to Leningrad called at three Northern European ports. Following is his exclusive GAY report of three once famous transportation centers.)

...

There is nothing to see in the ports of Le Havre, Tilbury and Bremerhaven. Yet only a few years ago each was as famous as JFK, Heathrow and Orly. The great liners of Cunard, White Star, P & O, Transat, United States Lines and North German Lloyd crossing from New York, South America and the Orient called at the cavernous passenger railroad terminals that served most of England, France and Germany. (Gigantic ships too large to navigate the Thames estuary to Tilbury stopped at Southampton.) At each terminal "boat trains" received passengers at dockside, en route to Paris, London and Bremen/Berlin. Unlike the make-believe cities of airports, these are real places that flourish without benefit of the great liners and millions of travelers that made them famous. This is a tale of a brief stop at each port, on a New York-Leningrad voyage.

...

1. Le Havre

Our first stop upon disembarkation at Le Havre after eight days at sea was the **Bureau de Poste** where our small group placed calls to London, New York, Moscow, Canary Islands, Tel Aviv and Bonn. The French operators ignored their regular clients fooling around with Bordeaux

and Poitiers and yelled into batteries of receivers, shouted "cabine" numbers and, with uncharacteristic respect, "did their thing." New York came in first, the excitement swelled by shouts of "MOSCOU! MOSCOU! Le Monsieur pour Moscou?" "Londres, sept neuf neuf pour Londres!" "Attendez Bonn!"

It all called for a drink and there were plenty of bars, not seaport type bars, just big-city French bars with lots of vin blanc and juke boxes. Lunch of coquilles and poisson frite with a white Sauvignon, a fresh Beaujolais with the cheese, more Cognacs at bars along the overly wide, overly splendid Boulevards of Havre, taxi to the flower market, an armload of gladiolas, the GARE MARITIME and, exhausted, to the ship's bar.

2. Tilbury, England

Some people know a sailor in every port. I keep a ragged listing of singularly unattractive (though perhaps amusing) acquaintances who inhabit far-off places. This time we looked up a London friend (call him "John") and invited him to Tilbury to lunch on our Russian ship.

My friend John is an airplane/boat freak, like myself. He is also a thief, ingrate and screamer. The screaming began on the gangplank. I don't enjoy hugging, screaming and kissing people under any circumstances; even less in full view of the charming Russian crew loitering on Promenade Deck.

On top of everything else John often confuses himself with the Tsarina Olga. He seemed to confuse our T/X Mikhail Lermontov with the Ilyushin 14. Our friend propositioned the bartender and

slurped up two bottles of "Igristoje" Soviet champagne. Our shipboard lunch began with a bread and rice "pie" and ended with a dish of whipped cream. A piece of pastry did not contain a caviar filling, though it did indeed smell of salted salmon.

The amusing touch came at the end of John's visit. Upon leaving the ship he stationed himself on Tilbury pier to wave goodbye. Departure hour approached, the ship's marching band struck up "Sea King," the gangplank slid away and we two waved vigorously at one another. Nothing happened. The boat didn't budge.

Soon thereafter things seemed to perk up. A few passengers leaning on railings peered into the fog. John started shaking his handkerchief. The band struck up "March of the Young Sailors," the lines were hauled in, sea gulls squawked and nothing happened. "March of the Young Sailors" petered out.

Some minutes later the tugboats tooted. John fluttered his wrinkled handkerchief and I, on the deck, fluttered one back. The ship's band rendered "March of the Slavic Women" and still the boat didn't budge. The few remaining passengers on deck dribbled off to their cabins. John started yelling about wasting the whole afternoon waving, and made a bee line for the British Rails terminal. I went to bed.

3. Bremerhaven

The next afternoon our good ship docked at Bremen harbor. Bremerhaven is a spanking clean, brand new city. There are flowers and pleasant cafes and pubs

(continued on page 20)



The Wicker Report

BY RANDY WICKER

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

Boys! Boys! Boys!, the latest production of Dramatis Personae, 114 West 14th Street, is one of the best "show-and-tell" entertainment buys in town.

You enter under the flashing, tiny marquee and climb a flight of stairs to the second-floor theatre. All seats are \$3 and the house only seats about 100 people.

The stage consists of three circular platforms surrounded by tiered seats on three sides. Since there are only three rows in either side, the first 50 guests are assured of prime seats.

While waiting for the show to commence (usually about a half an hour late), scantily clad cast members stroll about pouring free generous glasses of wine for all. The actors are introduced only by their first names, which becomes understandable as one sees the full show.

The surprising thing about **Boys! Boys! Boys!** isn't its advertised and expected nudity, nor the several skits in which males writhe over the sets while actually performing oral sex and simulating anal intercourse, but the fact that the show is more than just a tawdry, tacky porno rip-off. It is much more. It's a real show with costumes, dancing, contortion stunts and, most of all, genuine satire and humor.

The production runs for two hours and is divided into halves separated by an intermission. The cast features six males and one female. Only the males appear nude.

The quality of the dozen or so skits ranges from genuinely creative and amusing to tired, tacky and boring. One particularly amusing satire involves a couple of

lovers in the 21st century in which one young man gives his mate a sex robot as a birthday present.

A sexual satire on **The Wizard of Oz**, on the other hand, is not so amusing and must doubtlessly offend most Judy Garland fans. While the costuming for the show is relatively elaborate, the staging is mediocre and the lighting could be far more dynamic.

What makes seeing **Boys! Boys! Boys!** a thoroughly enjoyable evening is the informal, relaxed atmosphere created in the theatre, the remarkable handsomeness of most of the male cast, and, last but not from least, the extraordinary talent of one of the performers—Wayne, the master of ceremonies.

"Wayne," whose full name is Wayne Corliss, does a marvelous job as the sex robot. He later proves to be a compelling and masterful storyteller in a skit in which, dressed as a court jester, he tells the story of a man from Bayonne who has 100 women in his harem.

The story is farcical. Supposedly it is to be told in **mime**, but never gets around to that part. Instead, with a command of the stage and a professional verbal talent one hardly expects to find in a production of such supposed "ill-repute," he enraptures the audience for a full, highly-entertaining ten minutes.

There is a little of everything in **Boys! Boys! Boys!**—a couple of drag satires, pantomiming, ballet, a contortionist act in which "Tom" prances around with his legs wrapped over his shoulders.

And, of course, there is the nudity and the sex which one sadly suspects sells

most of the tickets. The modest should not go see **Boys! Boys! Boys!** That is, if seeing as many as three male couples simultaneously engaging in **real** (not simulated) oral sex onstage offends your finer sensibilities. If, on the other hand, your mother is wealthy, has a heart condition and is a prude, **Boys! Boys! Boys!** will certainly expedite your inheritance.

Most of the cast manage to maintain erections during their sexual performances. One wonders why these super-heroes of the gay porn circuit often can't do as well in technicolor for the camera.

For \$3, considering that you can get plentiful free wine—six-ounce glasses (styrofoam cups—nothing elegant, mind you)—have some legit laughs and can also ogle the stunning cast as they copulate to and fro across the stage, **Boys! Boys! Boys!** is quite a bargain.

I suggest you go see it, if such things are to your liking, before the local moral authorities pull a raid and **Boys! Boys! Boys!** becomes another memory like the **orgy bars**.

STROLLERS BEWARE!

Members of four teenage gangs, mainly sons of unemployed Irish longshoremen, have been attacking patrons of the Eagle's Nest and Spike bars on 11th Avenue and 20th Street with increasing frequency. More than 20 people have been beaten, several hospitalized with fractures and knife wounds. The youngsters, most in their early teens, attack gay males dressed in leather attire. However, they have assaulted gays as far south as West 14th Street.



Entertainment

BY BOB AMSEL and DICK LEITSCH

On Broadway

THE CHANGING ROOM

Morosco Theatre, 217 W. 45th St., 246-6230, Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m., also Wed. & Sat. matinees at 2 p.m.

David Storey's slice-of-lower-class-life play about the locker room antics of a rugby team. If clipped sentences are your thing, you'll swoon over the dialogue. The 22 men on the team let their thoughts, dreams and aspirations drop as easily as their jockstraps. Although the average theatre-goer might become distracted by the constant clicking of opera glasses as the orchestra queens count every public hair in sight, I have it on the best authority that the "stage-door Johnnies" for this production are mostly women, hungry women at that. (Two-fers available)

Off Broadway

THE FAGGOT

Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St., 674-8240, Tues.-Fri. 7:30 p.m., Sat. 7 & 10 p.m., & Sun. 3 & 7:30 p.m.

Al Carmines' tuneful excursion into gay life, past and present. Such celebrities as Oscar and Bosie, Gertie and Alice, Catherine the Great and her horse are all brought enchantingly back to us. In addition, we find fading drag queens, fag hags, boastful mothers of gay offspring, gay bar owners, a gay Secretary of State and a host of others. Musically, Carmines is at his creative best and we're happily spared much of the preachiness that usually gags us in other so-called "gay shows."

COMING OUT

Night House Theatre, 249 West 18th Street (check local listings for times), 691-7359, Thurs. 8:30, Fri.-Sun. 7:30

An expanded version of Jonathan Katz' play about homosexuality, past and present, and why we are as we are—or why Mr. Katz thinks we are as we are. The GAA loved it, as did Clive Barnes, and could the GAA and Clive Barnes be wrong? Judge for yourself.

TUBSTRIP

Mercer Arts Center Brecht Theatre, 240 Mercer St., OR 3-3937, Fri. & Sat. 7:30 & 10:30, Sun. 2 & 8, Wed. & Thurs. 8 p.m.

One of those "previews forever" kind of exploitation shows terrified of opening to deadly reviews. They have good reason to fear. Set in a bath house, this might be a great show were it not for the actors, the writer and the director, all of whom should turn in their gay belly buttons and leave the country. Be warned: if the naked bodies can't keep you awake, nothing else will.

THE WATERGATE SCANDALS OF '73

Hot Peaches Company, 220 W. 24th St. (7th Ave.), Thurs. 9 p.m., Fri. & Sat. 11 p.m., 242-3900.

Semi-drag, semi-freakshow musical fantasy of Tricky Niki's rise to power with the help and/or hindrance of friends Martyr Mitchell, Zero Agnewt, the three witches from *Macbeth* and others. Songs mostly pilfered from other shows, i.e., "Lovin' That Man" (*Showboat*), "Big Spender" (*Sweet Charity*), "Goin' Back" (*Bells Are Ringing*). We were particularly fond of Cynthia Stardust's "Baby Jane"



FAGGOTS: actually lesbians, Alice and Gertie, really Peggy Atkinson and Lee Guillatt.

imitation while singing to a blood-stained ax.

CAMILLE

Ridiculous Theatre Company, 50 West 13th St., 924-9785, Thurs.-Sun. 10:30 p.m.

A drag version of the Dumas film classic. As Marguerite Gautier, the consumptive Parisian courtesan, Charles Ludlam has to be seen to be believed, and even then he's worthy of a few double-takes. Hair-chested, he gracefully flutters about the stage in crinolines, gaily shaking a head almost devoured by corkscrew curls, battling his false lashes, and grinning with lips the color of coagulating blood. In a husky voice, he gargles his lines like—you guessed it—Tallulah. Toward the end of the play—Marguerite's death scene—when one fears he is starting to take himself seriously, he starts gagging on what looks like an oft-used menstrual rag and brings down the house.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

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

A live sex show. Its major virtue is that admission is only three bucks on Fridays and Sundays (four on Saturdays) and two bucks if you're a student (student of what? we wonder). Although the producer claims to present a "new show" every week, we don't know what exactly is new about it—the performers or the positions. At any rate, it's probably no

better, no worse than some of the \$5 movies around and it's so much easier on the wallet.

Movies

EROTIKUS

55th Street Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.

Billed as a "history of the gay movie," this is more of a series of coming attractions (pardon the pun) edited together. There are scenes from *Boys in the Sand*, *L.A. Plays Itself*, *Confessions of a Male Groupie*, etc., and if you're into porn, here's your chance to catch some of the savory tidbits you might have missed and drool over some you fondly remember.

What's For Free

New York's Summer Festival is operated by heterosexual chauvinists (you'll notice the Summer Festival Queen is invariably a woman), yet it continues to offer gay people good cruising, as well as pleasant diversions for a summer evening. The weather's too warm for parties, but call your friends, ask them all to bring wine, cheese, grass and poppers, and arrange to meet in a park. Alternatively, go alone and spread your blanket near the beauty of your choice.

travellers

Following are some of the highlights for the coming weeks. For more information, call the Parks Department at 472-1003, or stop by the Visitors' Bureau in Times Square for schedules.

Villagers and those who are heading down there for the bar scene might start early any Tuesday night in August and enjoy the chamber music concerts in Washington Square Park. They're free, the music is usually good, and the cruising is excellent. Starting time—for the concerts—is 8 p.m.

Uptown, at Damrosch Park in the southwest corner of Lincoln Center, there's a whole series of events. The Goldman Band plays there August 2 (a program of music by Grainger and Grieg), August 3 (Italian music), August 5 ("An August Serenade"), August 8 ("Biblical Themes") and on the 9th, 10th and 11th. These concerts all begin at 8 p.m. and end around 10:00, leaving plenty of time for cruising the growing number of Upper West Side bars.

Rock music is your thing? The Summer Festival Queen hasn't forgotten you. The Brooklyn Arts and Culture Association is presenting a free rock concert at the Hamilton-Metz Memorial Field at 4 p.m. on Sunday, August 5, and there are free rock concerts at Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center on Saturday, August 18 (2 p.m.), August 24 (2 p.m.), September 1 (6 p.m.). Latin lovers will enjoy the Latin Music Concert on Central Park's Mall at 2 p.m. on Sunday, August 5, and lovers of gospel music might check out Bobby Banks and the Children of God when they perform at Prospect Park's Music Grove at 2 p.m. on Sunday, August 5. The "Today" gospel singers will make a joyful noise unto the Lord in the parking lot of the Brooklyn Museum at 7 p.m. on August 10.

Opera fans may hear concerts by La Puma Opera Workshop at Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center on Tuesday, August 7, Wednesday, August 15, and Thursday, August 30. All performances begin at 8 p.m. Brooklynites may hear the Brooklyn Lyric Opera Company perform *Cavalleria Rusticana* at 7:30 on August 23 at Fort Hamilton Park and *Traviata*—complete with costumes and scenery—at the same time and place on August 9. There's free dance in Brooklyn, too. The Contemporary Choreographers Ensemble will perform at the Prospect Park Music Grove at 2 p.m. on Sunday, August 12.

For something truly spectacular, subway to Prospect Park at the same time on August 4th for the New York Philharmonic's "Tchaikovsky Spectacular" complete with fireworks for the rousing *1812 Overture* finale. That's a trip in itself.

Those tired of the usual crop of grim-faced Manhattan gay people may want to check out some of the tourist spots for some fresh-faced visitors longing to meet a real New Yorker to show them the town. The South Street Seaport Museum is a popular spot for tourists and New Yorkers-in-the-know, especially now that there's so much happening there. On Saturday and Sunday, August 4 and 5, and again on the 11th, the Seaport Museum will hold a "Streets and Sidewalk Arts Festival" with music, arts and crafts exhibits, and other entertainment, from noon to six. Sunday, August 12, will see a festival of bluegrass and old-time country music at the same location.

Some people who work in offices



BOYS, BOYS, BOYS; the show Randy Wicker fell to pieces over. These guys will let you watch them suck each other off. No kidding.

spend their lunch hours gossiping on the phone with people like this writer, who works at home. Others read the Post, or otherwise fritter away their time. Outside their windows is an extension of the summer festival. Midtown wage-slaves might check out the free concerts every Tuesday and Thursday in Bryant Park at 12:15. Some of the performers include Bob Rosengarden's Band (of the Dick Cavett Show) (August 2), the Al Belmonte Jazz Band (August 7), the Bill Watrous Band (August 9), and the Alfredo Munar Latin Band (August 23).

Wall Streeters who are tired of cruising the steps of the Federal Hall National Memorial may want to walk over to the South Street Seaport Museum which features "University of the Streets" concerts from noon till two. (Call the Parks Department at 472-1003 for dates.) Trinity Church also has frequent concerts, and there's something happening all the time in their coffeehouse "74 Below" located at 74 Trinity Place. (They sell food, too: sandwich, 35 cents; coffee, a dime.)

You may not pick up Mayor Lindsay, but you might trick with an Assistant District Attorney if you cruise the Tuesday and Thursday noon-time concerts at City Hall. Whether your intentions are lecherous or cultural, you'll probably enjoy the music. Some of the talent includes the Henry Terrill Band (August 7), the Al Belmonte Jazz Band (August 14), the Howie Mann Band (August 21), and the Max Kaminsky Dixieland Band (August 28).

If you're one of those people who considers bars oppressive, baths impersonal and gay groups too shrill, try cruising the Summer Festival. As Confucius, or whoever, said: "Whosoever people gather together in large numbers and relax, strangers speaking to strangers, there will the cruising be good."



FRED HALSTED, up to his old fist-fucking tricks in EROTIKUS, his documentary on gay films.

Gay Classified

<p>VERY LONELY W/M INMATES looking for interesting person to alleviate loneliness of past prison life. Release approx. 12 mths. Need somebody. No mail censorship, open visiting. Very understanding, compassionate. Please write: Johnny Reed 131349, Dart Sheely 133481, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.</p> <p>LIBRARY SERVICE, INC. Offering quality adult gay fiction—has a new brochure. Write today for an immediate reply. Write: Library Service, Inc., Dept. G, PO Box 20308, San Diego, Calif. 92120.</p> <p>FREE! New radical homosexual publication. Write: Times Sq. Studio, Box 687, NYC 10036, State over 21.</p> <p>HOW TO SUPERFADE LEVIS. Want your Levis to have that well-worn, super-faded look? You tried, huh? But they came out with holes & white spots! Proven method tells you how to quickly & safely fade blue denim. Mail \$2 to: C. Gaddis, Box 85-G, Roswell, Ga. 30075.</p> <p>GAY COMPUTER DATING. Are you looking for someone whose interests & tastes complement your own? Are you fed up with the bars, the games & the wrong people? Six matches guaranteed. Total cost \$7.50. Send for our free questionnaire. Enclose 25c (deductible) for postage & materials. Data-Date, PO Box 162, Village Sta., NY, NY 10014.</p> <p>YOUNG MEN: this ad is placed in all sincerity. If you are young, homeless & interested in a father-son, or lover-son, relationship either as a temporary or permanent arrangement & you are sincere, then you may be the one I am looking for. I am not rich, nor do I have many things of value, but I have a warm home & much love & happiness for the right person. It is important that you be masculine looking in appearance & dress & have a slim to average build. It would also be helpful if you have or could develop an interest in tennis, hiking, horseback riding, etc. If you only have weekends available, maybe we can work something out. I am English, white, slim to average build & in my 30s. I am interested in sex based on love relationship & seek the qualities of loyalty, devotion, love & kindness that I have myself. Please enclose a photo of yourself & full particulars. Reply to: Paul Black, PO Box 1681, Newark, NJ 07101.</p> <p>HEFTY MAN WANTED! 30-year-old white male of average looks, height, weight & build who finds the bar & bath scenes disagreeable would like to meet very heavy &/or very tall masculine man in his 30s. Mature personality, sense of humor very important. No drugs, phonies, hustlers, S/M, far-outs or alcoholics. Fat, height & personality turn me on. Write (giving phone if possible) to: PO Box 3036, Grand Cent. Sta., NY, NY 10017.</p> <p>W/M, 29, 5'10", 130, masc. good-looking, discreet, brown hair, eyes, don't smoke, loves the theatre, movies, seeks same for sincere permanent relationship. Write: J.A., Downstairs, 167 W. 21 St., NY 10011.</p> <p>ORIENTAL FRIENDS WANTED by blond, blue-eyed attractive guy. Sincere, stable, genuine. Wide interests, well-established, travelled. Don't be shy, write & send photo: Box 308, Gracie Sta., NYC 10028.</p> <p>WOMAN, 40s, slim, into art, interested meeting male 35-45 for companionship, affection, theatre, dinner, museums. Possible long relationship. Write: J.A. Smith, Rm. 504, 152 W. 42 St., NYC 10036.</p> <p>WHITE MALE, 32, handsome & well-built. Has own apartment in Manhattan. Would like to meet a very muscular, intelligent black or white man for friendship & uninhibited fun. Bodybuilder preferred. Write: PO Box 351, Madison Sq. Sta., NYC, NY 10010.</p> <p>CENTRAL NJ W/M, 26 years, desires meeting other W/M or couples under 35. Light S/M OK but unnecessary—I assume M role. Photo appreciated. Box 403, FDR Sta., NY, NY 10022.</p> <p>HOT SENSUOUS ITALIAN stud-model. Name your pleasure. Steven Callenti. Call Manhattan information.</p> <p>BLACK? HIGHBROW? Telephone All Ultrix!</p>	<p>ENDOWED YOUNG MALE seeks super-hung males into auto-fellatio. M. Gold, Box 543, Times Sq. Sta., NY, NY 10036.</p> <p>MALE DESIRES masculine male contact. Boots ideal. Photo welcomed but not necessary. PO Box 314, Summit, NJ 07901.</p> <p>ATTRACTIVE MALE MODEL, beautiful suntanned slender hairless youthful type, loves photography, will pose free for any type photos including bondage types. Bobby London, c/o The Gang, Box 1354, Scranton, Pa.</p> <p>3 LONELY MEN, doing life, with no one to write. Please write us. Men or women welcome. Harold Litten, age 38, 132-101; Donald Appel, age 44, 136-048; Stanley McMains, age 25, 135-982, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.</p> <p>PEN-PAL WANTED! English youth, aged 21; interest: music, dancing, poetry, travel & people; wishes to correspond with sincere guys aged between 23 & 40. (Genuine friendship.) B. Johnson, 133 Hampton Rd., Southport, Lancs., England.</p>	<p>GO GO BOYS WANTED</p> <p>for new gay bar. \$10 per hour, Friday and Saturday. Contact:</p> <p>Paul Kish c/o Glen Acres 44 Poplar Street Stamford, Conn. 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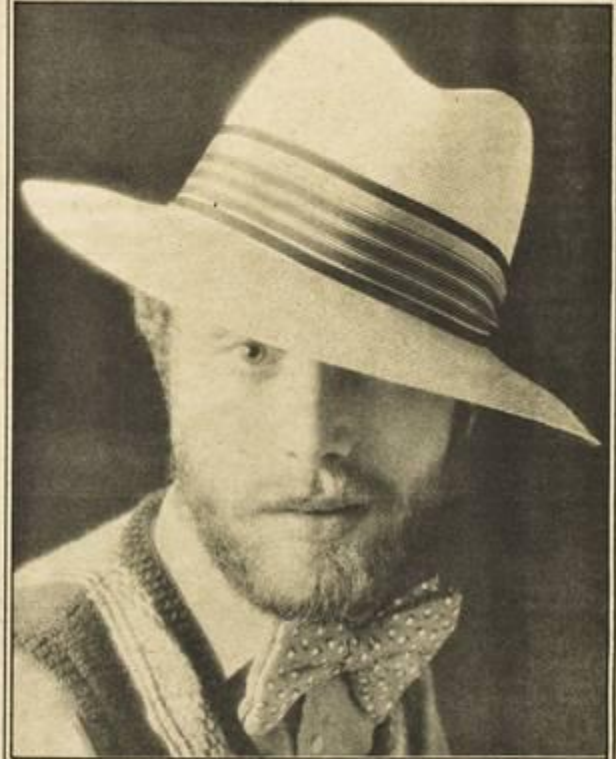
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Shackup

(continued from page 8)

cock. It felt bizarre. Strange masochistic visions penetrated my fantasies: back on Crete again, yielded up as a sacrifice or tangled in the kelp of a blood-warm ocean, helpless to resist some amorphous sea-thing draining me from just out of my vision. . . . He was working himself up into quite a state. It culminated with drawing my prick right down into his throat, squirming gagging against the tip, while he put a tight lock on the base of it with his teeth and gurgled and shuddered for some long moment out of mind. Then he fell over onto his stomach and I attack it in him.

This became the M.O. for our every commission of the crime of fornication. Nothing quite so infuriated his sex drive as having me crouch over his face, holding my cock soldier-still while he butchered it with teeth and tongue and rolled my balls around in his fingers with breathtaking delicacy. After a long stretch of that, he would lie in a state of euphoric delirium while I socked it into his ass, culminating when we came in a kicking, shrieking, growling, gnashing, flopping frenzy.

And it was after just such a lewd episode we noted the emergence of a little bump, about the size of a robin's egg, at the hole of his ass. Although painless at first, after a couple of weeks, during which our lovemaking inevitably diminished in ardor, it began to plague him, and we sought help at St. Vincent's.

Blue Cross is a wonderful thing. It will even cover pre-existing conditions, providing you sign away a sizeable title of your income to it forever after. He was set up in a very knowledgeable hospital, and while he went under the knife, I stayed home and chopped up raw kidney for the accursed cat. With various complications, he was laid up for nearly a month, and to this day whenever I smell piss I think of that fucking cat.

Betimes, though, he came home again, spectacularly depressed and upbraiding me for failing to visit him more than twice. He could barely fucking walk. And he was bonier than ever, with edges on the bones now, and the veins visible under the pale flesh all over his body, and his hair thin and stiff, and his eyes blood-shot. I tried blowing him and he tasted of adhesive and baby powder and disinfectant, and when he came he whimpered, and after that he cried for a while, and lay flat on his back staring at the ceiling while the greasy dawn light slowly polluted the darkness out in the airshaft. It was time to bolt. I was glad to leave. He was glad to see me go.

But to this day I miss those teeth. . . . And when you come right out and ask a guy to bite you while he's scarfing your cock, he thinks you're nuts. So, man, if you are ever requested by a gentleman to do this to him, try it before you write him off as a nut. You might like it.

Estate

(continued on page 15)

everyplace. There are department stores just like Korvettes and Gimbels. There are pleasant sea-side promenades and automobile traffic speeds along without jam-

ming up. It is a thriving city of no interest whatsoever.

Our stroll along the beachfront led us to two lovely urchins, just children, busily engaged in filling a beer bottle with sand. They also were exhibiting their little cocks to one another; they flirted with passers-by.

Bremerhaven, blessedly, is a place one never has to bother coming back to. It is, in so many ways, like Kennedy: no, like Newark.

Cheers,
Gregory

Cooper

(continued from page 9)

shrink from gay lyrics, he specializes in them. This attractive and quick-witted young man maintains there are two types of predominant gay scenes musically: hard sex rock, and the sublimated torch song. Wagner sings neither.

On his first disc **To Be A Man** for Trilogy Records, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 (available by mail for \$4.95) Wagner talks directly and openly about gay love without hiding in the future or the past, without flashy gimmicks. For him gay lib means plenty, but not at the expense or in place of personal liberation. His folk music idiom responds in the larger context to this personal freedom concept.

"My music is more real," Wagner says, "because it demands more from an audience. With sex rock and torch songs you can passively sit back and let the music pass over your mind like a wave. But then the tide recedes and the experience is over. I won't spoon-feed an audience. They have to actively listen and participate. However, after that's been accomplished we've communicated, we've reached each other. That's what music is all about, and that's the reason why I chose to become a singer."

Audiences approve where he's appeared at the Fat Black Pussy Cat, Brothers and Sisters, and the GAA Firehouse. You can catch his act Aug. 28-Sept. 1 at Reno Sweeney's, 126 West 13th Street.

Wagner's voice has a natural, soft-spoken quality, warm and more exposed than his speaking voice. He discovered his voice while singing to keep warm while hitchhiking in mid-winter to the University of Michigan. That was at the tender age of 18. He's 23 now, and Wagner describes the years between as a "long tortured struggle" to overcome gay hangups. At the end of that road at last, he decided the best way to celebrate the fact was to sing about it. So, in a sense, he has pioneered the introspective gay song, material which talks about love, gay relationships, and personal liberation.

People have reacted to the gay lyrics positively, "even in straight places," he says. The worst experience was to be "ignored."

Sandy Day

(continued from page 10)

was just pantomime, though. So I did a show there and it was alright, but I still wasn't too interested in it. I'm not fully hopped up on being in show business. I'd like to get into modeling, but I felt that entertainment was a good place to start.

GAY: Modeling is a tough business, right?
SANDY: In my case it is. If I were a regular girl, I would just go and sign up with an agency, but I have to go through a lot of changes. However, now that I've undergone some physical changes, I feel that I may be able to do better.

GAY: When will you undergo the sex-change operation?

SANDY: In the near future, I'm not sure when, but it will come when I'll just say "this is it." I've been living as a woman for about three years and I feel this has given me the preparation I need. I tried to live as a boy not long ago for one week to make sure that this is what I really want, but I freaked out more that way because of the way people related to me that way.

GAY: Is the sex-change operation really necessary?

SANDY: Some people get the sex-change because they fall in love with a straight guy and they want to become a woman so they can please him. In my case, I just feel that I've gone too far along in it to turn back now. Oh, I could stop getting the hormones but what would I do?

GAY: Just continue on as you are.
SANDY: As a woman I could at least get into the race.

GAY: Have you thought what it would mean from a standpoint of marriage?

SANDY: Well, I haven't given that too much thought. I'm mostly interested in my career at the moment.

GAY: Do you have a boyfriend?

SANDY: Yes I do.

GAY: Is it easier as you are to deal with sex than as a gay male?

SANDY: No, it's harder now. My boyfriend does want me to have the change and, as I said, I plan to do it, but not solely because he wants me to. When I was functioning as a gay person, it was easy because people knew what to expect; but now it's a different story.

GAY: Do you find yourself having sex with people who don't know the whole story?

SANDY: I don't find myself having sex with people at all.

GAY: You have less sex than before, then?

SANDY: I don't like sex now.

GAY: Why not?

SANDY: Well, I can't really do anything.

GAY: Can you use your cock in the traditional way?

SANDY: I could were it not for the hormones, but very honestly I don't like it. I have to tie everything up and have that pressure and nothing is fun if you're inhibited or worried about it.

GAY: Is this a psychological thing or is it something else?

SANDY: More psychological than anything else.

GAY: Do you ever find yourself getting an erection?

SANDY: Not anymore because of the hormones.

GAY: How specifically do you hide your cock?

SANDY: Well, you take the testicles and push one into the cavity where the other one is and then you push the cock into the space where the first one was. So going through all of these changes makes it no fun at all.

Jim Owles

(continued from page 11)

good, but I think otherwise. It demonstrates a certain strength that we've achieved. Some are more political, while some are more social, but having so many different gay-oriented groups gives us an increased feeling of strength. The fact that organizations, whether the GAA or Mattachine, don't have to do everything by themselves is good also. Each of these special interest groups makes it easier for the others.

GAY: Why isn't there more cohesion among all these groups?

OWLES: New York is too diversified a city to try to bring them all into one camp. Occasionally they can get it together for one effort like the Christopher Street march. Contrary to what a lot of people think, that effort was made by a lot of different groups of people: bar people, non-bar people, people who were into leather, radical lesbians, and they all got it together to do this. That's great, but trying to keep them together under natural circumstances would be difficult because they would be at each other's throats all the time. As it is they are working in their own organizations doing the best job they can, instead of fighting.

I can remember when GAA and Mattachine used to be at odds all the time, trying to claim credit for each other's work. Now we have a good working relationship from all groups, and they will band together against a common enemy like police trouble or something like that.

GAY: What will New York be like under Abe Beame, presuming he wins the mayoralty?

OWLES: I have to be a little pessimistic because while I don't believe he's going to try any big crackdowns on either gay people or other groups, I see four years of stagnation. If he were more polarized it would be easier to fight him. It was easy to fight Johnson, for example, because he was heavy-handed, but Beame isn't, and he may just ignore us and let the city slide down. It will be difficult and I can see him giving the city over to real estate interests, and closing down a couple of 42nd Street porn houses every so often to make the headlines. Regrettably we are entering an era of Eisenhower lethargy.

GAY: Will your new organization be formed before the November elections?

OWLES: Yes, and obviously we'll have to have a long discussion about who we'll back, but my personal choice is Albert Blumenthal. They would never back anyone like Beame but they might endorse Badillo if he were to run as an independent. This would make good sense because even though Beame is probably a sure winner, endorsing someone else would show that we've had enough of Beame's type and want to go all out for a candidate who is going to do something.

The thing that impresses straight, old-fashioned politicians like Beame is political muscle, and if we can put out with a strong showing it would have more effect on someone like Beame than all the demonstrations in the world.

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The tragedy is over for the 32 persons dead in the New Orleans Upstairs bar fire, but for the survivors still hospitalized and undergoing expensive and painful care, it has just begun. The situation is particularly sickening for the gay community because the Upstairs was a gay bar, so were the dead, and so are the injured. Police are pursuing the possibility of arson, a suspicion which compounds the horror.

All that aside, what is needed now is blood and money in great quantities. Gay groups around the country have organized efforts to aid the victims, especially by giving donations of blood. In New York, the New York Blood Center, 310 East 67th Street, between First and Second Avenues (two blocks east of the Lexington Ave. IRT 68th St. stop) is open SEVEN DAYS a week for 1 a.m. to 5 p.m. Anyone who wants to donate blood may do so during those hours. However, be sure to specify that your blood donation is to be credited to the Metropolitan Community Church Account, Charity Hospital, New Orleans, Louisiana.

THE NATIONAL NEW ORLEANS MEMORIAL FUND is accepting donations. While contributions continue to come in from individuals across the country, four of the seven trustees of the fund met in Los

Angeles to establish goals and policy for the long-term effort they envision to aid victims of the fire. The four trustees—Morty Manford, Morris Kight, Rev. Troy Perry and Dick Michaels—learned that local law requires the New Orleans coroner to bury unidentified and unclaimed dead. The trustees decided tentatively to conduct graveside services at this burial and to arrange later for some suitable memorial to their memory.

The most important duty right now, the trustees agreed, is to the survivors, seven of whom are still in hospitals. Some may spend six to eight months hospitalized. After leaving the hospital, all will require rehabilitation therapy, plastic surgery, and counseling—perhaps for one to two years.

"The need is great—very great," Kight emphasized. "Many, many thousands of dollars will be necessary to return our suffering brothers to health and useful lives."

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- ROADHOUSE, 570 Hudson St., NYC, Phone CH 3-4212.
- RONNIE'S SUPPER CLUB, 224 E. 49th St. (betw. 1R & 2nd Aves.), NYC, Closed Monday, Phone PL 2-9429.
- ROUNDTABLE, 151 E. 50th St., NYC, Phone 754-0310.
- SINGLES, 951 First Ave., NYC, Phone 686-8832.
- SIRO'S, 58 E. 53rd St., NYC, Closed Sunday, Phone PL 3-8059.
- SPRKE, 120 Eleventh Ave., NYC, Phone 989-8513.
- SQUARE LEMON, 135-01 Northern Blvd., Flushing, Queens, Phone 734-9303.
- TIJUANA CAT, 350 W. 46th St., NYC, Phone 265-9572.
- TOR, 21 Greenwich Ave., NYC, Phone 255-1377.
- TROUBADOR, 1068 First Ave., NYC, Phone PL 5-1955.
- UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH, 1049 Lexington Ave., NYC, Phone 861-6132.
- UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH, 581 Third Ave. (off 38th St.), NYC, Phone 684-2170.
- WALTER'S APARTMENT, 1068 Second Ave., NYC, Phone 371-3374.
- WESTSIDER, 2160 B'way, NYC, Phone 874-8013.
- WHAT A DUMP, 76-00 Roosevelt Ave., Queens, Phone 429-8249.
- YUKON, 140 E. 53rd St., NYC, Phone 421-8122.

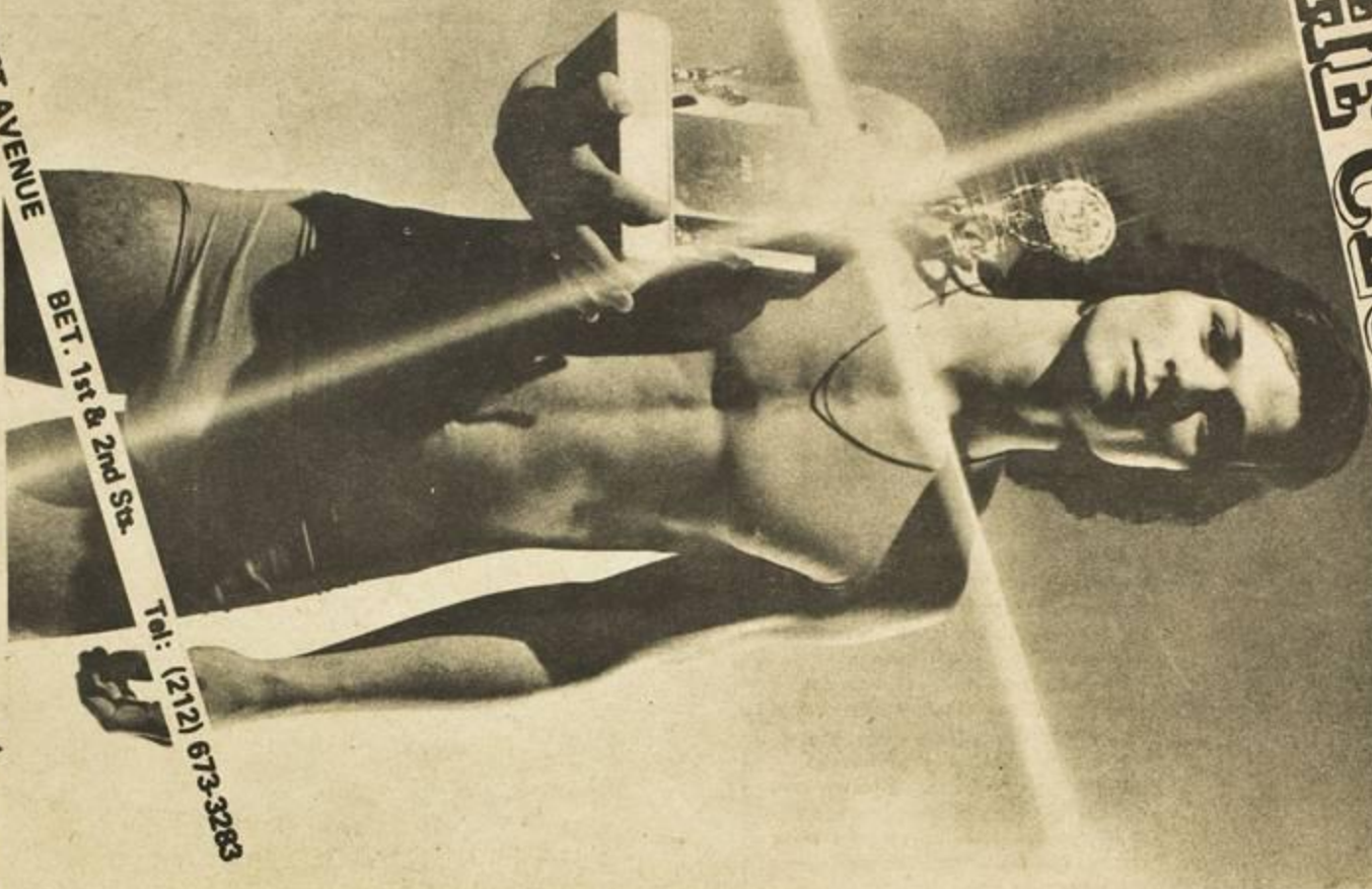
TUBS

- BEACON BATHS, 227 E. 45th St., NYC, Phone 687-7026.
- CONTINENTAL BATHS, 230 W. 74th St., NYC, Phone 739-2688.
- THE CLUB, 24 First Ave., NYC, Phone 673-3283.
- EVERARD BATHS, 28th St. & B'way, NYC, Phone 684-8935.
- MT. MORRIS BATHS, 1944 Madison Ave., NYC, Phone 534-9064.
- SALUNA, 300 W. 58th St., NYC, Phone 755-6880.

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Mr. Club, 1973, Photo by Roy Blakey



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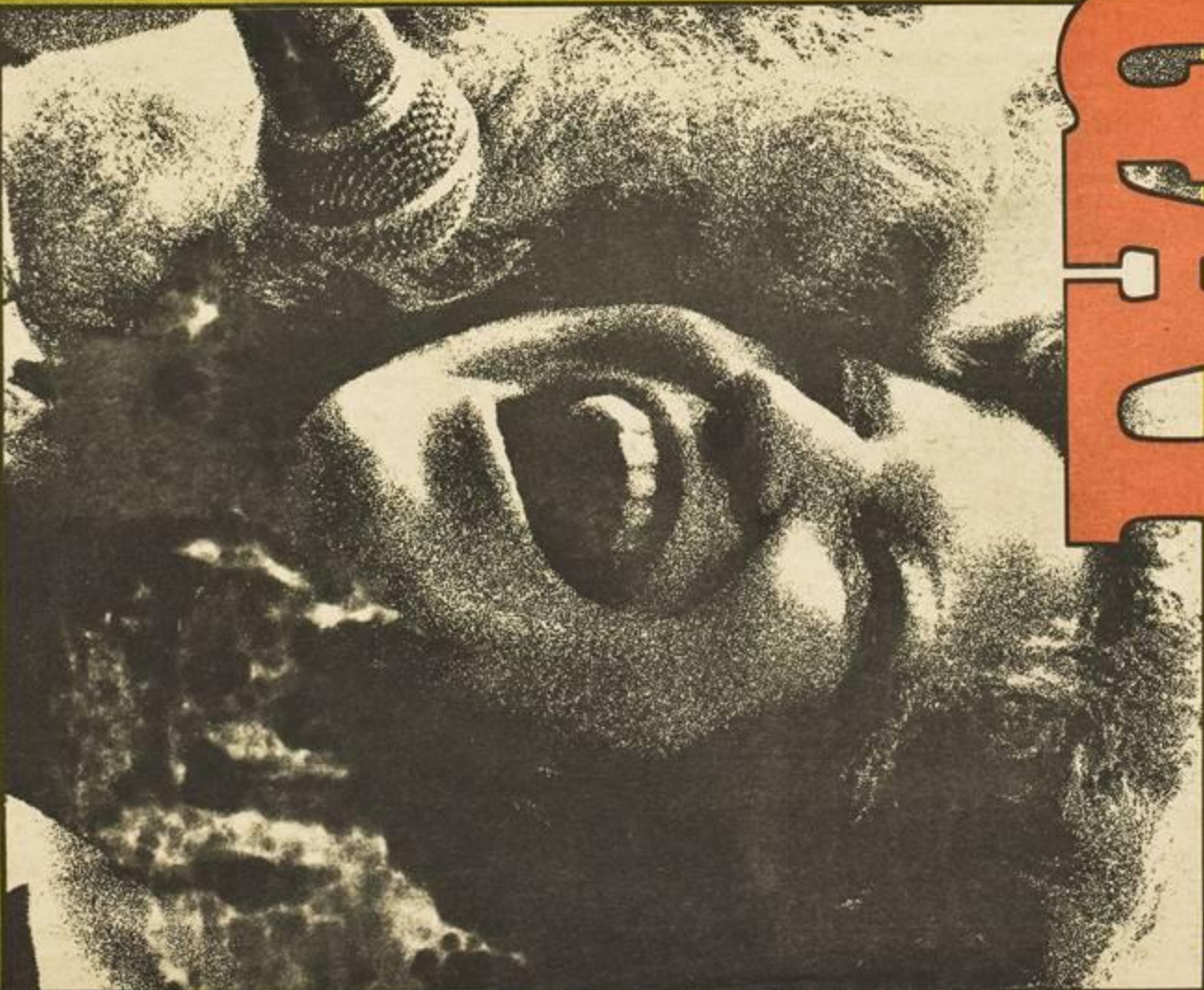
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