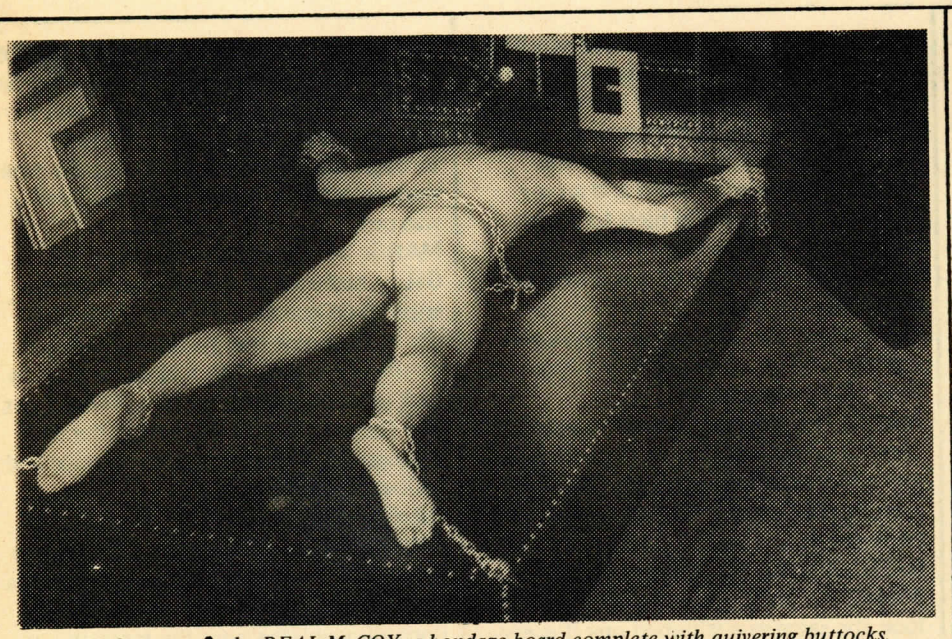


Here, however, is the REAL McCOY, a bondage board complete with quivering buttocks.

"Only five per cent of the people in a crowded leather bar are into heavy S&M," another observed. "30 per cent more dabble in it. The rest are into leather fetishism or just like the butch milieu. I even know a couple of guys who don't like to do anything but go home with someone in leather and stand with them in front of a mirror just looking at each other."

"Getting back to fist-fucking," another interjected. "The purpose is to see how far you can penetrate into their asshole. Some you can go almost up to your armpit."

"Then some are more into size. Getting both hands in is their interest. Fist Fuckers of America, FFA, has chapters all over the country."

"A person has to be terribly relaxed for fist-fucking. Once you're in, it's time for fun and games inside like opening and closing the hands.

"You should take some precautions. First, wash both hands thoroughly. Make sure your nails are clipped. And don't leave on any rings.

"Get stoned and hot," the fist-fucker continued. "Be sure about not having any rings on. A ring up the ass can be painful. Take your hands out from time to time to check bleeding. Some small capillaries break as a rule. Check to make sure the bleeding isn't getting too profuse."

All the panelists agreed that a lot of people were into a "master-slave" scene alone without the S&M aspect becoming physical later.

"But, on the other hand," one pointed out, "a sadist mustn't get down to the nitty gritty without at least going through some master-slave preliminaries."

"A number in Philadelphia made me polish his boots and lick them clean with my tongue," one man in the audience annouced with obvious pride. "If I did a good job, I'd be rewarded with sex. If not, I'd be beaten."

The panelist once again disagreed on whether most people switched roles. At least one panelist, a squinty-eyed redhead named Bill, insisted he was **only** sadistic.

"A person has a component of S&M in him, but one is more dominant," the redhead insisted. "A person should develop his abilities and potentials.

"It would not be out of place to compare S&M to a sport but a serious sport. By switching around a lot, you're not going to get very far. If you want a reputation and to have friends send you people, you should develop a reputation for being good at one particular thing."

"In Eulenspiegel, we talk a lot about reciprocal fantasies. For every dominant fantasy, there is a submissive one," a bisexual woman in the audience asserted. "We believe in real reciprocity."

"Experienced masochists are inclined to assert themselves very much and take over a situation," the redhead responded. "They have cultivated tastes and preferences. Conversation should be kept at a minimum for the S to stay in control.

"What I do may give him no enjoyment. I'm not there to give him enjoyment. He's there to give me enjoyment!"

Another listener suggested that an M would usually control an S psychologically and emotionally in a sexual relationship, especially if "love was involved."

"What's a heavy scene?" someone else asked.

"I don't consider whipping a heavy scene," one panelist volunteered. "I consider **cutting,** razor blades or branding irons a heavy scene."

"You'll never understand it till you do it," one of the others added. "If you think you're into it, do it."

Somewhere there is a link between certain types of S&M fantasies as described by **some** of those quoted in this article and the vicious mentality of slayers of young boys like Brust and Corll.

But for the overwhelming majority of those involved in S&M sexual activity, such bizarre slayings bear no more relevance than the thrill killing of a youngster by Leopold and Loeb in the 1930's did for the "average" homosexual."

Homos in History-- Tight-Cheeked Godlet of Alexandria

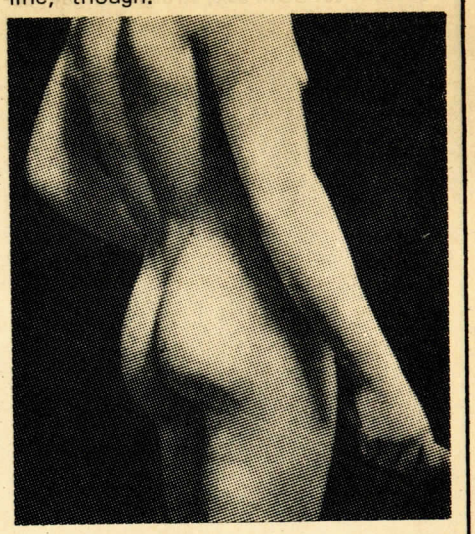
Now hold on! Before you become so inflamed by viewing the noble Grecian posteriors of the youth here portrayed in solemn effigy that you commit an act of self-pollution thereupon, be aware that by doing so you would be defiling a holy relic! To plop a load of hot gay come on this youngster's photograph would be effectively as desecratory as using a length of the True Cross as an anal dildo: for this kid was worshipped as God on Earth in ancient Greece and Egypt.

As teen-age gods go, you've got to admit he has the edge in comeliness on the Guru Maharaj Ji, not so? His name in life was Antinous, and he was the consort of the Roman Emperor Hadrian in the early second century; in death his name was Osiris in Egypt and Dionysus in Greece, and he was the consort respectively to the goddesses Isis and Aphrodite. His immolation and deification took place when he was no more than 20 years old, at the ancient Necropolis upstream of the Nile where it branches into the great Delta at Alexandria. The year was either 128 or 130 A.D., the city of Antinoopolis which was raised in his honor after his death by a bereaved Hadrian flourished for hundreds of years; the mummies of priests dedicated to the worship of Antinous/Osiris are still being dug out of its ruins. And in Greece, an ancient mystery play called **The Passion of Antinous** may still be being performed by underground cult-worshippers.

See what a nice pair of buns got **this** cute little hunk of trade? Details are sketchy, but it seems that the boy Antinous first came to the attention of the Emperor Hadrian around A.D. 124, when his highness was visiting Claudiopolis, Antinous' home town in Bithynia, Greece. The historian Sextus Aurelius Victor mentions that the Emperor enjoyed a long stay at Claudiopolis, where, "It was said that he had had sexual connexion with youths, and had been ardently devoted to Antinous."

Subsequently Antinous travelled all over the Empire with Hadrian, from the northernmost Legion outposts of the Rhine in Germany to Asia Minor, where he seems to have sat through a war between the Romans and the Sassanid satrapy without quite knowing what was going on around him. Hadrian apparently kept him well occupied: the Emperor was enjoying a rather vigorous middle age at the time, and kept any number of charming adolescent male concubines around for the amusement of himself and his chosen Antinous. They spent little time in Rome itself, perhaps partly because, according to Marguerite Yourcenar, Hadrian had a former teen-age lover in that city, one Diodorus; this youth, maintained in lavish style by the Roman court even in the Emperor's absence, was said to be addicted to any number of unmentionable and painful abnormalities inflicted on his lessers in Hadrian's harem, the rumors of which have come down to us through the ages sadly unaccompanied by details.

How Antinous achieved immortality, though, was in the highest mythical tradition. It seems that as Hadrian grew older, and his control over the Empire strengthened until the only thing that could threaten its stability would be his death, he grew preoccupied with vague mystical cults, and the search forpersonal longevity. Now, at this time Alexandria, the Roman capital of Egypt, was a veritable zoo of bizarre new religions on the rise, old cults on their way out of fashion, and timeless faiths that were always practiced and always will be. Christianity was just getting started, and picking up a bad name as a cult that practiced ritual food-and-wine orgies with definite homosexual elements attached; St. Clement was shortly to clean up the act before it got too far out of line, though.



Perhaps it was one of the original Egyptian mystery cults, celebrating the eternal cycle of death and rebirth with a special lewd and morbid emphasis on death. "Hadrian," says Sextus Aurelius, "had wished to prolong his own life, and had been asked for a substitute who was willing to die for him; all others refused, but Antinous gave himself up." This he evidently did without prior knowledge of the Emperor; when his body was found on the bank of the Nile, unblemished—death by poison, evidently—the Emperor certainly betrayed a spontaneous and hysterical grief.

In any case, the tight-cheeked youngster was worshipped seriously for hundreds of years in Greece and Egypt, and who knows, may still have a few mystic masses read over him once in a while. So if you want to jerk off over this picture, mind that you do it in a properly reverent attitude of self-sacrifice. And just imagine what it must have been like, floating down the Nile in a gaily-caparisoned barge, with this plump little Godlet between your Imperial knees . . . .

To Trim or Not to Trim?

The Pleasures and Perils of Uncircumcised Cocks

How do people who love cocks feel about the unclipped vs. the clipped variety? Are penises only beautiful when you can see the head shorn of foreskin or does the untrimmed variety reflect true beauty? To contribute to this prickly debate we assembled a group of guys all intimately involved with cocks. They include Marc, a 30-year-old musician; Steve, a portrait photographer in his 20s; Gil, a singer, Boyd, a bookkeeper, both in their 20s, plus Randy and Leo, who are writers.

GAY: Nature gave us foreskins; yet for a variety of reasons, many of us have been clipped. So the question is: Trimmed or untrimmed, what is your preference and why?

MARC: There are beautiful **trimmed** cocks and there are beautiful **untrimmed** cocks and there are ugly trimmed and untrimmed cocks. Of the beautiful kind, I would prefer untrimmed. I also **have** an untrimmed cock. For most of my life I thought I was gay because I was untrimmed. This is when I was very little. I'm a real victim of Dr. Benjamin Spock's theory. He said circumcision made a boy feel regular and this makes a lot of sense because I always felt very irregular until I went to Europe where most men are **not** trimmed. Until then I felt that I was on the outside. I had a lover for many years who didn't like untrimmed meat and I don't know how we managed so long since he blew me only once in the whole relationship. He wanted me to get circumcised but I refused.

GAY: Why?

MARC: Well, I asked my doctor and he said that at my age I would lose sensitivity, that men having reached maturity can lose sensitivity in the head of the penis if they submit to being circumcised. However, I guess that if I were given the choice between a trimmed and an untrimmed cock, I would have to prefer untrimmed because there is that silly little millimeter more to it and you know, the bigger the better.

GAY: Have you ever met anyone who rejected you sexually because of your lack of circumcision?

MARC: No. However, I tend to worry about a person who is not circumcised when his foreskin doesn't pull back. I wonder then what I'm going to find **underneath.**

GAY: What are the problems?

MARC: An erect untrimmed cock should look the same as a trimmed one if everything is working properly.

STEVE: When an untrimmed cock is erect you can still get the skin to come up over the head. However, I know a guy, 26 years old and untrimmed. When he got an erection, the hole in the foreskin was so small he could not get the head to fit through, and he was actually in pain if he were to get an erection when the head was out.

MARC: That's called **phimosis.**

GIL: I had a lover who similarly experienced pain connected with his penis. It got to the point that he only could find gratification in getting fucked because to fuck was too painful for him. Twice I got him to fuck me and twice he suffered throughout. I tried to blow him once and he just wouldn't have it.

GAY: Did you want to?

GIL: Actually I **did** but that was because of the relationship and not because of his untrimmed cock. In truth, I did find it uncomfortable because the foreskin just would **not** go back. This, however, was what I would call an unusual case because I think that the majority of untrimmed cocks are in good working condition, based on my sex involvement with hundreds of Puerto Ricans in Puerto Rico, most of whom were uncircumcised. There was very seldom a **problem.**

MARC: I think that untrimmed meat offers more advantages than problems. For instance, if you're being fucked by an untrimmed cock, the walls of your rectum don't get as **battered** as they do when you are being fucked by a trimmed one.

STEVE: I think the battering is the most fun. When you are being fucked by an untrimmed cock, you can't feel the head

> "I have often set aside my prejudices. After all it's the circumcised heart which I'm really after."



of the cock going in and out as well as you can with a trimmed one.

GAY: Does negative conditioning to uncircumcised cocks influence our responses to them?

GIL: In Puerto Rico, where I lived, practically everybody is uncircumcised; yet, despite the lack of circumcision, when you see these cocks erect you cannot tell whether or not they are circumcised because the whole thing is retractable and they look quite like any other cock. People who are not experienced with uncircumcised members seem to have the idea that there is some awful hanging thing at **all** times and that is not true. An uncircumcised cock can be just as pleasant to see as the other type.

GAY: Then our conditioning as circumcised Americans attracts us to tools similar to our own?

STEVE: That's like asking about a society where one is taught from childhood that flowers are ugly and a pile of shit is beautiful. How can you know?

LEO: I am, thank God, a **Jew.** My penis is circumcised and so are those of all my friends, if I have anything to say about it. I think uncircumcised penises look like **earthworms.**

GAY: How did you get to that state of mind?

LEO: It isn't a state of mind. The moment I saw them I found them unnatural. I realize that there is a contradiction somewhere but I can't explain it. I know that the **Almighty** has placed in me a deep revulsion towards uncircumcised cocks.

GAY: If you were to find a gorgeous person with whom you wanted to have a relationship, what would you do? Would you demand that he become circumcised?

LEO: No. I must admit that there is some balance and that I have set aside my prejudices on certain occasions. After all, the first thing you see about a person is really his **face,** and I think it's the circumcised **heart** which I'm really after.

BOYD: The doctor who delivered me was either drunk or neurotic and he gave me an extra suture in my foreskin. Circumcised cocks are more what I'm used to. There are more of them around. I grew up with a circumcised cock myself so I can identify with them more.

GIL: When I first went to Puerto Rico I found it the other way around. It was very exotic to see all these uncircumcised boys around because I hadn't been exposed to that previously.

STEVE: I was born without a foreskin. They say my birth was like one in a million.

GIL: A Japanese friend of mine claims Orientals experience a natural circumcision as they reach puberty. The skin just assimilates into the shaft itself and you have natural circumcision.

STEVE: When it comes right down to it, if I'm going to have a hot dick up my ass I really don't care if it's cut or uncut.

LEO: Yeah. But when it's staring you in the face, I'm sure you don't want to have to chew on all that extra noodle.

RANDY: There are some things we've not covered so far, like the fact that the incidence of **cancer** of the penis is 500 per cent higher in people who are **not** circumcised. This is why medical doctors usually push the family towards circumcision. Doctors and clergymen take the circumcision decision more frequently than parents.

Another thing we have not mentioned is that uncircumcised cocks can be extremely **ugly** even when the skin does pull back. They look like a **dog's** peter because they are red and ugly and have a different wet texture which I find repugnant. A lot of foreskins that pull back reveal a bright red head. And while it is true that with a foreskin, a cock does not rub as much on the rectum when ass-fucking, that can be both a plus and a minus. If you're with someone who has a great deal of difficulty getting fucked, you can probably enjoy being fucked even by a bigger cock that has a foreskin because the cock moves within its own shaft, making it easier. If you are used to getting fucked, you may feel frustrated without the friction of an uncircumcised joint.

GAY: You are very opinionated about a cock's visual aspects.

RANDY: Visually, circumcised cocks have much more character. Some have mushroomed heads while others have small heads with a thicker base and it seems to me that an uncircumcised cock is an uncircumcised cock is an uncircumcised cock, to paraphrase Gertrude Stein. When you get into circumcision, it adds a great deal to the **quality.** I really prefer circumcised cocks; yet there are some cocks in that category which don't turn me on. Other people become ecstatic if they find someone with a **big** mushroom head. Although I prefer circumcision, I don't mind uncut cocks if they pull back and look the same as the other variety and are not big and red and slimy. As far as sensitivity goes, for most people the problem is coming too **soon** and extra sensitivity in the cock is probably a disadvantage. Then we must consider smells.

MARC: There are degrees of smells I guess. I go to bed only with clean people so it's hard to say.

GIL: I don't think uncircumcision has anything to do with cock smell; rather, it's the hygiene habits of the individual. If a foreskin rolls back, there is no excuse for not keeping the entire member clean.

MARC: I know people who are uncircumcised and are dirtier than the cheesiest loaf in the Navy.

RANDY: You have a much greater chance of getting and carrying venereal disease if you have an uncircumcised cock. And you do get head cheese odor. The fact is that bacteria get under the head and even if you wash every half hour, when you have skin on skin there is more chance for bacteria to collect under the foreskin. It's also quite possible that there may even be more of a chance of fungus growth in uncircumcised organs. Many doctors have told me that it's definitely more hygienic to be circumcised and doctor knows **best.**

An Interview with David Allen

Lights! Camera! Hardon! in the Second Story Window

BY RANDY WICKER

***The Light from the Second Story Window* is a unique contribution to American cinemabilia. I mean, it may not make you cough up your popcorn in amazement but it is, after all, the longest and most expensively made gay adventure ever set to celluloid, and by some estimations the most *boring* as well. The visionary who wrote, directed, produced and stars in the film is David Allen, interviewed below.**

GAY: Your film **The Light from the Second Story Window** is currently showing at theatres all over the country. It's billed as the most expensive gay film ever made and it has received sharply mixed reviews from critics. How did you happen to get into movie making?

DAVID: I was a court reporter and that got to me mentally, so I became involved with a Hollywood production of **Boys in the Band** as a stage manager and understudy for the role of Emory. One night I went on, was seen, and was asked to be in a fuck movie **Deep Compassion,** about a blind boy.

GAY: What effect did being in a porn movie have on your life? Did you get recognized and did people react to you differently?

DAVID: In general, the reactions were rather good; there were no derogatory remarks. It increased the amount of "fanmail" and the number of propositions. People wouldn't come on strong but they came on. I found, however, that after **this** movie, my sexual appetite waned greatly. When I was getting fucked before the camera, I just took a drink and a tranquilizer and lay back and got screwed. The screwing gives me no thrill and I generally don't get aroused making these movies.

GAY: Do you suppose that most of the people who make these movies **do** get aroused?

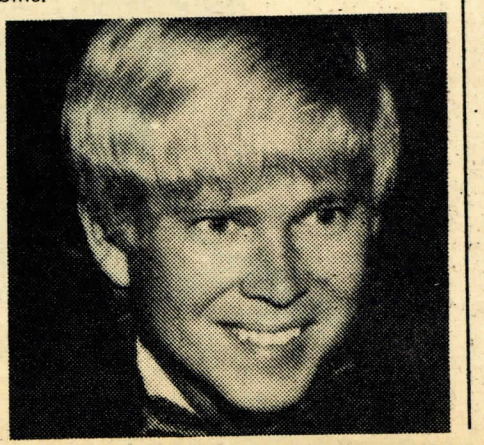
DAVID: I think that depends on the director and how comfortable he makes them feel. In my movie there was no problem at all for anyone except me. I let my cast drink on the set and I tried to pair them off with people who they were basically attracted to. Many directors just throw them together without regard for this. I let the camera man take care of technical aspects. I told him to do certain things very gently so as not to destroy the sexual mood the actors were creating for themselves.

GAY: How many people are usually around when you're shooting a fuck film?

DAVID: It was almost always a closed set: there was the cameraman, the sound man and his assistant, the still photographer and the actors.

GAY: How did you evolve from being porno star to porno producer?

DAVID: I'm displeased with the mediocre quality of most porno films and, while I don't think mine accomplished everything, it was a step forward getting into story concepts. Most films are done money for the first one you do. **Deep Compassion** took two and half days. In contrast **Light** took **months** to shoot. The budget is normally $6,000 for those ground-out hour-and-a-half movies. The people who make the most money on the films are the producer and the distributor. So, I approached a distributor with the screenplay for **Light** and asked if he liked the idea. He did, so from there I just started paying all the bills.



GAY: Did you have any backers for this film?

DAVID: No. It was my own money from savings which I had accumulated. The budget came to probably $25,000. The distributor had told me it wouldn't go over $10,000.

GAY: Why did your film become so expensive?

DAVID: This may sound pretentious but I intended this film to be the **Gone With the Wind** of gay movies. The original version was three hours long.

GAY: Of the $6,000 films, what percentage makes money?

DAVID: On that kind of budget they all difficult to get any kind of real money out of porno films. Of the producers you know who do this kind of work, how many of actually prospering?

DAVID: The people who make Hand-In-Hand Films (they did **Erotikus**) seem to be doing well. As I understand it they basically do their own distributing too. That's too much work for me, I'd rather pay the percentage to the distributor.

GAY: What respective percentage do the producer, distributor, and the show people get in a porn movie?

DAVID: The theatre gets 50 per cent, the distributor gets 50 per cent, and then the producer and the distributor share 50-50.

GAY: This means that for you to make any money you have to gross about $100,000?

DAVID: That's really nothing at all. The Park-Miller in New York alone takes in an average of 7,000 people a week. If the film plays for four weeks at $5 a head and there are 7,000 people a week in attendance you come up with a fairly decent figure.

GAY: Is the Park-Miller the biggest theatre of its kind in the country?

DAVID: It's the biggest one in New York.

GAY: I heard some filmmakers have to sue theatres for money they were holding back, giving inaccurate accounts of how many people saw the film. What do you think of this problem?

DAVID: This happens when people try to distribute their own films. When you have a distributor he has his own little kingdom of heaven and he takes care of these problems.

GAY: Do you know of any producers who have gone through the distributors

America's First Protest Movement

Gay Zap 1624

BY DICK LEITSCH

If you thought that the gay liberation struggle is a relatively modern phenomenon in America, then this story on homosexuals in colonial times will be particularly illuminating. Not only was the first gay protest dated 1624—about 350 years ago—but it may also have been the first protest of *any* kind in the colonies.

This article is adapted and condensed from the forthcoming book, **Settlers and Sodomy: The Homosexual Making of America.** Copyright © 1973 by Dick Leitsch. Neither this article, nor any portion thereof, may be reproduced in any form without the written permission of the author.

Less than a month before the 1964 presidential elections, the press revealed that a top White House aide to President Johnson had been arrested on a morals charge in a Washington men's room. Richard M. Nixon, speaking at Fort Wayne, Indiana, said that America "will not stand for immorality in the White House" and called upon Johnson to go on television to explain why his **"closest associates"** had turned out to be "bad apples." Obviously, said Mr. Nixon, "President Johnson's ability to choose men is poor." The people, he continued, "will not stand for immorality in the White House, because if it is allowed to carry on there, it will be carried on down the line."

The former Vice President, like his current critics, was engaging in the oldest American sport: governor-baiting. The French feel that if they let the goverment alone, it won't bother them. The English, as **Shaw** observed, always feel perfectly free to do anything the government and public opinion allow. The Russians will always be serfs, grovelling before a czar, be he a Romanoff or a Bolshevik. Only in America do the government and the governors have the status of the bears Elizabethans so dearly loved to tease and harass.

In colonial days, Royal Governors were fair game. Their authority was constantly questioned, their efforts to collect taxes thwarted; some were flung into prison, and worse, by their subjects. Washington was maligned, Jefferson slandered, and Lincoln was treated worse by the New York papers than even Nixon is. Everyone in America, especially members of the Establishment, are anti-Establishment. That's the **American way.**

This whole tradition began 350 years ago, when the English sodomy law was first enforced in the colonies and little Jamestown was rocked by a **gay** protest.









It would be an exaggeration to claim that the oldest English colony in North America was a homosexual community, but there were no white women there in the early days, and Indian maidens were off-limits because the natives had adopted a genocidal policy toward the whites. The virile, mostly young, men and boys had but three choices when hit by an attack of horniness: they could take a plunge in the cold waters of the James River, they could masturbate, or they could turn to the man in the next bunk. Jamestown was not a homosexual community, but it was as homosocial, as conducive to homosexuality, as any navy, prison, or sexually segregated boarding school ever was.

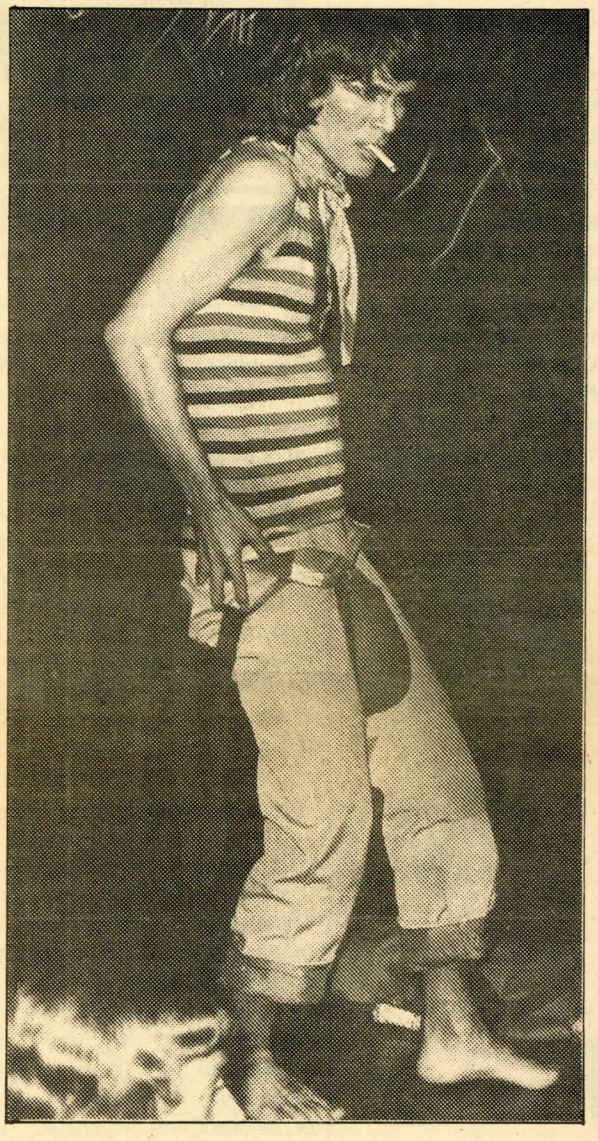
In the beginning Jamestown had been a labor camp, operated as a commune by the Virginia Company, an organization of private investors in London. The communal system didn't work, and the men enjoyed too much freedom. In 1618 the Company instituted a series of reforms which included switching to a capitalistic system and introducing a heterosexual revolution. The men had to be tied down or, as one Company official put it, **"wedded to the soil."** Bachelors were still welcome in Virginia, but the Company preferred married settlers who would take their families along. Those already in Virginia were urged to send for their wives and children, if they had any. To tempt the single men, the Company obligingly turned pimp, kidnapping young women in England and shipping them over.

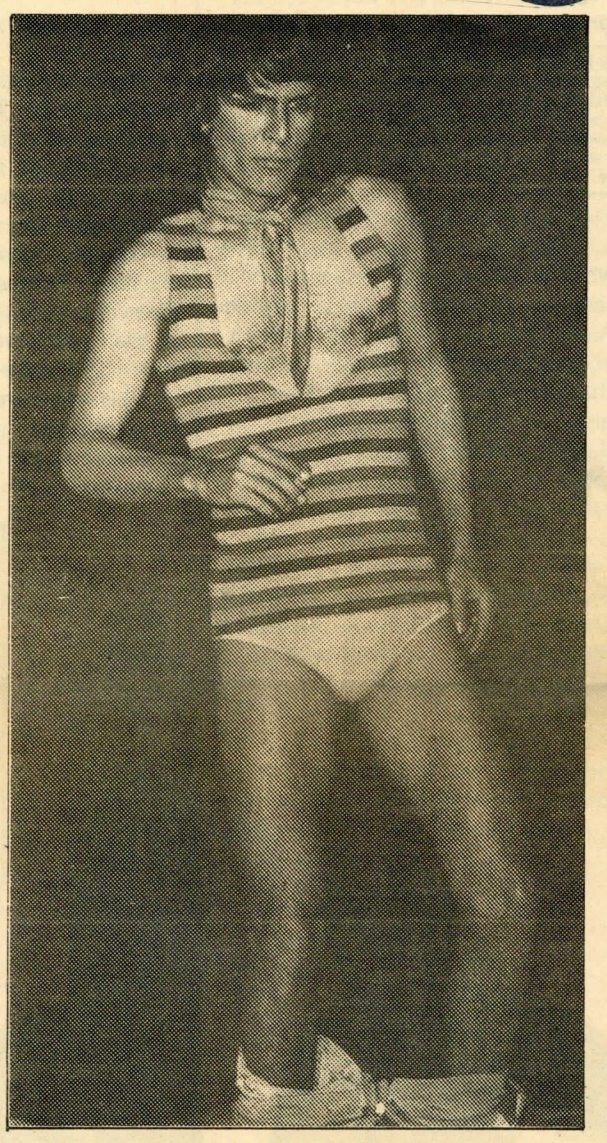
With the women came self-government, politics, preachers and more laws. Most of the ribald things men do together were outlawed. A gallows and pillory rose to mark the fort as a Christian community. Slavery was introduced. Civilization had come to Virginia.

Heterosexuals are notorious for proselytizing, and the new arrivals in Jamestown would have shared Samuel Pepys' delight "to see other poor fools decoyed into our condition." The family was beginning to be considered all-important in recently Protestant England; bachelorhood reeked of popish celebacy, and living alone was considered dangerous to religion and morals. The Company, the local government, the tamed married men, and the dress-wearers—women,

(continued on page 16)

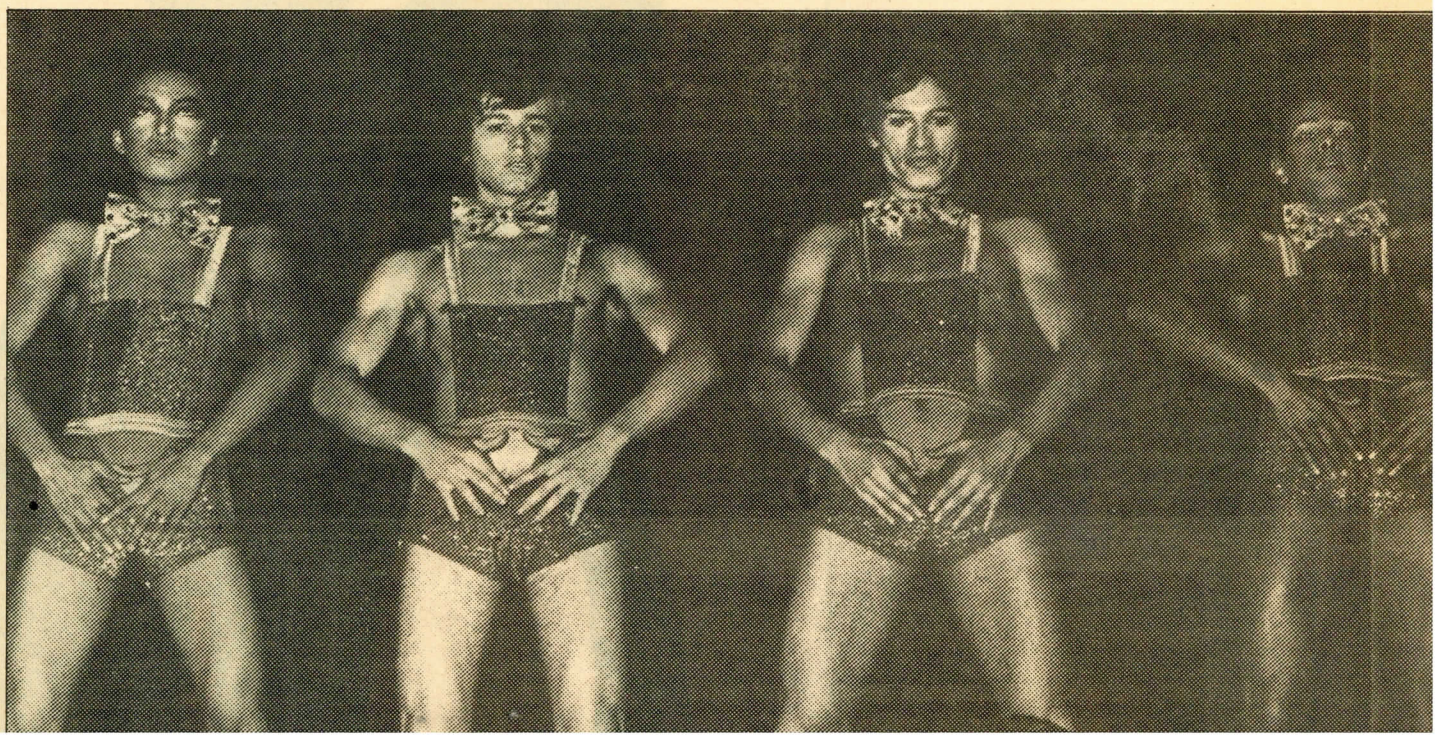
Boeuf Bourguinon



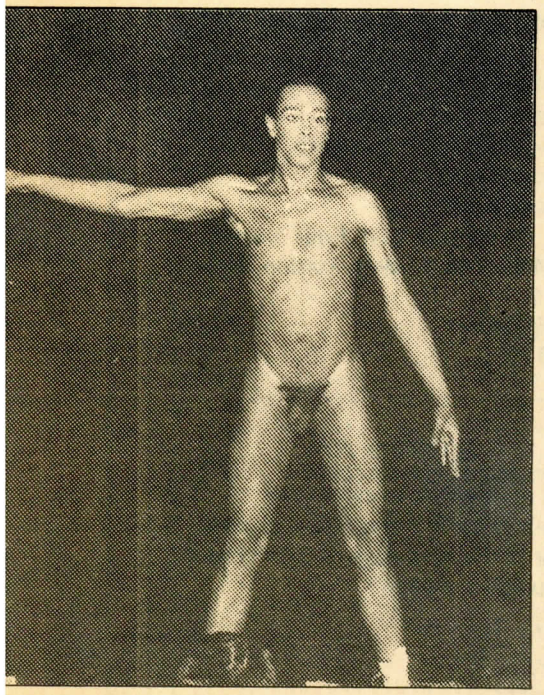


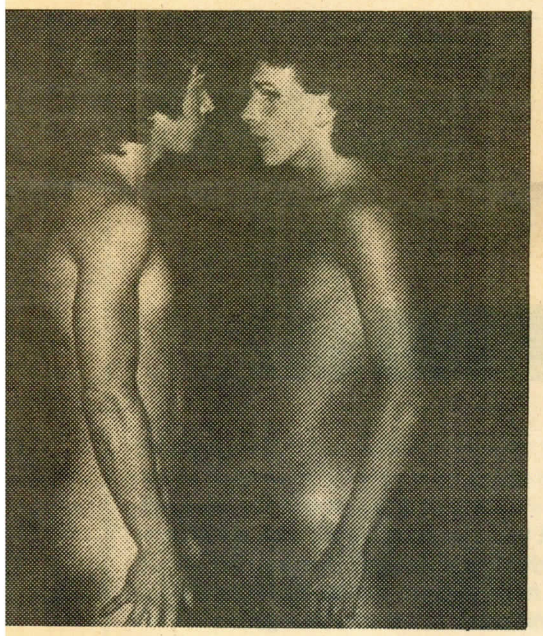






In Paris' Place Pigalle, a Polish noblewoman has opened Europe's biggest cock show at the nightclub **Uomo**, where twice a night a dozen young men perform striptease down to their foreskins. The all-male strip spectacle

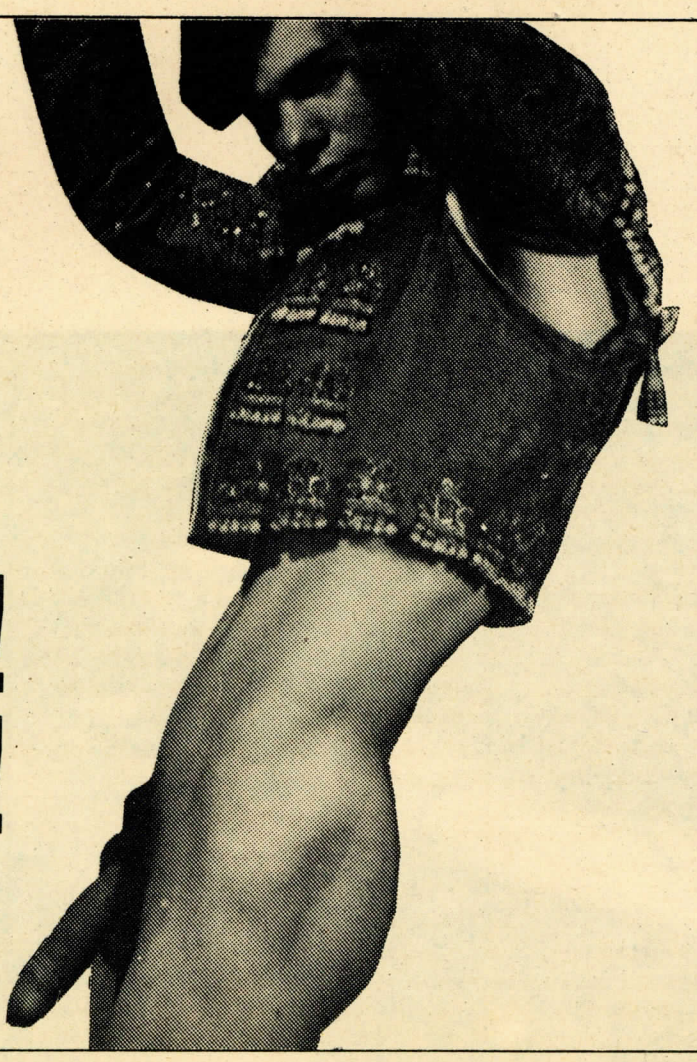








MIRA! MIRA! OLE!!!



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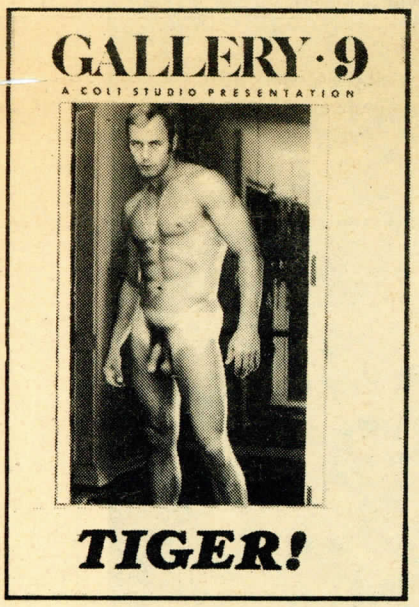

GALLERY

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

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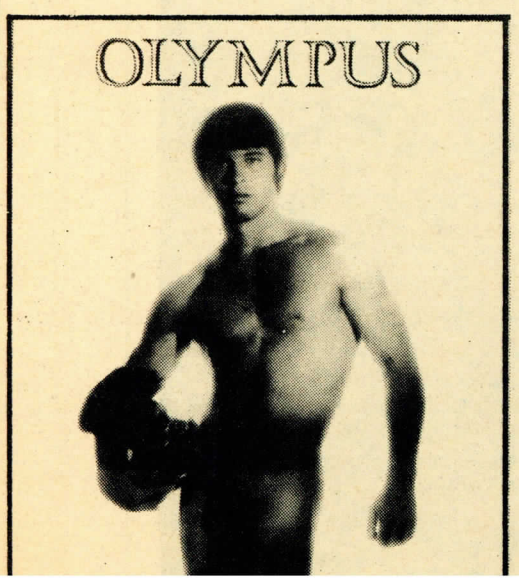
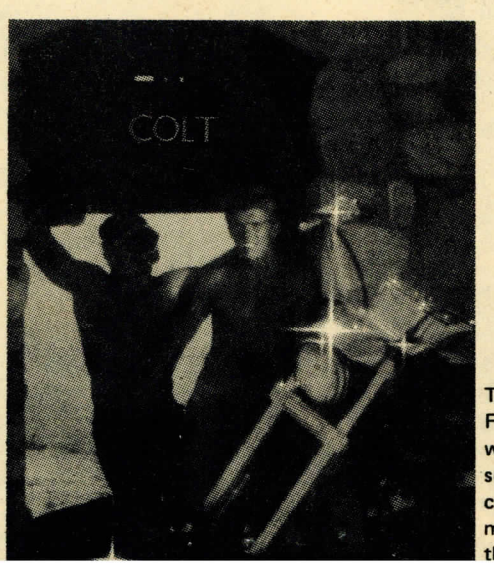
To help you in selecting from our extensive portfolio, may we suggest the Colt Catalog? It contains over 60 illustrations (16 pages) of our photos, slides, movies, magazines, etc.
CATALOG #4 . . . . . $3.00



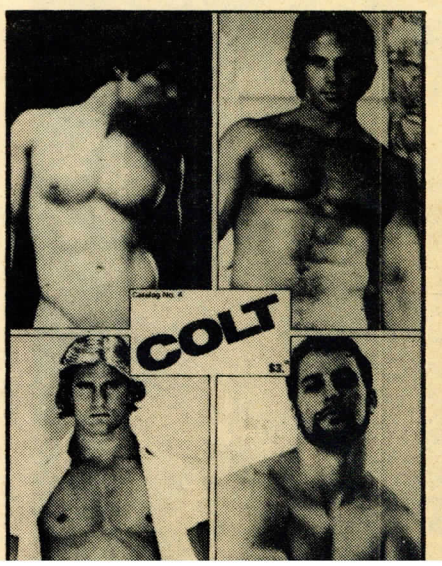
OLYMPUS #2

Our deluxe opus; a lush 8½x11" big with 8 pages of full color, 16 duotone pages—all of COLT's fabled discovery, ERRON. Take a



MANPOWER! #6

The man's magazine. For this issue, we've wrapped up the leather scene (including the cover!). Many new models, much color, the COLT touch. Defi-



The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK



Readers of *Arts Magazine* will be delighted to learn that Gregory Battcock has been named top editorial swain of that publication, where, among other things, he plans special issues on international art developments, including the 1974 Biennale at Venice. But for GAY, of course, Greg tells us about *cholera*.

T/N Raffaello, Voyage 103 Eastbound to Algeciras, Naples, Cannes and Genova.

Well, the whole schedule has to be changed because of what the announcement calls a "sanitary condition" in Naples. In fact, it is **cholera!** Throughout the crossing, first class passengers, dressed to the nines, sipped champagne ("I've never seen them drink so much; and only the quality stuff!" complained a bartender.) and spread rumors about infection in tourist class and plague in Naples and Rome. The ship tried to hush things up, but word leaked down from the radio room. Passengers dribbled down to the infirmary, still clutching their champagne glasses, at four in the morning. By eight the vaccine had run out.

The remaining 1500 passengers and 800 crew members would be innoculated once emergency vaccine and disposable needles were put aboard at Algeciras, the first stop.

* * *

At Algeciras passengers were informed that Italian ports would be bypassed, and that everybody would be taken to Cannes. There was no announcement about the vaccine, but people began lining up in the hospital corridors for their $5.00 cholera shots. Our ship passed the New York bound Michaelangelo, temporarily quarantined with 1600 passengers, in Algeciras bay. Nobody seems to care very much that destinations have been altered. What matters most is that our journey, because of cancelled ports, has been shortened. Gala "Farewell Dinner" is now scheduled immediately prior to arrival at Cannes which is lousy timing, and nobody knows when to pack.

* * *

Trans-Atlantic passenger shipping is finished, as everybody knows. Yet our ship, going east when everybody is supposed to be coming back, is completely full. In fact, all Italian Line trans-Atlantic crossings for the rest of the year are fully booked. The explanation for this dilemma is, simply, that boat companies prefer to concentrate on high profit cruises to the Caribbean maintaining casual schedules and low speeds. Other companies still running (summer only) trans-Atlantic are French Line and Cunard. Their boats are full also.

* * *

At the next table sits Tadzio with his elegant father, charming mother and exquisite younger brother. I smiled at Tadzio this evening at dinner, while complaining to the headwaiter about the snapper that was not, to my mind, as fresh as it once had been. An elderly gentleman seated at my table, the sort who woke up on his 65th birthday to discover that he was gay as a goose, complained about the crew. "They don't work hard enough," he said. "Nobody does anymore," I volunteered. He also complained about his inside cabin: "It's because I don't live in New York. People from New York get all the best cabins," he said.

* * *

Tadzio didn't show up for lunch. A touch of **mal de mer**? Not at all. He prefers the swimming pool buffet and its cold lunch meats, hamburgers and pizza. At dinner I gave him a big welcoming smile, while complaining to my waiter about the iceberg lettuce and dreadful American tomatoes. "Italian Line is coming down in the world," said the waiter. "That's OK. As long as you don't run out of caviar," I said.

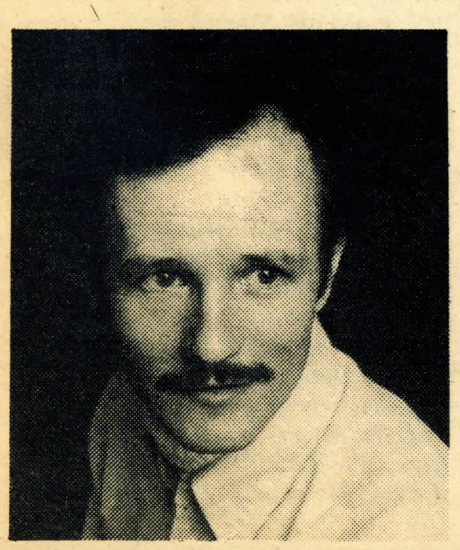
* * *

Not all passengers attend the fun and games evenings, but those who appeared for the "One Shoe Off" dance got to see the first death of the crossing. An elderly,

(continued on page 16)

The Wicker Report

BY RANDY WICKER



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT HUSTLER?

One way we often obtain leads at GAY is by clipping news items and then following them up at a later date. Last fall, we clipped an item entitled "Bludgeon Killing Suspect Is Held" from the **New York Post.**

"An argument at the Clinton Hotel, 19 W. 31st St., between two men described by police as homosexuals ended in the violent death of one of them, according to police of the Midtown South Precinct," the story reported.

"Police said Frank Olding, 19, killed John Liebeng, about 30, by smashing him over the head with a lead pipe. Guests who overheard the argument notified the desk clerk, who alerted the police.

"Olding, who like Liebeng was unemployed, refused to tell police what the argument was about. He was booked on a homicide charge."

Almost six months later, I decided to track down the case and see what happened to Frank Olding. What does an apparent 19-year-old hustler get for killing an apparent 30-year-old john?

The police at the Midtown South Precinct said that they would have to know the exact day of the murder to look it up. Since we had failed to note the date, I couldn't supply it. There is no such thing as a name index even of homicide cases.

Next, a few calls to the Clinton Hotel, no doubt one of the more terrible dumps in town, resulted in a runaround worthy of the Barbizon Plaza.

"Yeah, I remember it," the desk clerk said. "That guy was crazy. They should have put him in a mental hospital."

But when he asked another about the date, "management" became concerned about the hotel's "reputation."

"We don't want any publicity, a higher-up said. "No, we won't tell you anything. That was a terrible thing that happened here. I was here when they carried the body out. We just want to forget it ever happened."

ANOTHER MURDER WITHOUT DETAILS:

The **New York Times,** in a feature on "SRO Hotel Roomers, It's a Precarious Life" began: "In the early hours of June 17, the resident of Room 533 of the Manhattan Towers Hotel staggered from the ninth floor into the elevator, his throat slashed open with a knife.

"The resident, Walter Hodil, died in the lobby. Early the next day detectives arrested the resident of Room 928, Louis LaSalla, and charged him with the murder. A homosexual quarrel was given as the motive."

ON WARPATH AGAINST GAY BARS

Despite court decisions upholding homosexuals' rights to assemble and patronize any tavern of their choice, regulations against allowing "homosexuals, degenerates and other undesirables" to gather in a bar are **still** on the books. And recently, two bars in Buffalo were closed for those reasons.

However, the SLA maintained that although "gatherings of homosexuals" did not constitute disorderly conduct under N.Y. State law, specific acts which allegedly occurred there—"obscene gestures, groping, etc."—did.

It was on the basis of disputing such specific charges that the two bars defended their licenses. Mattachine Society of the Niagra Frontier reporter Don Michaels says the real issue was never really faced.

"So far, bars involved with facing SLA charges have not chosen to fight the broader issue of discrimination and the malignment of homosexuals as 'degenerates' and 'undesirables,' " Michaels writes. "In other words, the bars have not yet attempted to challenge the prejudicial attitudes of the local SLA."

NUREYEV'S MOVIE PANNED

The **National Observer** has panned Rudi Nureyev's first movie **I am a Danger.** According to the **Observer,** the film consists of nothing but shots of Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn dancing with very few cinematic techniques added.

"Of Nureyev's off-stage life there is very little," the **Observer** lamented naively, "a few dressing room shots, a scene greeting admirers at the stage door (instead of giving autographs, he touches them with a flower), a rehearsal sequence, and snippets of an interview.

(continued on page 16)

ALLEN

(continued from page 10)

well. In fact, the people who try to distribute their own films seldom do well at all.

GAY: Are most of the people who do gay films actually gay or are they mobsters?

DAVID: The distributor of my film is a very conservative businessman. He does very well in his field and is one of the largest gay-film distributors.

GAY: Do they handle just gay films or others as well? Are they a **gay** firm?

DAVID: As far as their personal lives are concerned, I don't go into that.

GAY: Do you have any advice for new filmmakers?

DAVID: Yes, before you shell out your money, **know** your distributor. I did that and I'm profiting from it. He has helped me in every way. He's promoted the film. He's really worked to get the best bookings and the best rates.

GAY: Do you think that the Supreme Court decision on obscenity will hit gay movies especially hard?

DAVID: I don't plan to make any more gay films in the future. I'm working on a straight screenplay right now.

GAY: Is it easier to get guys to do films than it is to get girls to do them?

DAVID: If a female has children the welfare people can get on them and say "You did a porno film and we're going to take your child away." So the mother can break down and get everybody in trouble because of it. So in **that** respect I understand it is more difficult.

GAY: You had a scene where an older man has brothel sex with a good-looking young boy. What was your idea in this?

DAVID: Well, I think it was portrayed as it **is** in real life. Generally you don't have a young man paying another young man for sex in a brothel. It's usually an older man so that's the way I did it.

GAY: In your orgy scene you had women around on the couches. Did any of the boys feel upset about fornicating right there in the presence of females?

DAVID: Not at all. That was one of the best shooting days we had. I got the people there at about nine in the morning. I started it off as a general party atmosphere which was what I wanted to film.

GAY: You are an unusual porn star in that you are not masculine and you don't have a big cock. In your film you seem to de-emphasize your cock and have oral and anal sex with people.

DAVID: I wrote the role for myself so I did what I basically wanted to do within the framework of the story. I surrounded myself with hunky numbers and the character I was playing didn't have to be that wonderful looking, as he was just an average kid from the Midwest.

GAY: Do you have "hunky numbers" proffering themselves on your director's films they're interested, but my social life is tied up in business. I can honestly say that in the three weeks I've been in New York I've not had one sexual experience. I just don't have time for it. It is very crucial that I make the money back. I would like to get beyond the porno market although I'm not putting it down. I feel that it has its place and I hate censorship of any kind, **but** I don't think I want to spend my whole life on it.

GAY: What do you feel when you have to get up in front of people who have watched you suck cock for two hours? Do you feel at all peculiar?

DAVID: No, I feel I've made the most serious gay film ever made and if it lacks anything then it **does**, but I think the overall serious approach to this aspect of gay life is self-justifying.

GAY: Have you had any hostile reactions?

DAVID: The only really hostile reactions I've had come from people who want to go to bed with me and I don't want to go to bed with them. "You do it in the movies," they say, "why can't you do it with me?"

GAY: What about your family? Have they seen your movies?

DAVID: No. The only one who knows anything about it is my sister who is a minister's wife in the South and all she knows is that I've made an X-rated movie. I've instructed her **not** to see it.

GAY: There is an ass shot of a black man who you **rim** in the film which drew attention. What were you trying to say there?

DAVID: Well, it was really a symbolic thing. In the film he says, "You got to lick ass and if you do it enough they'll come around and start licking yours." For this reason I showed that big ugly asshole, which is the labyrinth of the world as how far people will go for capitalistic gain, not just in our society but in all societies. It's done for the dramatic, and not the erotic, values.

ESTATE

single gentleman, having the time of his life, simply fell over and croaked. "What a lovely way to die," remarked the Italians. "This will mean a lot of paper work," added the Americans. "It's going to ruin the Gala Buffet," volunteered a gentleman sipping champagne at the Grand Bar. "Yes. The Last Tango," observed another.

* * *

Again, at dinner, I smiled at Tadzio while complaining to the wine steward about the vintage Bollinger; I wanted 1966, he offered 1964. During our squabble, a passenger from another table came over. "May I borrow your copy of **After** interrupted. "Oh, may I see the center picture?" he asked. "Yes. You can have it if you give me a copy of your lovely wine list. It's certainly preferable to that dreadful picture." Everybody laughed, the wine steward took the Playmate, I got a Lista dei Vini and the waiters stood around grinning.

* * *

Conversation always turned to boats and one fellow passenger always had the last word—John Malcolm Brennan who wrote **The Sway of the Grand Saloon.** Brennan settled the arguments in the Lido Bar, like what was the original name of the Majestic? Answer: The Vaterland. It was revealed that the great old Italian Line ship Vulcania, having been renamed the Caribia, was awaiting demolition at La Spezia. (Further inquiries indicate the old ship has already been destroyed. We are writing this column en route to the dreary port of La Spezia, home of the Italian Naval Academy, in hopes of seeing the ship.)

A gentleman seated at the bar described an article he had read in **Queens Quarterly** about the steamship terminals at Havre, Tillbury and Bremenhaven. The piece he was referring to appeared in GAY, not **QQ.** and was the subject of this column two months ago.

* * *

Arrival in Cannes provided enough excitement to undo six restful, yet at the same time exhausting in their own way, days at sea. Nevertheless, we managed to overcome our exhaustion and horror at the deterioration of the French who have taken to lying naked on the beach and to wearing their own redesigned versions of American college sweatshirts the rest of the time . . . we got to one-star La Reine Pedaque where, at least, standards have been maintained, the mouseline de rascasse was feathery and hot, its champagne sauce creamy and light; a steak au poivre en casserole loaded with green peppercorns and a brown, embarrassingly rich sauce; a frozen souffle drowning in hot chocolate sauce.

Cheers,
Gregory

WICKER

(continued from page 15)

"The film says nothing of what motivates a dancer," the **Observer** reviewer concludes. "Of how he really creates a performance, or of the differences between the artistic worlds of West and East. Considering that he is the most exciting male dancer of the day, Rudolf Nureyev has come up with a remarkably dull movie."

HUSTLERS ROAM VIA VENETO

popular and most visited streets in Rome, Italy. But now male prostitution has caused the street to develop a new image.

"From 10 p.m.," Armando Brioni, vice president of the street's merchants' association, told **Newsweek,** "the Via Veneto turns into a brothel."

According to the **Newsweek** report, a hundred or so prostitutes crowd the Via Veneto's five blocks in the evening. There are some young girls in hotpants and unbuttoned blouses and older women with heavy make-up in microskirts, but more prominent are the "mincing young men in clinging pastel silk pants."

"The male whores generally outnumber the females 3 to 1," **Newsweek** reports and quotes one American tourist as declaring: "I've never seen anything so **disgusting.** These 'men' even made passes at my husband when he was holding my hand."

It was a fashion show put on by Alexander's department store. Monday morning, September 10th. The press was there en masse not for the bagels and lox breakfast so much as the atmospheric backdrop of the Continental Baths' deserted dance floor and swimming pool.

The **New York Times** ran a detailed report on Alexander's new fall offerings noting that "the gambit worked, even though only a couple of betowelled customers were around to make the atmosphere look genuine."

If you have a weight problem, you might want to pick up a copy of **Slim News** which is written and published by yours truly. The focus is weight, not sex. If you've enjoyed these columns and want to learn about reducing, it'll be worth your time and trouble. 50¢ a copy. Most newsstands. Or order direct: **Slim News,** GPO Box 1144, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

1624

(continued from page 11)

judges and preachers—were determined to carry out the heterosexual revolution in Virginia.

The so-called "ancient planters," that is, the men who were there before 1616, resented the invasion of their male paradise. They were determined not to change, and the new people were equally determined that Virginia should become just another quiet, Protestant, English county. Inevitably there had to be a clash, and it says a great deal about the early days of the colony that the battle began with the hanging of an alleged homosexual.

August 23, 1624 was another in a string of those sweltering days that plague tidewater Virginia in midsummer. The blazing sun burned through the humid air, scorching the wooden deck of the little ship Ambrose which rode at anchor near Jamestown Landing. Most of the

Entertainment

BY DON LANE

The idea that superlative entertainment is **not** available in New York often at miniscule cash outlay is under severe attack; witness the **South Street Seaport** museum, Sunday's free spectacle of the month, where there are often street fairs, theatrical offerings and always an enduring display of marine memorabilia plus the Ambrose lightship is open for visitors and the ghosts of 200 years of resident seamen, one of whom was a close friend of Eugene O'Neill.

WATLING beer and excellent food is available at the **Sketch Pad** on Fulton Street. Sunny days call for a stroll up nearly deserted Wall Street nearby, and a stunning view of the sea is available at the Battery—**maison fondee** 1852 as Castle Garden—and George Washington really sat in **that** pew in St. Paul's and that really was his **chair**. Broadway at Park Place.

THEATRE

Lovers of the sea and Henrik Ibsen can view a sensational revival of **Lady of the Sea** at Gotham Art Theatre, a 55-seat converted funeral parlor on West 43rd Street; the rep group does not know that live theatre of pregnant pause and portentious glance is dead. They revive the 1889 corpse with electrifying grace and admission is $3.00.

On West 18th Street, The **Nighthouse** ($3.50) is in its fifth month of **The Women's Representative.** Anna May Wong said it isn't so, here's a chance to see for yourself.

Mart Crowley's **A Breeze from the Gulf** will be previewing at the **East Side Playhouse** on 74th Street (this is the place where Bea Arthur did **Lysistrata** years ago if you have to know everything) and if you can locate it, HB Playhouse—short for Herbert Bergdorf who in turn is Uta Hagen's husband, offers free seats to view the work of untried writers and actors, one of whom honest to goodness was Celeste Holm in an unannounced appearance.

Here are some current shows and films of special interest.

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.

TUBSTRIP
Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St., 254-5076, Tues.-Fri. 8 p.m., Sat. 7 & 10 p.m., Sun. 5 & 8 p.m.

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

CINEMA

The Thalia, no illusions that it was queen of the revival film houses, really **did** close but great and near great treasures and trash are available all over town; **Pink Flamingos** has been running midnights since 1916 at the Elgin in Chelsea; **Reefer Madness**—which scandalized Denver for six months in 1938—is there now with **Betty Boop Scandals of 1974** and the Three Stooges, who once asked a girl if she would rhumba only to be told that it was just gas and a little Alka Seltzer would fix it.

Photo: Eric Stephen Jacobs



JULIE KURNITZ, Catherine the Great in "The Faggot," cavorting at Judson Church Fair.

On Sheridan Square, **When We Win** advises that the history of gay movies series begins October 1 and includes **Boys in the Band, Something for Everyone, Killing of Sister George, Maedchen in Uniform, A Star is Born** (well, it's a great movie anyway, isn't it?), **Meet Me in St. Louis, Wizard of Oz,** and, the original **Lost Horizon.** There will also be **Gay Deceivers** and **Some of My Best Friends Are.**

Old staples include the **Park-Miller** on 43rd, the **Jewel** on Third at 12th, **Eros** on Eighth near Times Square, and **David** on 55th near Broadway. Other theatres in the areas mentioned swing wildly from gay to straight and admission is usually five—count 'em—five nice dollars. Popcorn not available. Nureyev's **Don Quixote** is due at the Festival late this month. American Film Theatre subscription series is later this month, too, with **The Ice Man Cometh.**

Jack, the new Hand in Hand film release at 55th Street Playhouse, is a movie of mixed delights. The men are interesting and some are spectacularly attractive and much of the sex is top notch, but the film is so poorly scripted with the kind of silliness that makes you wish the soundtrack would fade away.

OPERA

The season is saved at City Opera, the strike is averted, the Met's new **Les Troyens** uncut (hmmm) will compete with Rossini's **L'Italiana in Algeri,** Verdi's **I Vespri Siciliani,** Offenbach's **Tales of Hoffman,** Mozart's **Don Giovanni,** and Wagner's **Gotterdaemerung** for gasps and accolades. What a season! And City Opera is ready with Delius' **A Village Romeo and Juliet,** Strauss' **Adriane Auf Naxos** and Donizetti's **Anna Bolena.** Jack Reardon's unbelievable voice was audible from Saratoga the other day; he will be in the Met this season again, and Beverly Sills, who was once a 12-year-old Major Bowes star, will again brighten the New York State Theatre. The musicians promise to be fervent if not a little better off.



ELEANOR STEBER, Oct. 4 at the Continental.

CABARET

Photo: Eric Stephen Jacobs



"Hot Peaches": Roz Drexler in homemade hat.

The Waldorf, if that's your route, has Jim Bailey. Trude Heller—in the Village—no angels, it was the house of detention they decided to demolish—gives us Vee Martense and David Miller beginning October 2; and in a slightly different category, Eleanor Steber is due to sing October 4 at the Continental Baths; management suggests black tie black towel.

When We Win has Sally Eaton, 5 and 6th; Dean Foster 12 and 13th, and Michael Greer the 17th and 20th and 24 through 27th. Show times are 9 and 11:30.

There's awfully good decor, by the way, at the **Barn** down on lower Park. You can look at it for free but steins of beer and 50¢. **Yes, 50¢.**

MUSIC

Reno Sweeney's on West 13th Street is ready with Australian singer Peter Allen and a five octave graduate of **Hair** named Leata Galloway.

Elly Stone is due at Town Hall October 3, and Theodorakis conducts. Theodorakis is a pleasant way to recall **Zorba the Greek** at **Avery Fisher Hall** October 1.

Stan Getz will appear at Jimmy's on 52nd Street. We are unclear if this is supper club or straight concert, but if Getz in person is not among your accomplishments, attend.

Gay Classified

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YNG GUY, gd looks, good body, masc., 25, seeks gd-looking yng guys for freaky scenes, wild sex. Write Box-holder, PO Box 1097, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., NY, NY 10009.

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BLACK MALE, 28, 5'11", 155, masc., sensuous, good looking, well hung, seeks sincere, good looking masc. males, any race, for quick weekend get togethers, leading to permanent relationship. No fatties, nellies, S/M or letter freaks. Write to: G.J., 469 Elizabeth Ave., no. 310, Newark, NJ 07112.

20-YEAR-OLD WHITE, heavy-built male desires a male, under 40, for sex & companionship. B.J. King, 39 Montague St., Yonkers, NY 10703.

INTERESTED in meeting young (18-38) gay males in Albany-Poughkeepsie, NY area for occasional sport. Writer is active, outdoor, butch type. Write to: Resident, Strout Acres, Mount Tremper, NY 12457.

GAY WHITE MALE, 22, 5'9", 150 lbs., desires permanent relationship with white male to age 55 in NYC. Someone who can help me find a job & overcome by sexual hang-ups. Interests include opera, theatre, ballet. J.A. Dunkelberger, 114 S. Front St., apt. 2, Philipsburg, Pa. 16866.

I'M FROM NYC, but in Eastern L.I. for summer, have house, pool, boats. Looking for cute masculine gay or bisexual guys 18-22. Like bodybuilders & adventurous guys. I'm white male, 21, handsome, green eyes, dark hair. No butch or femme. Write Roy, PO Box 619, 11944. Photo, phone if possible. Discreet.

I'M 27, 6'4", 195 lbs., seeking well built fellows, athletic or gymnastic type, even construction workers, and also muscle men wanted. Any race, any age. Clean or hairy accepted. Photo, phone. R. Martinelli, 4028 Monticello Ave. Bronx, NY 10466.

YOUTHFUL 25-year-old male. Intelligent with above average looks seeks other young males (below 30) for exploring the possibilities of building a lasting & meaningful relationship. Photographs returned. PO Box 327, Grand Cent. Sta., NY, NY 10017.

NYC & VICINITY GUY, 24, attractive & intelligent, looking for friends interested in music, electronics, photography, TM, movies, shows, good books & good times. Where are you? Box 451, Hempstead, NY 11551.

30-YEAR-OLD YOUNG-LOOKING butch male, 5'9", 140 lbs., looking for the same under 30. Mid Jersey only. Occupant, PO Box 137, Dunellan, NJ 08812.

NEW JERSEY white gay male would like to meet other white gay males for fun & games. Write: F. Berry, Apt. 1020, 70 S. Munn Ave., East Orange, NJ 07017.

HUSKY WHITE MASTER, age 30, wants young submissive male slaves, ages 18 to 23. Write: Charlie, Box 176, Ansonia Sta., NY, NY 10023.

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YOUNG GUY, 21, good-looking, shy, seeks same type guys 18 & up for friendship & good times. All letters answered, photo appreciated. Box 114, Staten Island, NY 10314.

WHITE MALE, age 23, into music, seeks same, age 18-30. Photo not nec. but helpful. Write: Terry L. Roth, Box 356A, Rd. 1, Bangor, Pa. 18013.

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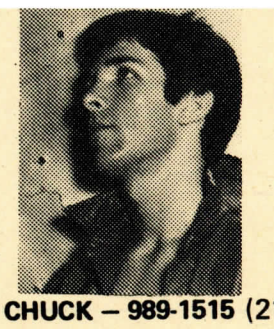

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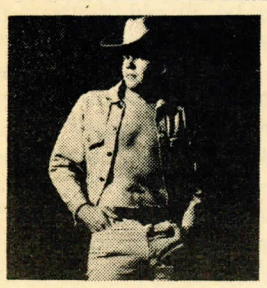

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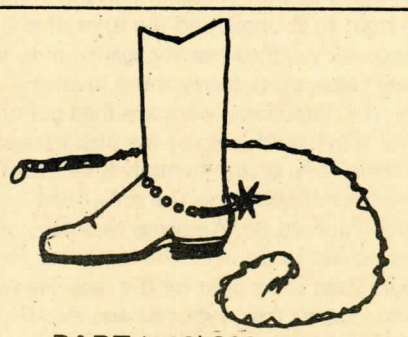

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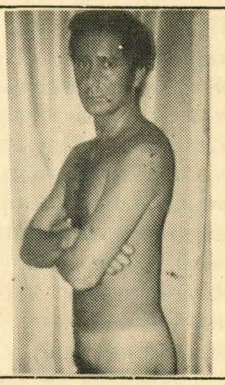

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1624

(continued from page 16)

brothels, no ale-houses, and nearly everything that might be fun had been outlawed by the politicians. The settlement, which by now stretched 20 miles along the James, boasted a population of 840 freemen (few of them women), 441 male and 46 female bond servants, a handful of black slaves, one horse, one mare, 500 hogs and 500 cattle. Jamestown was boring, but the Virginia pines at least offered some shade from the sun.

Three men held watch aboard the **Ambrose.** Richard Cornish, the master, or captain, spent the morning alone in his room, lying on sweat-soaked sheets and trying to get drunk. Next door, separated from the captain's "great cabin" by a thin partition of unpainted boards, was the storage room which doubled as quarters for the crew. Like the rest of the vessel, this room reeked of tobacco and fried fish, the ship's usual cargoes, and of the sweat and piss of the too many men who had been quartered there on many long voyages. William Couse, a 29-year-old cabin boy, relaxed there with his friend, Walter Matthew, the boatswain's mate.

Shortly after noon the Captain's voice boomed through the flimsy partition. He wanted fresh sheets for his bed. Billy Couse, perhaps with a shrug, fetched the linen and went into the great cabin. We have only his word for what happened next, and his testimony before the Court at Jamestown would result in the first trial of a white man for homosexual offenses in North America, and the first execution under the **sodomy law** enacted by Henry VIII in 1533.

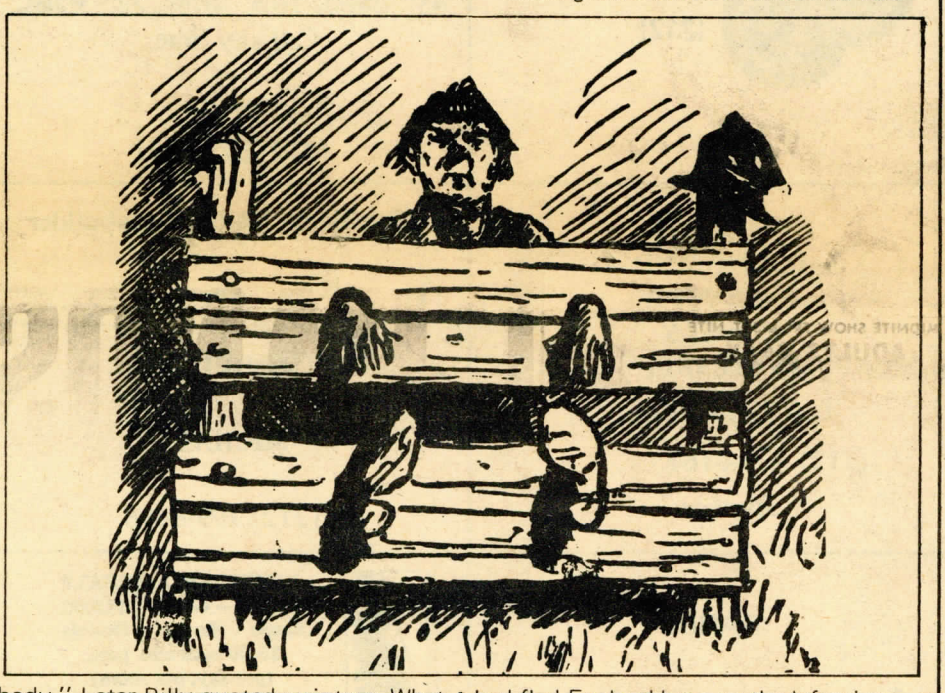
Couse said he entered the great cabin and remade the bed. When he went to leave the room, the door was locked. The Master leered and invited him to lie on the freshly-made bed. When Couse refused, Cornish pulled a knife, cut upon the younger man's **cod-piece,** and ripped off his lower garments. The "boy" struggled, but the superior officer forced him onto the bed, kissed him, and swore his love. Still Billy resisted. The Captain then forced him over on his belly and, as the court reporter so neatly phrased it, "did put [him] to pain in the **fundament,**" causing him to be "sore three or four days after."

The next day Master Cornish summoned the cabin boy and asked him to return to the great cabin again, and often If he did, the officer promised, he would be favored and promoted. Then, and often, the officer put his hand into the youth's cod-piece, played with him, and kissed him. Couse said he rejected the advances and, as a result, his superior assembled the entire ship's company before the mast and ordered them to avoid Billy's company and have nothing to do with him. Furthermore, the "boy" was assigned kitchen duty.

the rights of the accused, he usually had no right to counsel, and the rules of evidence are weighed heavily against him. In most cases, particularly those involving sex, the defendants were assumed guilty until they could, despite the obstacles put in their path, prove themselves innocent.

Walter Matthew, as the only other person aboard the Ambrose that day, was summoned to Court in the hope that he could shed some light on the case. He was Billy Couse's friend, but he was also Richard Cornish's underling, so Matthew adopted a know-nothing policy.

He had been with the cabin boy when the Master called. His friend went into the great cabin, and shortly afterwards Matthew heard voices there. Couse refused to do something, claiming it would be an "overthrow to him in both soul and



body." Later Billy quoted scripture. What it was the "boy" didn't want to do, or what the Bible verses were, Matthew couldn't (or wouldn't) say. There had been no more conversation, no cries for help, no sounds of struggle, so Matthew (rather conveniently) had strolled out on deck. He was still there, leaning on the railing, when Billy joined him. He asked what had happened, but Couse said he'd rather not discuss it, though later he confided that "the Master would have buggered me"—though he never said the act had actually taken place.

The court found Richard Cornish guilty and, according to the previously ignored provisions of the 81-year-old sodomy law, condemned him to death. Word was sent to the outlying "suburbs," and on the appointed day a drum was beaten, the people assembled, and a sermon was preached. A procession formed and marched between the double row of houses inside the palisades, then out the water gate to the gibbet. There the Captain of the Ambrose was **hanged** in the name of God, England, and the Royal Colony of Virginia. Parliament had warned that "the detestable Vice of Buggery" was "not to be named among Christians," and the Virginia Company had ordered that sodomists be executed "without mercy." Cornish was the first to be so punished.

Having done their "duty," the Protestants went about their business of taming Virginia. King James, the gayest of English sovereigns, after whom the place was named, had recently made Virginia a Royal Colony. The politicians were busy protecting their power. The preachers were busy telling everyone how God wanted them to live, and the citizens were busy with their daily tasks. At first, nobody noticed the rebellion that was fomenting among the bachelors; after all, nobody had ever rebelled before in Virginia, and nobody expected opposition to execution of a sodomist who was also a rapist.

Among the bachelors were some who had fled England because the left-wing Puritan radicals were becoming frighteningly powerful. Others were veterans of the two licentious **all-male** colonies that had been planted, but failed to survive, in New England. Some were friends of Thomas Weston, a man of easy virtue and no scruples, who had arranged the voyage of the Mayflower and, some said, screwed the Pilgrims. Tom Weston's brother had almost caused an Indian war by falling in love with the teen-aged son of a New England chieftain and kidnapping the boy. Many of the men Weston had brought to Virginia, where he ran a shipping line, were as independent as the Westons. This was a new country, they agreed, and the old ways didn't hold here.

Richard Cornish had been a member of this group, and the Ambrose may have been one of Weston's ships. His friends never denied that Captain Cornish had an eye for a pretty boy—what sea captain didn't, in those days when voyages lasted weeks, months and sometimes years? But did he **rape** Billy Couse? That was highly unlikely, they all agreed. Their brother mariner had been put to death unjustly, and on the shoddiest of evidence: the servedly, punished for his wrongdoing. The vicious youth, out of malice, had raised false charges against his captain, and those charges had been believed.

Thomas Weston also owned the Swan, another ship that went back and forth between Jamestown and the fishing camp in Maine, carrying tobacco, fish, bond servants and passengers. Some of the tamed, married men, went north for the summer. While aboard the Swan they overhead the crew talking and thus got the first inkling of the rebellion. As soon as they got home again, they went before the Governor and the Court to inform against the dissidents.

The first was Nicholas Roe, one of the "new" people who had come over with his wife in 1620. He was the first of the accusers who appeared on December 5, 1625, and he said he had been "at Canada," quarrelling with Weston and his right-hand man, Edward Nevell, over some spoiled tobacco. Jeffrey Cornish strode aboard the Swan and demanded to know what had happened to his brother. He had heard that Richard "was put to death wrongfully," and added, menacingly, that he "would be revenged of them that were the occasion of it."

While this was going on, Edward Nevell walked up and told Jeffrey that he had witnessed the trial and execution and knew more about the case than Roe did. As they began talking, Roe was called down into the hold on a matter of business, so he could not say what the conversation had been about.

Twenty-one-year-old John Giles was the next witness. Not surprisingly, he happened to be a servant indentured to Nicholas Roe, who was still quarreling with Weston and Nevell. Giles verified his master's testimony and added that he had heard Jeffrey Cornish "swear and say he would be the cause of death of those that were the cause of putting his brother to death." Jeffrey had made that speech aboard the Swan, then went to another ship anchored nearby and continued to stir up dissention.

Evidentally the authorities had already received some hint of the trouble and thought Nevell was behind it. Giles was asked what he knew about that, and answered that he "cannot say" whether Nevell was or was not a ringleader.

Christopher Knollinge appeared in the courtroom and said that he, too, had heard Jeffrey claim he had been told of an injustice that had been done. Knollinge asked who had told him that, but the surving Cornish wouldn't tell, saying only "that he would spend his [own] blood to be revenged" on the Governor and members of the Court.

A few days later Thomas Crispe, who was also suing Weston and Nevell over spoiled tobacco, turned up to verify the charges against Jeffrey Cornish. Inasmuch as his own suit would soon be coming up before the same Court, Crispe couldn't



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1624

(continued from page 20)

nor would do no wrong or injustice to any man."

To that, Cornish (according to Crispe) snapped back that he "would be the death of the Governor."

Governor Wyatt and the other justices awarded judgment to Thomas Crispe in his suit against Weston and Nevell, but the fate of Jeffrey Cornish is not recorded. Perhaps he, despite his bold talk, stayed safely at "Canada," beyond the short arm of Virginia law. However, the Court formed itself into a sort of early un-American activities committee to investigate this insolent band of dissidents.

An unsavory character named William Foster was found who would implicate Nevell in the protest movement. This man, who would two months later stand trial for burglarizing Nevell's cabin and stealing his belongings, told the Court now that it was Nevell who had given Jeffrey Cornish the idea that there was no justice in Virginia. Weston's assistant had "divers times" told Jeffrey Cornish and others that Richard "was hanged for a rascally boy wrongfully."

Governor Wyatt wanted more proof that Nevell was involved. Thomas Crispe had evidentally told the Court that Arthur Avelinge could put the finger on Nevell, but Avelinge was a servant to Richard Evans, who was apparently a friend of the **"gay lib"** group. The Governor issued a summons for Avelinge to come up from Elizabeth City to give evidence. Evans refused to let his 26-year-old servant honor the summons. "I have no other business for him to do [in Jamestown]," the master told the process server, and therefore "he shall not go."

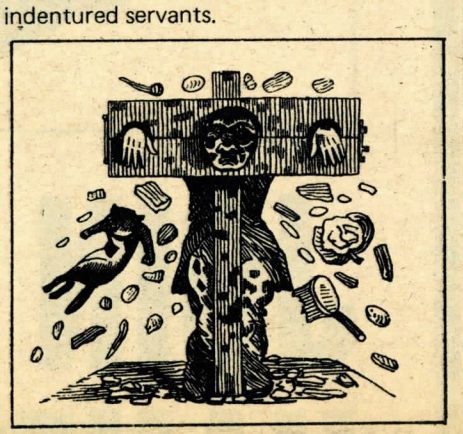
Servant and master both appeared, very unwillingly, before the authorities on January 3, 1626. Avelinge reluctantly testified that Nevell was, indeed, responsible for fomenting the trouble, and had told Jeffrey Cornish that his brother "was put to death through a scurvy boy's means, and no other came against him."

This apparently satisfied the inquisitors of Nevell's involvement as a leader of the opposition. For daring to question the authority and justice of the officials, Nevell was ordered to "stand on the pillory with a paper on his head showing the cause of his offense," to have both of his **ears** cut off by the public executioner, to become an indentured servant in the colony for seven years, and to forever be barred from becoming a freeman in Virginia.

Arthur Avelinge was not punished for refusing to honor the subpoena; as an indentured servant he could not travel without his master's permission. For denying that permission, Richard Evans was sentenced to lie "neck and heels" for three hours in the pillory, to be fined one

silence the dissidents. There was a party in Jamestown on Saturday night, February 4, 1626. The hostess was the new Sarah Fisher, a former widow with a 16-year-old son and a ten-year-old daughter. Sarah had managed to trap herself a husband, Edward Fisher, who was then building her one of the first brick houses in Jamestown. She evidentally had social pretensions, and everybody who was anybody at Jamestown was at the soiree.

Former governor Sir George Yeardley was there, attended by 24-year-old Thomas Hatch, one of fifty male prostitutes who had been kidnapped from the streets of London and sent to Virginia as indentured servants.



Sarah Fisher was a **bitch.** Her party may have been a success, but her hospitality left a lot to be desired. The Monday following the party she led some of the guests to tattle on young Hatch. The first witness was James Hickmote, a married man now seeking respectability. Two years earlier he had been arrested and found guilty of getting drunk with two friends and "committing a riot." Seven months after he testified against Hatch, Hickmote would be a churchwarden, informing on Thomas Fraley for "having absented himself from coming to church upon the Sabbath day for a space of three months."

At this point in his reformation, Hickmote repeated a conversation which had taken place at the Fisher's party. Talk had turned to the Cornish case and the protest over it, and Peter Marten had said that it was all too bad, as the dead man had been "an excellent mariner and a skillful artist." Saucy Tom Hatch, just seven years removed from the streets of London, announced that "in his conscience" the execution had been a miscarriage of justice.

"You had best take heed what you say," Hickmote piously quoted himself to the Court. "You have a precedent before your eyes the other day, and it will cost you your ears if you use such words."

To that the defiant Hatch replied, "I care not for my ears, let them hang me if they will!"

Sarah Fisher took the stand, followed by Anthony Jones, another guest, to verify that Tom had, indeed, said "that he did not care for his ears."

For having the courage of his convictions and the temerity to question the

pillory and lose one of his ears. As his indenture was just about to run out, making him a freeman, the Court ordered the boy to serve Sir George Yeardley an extra seven years, beginning "from the present day."

Two of the protesters had suffered public humiliation, bloody torture, disfigurement, and loss of freedom, but the agitation did not die down. Finally, the protest paid off. The government never officially declared the English sodomy statute invalid in Virginia, nor did they come to grips with the larger problem of whether it is just to execute a man on the unsupported testimony of one witness. However, the Governor and his assistants no longer listened to the tattlers who came to Court to inform against dissenters, and the sodomy law was **never** again enforced in colonial Virginia. Now and again a magistrate examined a man accused of homosexual acts, but none of the cases was ever brought to trial.

When the Laws of Virginia were published in 1702, penalties were provided for fornication, the begetting of bastards,

statutes are silent on the subject of homosexuality. Gay liberation had won its first **battle** in America.

More importantly, the bachelors had given birth to the spirit attributed to Virginians in the mid-18th century: "They are haughty and jealous of their liberties, impatient of restraint, and can scarcely bear the thought of being controlled by any superior power." It was no accident that the oldest colony set the nation on the road to independence and produced the greatest of the revolutionary leaders. Thomas Jefferson made notes on the reaction to the Cornish case, the first instance of Americans "impeaching" (as Jefferson called it) the authority of their rulers. Perhaps Virginia's greatest gentleman thought of Edward Nevell and Thomas Hatch when he wrote: "All too will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression."

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BY GIL KNIGHT

A CROTCHGAZER'S GUIDE TO LATINS

Composer Kurt Weill wrote a line in a song from **Lady in the Dark**, "passion does not vanish in Portuguese and Spanish," and there are those of us who will agree not only doesn't it vanish, but it can be heightened by a luxurious Latin lance being thrust into an appropriate orifice. There are, of course, more to Latin Lovelies than big cocks, namely, the most beautiful **asses** in the world. Yet these essential ingredients, mixed with fiery temperament and the Latin sense of humor accounts for the existence of **"Latinophiles"** with whom I claim solidarity.

Ever make a Latin? Want to know how to meet them without darting off on a Caribbean cruise? For myself, arriving in New York after spending eight years among the bronzed beauties of Puerto Rico, I set out immediately to track down the mating places, nests ***(nidos)*** *and strongholds frequented by* tropicals, and since my name Gil is really short for Guillermo, it wasn't hard to find what I was seeking. So, share in some of my discoveries and **you too** can appear on the New York Latin scene and sample the wealth of excitement our Spanish brothers have to offer. **Adelante** and **Buena Suerte!**

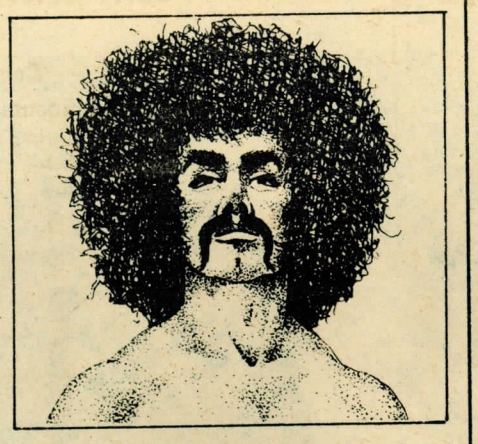
RUBY FOO, 240 West 52nd St. Do not be confused by the Oriental name of this discotheque because the West Side pleasure palace is hosted by Stephen Verk, a well-known **bon vivant** in Puerto Rico where he was formerly a a restaurateur with Michael Giammetta, a former GAY staffer. Enter Ruby Foo's and be dazzled by floors of Oriental splendor **and** much tropical clientele. Music is wonderful and the dance-floor enormous enough to take full advantage of it. If you like sophisticated gay Latins in an elegant atmosphere this is the place to visit. You will not spend the least costly evening of your life but what bar **isn't** expensive these days? Join the festivities!

TIJUANA CAT, 350 West 46th St. Small and intimate, this place does good business all week by patrons attracted to the pleasant Cuban-style entertainment there. Audiences are involved, enthusiastic and the overall effect is party-like. South American decor frames some very attractive boys in the crowd who speak plenty of English, so if you like a sociable cabaret atmosphere this is the place for you.

ROUNDTABLE, 151 East 50th St. Here's another super discotheque where the majority of patrons are Latins. You are treated to goodlooking young people who dance far into the night on a huge dance floor. Music seems to come from everywhere and when the place gets really crowded, it's not unusual for the shirts to fly off and you find yourself surrounded by sexy topless dancing beauties. A drag show offered on weekends is fairly good and entertaining. Fun.

GILDED GRAPE, 719 8th Ave. This is a veritable labyrinth of dancing rooms and bars where you will find some pretty outrageous goings-on. We're not sure if it is predominately Latin. We saw all kinds of good-looking people: Latins, blacks, drag queens, freaks and the like, a mad orgy of sight and sound, and while not the luxurious sophisticate set, they're probably well worth investigating if you like your action fast and HARD.

BON SOIR, 40 West 8th St. Here is one for those who like the macho scene, so toss your liberated attitudes overboard for this place. In this Latin discotheque practically nobody admits to being gay yet most everyone is available for fun and games, oftentimes for money. But if you want to be fucked by some hunky *Latin butch number*, this is the place to find him. You may, however, have to watch him drool ceremonially over the substantial lesbian clientele for an hour



or so, but be patient, they have to fuck SOMEBODY.

So there you have a short summary of where to find the Latins in Manhattan. If you are into the bath scene don't overlook the **Continental Baths,** 230 W. 74th St., the **Everard Baths** on 28th Street at Broadway, and **Man's Country** at 53 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn Heights, which sport some good-looking tropical types.

There are also gay porn publications which feature exciting photos of Latin boys, many of whom we've **known**, if you catch my drift, from other parts of the world. **Young and Latin**, which presents three volumes of cocks and faces, may prove familiar to those of you who have lazily sipped a **pina colada** and banged away down among the swaying palms of Puerto Rico.

For those of you who still prefer the home-grown variety of sex partners we present our updated listing of great New York's gay diversions in the following guide.

THE ALLEY, 74-05 37th Ave., Jackson Hts., Queens.
THE BARN, 232 Park Ave. So.
BEAT GOES EAST, 601 Morris Park Ave., Bronx.
BEAU GESTE, 239 3rd Ave.
BETSY ROSS ROOM, 73-15 27th Road, Jackson Hghts., Queens
BETTER DAYS, 316 W. 49th St.
THE BIKE SHOP, 230 W. 75th St.
BIG SPENDER, 315 W. 48th St.
BONNIE & CLYDE'S, 82 W. 3rd St.
BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St.
BOOT HILL, 317 Amsterdam Ave. at 75th St.
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, 355 W. 46th St.
CARR'S, 204 W. 10th St.
THE CANDY STORE, 44 W. 56th St.
CAVE, Bank and Washington Sts.
CELL BLOCK, 372 W. 11th St.
CHARLIE & KELLY, 259 W. 4th St.
THE COMEBACK, Rt. 9-W, Piermont, N.Y.
CHEZ BIPPY, 2207 Boller Ave., Bronx.
COMPANY, 365 3rd Ave. at 27th St.
COUNTRY COUSIN, 1313 3rd Ave.
THE COPABANANA, 59 Lexington Ave.
DANNY'S OF BROOKLYN HTS., 108 Montague St.
DANNY'S OF SHERIDAN SQUARE, 140 7th Ave. So.
DIRTY EDNA'S SCOREBOARD, 246 W. 46th St.
DUTCHESS INN, 70 Grove St. (at 7th Ave.)
EAGLE'S NEST, 11 Ave. & 21st St.
FINALE, 48 Barrow St.
THE FIRELIGHT INN, 112 Carleton Ave., East Islip, L.I.
THE FOREST, 1436 3rd Ave.
FRIZBY'S, 531 Hudson St.
GIANNI'S, 53 W. 19th St.
THE GILDED GRAPE, 719 8th Ave.
GINZA, 40 E. 58th St.
GODMOTHER, 309 E. 60th St.
GRACIE'S MANSION, Henry & Clark Sts., Brooklyn Hts.
HARRY'S BACK EAST, 1422 3rd Ave.
THE HAYLOFT, 780 Hempstead Tpk., Elmont, L.I.
HUNGRY HILDA'S, 709 8th Ave.
JULIUS, 159 W. 10th St.
JOHNATHAN'S, 547 2nd Ave. (at 30th St.)
JOHN'S JOYNT, 1154 1st Ave.
JUDY'S, 255 W. 43rd St. (Bet. 8th Ave. & B'way)
KELLER'S, 384 West St.
KOOKY'S, 149 W. 14th St.
THE LIB, 305 E. 45th St.
THE LIMELIGHT, 91 7th Ave. So.
LODGE EAST, 1683 1st Ave.
MARIE'S CRISIS, 59 Grove St.
MR. G'S ROUNDHILL RESORT, Washingtonville, N.Y.
MONTE'S OF HENRY STREET, Henry St., Brooklyn Hts.
NEW JIMMY'S, 1576 3rd Ave.
NITE LIFE, 85 Washington Place (off 6th Ave.)
ONE POTATO, 518 Hudson St.
THE PAINTED PONY, 1485 3rd Ave.
PELICAN CLUB, 200 W. 70th St.
PETER RABBIT, 305 W. 10th St.
PICADILLY PUB, 324 Amsterdam Ave.
PIPER'S LOUNGE, 1201 Lexington Ave.
THE PLAYROOM, 590 Nepperhan Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.
THE RAMROD, 349 West St.
ROADHOUSE, 570 Hudson St.
RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St.
RONNIE'S SUPPER CLUB, 324 E. 49th St.
THE ROUNDTABLE, 151 E. 50th St.
RUBY FOO, 240 W. 52nd St.
SEBASTIAN, 1068 1st Ave.
SOMETHING SPECIAL, 262 W. 46th St.
SPIKE, 120 11th Ave.
THE SQUARE LEMON, 135-06 Northern Blvd., Flushing, Queens (off Main St.)
TRUDE HELLER'S, Corner of 6th Ave. & 9th St.
THIRD AVE. EL, 985 Third Ave.
TIJUANA CAT, 350 W. 46th St.
TROUBADOUR, 1078 1st Ave. (at 58th St.)
TY'S, Christopher & Bedford Sts.
UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH, 1049 Lexingotn Ave.
UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH, 581 3rd Ave. (at 38th St.)
WALTER'S APARTMENT, 1068 2nd Ave.
WHAT A DUMP, 7607 Roosevelt Ave., Queens
WESTSIDER, 2160 B'way (at 76th St.)
WHEN WE WIN, One Sheridan Square.
YUKON, 140 E. 53rd St.

TUBS

BEACON BATHS, 227 E. 45th St.
CONTINENTAL BATHS, 230 W. 74th St.
THE CLUB, 24 First Ave.
EVERARD BATHS, 28th St. & B'way.
MAN'S COUNTRY BATHS, Pierrepont St., Brooklyn Hts.
MT. MORRIS BATHS, 1944 Madison Ave.
SAUNA, 300 W. 58th St.

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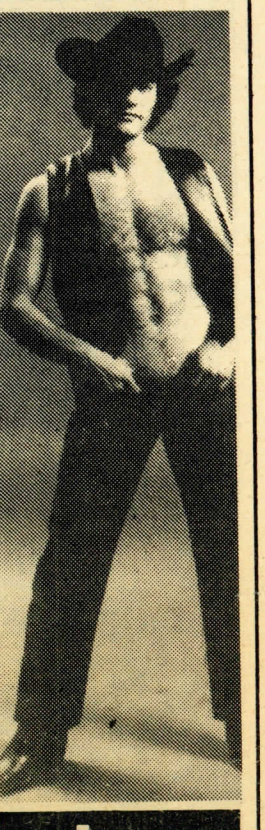

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