ALTERNATE

THE NEWSMAGAZINE FOR TODAY'S GAY AMERICA!

DECEMBER
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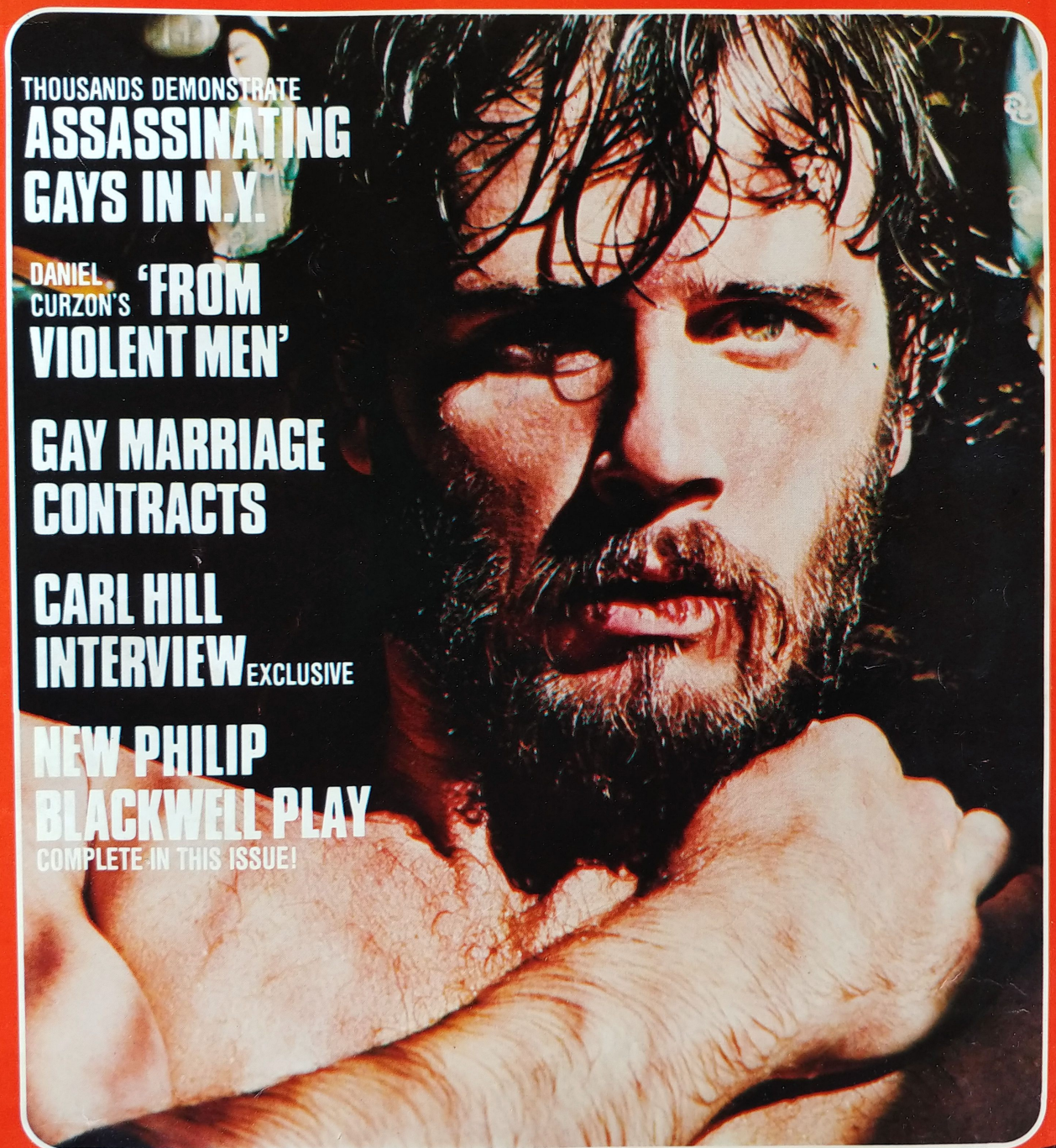

THOUSANDS DEMONSTRATE
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DANIEL CURZON'S
'FROM VIOLENT MEN'

GAY MARRIAGE CONTRACTS

CARL HILL INTERVIEW
EXCLUSIVE

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COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!

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NEW TUNE, NEW MARRIAGE, NEW PROBLEMS

BONUS! Mailbox

AMERICA'S HOTTEST GAY TABLOID!
MORE MAN-TO-MAN PERSONAL CLASSIFIEDS THAN EVER BEFORE!

HARRY CHESS

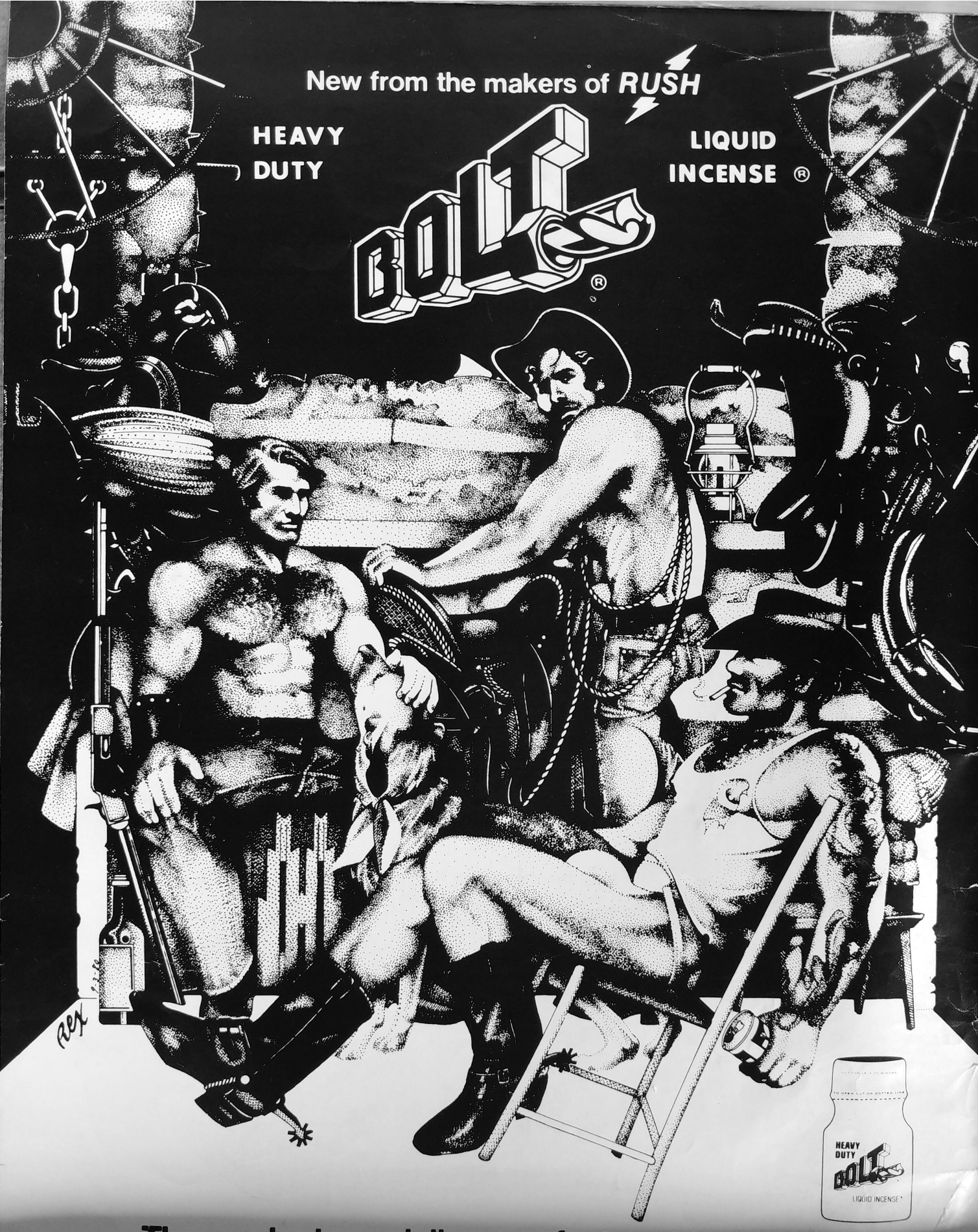

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photo by Greg Day

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Cover photo by Mick Hicks

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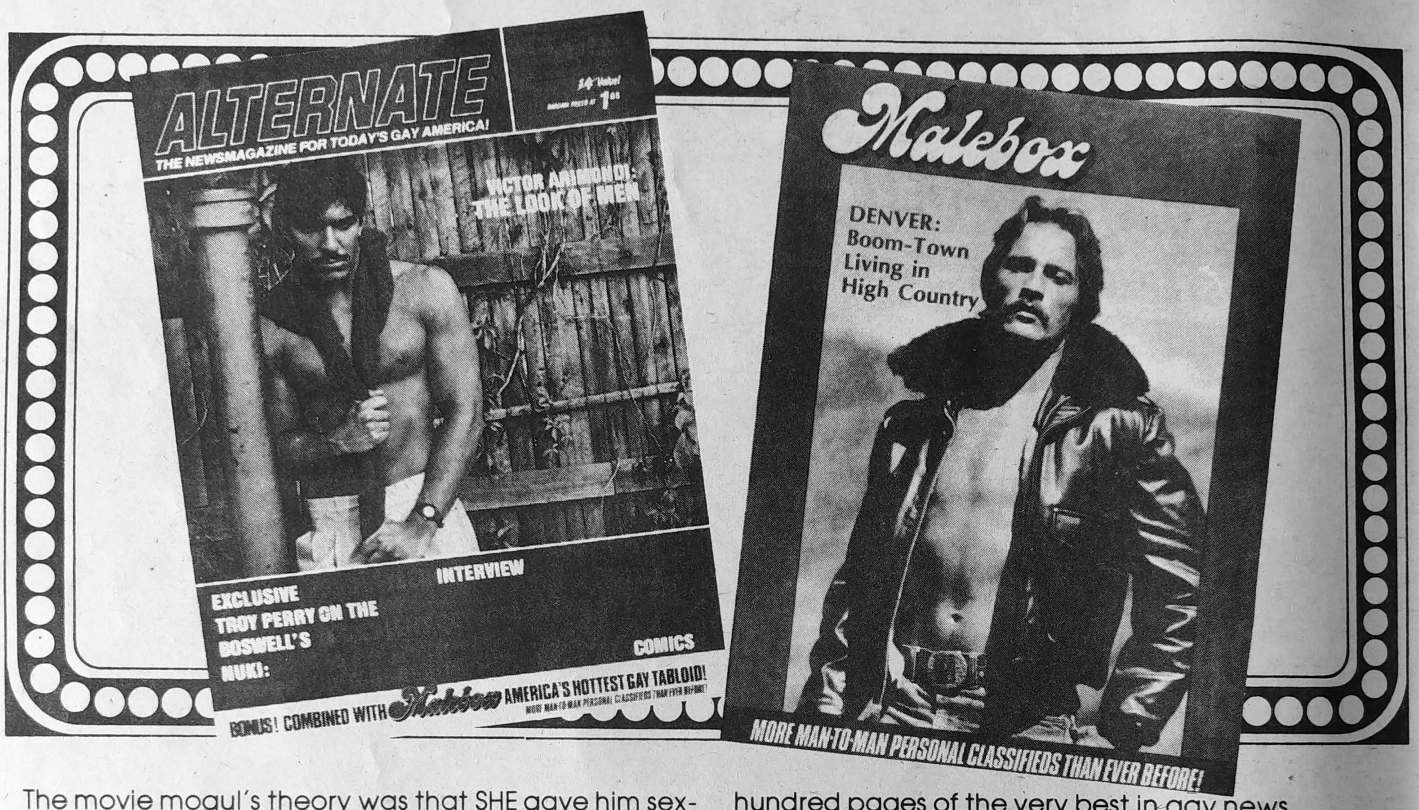
THE HOTTEST COMBO SINCE FRED AND GINGER



The movie mogul's theory was that SHE gave him sex-appeal and HE gave her class. That combination must have worked because the two certainly danced their way into cinematic history.

On a somewhat loose interpretation of that theory, Alternate Publishing has expanded ALTERNATE magazine (a class act if ever there was one) and combined it with MALEBOX (sex-appeal personified) as the new middle section. The results on the first enlarged and combined ALTERNATE/MALEBOX are in and the combo is a runaway success!

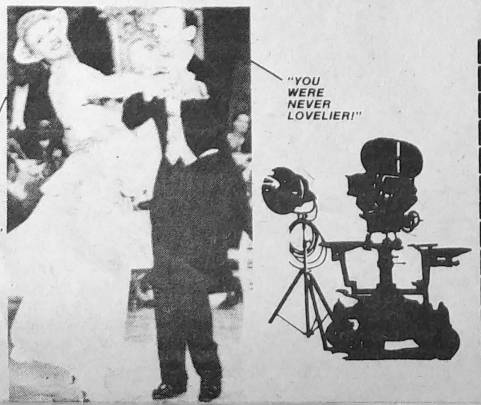
Small wonder. Where else can you get almost a hundred pages of the very best in gay news, entertainment, sports, art, photography, fiction and articles for under two bucks? and considering that ALTERNATE formerly was 2.50 and MALEBOX had a 1.50 price, this makes our new Newsmagazine for Gay America a buy at any price up to four bucks and one hell of a bargain at 1.95.

Subscriptions are still $20 a year (for 12 issues). First class mail, if you wish, is $10.

That's about the price of a couple of tickets to see a Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire revival. You Advocate readers might want to change partners and dance.

THE NEWSMAGAZINE FOR TODAY'S GAY AMERICA!

COMBINED WITH Malebox AMERICA'S HOTTEST GAY TABLOID



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Anti-Gay Killing Spree
Ex-cop kills 2, wounds 6

Ronald Crumpley, an ex-Transit Authority police officer, went on a shooting spree in New York on November 20th and killed two gay men, wounding six others, with an Israeli-made Uzi machinegun. The 38-year-old Black man told police immediately after he was apprehended that he hated all homosexuals and wanted to see them dead. He claimed that they "ruined things."

Crumpley had stolen his father's car, driven across state lines to secure the machine gun, and stalked a section of New York's Greenwich Village where he was aware gays congregated. His first victims were two gay men dressed in leather who were walking near Sim's Deli on Greenwich Avenue. He then, according to witnesses, drove around the corner, got out of the car, assumed a military stance, and began firing into the door and windows of The Ramrod, a popular Village bar.

Over seventy shots entered the building, where five patrons were struck. Crumpley fled, only to be later apprehended by the police.

When Crumpley was arrested, he confessed to the killings on videotape, claiming no remorse for the acts. Crumpley told police that he wanted all homosexuals dead.

His father, the Reverend G. Grant Crumpley, told the press, "He hates homosexuals. He was obsessed with it."

The two dead men were identifed as George Wenz, Vernon Koenig, and Rene Matute. The six other men are still listed as being in critical condition as of press time.

Judge Stanley Gartenstein ordered Crumpley held without bail pending a psychiatric examination. (See related story on page 15 of this issue).



photo by Greg Day

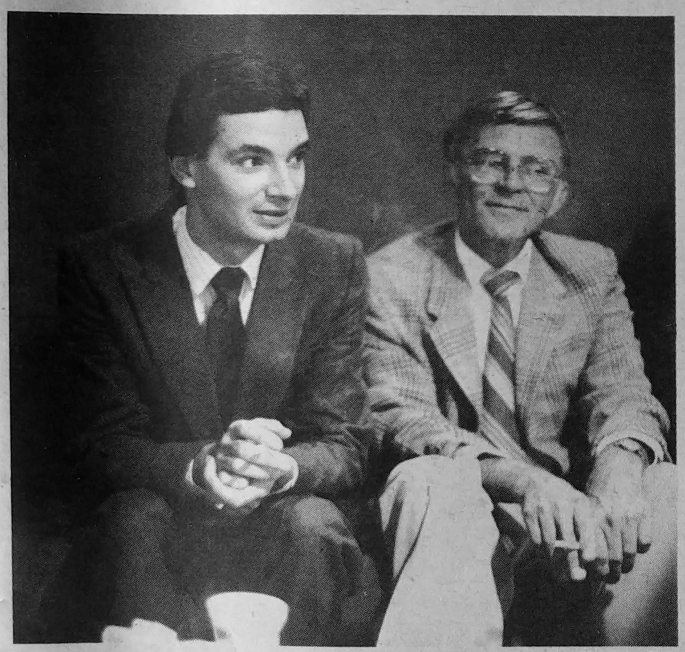

Photo by Rink

Carl Hill Victory
INS loses first round

Carl Hill, a 33-year-old British national, has successfully challenged the current Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) policy of excluding homosexuals from entry in the United States.

Hill, whom the INS had attempted to bar from entering this country last year when he came as a journalist to cover San Francisco's Gay Freedom Day for a London newspaper, returned to San Francisco on October 5th prepared to challenge the INS policy.

The hearing, before a federal immigration judge, resulted this time in a ruling that homosexuality is not reason enough to prohibit an alien from entry into the United States.

Judge Bernard Hornback ruled that Hill must be issued a visa to stay in the country for 60 days, and that the evidence of his homosexuality was insufficient to bar him.

The INS is appealing the decision, which will result in the first such case being heard higher than on the local level. The appeal to the Board of Immigration Appeals in Washington is scheduled for December, after which point the case would move into the federal courts should either side attempt to pursue it further.

Attorneys for Hill hope to have the matter resolved before the new administration takes office next year, at which point President-elect Reagan will make new conservative appointments in crucial departments.

(See interview in this issue on page 11.)

Cuban Refugees File Suit
Fifteen claim rights violation

Fifteen Cuban women, who left their country as part of the escaping refugees to the United States last May, have sued the Immigration and Naturalization Service for incarcerating them since August in New York's Metro Correctional Center without a hearing or notice of charges against them.

The fifteen, who arrived at Key West, Florida in May of this year, are represented by the New York Civil Liberties Union, Lambda Legal Defense & Education Fund, and Brooklyn Legal Services. The groups have filed *habeas corpus* petitions on behalf of each of the women.

Within days of their arrival in the United States, the women were sent to Ft. Indiantown Gap in Pennsylvania, one of the regional processing centers established by the INS. While being held there, the women were led to believe that they would be released to the community as soon as sponsors were found, in accordance with the standard procedures INS had adopted to process Cuban refugees. All of the women asked for political asylum, but none has yet received a response from the Government.

There were several disturbances at Indiantown Gap during August in protest over the conditions experienced by the Cuban refugees. All of the women have denied any participation in the disturbances. On August 19th, all of the women were rounded up and taken by van to the Metro Correctional Center. They were not told where they were being taken nor why they were being moved from the camp.

During their current imprisonment, none of the fifteen women has been informed as to how long she will be held, nor of the reasons for which she is being held. No charges have been filed against any of the women, none of them has been given any information about her current status as a political refugee, none of the women has been allowed visitors nor provided with information about available legal services or remedies.

"The present situation is outrageous," commented Rosalyn Richter, Executive Director of Lambda Legal Defense. "The women have not been given any idea of the charges against them and have been denied even the most basic due process rights."

Editorial

Prejudice Kills Again

History has a way of repeating itself. On November 20, 1980 Ronald Crumpley, the son of a minister, took a machine gun into the streets of New York and began shooting at gay men because he could no longer tolerate the existence of homosexuals. Two years earlier, almost to the day, another middle-class ex-policeman named Dan White took his service revolver into San Francisco's City Hall and executed gay supervisor Harvey Milk because he could no longer tolerate the existence of homosexuals.

And on the same day that Ronald Crumpley, also an ex-cop, was carrying out his campaign of extermination—attorneys for Dan White were asking for a reduction of sentence. Dan White, they claimed, scarcely in jail a year, had been a model prisoner—had caused no trouble since he murdered Harvey Milk and George Moscone.

Ronald Crumpley killed two men and seriously injured at least six others before his crusade of intolerance ended. He said he didn't like homosexuals—no, he said he *hated* homosexuals. He claimed they ruin things.

When Dan White went to trial for his crime, there was much talk about internal passions and external pressures that drove him beyond the rational, how a sort of insanity that was not insanity overshadowed his actions that day.

Ronald Crumpley, too, exhibits the psyche of a man ruled by passions. His passion forced him to drive almost a thousand miles in search of his death weapon, forced him to steal his father's car, forced him to fire off forty rounds of ammunication. When Crumpley goes to trial, like Dan White did, there will be much talk of how external pressures brought him to that day. There will be talk of a man not responsible for his actions. There will be talk of his sterling character, of his devotion to his wife and his children, of his civic responsiveness witnessed by his stint as an officer in the Transit Authority.

Intelligent people will ask how a man could do such a thing with malice—and suggest that this act is not indictive of Crumpley's moral character.

The church breeds violence, just as surely as it has bred violence into this preacher's son. The church will be the first to ask for understanding and tolerance, and speak of forgiveness and salvation and the sanctity of Ronald Crumpley's life. The church that has been the most vocal proponent of capital punishment, of an eye for an eye, will whisper that this is not such a crime of malice—that Crumpley was forced by external pressures toward this violent act, that he is a good man caught up in a victimization of everyman.

Two gay men are dead, murdered by the bullets from Crumpley's gun, because they were gay. Six gay men are wounded by bullets from the same gun because they are gay.

We will hear much talk of Crumpley's race, of the conditions of unemployment among Blacks, of the struggles by racial minorities to get a foothold on the ladder of the American dream. We will hear talk of neighborhoods that have suffered identity change—from abandoned city ghettos into populated gay ghettos. We will hear about the economic effects of homosexuals on inner cities. And mixed with the polemics of gentrification will be whispers of understanding and tolerance and forgiveness.

Three gay men, who cannot understand, are dead because they were gay and Crumpley could not tolerate the existence of homosexuals. The sentiments of people like Crumpley would have us bear witness to the execution of gay men and women in the name of this intolerance, would have us suffer silent witness to the pressures and passions that bring about such acts. We have been witness, in the Dan White case and in a thousand other cases like his, to the sentiments of the christian ruling class. We have been witness to prejudice, intolerance, hatred—time out of mind. We have been witness as a hundred charlatins campaign for our suppression and extermination with the bible in their hand, at their side, or as the foundation of their prejudice. The church, and the society it has created, breeds violence. It is malicious, it is prejudicial, it is intolerant, and it kills.

History has a way of repeating itself. Prejudice kills. We have been the victims of history, and prejudice—we have been killed—long enough. It is time to wake up to our victimization.

We are victims of the church, the legal system, the conservative mindset that has swept the country. We are victims of mental institutions, of economic redlining, of political expediency. We have borne witness to our victimization as much as we have borne witness to our extermination.

Ronald Crumpley is not an isolated instance of assassination. Ronald Crumpley is not an insane man who hates his father, his country and his god and must resort to acts of violence against gays to work out some internal disorder. Ronald Crumpley is the son of the church and the middle class—more than as a symbol—the manifestation of the prejudice and hatred and desires of his peers.

Ask yourself what will happen to Ronald Crumpley: A year in prison for involuntary manslaughter? Six months in a mental hospital for involuntary manslaughter? Parole and probation to the arms of his family and church and friends?

Then ask yourself what would happen if a gay man, driven to an act of retaliation by external forces, killed Ronald Crumpley? Ask yourself what would happen if a group of gay men, forced to action by some external pressure, had executed the jury in the Dan White trial, or Dan White's family, or Dan White himself? Ask yourself what would happen if a posse of gay men went into the Brambles in New York, or Dolores Park in San Francisco, and began bashing the heads of the queer-bashers who prowl there, night after night, unchecked by police? Ask yourself what would happen if gays stopped being victims and began seeking physical, destructive revenge for the injuries they have suffered.

There would be no talk of understanding and forgiveness and mercy. There would be no talk of men driven by uncontrollable passion—always external—always forces beyond reason. There would be no talk of the sanctity of *gay* human lives. There would be no talk of turning the other cheek, of examining the underlying social causes of violence. These hypothetical gay vigilantes would be called by clear and concise names: killer, murderer, assassin.

History repeats itself. Prejudice kills. And to those adages that have become the bywords for gay men and women living in the world today, perhaps another will be added: Gays die silently and are forgotten.

—John W. Rowberry

Karen Clark to House
Minnesota's Lesbian Rep

Despite the conservative Republican gains in the national elections, long-time gay activist Karen Clark defeated her Republician opponent, Jim Hagen, by a 2-1 margin for a seat in the Minnesota House of Representatives.

While Clark had been the target of gay-baiting by her opponents in the primary, the run off elections found both her nearest competitors endorsing gay rights and focusing on an issue-oriented campaign.

Gay attorney Jack Baker ran for but did not win a seat on the Minnesota Supreme Court. Baker had run for the same seat in 1978, and in this year's election pulled an increase of 5% more votes, although still only one-third of that received by his opponent.



photo by Rink

Harry Britt Re-elected
District elections axed

San Francisco's gay Supervisor, Harry Britt, won his re-election bid amid sweeping reforms of the election process. San Francisco, divided into eleven districts, has been debating the election of City Supervisors by district or at-large both on the ballot and in the back rooms of the city's political power makers. Voters rescinded District Elections this past November 4th; the presence of the initative on the ballot; forced all the current Supervisors to run for re-election as at-large candidates at the same time.

San Franciso's gay community was split on the issue of district elections, with anti-Britt factions touting at-large supervisorships as the only way to add another gay supervisor to the eleven-member board. Opposing forces warned that the city's 20% gay population might not be powerful enough of a voting block to assure even one gay Supervisor on the board.

With over 30 candidates, Britt made it under the wire, returning to the city government position.

Former San Francisco Sheriff, Richard Hongisto, who pioneered the participation of gays in that department, was also elected to the Board.

Britt had originally been appointed by Mayor Dianne Fienstein to fill the vacancy created by the assassination of Harvey Milk. Britt ran for and won re-election when Milk's term ended. Although Britt's own second term had not expired, the controversy over District Elections had once again forced the Supervisor to face an election to his office.

Klan Teaches Boy Scouts
Anti-gay training used

An instructor at a Ku Klux Klan "survival camp," who says that Communists and homosexuals are his only enemies, is teaching Explorer Scouts and Civil Air Patrol cadets how to strangle people and fire guns, according to the *Houston Chronicle*.

Joe Bogart, an ex-Marine cook, conducts his course in killing at Camp Puller near Houston. The camp is used by right-wing extremists, including the Texas Emergency Reserve, a Klan paramilitary arm.

"I am proud to be a member of the Klan," said Bogart, who said he has been a member for two years, "There are only two groups I'll battle with—Communists and homosexuals. That's the basic reason I joined the Klan."

Bogart said he was invited to teach the youths by John Bryant, a leader of Explorer Post 2125, who is on federal probation for illegal sale of weapons in Memphis.

The Explorers, charted through the Boy Scouts of America, offers boys and girls of high school age an activity program with a specific learning theme.

Civil Air Patrol Major Paul Renfro said that he has been investigating the training of scouts and cadets at the camp. We said that some parents had complained tht their sons were learning guerrila warfare and had heard racial slurs from leaders.

The Explorers have participated in maneuvers, using live ammunition. Some 12 to 30 teenages are involved.



photo by Jerry McCoy

Gay Veteran Ceremony
Arlington sees tribute

Frank Kameny, heading a delegation of Gay Activists Alliance members, is assisted by a military honor guard during wreath laying ceremonies at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Veteran's Day, November 11, Arlington National Cemetary. For the past 18 years Kameny, a native Washingtonian, has worked as spokesman, lecturer and legal counsellor for the gay community here and throughout the country. The wreath laying is to commemorate the homosexual soldiers who have died for America's sake and to honor the gay women and men who presently serve in the U.S. armed forces.

Civilian Sues Army and wins
Settlement prompts policy change

A settlement agreement awarding $10,000 money damages and a change in Army policies with respect to gay civilian contracted employees was signed in mid-November by the Department of Defense.

The suit, Preston vs. Department of Defense, was filed last March by the American Civil Liberties Union arguing that the Army's revocation of a civilian worker's security clearance on the grounds that he engaged in homosexual activity was unconstitutional. The case received wide public attention as the first challenge to the Army's policies of discrimintion against gay civilians working on defense contracts.

The plaintiff, Warren Preston, is a graphic designer employed by GTE Sylvania in Mountain View, California—who has done contract work for the Army for over ten years. In March 1979 Preston's security clearance (the Sensitive Compartmented Information access) was revoked by the Army on the grounds that he engaged in homosexual activity. Preston was not given an opportunity to confront the evidence or appeal the decision.

As a result of losing the clearance, Preston was transferred from his job and suffered subsequent loss of pay, loss of prestige and damage to his reputation.

The ACLU sued the army in U.S. District Court for discrimination and violation of due process, claiming that the revocation violated not only the constitutional guarantee of equal protection but also administrative regulations of the Department of Defense.

The settlement carries stipulations that the Department of Defense will institute new regulations regarding civilian employees within the next six months, including the stipulation that SCI clearance can not be denied an employee because of homosexuality, and that any employee whose clearance is revoked will be entitled to due process. This is the first major decision involving security clearances and the Department of Defense that has been favorable

MCC Closes Refugee Program
Says responsibilities met

The United Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches will no longer act as a clearinghouse in finding sponsors for Gay Cuban refugees, according to a letter sent to all pastors and coordinators by Bob Arthur, who had acted as director of the organization's Cuban Refugee Relief Fund since it began last July.

A spokesperson for MCC in Los Angeles said that the organization felt they had fulfilled their objective in placing the majority of the known gay refugees. However, according to Boston's *Gay Community News*, which has monitored the progress of the resettlement effort since it began, a spokesman from Church World Services (a National Council of Churches agency involved in finding sponsors for the refugees) said there were still over a hundred lesbian and gay refugees at Ft. Chaffe, Arkansas.

Ft. Chaffee is the last remaining settlement center, and currently holds a population of seven thousand Cuban refugees.

Part of the reason for MCC's withdrawal from the sponsor-hunt seems to be financial. While other agencies placing Cuban refugees have received between $100 and $1000 per refugee, and in some cases had operating expenses covered—the MCC organiztion has not been granted funding, placing the entire burden on the church organization.

Gay Bank Stock Sale Continues
Savings & Loan close to goal

Atlas Savings and Loan, the first gay banking institution in the world, is closer to reaching the necessary $2 million dollar goal for final organization, after the California Commissioner of Savings and Loan granted the group an extension to sell their remaining stock.

To fully qualify as a financial institution, the organization would have to reach a level of $2 million in stock sales. To date, the organization has sold slightly over $1.2 million, leaving $700,000 worth of stock to be sold.

While interest has been nationwide in purchasing stock, the purchaser must, by law, be a California resident. However, the Savings and Loan can have savings account customers from anywhere; and indeed have acquired a wide range of such accounts. Until the actual organization of the Savings and Loan is completed, all monies, either for savings accounts or stock purchases, are being held in trust by an established correspondent bank. Should the Savings and Loan fail to complete their organization, held funds would be refunded in full.

The stock itself sells for $12.50 a share, available in 10 share lots for $125. The maximum stock purchase allowable is 4,800 shares ($60,000 worth).

Atlas Savings and Loan has already leased its banking facilities on Market Street in San Francisco, near the city's Castro area. When the Savings and Loan is operating, it will be the first of its kind.

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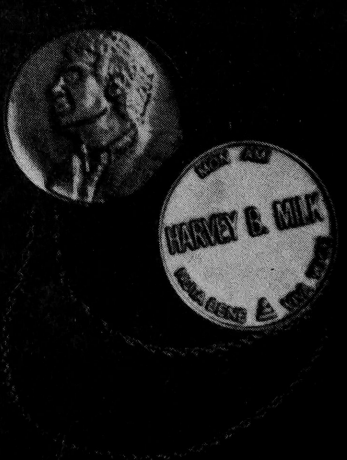

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Monitor

Love Letters

"You never write me anymore. You used to write me," he says plaintively over the phone long distance coast-to-coast.

Yes, I used to write everyday.

But how can I write when every word I say only cuts like those repeating knives into the new feet of the littlest mermaid, who gave up her fin-tail and endless days of pleasure under the sea with her sisters for a pair of legs to follow her prince across the land and even up to the altar where he married another without ever turning his head enough to see the one who really loved him?

Copenhagen was his favorite city: Our best moments were there.

The little mermaid a stone statue in the harbor—the city's patron saint. Clean air, modern conveniences, small lakes everywhere. The coffee strong, the cream cakes luscious, the air crisp through which we could see each other so clearly. We *were* those two teddy bears Gay people on the street now strive so desperately to find and be.

Today I manage a bookstore and men's club where we stock this magazine in the public antechamber. I check members' cards before they enter the backroom recreation center. I keep the shelves stocked with lubricants and check that the sling in the back is clean and ready.

It is not the kind of job that reflects the nine years of gentle love he and I experienced, developed together, committed ourselves to against all odds and obstacles. And that's all it took.

And one day I moved out. And that's all it took. A Tammy Wynette theme still wailing in the background: Wh-h-y?

Answers I don't have, so letters I don't write.

Columns I do.

Columns I now write for every issue.

Columns are my love letters these days.

If you ask, Where are we going?, while reading such columnists, then you deserve the answer you get.

Love is all there is, but sometimes it seems to require a most circuitous route to find one's heart opening again to anyone. Sometimes you just have to leave in order to find your way back.

Maybe you will wind up in the same spot in the end, but this time you will *know* it's where you want to be, and before it was only just a lucky guess.

As a flush moves the slush down below the city streets, and neon moves the products that would graft onto love, our powerhold on the concience and heart of America, et.al, is not in the tinsel edges of our symbolic culture but the gut depths of our loneliest moments and sweetest orgasms.

We will not reveal real liberation with a high school cheer that spells our name in three easy letters: We L-U-V You! But we can cure a desperate mass alienation through remembering and reminding others of those shared motivations that are our deepest hopes and weakest souls—that to survive must band together.

—*Konstantin Berlandt*



"To all my dear children, I have this to say, If I could live my life over, I'd want to be gay."

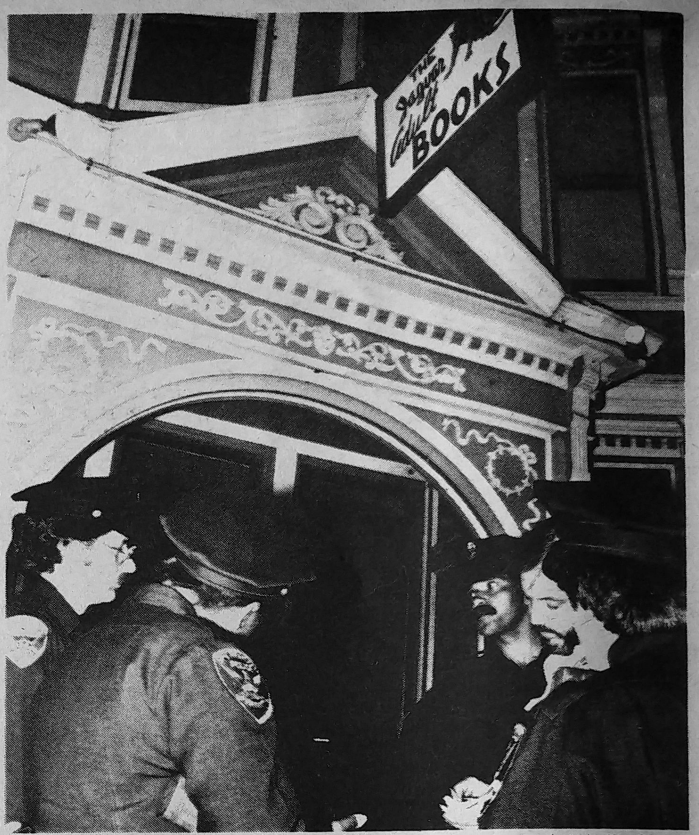

photo by Kim Corsaro

Bookstore Raids Continue
Permit validity questioned

The Jaguar Bookstore, a private membershp club in the heart of San Francisco's Castro District, was raided by uniformed and plain-clothes police officers in late October.

The store has been at the center of a controversy between a self-appointed community group composed of non-gays that have attempted to alter the community makeup of the predominantly gay neighborhood. The bookstore has also faced numerous hearings over its permits—debate of which has divided the San Francisco gay community.

The midnight raid was stymied by the refusal of the bookstore's staff to cooperate. Police officers demanded that the owner of The Jaguar be summoned—by which time everyone in the establishment knew the police were on the premises.

San Francisco author Daniel Curzon, who was present in the bookstore at the time of the raid, confronted police at the door to the bookstore's private section saying, "You have no right to come in here." The officers, still waiting for the owner's arrival, threatened to arrest Curzon for creating a public disturbance. Curzon responded by calling the policemen fascists at the top of his voice.

Local photographer Kim Corsaro had been telephoned from within the building about the raid and managed to arrive before the police inspected the interior of the private sections. Corsaro accompanied the police throughout their "inspection."

The police made no arrests, nor did they issue a citation for any legal violations after the raid.

Gay Magazine Ban Lifted
Federal Prisons overruled

The Federal Bureau of Prisons has agreed to admit gay publications into the federal prison system. The out-of-court settlement resulted from a case filed by the National Gay Task Force (NGTF vs Carlson).

The settlement was approved by the Federal District Court of Washington, DC and will be monitored for the next six months.

Under the terms of the settlement, homosexual publications, per se, will not be excluded from prisons. Gay publications of a news or informational nature, literary publications or publications of gay religious groups will be admitted. Under certain circumstances, a local warden may exclude sexually explicit material, although even this material may be admitted if it has scholarly, general social, or literary value.

The Bureau of Prisons will issue a directive to all wardens incorporating these points.

"This is an important victory for gay prisoners and for the larger gay community," said Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund President Margot Karle. "It acknowledges that homosexual literature, per se, is not dangerous or immoral. This is a significant development, and we are pleased that those who want and need news and information about their community and their lives will now receive it."

Brazilian Protests
Anti-gay moves opposed

A major public demonstration against police and conservative press anti-gay programs has emerged in Sao Paulo, Brazil. Over a thousand people braved riot police to march through the streets in opposition to a new wave of "clean-ups" in the city's central districts.

Right-wing newspapers had demanded a "clean-up of vagabonds, abnormals and degenerates" in the South American city. "We need to get these pederasts, faggots, and prostitutes out of our streets." The press printed photographs of police beating transvestites, which may have sparked the public protests.

The demonstration was organized by a coalitiion of gay, Black, and feminist groups.

U.K. Gay Group Indicted
Child molestation charged

Five members of the London-based Paedophile Information Exchange (PIE), an education and information organization, have been charged with 'conspiracy to corrupt public morals.'

The Gay youth movement was formed as an ad hoc committee aimed towards educating the public about youth sexuality, to establish communication between gay youth and other government offices, and to deal with the question of the legal age of consent. Although homosexuality between consenting adults is no longer a crime in Great Britian, the age of consent for homosexuals is 21 years of age, as opposed to a much lower age for heterosexuals.

The defendants say that they are afraid right-wing moral groups will whip up public hysteria during the trial by attempting to portray the organization as being composed of child molestors. The defendants cite examples of police harrassment of men suspected of having sex with juveniles—even though the juveniles are gay and willing.

The trial is scheduled to begin January 5, 1981.

Canadian Students Revolt
Gay book burned

Some seventy-five students at Bishop's University protested because of the inclusion of information about lesbians and gay men in their student handbook.

The gay data included a chapter on gay men and women, a list of gay bars, and a photograph of a gay pride march.

One hundred copies of the handbook were burned at the small English-language campus in Quebec.

Scottish Gay Victory
Sections still opposed

The House of Commons in Scotland has voted 203 to 80 to bring the law concerning homosexual activity into line with that in England and Wales.

The amendment in the law came about because of a proposal to the Criminal Justice Bill of Scotland made by Robin Cook, Labor MP for Edinburgh Central.

Although generally pleased with the alteration, some Scottish gay rights groups are angry that an "age of consent" of 21 is incorporated in the law. The groups feel that that is too high an age.

Many activists are also opposed to the provision in the law that makes homosexual activity between merchant seamen illegal.

'Homosexual' Slander Suits
Gary Grant and Tommy Lane file

Retired actor Gary Grant has filed a lawsuit against comedian Chevy Chase because Chase referred to Grant as a homosexual on national television. Grant is seeking $10 million in damages.

In a similar case, a nightclub singer has been awarded $92,633 by a jury that decided employees of a Chicago hotel management firm slandered him by callilng him a homosexual.

The singer, who uses the stage name of Tommy Lane, was granted $40,133 in actual damages and $52,000 in punitive damages.

Lane's attorney, David Mattenson, said that in the fall of 1974 his client was under a nine-week contract with P&S Management Inc. to sing at the O'Hare Holiday Inn.

On September 16th of that year the firm's executive director, James L. Schwartz, called the singer a "faggot," Schwartz denies saying this.

In the trial testimony Barbara Reid said that she received orders from her immediate superior in the management firm that Schwartz wanted her to fire Lane.

Reid said she later met with the singer and members of a band appearing with him and said: "Mr. Schwartz says Tommy Lane is a fag, and we don't want any fags working for us. The contract is canceled."

The lawyer said that Lane had difficulty finding other jobs after the cancellation. "He was blackballed. He was forced out of the business."

The suit took so long because when it was first filed in 1975, it was dismissed by former Circuit Court Judge Nicholas Bua, who held that under Illinois law a charge of homosexuality was not defamatory.

Cypress Ponders Anti-gay Law
Group asks decriminalization

No gay groups exist in Cyprus, but in the past year the Cyprus Society for Mental Health organized a roundtable discussion of the anti-gay laws of this country. The roundtable was led by the General Prosecutor of the Cypriot Democracy. Some of the panelists referred to homosexuality as an "abnormality" but nevertheless called for a reduction in penalties.

According to Cypriot law, any man who commits an "unnatural act of lewdness with another man. . .is guilty of a criminal offense and is subject to imprisonment for five years."

The law, until very recently, also provided for flogging and whipping. But they have been deleted as contrary to Article 8 of the Greek Constitution.

The anti-gay law is a remnant of the British colonial administration tht existed on the island before independence.

There have been about 8 convictions each year from 1968 through 1978 under the law.

The roundtable, especially the call of some members for total abolition of the penalties against homosexual behavior, received wide coverage in the Cypriot press.

Mexico Hosts Gay Conference
First public organizing

On December 13 and 14, 1980, Mexico will hold its first national gay congress.

The purpose of the congress is to review what has been accomplished in gay rights to date, to refine the organizational structure of the movement on a national level, to elaborate a national political manifesto, and to make decisions about future directions.

Heading the organization is FHAR, "Frente Homosexual de Accion Revolucionaria," which was started in April, 1978 in Mexico City by a nucleus of former militants from the very first gay liberation Mexican group, founded in 1970, the "Frente de Liberacion Homosexual."

Besides the working sessions there will be a series of social and cultural events.

U.K.'s Whithouse Condemns Play
Seeks prosecution over gay scene

England's Mary Whithouse, often thought of as the United Kingdom's Anita Bryant, has demanded the prosecution of the producers of a current hit play in London called *The Romans in Britain*. The play, which concerns historical parallels between Imperial Rome (54 BC) and British behavior in Northern Ireland (1980 AD) contains a scene where a number of Roman soldiers torture and attempt to sodomize a young Celt. While the play has not received critical accolades, it has been a sell-out ticket at the National Theatre's prestigious Olivier Theatre.

Mary Whithouse, who has not actually seen the play herself, issued a statement that said, in part, "One is concerned about protecting the citizens, and in particular young people. I'm talking about men being so stimulated by the play that they will commit attacks on young boys."

Her watchdog organization, The National Viewers' and Listeners' Association has demanded public prosecution under the 1968 Theatres Act.

Another objector to the play is Sir Horace Cutler, leader of the Greater London Council, a government body that subsidizes the National Theatre to the tune of more than a million dollars a year. Sir Cutler was so upset by the play that he has threatened to withdraw the Council's money.

Mary Whithouse might be remembered for her successful prosecution of the London newspaper *Gay News* for blasphemy a couple years ago when the newspaper printed a poem that suggested a Roman solider's amorous advances toward the body of the crucified Christ.

Disneyland Wins
Gay dancing prohibited

Disneyland officials can prohibit two people of the same sex from dancing together at the famous amusement park, a California judge has ruled.

A suit filed by Andrew Exler, 19, and Shawn Elliot, 17, against the Walt Disney-inspired playground was denied. The couple had been asked to leave a dance floor at Disneyland and were expelled from the park last September when they refused to stop dancing together.

Attorney Ron Talmo argued that the two young men, both gay, have a constitutional right to dance together, the same right afforded opposite-sex couples.

William Bitting, the lawyer for Disneyland, argued that the park officials had the right to "discourage that kind of display" and other "disruptive" behavior in the park. Bitting added that Disneyland does not discriminate against allowing gays admittance to the park and permits them to hold hands.

Superior Judge John Trotter said in his decision that Disneyland authorities have the right to "maintain a unique family atmosphere and security for park patrons."

The lawyer for the gay couple said that he will appeal the decision and predicted that he will eventually win the case. He said, "The judge missed the whole point" of the lawsuit.

Indiscreet

Such Nice Boyfriends

The Christmas tree will go up—and up, for it must touch the ceiling—the night I arrive. The smiling angel will leave her box containing the two spare lightbulbs that the box proudly promises. She lights up from within, her plastic, lipsticked lips mocking me as I firmly plant her atop the tree. I make sure her spangled halo is crushed against the ceiling. In another plainer box lying in state is great-grandmother's angel, whose tattered satin gown does not frame her broken china face. Christmas is a sentimental holiday in Jackson, Ohio.

"There is that nice Spriggs boy, he's such a saint taking care of his mother." My mother says this and toots the horn of the car. The Spriggs boy is 38 and a screaming queen who has been reduced to a mere whine, his mother a vicious bitch for whom no one had ever had a kind word. I point out the boy's age and the mother's disposition omitting only the whine, as I fear my mother may then assume I am classifying her, mother of a screaming queen, with the boy's harridan mother. Logic fails once again to make an impression.

"Is Harry like that?" my mother asks almost inaudibly, but who could be listening in this century-old farmhouse in the rolling Ohio hills? We are alone. The ten-year-old catechism begins. "Like what, mother?" Silence. "You know..." No silence. "No, I don't know. Like what?" Silence. Silence. Silence. "Like you." Some silence. "Like me how?" Little silence. "You know..." We look intently at one another, two people hoping the phone will ring and break the silence. Finally—Loudly—Aggressively—"Yes, mother he's gay, like me." Defeat.

"Casey and Suzanne had another baby, a boy—Donna and Steve divorced, it was a shame—Barry married a girl from Columbus, they live in Dayton—Rusty and Jean bought a house, it isn't very nice—Dan and Ellen are having a trial separation but she's living with another man, she isn't very nice." "What do you do in San Francisco," they ask. I talk about my job, earthquakes, painted Victorian houses, Reno, and Chinatown. I don't talk about my boyfriend, my social life, this publication, Castro Street, or the Beaux Arts ball. I don't whine in my hometown; I simply *don't*—

There is a McDonald's, a Colonel Sanders, an Arthur Treacher's, and a Taco Bell all sitting side by side in plastic splendor out by the shopping center. I choose Taco Bell, as it's exotic. The counterperson accepts my order for beef tacos and a man in the corner looks at me. Two boys not in a corner look at me. I feel the perspiration break through the skin of my forehead. The man looks at me with recognition and lust. The boys with recognition and disgust. The disgusted looks I remember growing up with. The word will come. FAGGOT. The lust I will run from because this man wants it in a car, quick, nervous, and with details about how he knew right away about me and that he doesn't get to the bars in Columbus much. "Faggot," the two boys yell. Was it in unison? I stare at them—no clever comeback—no gesture—only dead eyes staring them down. The man in the corner has dropped his napkin; his eyes are searching the floor. I leave quickly, squashing the taco in my fist.

"Susan is coming home," Mary Ann said while putting a lit match to yet another Kool King. "Oh," my mother answered quietly—the children were listening. Aggressively, but in a murmur, Mary Ann added "and she's bringing her roommate Trudy." "Oh," my mother again answered with gravity, "of course I'll have them *both* to dinner." "Mother would appreciate that, she'll need a break." Mary Ann dropped ash on my mother's carpet as she said this. "Of course," my mother answered caressingly, understandingly, conspiratorially—the children were listening.

"It happens in the best of families," I heard Mary Ann say understandingly to my mother shortly after I told my mother I was gay. Platitudes are effective only in real life.

I never saw Susan after I came out, after I knew why she was spoken of in that tone of voice reserved for those who have been institutionalized, who have behaved shamefully, or who have died by their own hand, for by 1970 Susan and her roommate, Trudy, no longer visited the big house on the hill.

One cold day in 1977 in Boston I received a call from my mother. In almost inaudible tones she told me that Mary Ann's sister, Susan, had been found by her roommate, Trudy. Susan had blown her head off. "Lover," I yelled into the hard plastic receiver, "Susan was found by her lover, mother." Platitudes are not always effective in real life. I cried loudly for a very long time. I still sometimes cry loudly for very long times.

"Ada, he sleeps in the same bed with that boy." Pat Sargent's usually pale face was suffused with color brought about by exasperation, as she made this blunt statement, her pop eyes not leaving my face, her nicotine-stained finger driving her point almost into Ada's wig. Ada, my grandmother, sat impassively beneath her Eva Gabor silver wig, her china doll face intact. After what seemed an interminable time to Pat and me, Ada answered, "I slept in the same bed with my sister for years." The nicotine-stained finger drooped and a spring let go inside me, laughter erupting from every pore but not from my lips. Did Ada, my grandmother, smile knowingly at me? I can never ask. In her letters she always asks about "my little Harry," my best friend whom, upon meeting, she dubbed "pretty as a girl." She always tells me how lucky I am to have "such nice boyfriends."

—*Gregg Howe*

HF

HOLLAND'S TYPESETTING

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S.F. Anti-Violence March
Harvey Milk Commemorated

Well over a thousand gay men and women marched through the streets of San Francisco Thanksgiving Night to commemorate the assassination of George Moscone and Harvey Milk, both murdered two years ago by former City Supervisor Dan White.

The marchers organized by the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club, formed a candlelight procession down Market Street in San Francisco, ending at City Hall. One incident of anti-gay violence marred the procession when a passing car slowed and a passenger threw a bottle at the marchers.

At City Hall, the marchers heard from a number of spokespersons, including Julie Tang, a Chinese-American recently elected to the Community College Board, who spoke of the special feeling for Harvey Milk from the Chinese-American community in San Francisco and for the necessity of a coalition to be forged between the gay community and the city's Chinese-American population. A representative from the Latino community also spoke to the crowd, decrying the violence that had wrecked the city, and asking for support from the gay community in the struggles of Latino youth against the police. Recent violent attacks against gays have happened within the predominately Latino-Mission District, which border the gay populated Castro District. A good deal of the anger evident in the gathering stemmed from a community-perceived lack of involvement on the part of either the police of the Mayor in bringing an end to the attacks. During Wayne Friday's (President of the San Francisco Tavern Guild) speech to the crowd, shouts of "Recall Feinstein" were heard repeatedly.

Friday reminded the gathering that the policies are set by the Mayor, and called on Dianne Feinstein to become actively involved in ceasing the attacks of gays in the city.

Gay Supervisor Harry Britt urged the crowd to examine themselves closely, making sure that racism, sexism and homophobia did not exist in the gay community. He recalled moments of Harvey Milk's past to the assembled audience, and urged that the legacy of understanding mixed with political activism of Harvey Milk be remembered and reinstituted.

The Lesbian and Gay Chorus sang a number of musical pieces as part of the commemoration, and the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, a social/political organization of gay male nuns, led the crowd in a closing benediction.

As had been done in past marches, candles were placed around the Abraham Lincoln statue in front of City Hall.

Local news media made much over the lack of a parade permit issued to the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club for the event, although there has never existed a parade permit for any of the anti-violence marches, or the marches led by Harvey Milk himself in the past.

Police assigned to the march told the crowd at Castro and Market, where the cortage assembled, to use the sidewalks. However, the marchers soon flowed into the streets, where they continued to City Hall.

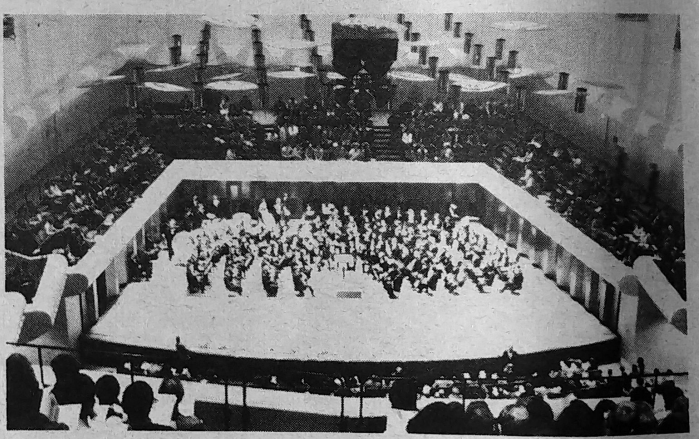


photo by Greg Day

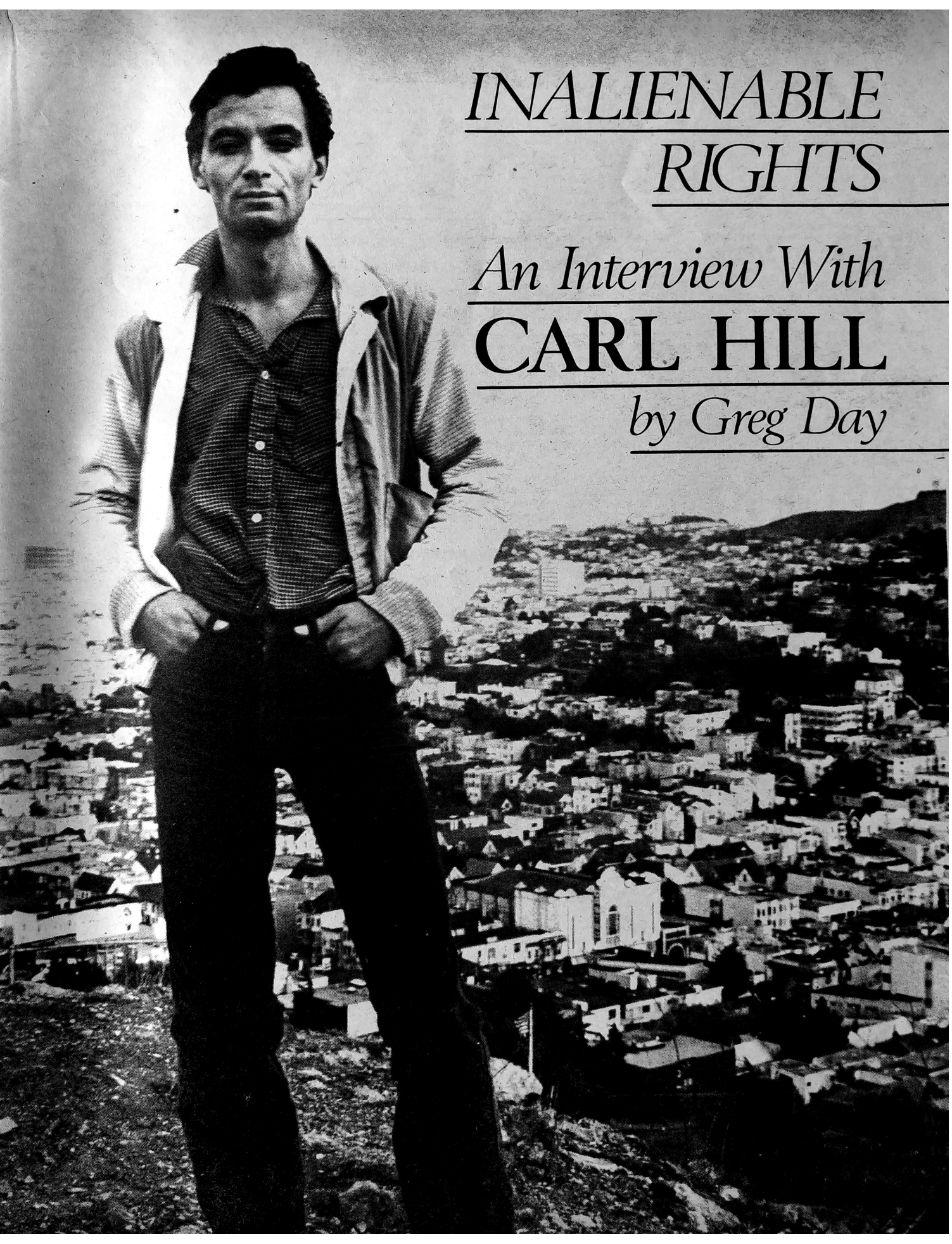
Gay Band Plays Davies Hall
Historic musical event

For the first time in history, a gay musical group has played in a major concert hall. The San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band filled the 3000+ seat Louise M. Davies Hall, that city's newest concert facility, for two evenings in a benefit that netted over $50,000 to be shared between the band and the Gay Rights Advocates—the organization that funded Carl Hill's fight against the Immigration and Naturalization Bureau.

The San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band & Twirling Corp, under the direction of founder and conductor Jon Sims, has become a highly-visible and respected part of the San Francisco community. The Band has won a number of awards in the city's Columbus Day and Chinese New Year parades.

The Louis M. Davies Symphony Hall had only recently opened as a concert facility when the Band scheduled a *Command Performance* as a fund raiser. The opening night afforded all the pomp and splendor acquainted with concert openings. Mayor Dianne Fienstein appeared during the intermission and presented the Gay Rights Advocates with a Proclamation, after chiding conductor Jon Sims for not having enough Lesbian band members.

The Band's program combined classical arrangements with contemporary selections that had become favorites of the group's fans. Samuel Barber's *Commando March* opened the evening, followed by Hoist, Ellington, Seitz, Morton Gould, Harry Warren, John Williams' *Theme from Superman* and Tchaikovsky. The Band's Guard unit appeared as part of the program, as did The Twirling Corp, The Varsity Drag, and The Tap Troupe.



INALIENABLE RIGHTS

An Interview With

CARL HILL

by Greg Day

Carl Hill, a 33-year-old Englishman, first visited the United States in June of 1979. He and his lover, the news editor of London's Gay News, had come to photograph and write about the Gay Freedom Day events in San Francisco. He was stopped by U.S. Immigration officers who, seeing a Gay Pride button his jacket, asked if he was a homosexual. When he replied in the affirmative, they informed him that because he was homosexual he could not enter the United States. They offered him the choice of getting back on the plane and returning to England or going before a medical examiner to determine his homosexuality.

Carl Hill was the first foreigner to ever stay and challenge the laws regarding exclusion of homosexuals. With the assistance of the legal rights organization, Gay Rights Advocates, he paved the way for changes in the immigration laws.

This year, the day after the presidential elections, Carl Hill returned to San Francisco to further test the validity of the current immigration laws. He has, again with the help of GRA, won the first round in having the immigration laws, as they regard the exclusion of gay men and lesbians, changed.

Greg: In June of 1979 you were stopped by U.S. Immigration officials at San Francisco International Airport for being a homosexual. Can you describe the events of that day?

Carl: That was my first visit to the United States. My lover Michael Mason and I were on holiday. We were coming to San Francisco to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Stonewall rebellion and planned to march in the Gay Pride Parade. It was also our ninth anniversary and we wanted a quiet holiday.

The flight was wonderful and I spent most of my time drinking with two beautiful old ladies who had just done Europe in thirty-one days and told me about every day of their trip. I was feeling quite merry when I got off the plane. I stood in line at customs and was joking with some Australians about how immigration seemed more like interrogation because things were taking so long. I noticed that one of the men checking people had finished his line and was staring at me. He may have noticed my Stonewall button, I don't really know. When I got up there to have my papers processed he said, I've got two questions for you. I smiled and said, I don't think you like me. He then asked me if I had ever had a homosexual experience. I said yes in the tone of hasn't everybody. He then asked me if I was a practicing homosexual and when I said yes he asked me to come with him to a smaller room at the back. I mentioned that my lover had gone through customs and was getting our bags. They told me to go and get him and when I returned they informed me that it was against the law to allow homosexuals into the country and that I could get back on the plane to England or contest their decision. They said that I could go back to England and return another time. I thought, well I've spent thousands of dollars on this trip and I want my holiday now, not later.

We argued for a while and Michael said, look I've come through customs and I'm homosexual but you haven't arrested me. They replied that they had processed his papers and didn't want anything more to do with him. Michael had trouble getting his tourist visa in London because he had written on the application that he worked for *Gay News*.

Greg: Were you working for *Gay News* at the time?

Carl: Not really. Michael is News Editor for *Gay News* and I was going to photograph the parade for his article. I have my own business as a conserver and restorer of antiques.

It took four hours of questioning before Immigration finally parolled me to myself with the provision that I go for a medical examination to determine if I was a homosexual. The law as originally written by Congress requires a medical examination by the Public Health Service. When we finally got to the hotel where we had our reservations they asked what had happened and immediately put us in touch with Gay Rights Advocates.

Greg: Did you ever have the medical examination?

Carl: No. The attorneys from GRA, Don Knutson and Jeff Appleman, talked with the doctor and he issued a letter saying he was too busy to see me for at least 60 days and by that time I was back in England. The Surgeon General, who is head of the Public Health Service, has since ruled that his service will no longer give a medical examination to determine homosexuality since it is no longer considered a mental or physical disease with the medical professions.

Greg: So you stayed for two weeks and then returned to England?

Carl: No, I ended up staying for two months, waiting for the case to be resolved and now over a year later it is still in progress.

Greg: That must have been difficult financially.

Carl: Oh, it was! There were a lot of donations to GRA to help fund my stay. But on returning to England I found that a business I had left for two months had dwindled to practically nothing.

When I left the U.S. Don Knutson said, this isn't going to be the end of it, and they wanted to go on and I agreed. We had won a partial victory and I was very anxious to go on and finish it. I kept up communications with GRA and on returning this time we have been even more successful in challenging the new Justice Department ruling on the law.

The Attorney General ruled that a medical examination was not necessary and that gay people could be turned back at the border if they admitted to their homosexuality. We had a court hearing and the judge ruled against the Immigration Service.

Immigration is now appealing and we expect to go all the way with it.

My return this time was far more frightening than the first time where I played the whole thing by ear. This time I had to declare that I was a homosexual whether they asked me or not.

Greg: Are you the first person who elected to stay and protest this law?

Carl: As far as we know. There have been an endless number of people who've been stopped and elected to return home.

Greg: It was announced originally that you would arrive a week before the recent Presidential Election. Why was your arrival changed to the day after the election?

Carl: When Don Knutson and I first talked about my return a couple of months ago I was quite ill and in the hospital. Two weeks ago I planned to fly standby and I called Don and he said good. The next day he called me back and said, don't come until after the elections. I've had word from the White House that it would be politically bad. The Carter administration wanted to get as much support as possible and if I was to arrive at that point it would look as if they were queer-bashing.

I have to be told constantly how important this case really is simply because it seems to be such a small issue, such a ridiculous law, that it should have to go so far. It has cost an awful lot of people a lot of time and a lot of money, which could have been saved by the government writing this law off.

Greg: This law has been there for many years but the enforcement of it has recently increased, especially during the Carter administration. At least sixty-four people have been turned back by Immigration for being homosexual during this administration.

Carl: Yes. But then again, that this should touch the highest office in the land seems quite ludicrous to me.

Greg: Although you may not have thought about it consciously, you responded to this incident with U.S. Immigration in a very political way. How does your response in this case relate to your personal history?

Carl: I have always been a very tolerant person. I've always let other people lead their own lifestyles. In fact I quite enjoy other people living different lifestyles from my own. I like people. This seemed an affront to personal liberty. I was very angry that the U.S. government should want to know what I did in bed.

My parents gave me a very liberal upbringing. When I told them I was Gay eleven years ago their only concern was that I was happy. I feel very, very lucky having parents like that because so many Gay people have parents who don't support them. My grandfather was a black Jamaican and my father is half-cast. My parents were never married, and being a racially mixed couple they have had to put up with a lot of oppression themselves.

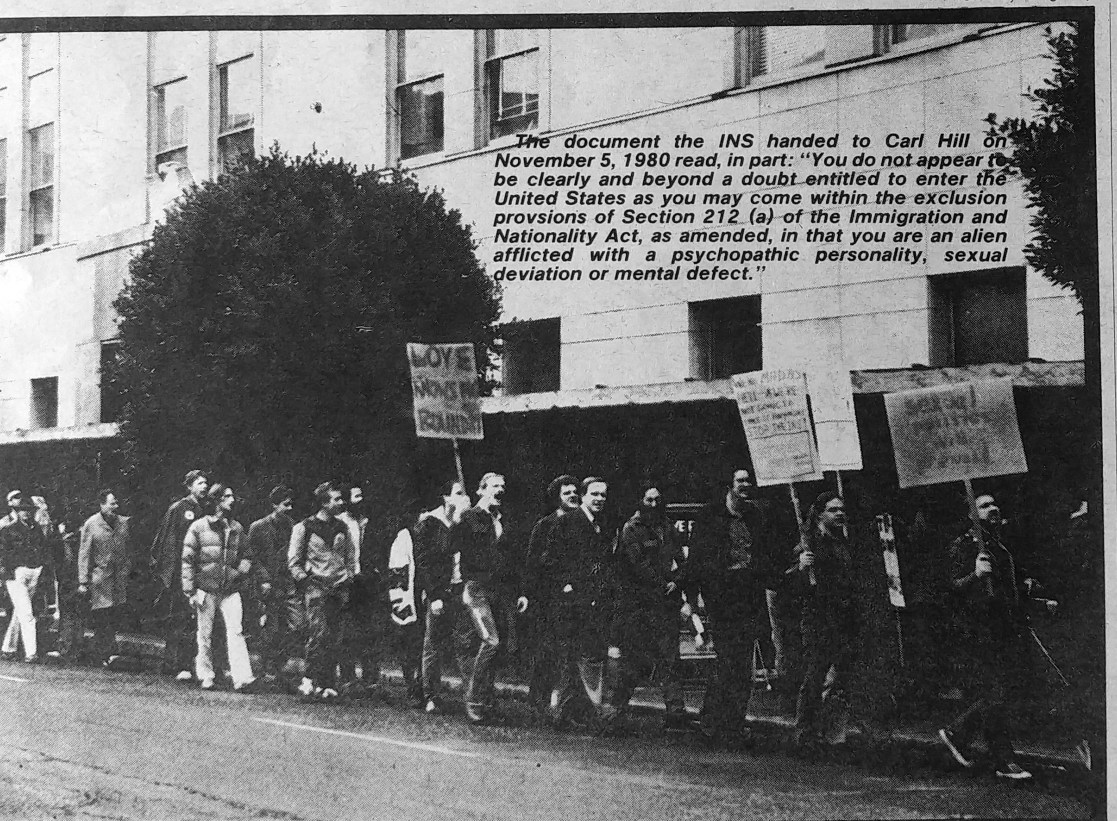
They met during the Second World War when there were very few Blacks in England; at that time it wasn't liked at all, especially in small towns like the one they lived in. So they've had their own fight and they instilled this liberalism in both me and my sister.

Greg: What do your parents think about your battle with U.S. Immigration?

Carl: My father was saying it's really good that I'm doing what I feel is right. In the last year we've grown closer talking about it and I think he feels proud of me and that makes me feel good.

"...I have to be told constantly how important this case really is simply because it seems to be such a small issue, such a ridiculous law."

Photos by Greg Day.

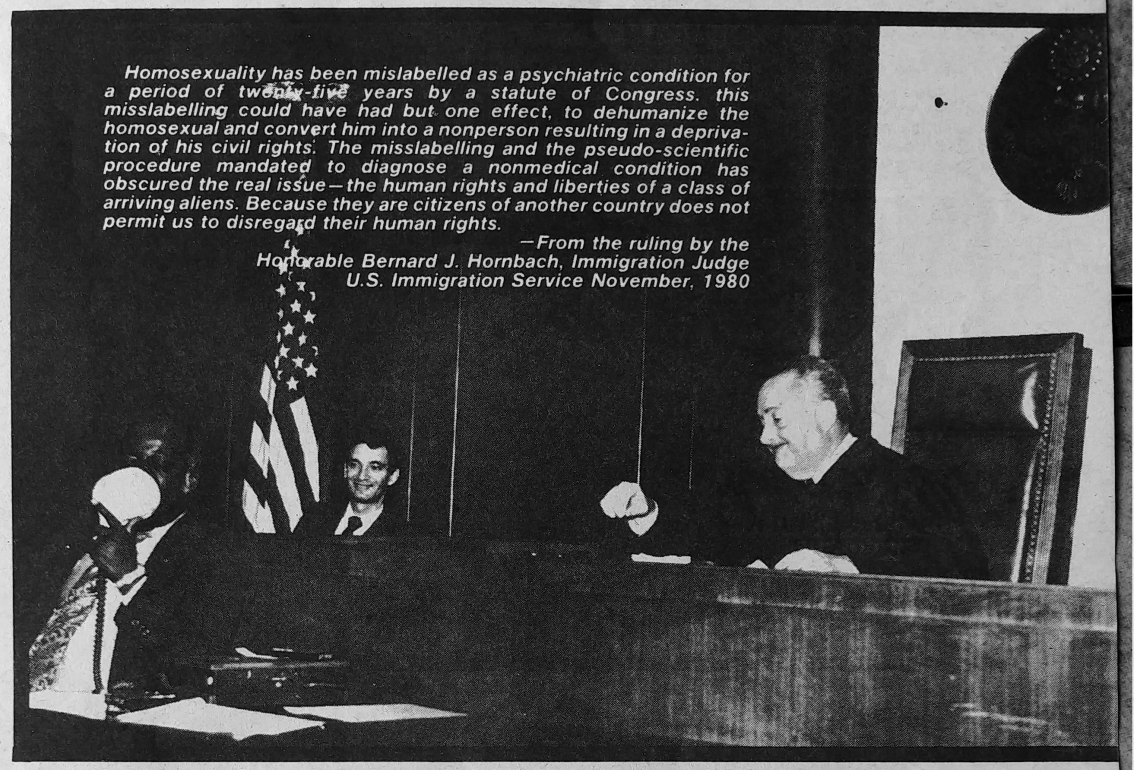


The document the INS handed to Carl Hill on November 5, 1980 read, in part: "You do not appear to be clearly and beyond a doubt entitled to enter the United States as you may come within the exclusion provsions of Section 212 (a) of the Immigration and Nationality Act, as amended, in that you are an alien afflicted with a psychopathic personality, sexual deviation or mental defect."

Greg: Has there been good coverage of your fight in the press in London?
Carl: No, there hasn't. *The Guardian* and *Times* had a small story but only *Gay News* and the other Gay press gave it much coverage.
Greg: When you arrived this time at San Francisco Airport you said that we assume this is a free world and that it is really not. That there is discrimination in customs and immigration everywhere and you mentioned the treatment of Indian people by British customs.
Carl: Yes, in a way their predicament with our own immigration officers seems even more obnoxious. There was a recent case where a woman came in from India and British Immigration subjected her to a gynecological test to determine if she was actually a virgin. She was coming into the country to marry a British citizen.
Greg: What is the status of homosexuality in Great Britian?
Carl: It was totally illegal until 1967 when the law was changed throughout England, Wales and Northern Ireland to make homosexual acts legal between consenting adults over age 21. Scotland has only just now passed a similar law. Heterosexual acts are legal at age sixteen and we are now fighting strongly to bring the laws in line with age sixteen. The law is quite tight because you're not allowed to have more than two people having sex in any one residence or the police can come in and arrest you.
Greg: So group sex is illegal in Great Britian?
Carl: That's why we don't have back rooms in bars or other public or even private places where sex is allowed.
Greg: Has the political climate for Gay rights changed in England now that Margaret Thatcher, a conservative, is Prime Minister?
Carl: It doesn't seem to have changed at all. There may be a change coming but she has only been in a year and we'll have to wait and see. We quite expect a backlash, but she has ignored Gay people altogether, which is extraordinary because it is generally believed that her son may be Gay.

There is really only one Gay movement in England now and that is the Campaign for Homosexual Equality. There used to be two in the early seventies with Gay Liberation, which was the more radical group. They have now merged together and CHE is very strong and methodical. They are interested more in changing the law than demonstrating publicly. They are getting into the law and changing it from inside, which is a very long process. Instead of getting out and saying here we are, we demand equality, it's being done very, very slowly. Amongst the Gay community there are constant jokes about CHE, about how they are always having tea parties to make decisions.
Greg: Is *Gay News* the major community newspaper in London?
Carl: Yes. It is the only Gay newspaper in England; there are magazines but no other papers.
Greg: I understand that *Gay News* was recently prosecuted for blasphemy.
Carl: Yes. That was wonderful! (laughing)
Greg: How was blasphemy defined?
Carl: As being derogatory against Christ. It all came about when a poem was published which depicted oral copulation between Christ and a Centurian. This case was taken up by our equivalent to your Anita Bryant, Mary Whitehouse. She hadn't even read the poem. It was sent to her and she took the paper to court.
Greg: Did *Gay News* lose the case?
Carl: Yes. It cost them forty or fifty thousand dollars which was raised by the Gay community.
Greg: So it is against the law in England to be sacrilegious?
Carl: Yes, and she has tried in the last couple of months to prosecute a play in London called *The Romans* which has a sadomasochistic scene. *Gay News* is there upfront all the time and it's a shame because if it says anything controversial then even Gay people say *Gay News* shouldn't be holding this or that sort of view, because it is the only paper. So it has to strike a balance of not getting too political, and I don't like that. If it has a view and there are people on the staff who have political views, they should let them be known.
Greg: London has a reputation for being an international city with a large Gay population. What is Gay life like in London?
Carl: Well, we are trying very hard to copy San Francisco. We recently got a new disco called Heaven that is very much like Dreamland here. We also have a clone leather bar now in London and that is the most crowded bar in town.
Greg: By clone, do you mean the appearance of its clientele?
Carl: Yes. Leather and denim, cropped hair and mustaches and flannel shirts. I suppose that's good. There should be some sort of link and feeling of unity. However, in London this clone thing is really hiding behind an image. It's a very macho image but when you get up close to these people and talk to them they are incredibly effiminate and limp wristed. I don't understand why they don't just be themselves. People who are just themselves are often far more masculine. When you question them they counter: we're men and we want to show that we are men. It's just an image, not a reality.
Greg: Do these images of manliness come from British culture?
Carl: Yes, and the people who dress this way are often perceived as actually being Americans. There really isn't a Gay dress or look that is typical of London. For the razzmatazz of being Gay we look towards America. You are the leader in terms of Gay rights and Gay lifestyles.
Greg: What about Gay culture, bars, and other kinds of entertainment?
Carl: We have quite an assortment of social activities within the Gay community from hiking and other sports to exclusive private clubs, what we call very Up-Market in the West End of London. There are a lot of Gay restaurants as well with a sort of restaurant society that moves around to be seen in certain places. For a city of nine million people there are very few Gay bars. The Notinghill area of London is becoming our first Gay neighborhood. Notinghill has a history of radicalism. Every year there is a carnival there for the black people and it is becoming increasingly Gay. It's one of the biggest events in London. There is also occasional Gay theater, but it is very rare compared to San Francisco.
Greg: What were some of your first impressions of San Francisco?
Carl: I had heard so many things about how liberal San Francisco was and it took me about three days to get over the shock of my difficulty with U.S. Immigration there. When I started going out of the hotel to see San Francisco it was like being Alice in Wonderland! Backrooms, bars, the baths, God! What an amazing place that was to me.
Greg: Are there no bath houses in London?
Carl: Well, we have all male saunas but they are very strict, no sex goes on at all. You're not even allowed to take your towel off. So arriving here I wanted to see as much as possible (laughter).
Greg: Have you traveled to Amsterdam?
Carl: Yes. If you want a good time in Europe you go to Amsterdam. My lover and I spend two or three long weekends there a year. We have heard that San Francisco is much like Amsterdam but it is much more than Amsterdam actually. Amsterdam doesn't do it in the same style as San Francisco. The baths here for example, apart from a lot of sex going on, are done in a very professional way, almost like a gentleman's club. I was very impressed with that. People in San Francisco are so much more friendly than people in London. You can go to a bar here and someone will come up and talk to you and that doesn't necessarily mean they are trying to pick you up. Where as in London people don't usually speak—unless they're on the make.

Also Americans have this thing where they work hard and play hard. I can understand that because you can get quite decent rewards for your work, whereas in England people are poorly paid for what they do. You seem to enjoy life a lot more. Why we can't, I don't know.
Greg: You and Michael arrived at one of the busiest times of the year here in the Gay community. Did you attend many of the events surrounding Gay Freedom Day?
Carl: We received an invitation to the Gay band and chorus concert held at Grace Cathedral. Harry Britt, the Gay city supervisor, invited us to accompany him. The concert was absolutely wonderful and when Mayor Dianne Feinstein came down the aisle to speak she glided in as if she were on roller skates and the television cameras and lights came on and I thought: Wow! all this in an Episcopal Church! The music the band played seemed totally irreligious. It was a wonderful feeling to be with all those Gay people and I cried. You see, that sort of thing just wouldn't happen in England.



". . .I would like to see that the Gay Movement is not fractured by internal politics. We all have one goal and that is to be treated equally."

". . .Americans have this thing where they work hard and play hard. You seem to enjoy life a lot more."

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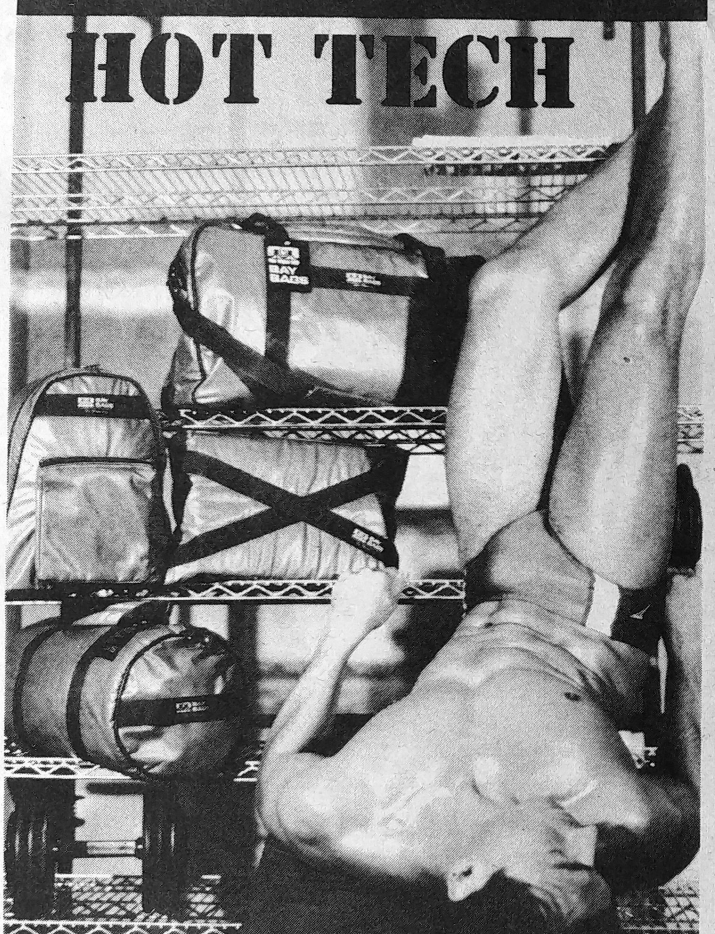
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One of my first impressions of the city was while standing at the corner of Castro and Market and a hugh black motorcycle came by with two guys in heavy leather and in front a beautiful Irish Setter was lying totally relaxed on the handlebars. The very next day I stood on the same corner and a guy on a motorcycle in full drag came by and (laughing) I thought, well, that's it, that sums it up.

Greg: It must have been easy for you and your lover to meet people because of the tremendous amount of publicity here about you.

Carl: Yes. Well, we were hassled by the press and were trying to avoid all that. Once, we were on our way to see our attorney and right in the middle of the street we had this row and Michael said he was going back to the hotel. I went on towards Castro Street and then stopped and decided to go back. On my way back to the hotel I passed this old man in a rocking chair sunning himself on the street. He stopped me and said, aren't you the English guy who was held up by Immigration, and I said, yes, and thought, Oh my God! I don't want to stop and talk. He said, you must come and meet these two guys and I said, well, okay. He took me into this flower shop that these two men ran and I shook their hands and said that I was sorry but I had to get back to my lover as we just had a row. They said: Oh, For God's sake, get back! And they gave me the most enormous bunch of flowers to give to him, which I thought was very wonderful. They understood immediately and I don't think that would have happened in London.

Greg: I remember you commented how shocked you were that this battle with U.S. Immigration should happen to you. What effect has it had on your life?

Carl: The first feeling that I have is how I haven't been active in the Gay Movement for some years and this has given me an opportunity to do so and I'm very lucky that I had the opportunity to do so in San Francisco where the support has been overwhelming. I don't only mean the support of the Gay community. I have endless letters from heterosexual couples and even old ladies and they are really wonderful—"We are very sorry this has happened to you, Immigration is not San Francisco. We're really the San Franciscans and we wish you a lot of success." That was the most touching thing to me.

Going back to England I realized that it wasn't over and I was only too glad to come back and try to finish it and feel that I've done something for the Gay community. It doesn't matter where the Gay community is, whether San Francisco, the South of France or wherever. It's nice to be back in the movement.

Greg: Now that you are once again involved in Gay rights what do you see as primary objectives?

Carl: I would like to see that the Gay Movement is not fractured by internal politics. We all have one goal and that is to be treated equally by heterosexuals. If I can do anything to stop the infighting I'd only be too pleased. There has been quite a bit of it happening in San Francisco. I have friends here who were united on my first visit and now a year later are split. I now have friends in two different camps and it's very odd seeing what's happened. It's fine for everyone to have their own opinions and do what they believe in but not at the sake of the movement. The movement should be seen as one!

Greg: But what if it is not one movement? Why should we appear united in our goals if we are not?

Carl: Well, because there are so many more heterosexuals than homosexuals and to show a united front is important. Otherwise people see that we are fighting amongst ourselves and will think: Well, they haven't sorted themselves out yet, so why should we allow them the freedom they want? It may be just a front. There may not be much reality to it, but at least to those in power we will seem united.

Greg: Perhaps the most significant thing about your battle with U.S. Immigration is that it has made the issue of Gay rights an international issue in the eyes of many Americans for the first time. The immigration issue has now blossomed into an international scandal with the Dutch Government protesting against the U.S. law as an infringement on Human Rights.

"...Now is the time for the Gay Rights Movement to organize itself on an international level because most of the Western World is going super-conservative and the backlash is about to begin."

Carl: The Italian Gay organization *Fiore!* is very involved in the international Gay struggle. One of their members that I met went off to Russia to try and help a ballet dancer who was in a lot of trouble. He also attempted to chain himself to the wall of the Kremlin during the Olympics to protest Gay opression. Members of that group even went to Iran to protest the execution of Gays there. It was very touch and go and they could have been shot on the spot. Luckily they got out. There is an international Gay group in England. One of the things that I wanted to do on this visit to the United States was to get Gay groups here in touch with groups in England, so that there is a direct link for the exchange of ideas.

Greg: You are now in a very good position to be a spokesperson for human rights on an international scale.

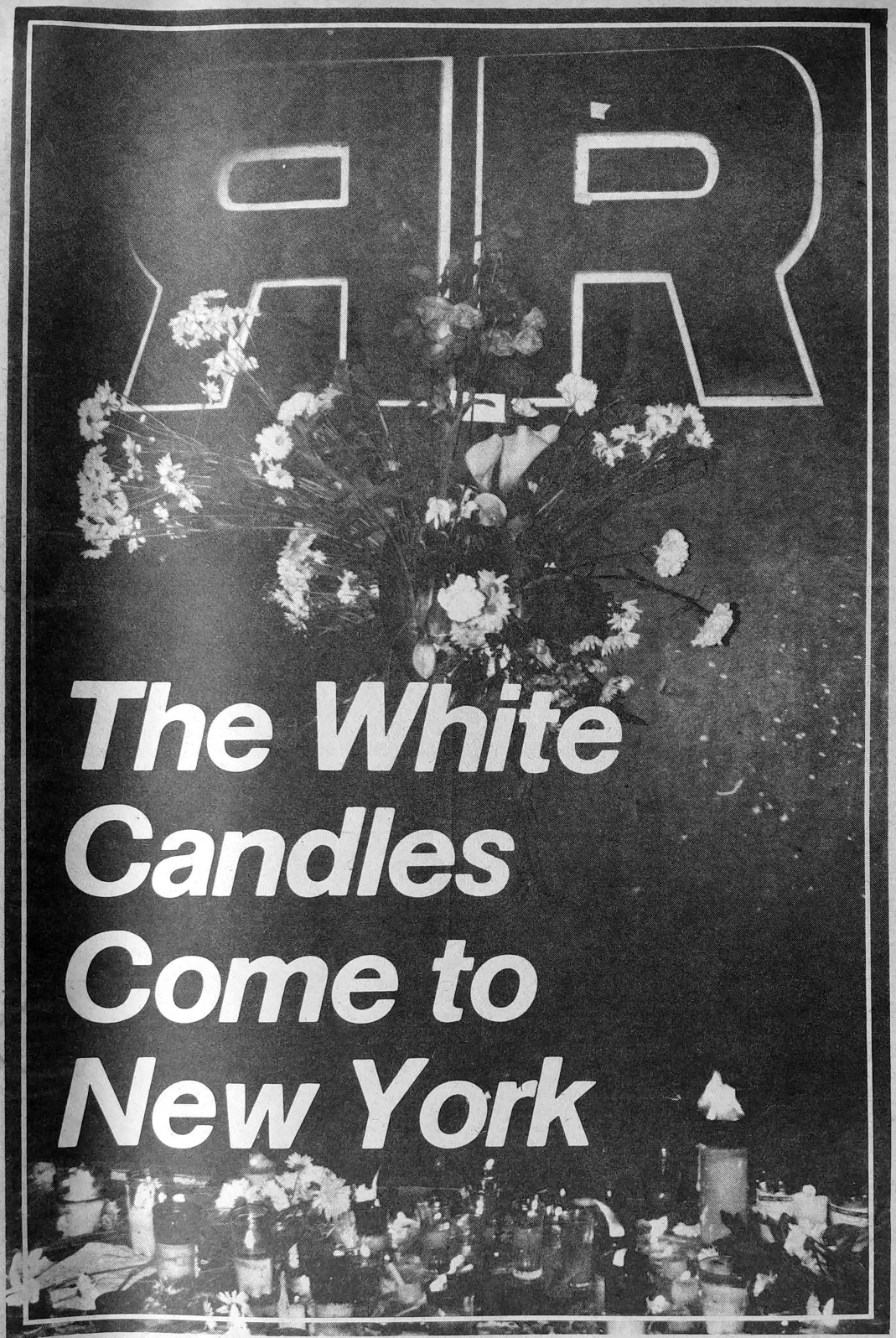
Carl: Yes. What I'm going to do now is look around and see what I'll be best at doing, what people would like for me to do. I'm available. Back home I'm going to tell them—let's organize a little better. There are a lot of people within their own professions who can use their knowledge to help. We are organized, but it's so haphazard. Sometimes you're lucky to go to a meeting and it actually happens. I think it would be very good to have a more international Gay Day, where people all over the world united just for one day to show our strength.

Greg: We already seem so close to that in the Stonewall anniversary. It is celebrated in the Americas, Europe and Australia. It would be powerful to have an international celebration at a single location on that day. San Francisco could easily be the place for such a gathering.

Carl: Well San Francisco is the center of the Gay World. I think now is the time for the Gay Rights Movement to organize itself on an international level because most of the Western World is going super-conservative and the backlash is about to begin.

Greg: The U.S. law that restricts the entry of Gay foreign visitors is still on the books and with the Reagan administration in the White House it is possible that it will be even more strictly enforced. If we have an international Gay march here, many people may be stopped at the border.

Carl: Yes. I'd love to see hundreds and hundreds of people stopped and see what the government would do then. Because Gay people are going to challenge this law time after time. I mean, I will. □



The White Candles Come to New York

The doors of the Ramrod, where the assassin pumped over 70 shots into the doors and windows. Demonstrators left candles and flowers during the march. Photo by Yank.

by John Preston

I had thought about calling Richard and asking him for a date after he got off work. If I had, it would have been easy for him to talk me into walking down to Christopher Street to get a slice of pizza. If I had, I would be in the hospital with multiple gunshot wounds. Richard is.

Instead, I went to dinner with some friends. If the conversation hadn't gone on for so long I probably would have gone to the Ramrod for a beer. If I had, I would have stood and talked to Little Dutch. If I had, I would be dead now. Little Dutch is.

On Wednesday, November 19, Ronald Crumpley, a 38-year-old ex-Transit Police Officer, shot eight people in New York's Greenwich Village. Two of them died. He did it, he told police and reporters, because he hates homosexuals. There's some lack of clarity about his motivations; it appears probable that he is psychotically closeted, we all know enough a wife and a child aren't proof positive that a man is heterosexual.

What we do know is that he hates us. He hates us enough to kill us. And we know he is not the only one.

• • • •

A group of us stood waiting for Richard to return from the X-ray room. We were to be his first visitors. When they wheeled him back to his bed he smiled to us. It was the first of many times that I wanted to cry.

I didn't, not out of some misplaced macho self image, but because we were trying to put on a good show for him. We didn't know whether or not the unnamed dead man was his friend.

For twenty-four hours the spector of the unidentified dead body hung over gay New York. Everyone had anxiously read the first editions of the *Post* to discover the names of the victims. But there was one murdered man whom no one knew. He became the Unknown Soldier of the day.

Telephones rang all over Manhattan as friends and lovers called one another and sighed and cried with relief to hear the voice on the other end of the wire. "Thank God it wasn't you."

We stood in the hospital room and hid the newspaper from Richard. We kept the conversation focused on him and his wounds and his pain. We weren't sure of his condition and didn't want to bring in any emotional turmoil. Finally, someone located his friend in the next ward. The relief was immense. It was time to fight back tears again.

We arranged for the two men to be in beds side by side and set up the beginning of a flood of flowers.

Through all the mundanities of making someone who is in great pain as comfortable as possible, I watched Richard and I knew that it could have been me in that bed. The anger raged inside me. But I had to keep enough control to allow myself to do what I could for him.

• • • •

Richard had been shot on the street two blocks from the Ramrod. While Richard was walking from work to get his pizza Crumpley stopped his own mission and got out of his father's late model Cadillac. He drew a pistol and shot Richard and his friend with a burst of the automatic weapon. He would later tell police that he did it because they looked "so faggoty."

• • • •

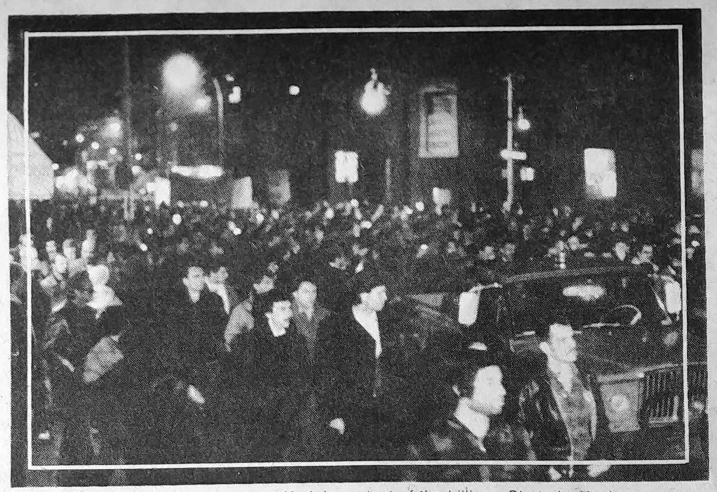
They wouldn't let Richard eat solid food. A cup of gelatin was all they allowed him. I sat on the bed and fed him, the underbudgeted medical center could only provide a wooden stick for a utensil. As I slipped little portions of jello into his mouth I thought about the wounded body on the bed—a body I had held and made love to. A body whose beauty had always exhilarated me. And I wanted to cry with rage at the thought that some idiot who hated faggots would violate it.

Because he was on the street and not in a gay bar Richard hadn't understood why he was shot. At first he thought it was the random act of an insane person—the kind of nightmare New Yorkers live with after every scare headline of the *Post*. I tried to explain to him that it wasn't so. There had been a reason. He was a faggot. He couldn't comprehend it. He ate more jello. "At least it's yellow," he smiled.

• • • •

After Crumpley had shot Richard, he drove the Cadillac to the front of the Ramrod, one of the most popular leather bars in the city. Its location on the main west side thoroughfare had evidently led him to pick it for his purposes. It enraged him, according to one police officer, to have to watch all those faggots on the street when he drove by with his wife and child.

The people in the Ramrod paid no attention to the presence of a black man dressed in a three piece suit walking up to the bar. He shot two people on the street. It looked as though the three of them were playing a game. Since gunfire



2000 gays marched through New York in protest of the killings. Photo by Yank.

isn't at all like the audio effects we've grown accustomed to on television, no one registered the sound.

Then, he walked back to the Cadillac and took out a Uzi machine gune. The Uzi is one of the most deadly weapons in any modern arsenal. It was designed by the Israelis as the ultimate close combat automatic rifle. It looks like a toy. It doesn't have the wooden stock that we associate with a deadly weapon—only a small metal frame. To those patrons in the bar who noticed him it was just a continuation of the game.

He crouched on the sidewalk and took careful aim at Little Dutch, the doorman who sat in the window, his usual spot. In a matter of seconds more than 75 rounds of bullets crashed through the windows of the bar, killing two men and wounding two more. That the list of victims isn't longer is a miracle.

For some unknown reason there were two FBI agents working undercover in he neighborhood. They led the chase that would eventually capture Crumpley across town. In the police station he posed for photographs that would appear on the cover of a late edition of the *Post*. He was given a press conference to tell reporters how much he hated faggots.

• • • •

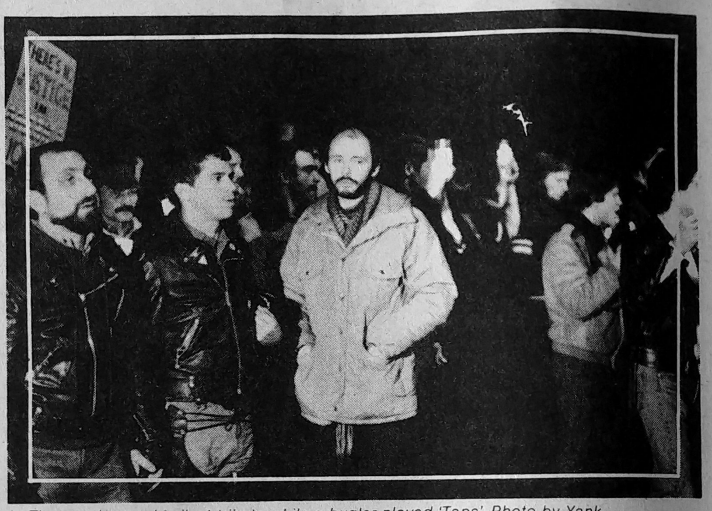
When someone close to you is seriously wounded and you have to stand by his hospital bed and know there is utterly nothing you can do about his pain, the sense of impotence is enraging. I kept asking Richard what I could do. "My lips are chapped," he finally admitted. I went to the nursing station and got a cup of mineral oil. St. Vincent's Hospital is so short on funds they no longer stock Chap Stick.

I rubbed the oil on Richard's lips with my fingers. Desperately relieved that I had found something I could do to comfort him.

Other people came to see him. I was keeping them away. After hours waiting and hours visiting I left. I went home and talked on the telephone. "No, I wasn't one of the ones shot." "No, I don't know who the other dead man is."

At seven I took my camera and went over to Sheridan Square for the first of two rallies. I met friends, received embraces, gave kisses. All of us had the recognition that all of us could have been shot. The only reason it wasn't us was an ironic accident of timing.

I felt foolish carrying the camera. Why was I doing this? Richard was in the hospital. I was doing it because no one—*no one*—was to be allowed to forget what had been done to him, to Little Dutch and to all the rest. These photographs were to be my own memorial.



The marchers paid silent tribute while a bugler played 'Taps'. Photo by Yank.

The crowd marched the length of Christopher Street. The Village had been turned into an armed camp by scores of police cars. They knew they were dealing with something intensely real. They could sense the anger. I overheard one cop tell a marshall: "Where do you want to go? Just tell us. You want City Hall? You got it. You want the precinct house? You got it. Just tell us. We'll make way for you."

But everyone wanted to go to the Ramrod. The sides of the streets were lit by rows of candles. Almost every store had placed some memorial in their windows. The bars were closed. The crowd sang "We Shall Overcome." Everyone wept.

At the Ramrod bullet wounds showed through the cracks in the plate glass. A wreath was on the door. Blood was on the sidewalk. Speeches. Shouts of anger and cries for revenge filled the night air. I couldn't respond. I was deadened by the fatigue that follows tension and dread. No political slogans could do justice to the rage inside me.

No one could find a sufficient outlet for their emotions. A second demonstration was forming at Sheridan Square. Another, larger march down Christopher. The pain of the moment intensified, the Gay Community Marching Band led the way. A solitary drum beating a muffled funeral march.

I had to go through the whole thing again. The songs, the silent embraces from friends and strangers. The candles. A sea of white candles for the innocent dead and wounded. Back to the Ramrod. And now the crowd, over 2000, sang without the band—"Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory." The bugler indecently intensified the already unbearable pain with Taps. The candles were left, one by one, at the door of the Ramrod. Everyone knew that he had been at least symbolically shot the night before by someone who hated us.

All theoretical discussion about the existence of a gay community became irrelevent that day. The Gay Nurses Alliance provided special care for the wounded. The Metropolitan Community Church worked with the Red Cross to find the families of the dead and wounded. People just appeared on the Street and were there to mourn. A moment of solidarity in the midst of the unfriendly city.

There are too many parallels to San Francisco and Harvey Milk's assasination. Richard and Little Dutch may not be public figures, but gay New York knows that they are our friends, our lovers, our brothers. They are important. And the insanity of another ex-police officer has been turned on us. And we know, as San Franciscans knew, it was not a single man's insanity. It was a city's insanity. We are not paranoid alarmists. We are the hated.

That night of the shooting and the night of the mourning have produced a cohesive sense to gay New York that never existed before. The personal identification of every man I know who lives and socializes in Greenwich Village now includes the knowledge that the gun could be aimed at him. It includes a fierce determination for justice. These men will not go unrevenged.

We're waiting. We wait with the same intense solid knowledge that San Franciscans had that the murder of a faggot will not be a grave enough offense to the community to bring a murder sentence. We anticipate the utter ridiculousness of the insanity clause in our laws. If a man is capable of firing a Uzi machine gun into the window of a packed bar and then feels no remorse, he must be insane. He is not responsible for his acts. That is what they are getting ready to tell us.

And when they do say that, the army of mourners will become an army of vengence. We will finally have a politically organized gay community in New York. We will become the radicals that some have wanted us to be. We will take care of our own.

We will do that because we have a right to live. And we will do that because no one—*no one*—had the right to send bullets slamming through Richard's chest because he looked like a faggot. He is all of us. And no one—*no one*—had the right to kill Little Dutch because he stood in a gay bar. He is all of us.

And we will be in our own community. We will live as we choose. And we will be ready to carry new white candles if we must. □

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Illustrations by Linda Allison



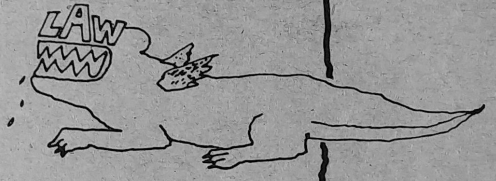
Gay and Together

Introduction

Until very recently, a gay couple who lived together did so circumspectly, and the law was a potential oppressor. The couple's property rights existed in a legal vacuum. Even if there was a dispute, neither person was likely to venture to court when doing so might result in the couple's being jailed for "immoral conduct," "infamous crimes against nature," or some other felony invented by puritanical minds to punish those whose sexual behavior, or preferences, differed from its own rigid views. The risk of exposing one's sexual identity always outweighed any benefits a lawsuit might bring.

There are some advantages to living outside the law—outlaws have traditionally been heroes since well before the days of Robin Hood. But legend aside, having no effective legal rights can be disastrous in modern America. For example, in 1976 we became involved in a case of two gay men who separated after several years of living together. One, Phillip, was quite wealthy; the other, Emile, was not. Emile's lawyer was stymied when she sought to draft what would have been a simple "divorce" action had a traditional couple been involved. Since there hadn't been a marriage, she couldn't file for a divorce and compensation obtained for Emile's several years of carpentry work on Phillip's house, and for his domestic services. As there had never been a written contract, no simple "breach of contract" action was possible. She couldn't base a case on the ground that there had been an "implied contract" because sodomy and oral copulation were still crimes in 1976, and there was a good chance that a court would hold that any implied contract (remember, this was before the *Marvin v. Marvin* case) would be illegal because it was based on an illegal sexual arrangement. In her zeal to represent Emile, and in her frustration with the legal system, the attorney filed two legal actions: one seeking damages for rape, and the other for replevin (an ancient English common law remedy) to recover part of the property.

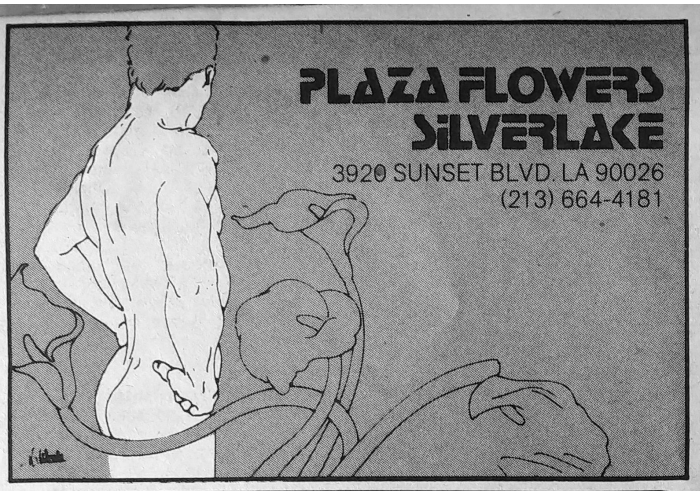
Phillip, a successful businessman, said that he could deal with the social



blackmail of being charged with rape (which he thought was as preposterous as we did), but asked us "What the hell! Am I supposed to list, 'replevin' on credit applications that ask for all pending lawsuits?" Eventually, after considerable preliminary litigation, we were able to get both people to recognize that traditional legal remedies were inadequate to deal with the reality of their breakup and that they had to create their own equitable compromise outside the legal system. Finally, they did.

Married people—whatever other problems they have—don't face these sort of problems. Marriage is a contractual relationship, and saying "I do" commits one to a well-established set of rules governing the couple's property rights. Although these rules are rarely, if ever, adequately

Do You Really Need a Contract?



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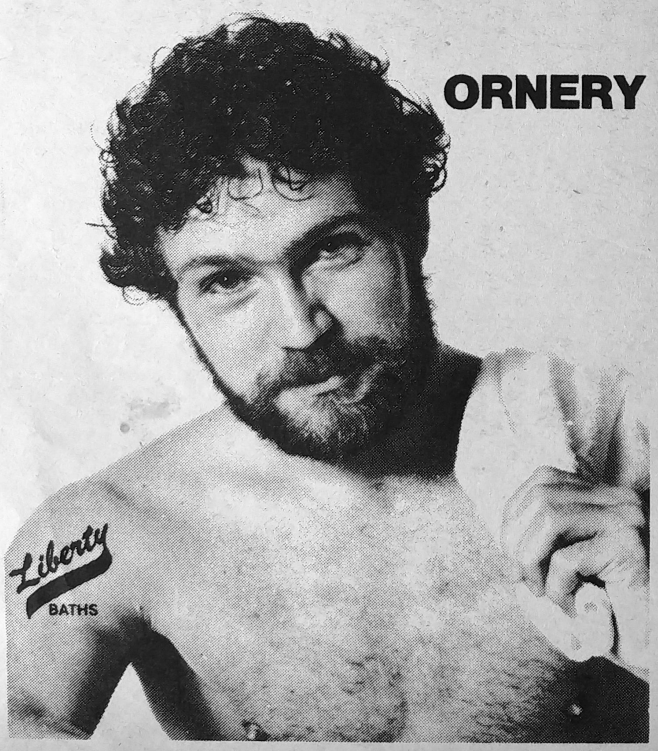

explained to people before they reach the altar, they are at least available should divorce occur. One reason that there has been a movement in the gay/lesbian community to allow marriage for same-sex couples has been to get the traditional "property rights" that go along with the married status.

The late 1970s and eary 1980s have been a time of great legal change in the area of property rights of unmarried couples. Led by legal decisions involving unmarried heterosexual couples, courts have begun to hold that the nonmarried couples, do, generally, have the right to create whatever kind of living together contract they want. Legal rules have quickly changed to the point that the courts in most states will now enforce a contract between two gays or lesbians living together. So if you create an agreement having to do with the ownership of property, the sharing of income, compensation for domestic services, etc., that agreement will be legally binding should you wind up in a court dispute. But far more important, the existence of a written agreement should help you to avoid being dragged into litigation (defined by Ambrose Bierce as "a machine which you go into as a pig and come out as a sausage"). The dangers, traumas, and expenses of litigation are far more likely to be visited on those who have not defined their understanding in a living-together agreement than those who have taken the time to make a sound agreement.

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Warning! As we will discuss in more detail below, state courts are not required to follow consistent legal rules in the regulation of people's domestic lives. It is possible that in some of the backward states that still outlaw oral copulation and/or sodomy, a conservative judge might refuse to enforce such a contract on the old theory that contracts based on "sin" will not be honored. However, we don't really expect this sort of decision to be widespread. The idea that adults have the right to enter into private contracts is so ingrained in Western law that it seems ludicrous to deny it to people because of their sexual preference.

There are several real dangers inherent in your not having a written living-together contract. Perhaps most serious is the possibility that the two of you will end up in court arguing over all sorts of "implied" agreements. This can result in a judge who doesn't know either of you, and who may be unsympathetic to your sexual preference, being responsible for the division of your house, furniture, and bank account—and most likely doing it in a way that neither of you feels is fair or equitable. Does this mean that you need a contract in any situation in which you live with a lover for any extended period of time? Yes. Simply put, we believe that you should prepare a written agreement if there will be any significant amount of money or property involved in the relationship. But what if both of you are stone-broke hippies? If you are sure that there will never be any property to worry about or fight over if you split up, you can put away pen and paper and take a nap in the sun.

It isn't difficult to write out a solid, legal living-together contract. This is not to say that it won't take a lot of effort and understanding to reach agreement about what should be in your contract. But we do want to emphasize that once you arrive at your human understanding, there is nothing to fear from the contract itself. Legally, a contract is no more than a promise (or promises) to do something in exchange for someone else's promise (or promises) to do something in return. In legal lingo, the promise that one person makes (the "this" for "that") is called "consideration." Thus if Mary promises to give up a career to look after a child in exchange for Joan's promise to pay her $200 per month support, there is a contract. However, if Mary simply decides she is tired of working and is going to take a few months off, during which time it would be fun to do some child care, there is no contract. Why? Because Joan has made no promise to Mary in return for her decision.

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Warning! Never wait to write a contract until you actually need it. Once one of you experiences a series of misunderstandings or wants to end the relationship, or move out, it is usually too late to make an agreement. The time to come to a good understanding is while you're both calm and relaxed. And remember, it can be just as important to write out an understanding not to do something (e.g., Joan and Mary will not mingle their income and accumulations) as it is to set down your agreement in writing when you do plan to share money and property.

The wonderful thing about living-together contracts is that they can be written to suit your individual circumstances. Unlike the "legislative contract" that comes along with marriage and that fits no one perfectly, your living-together contract may be designed to perfectly fit your needs. You can be as precise as you want, detailing the personal freedoms you desire (or insist on), as well as economic arrangements.[1] For instance, it might appeal to you to include thoughts like those of Mrs. Millamont in Congreve's *The Way of the World,* who told her lover Mirabell that she would retain the following rights:

> Liberty to pay and receive visits to and from who I please, to write and receive letters without interrogatories or wry faces . . . to wear what I please, and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance, or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relatives.

One reason that a lot of people get nervous at the mere mention of contracts is that their prior experience with them involved situations in which they had no say in the matter—insurance coverage, bank loans, major installment purchases, leases, etc. In these situations, if you want or need what the seller is offering, you are forced to accept the terms of the one-sided contract that goes with it. For example, it's unlikely that you could call up General Motors and get them to add a few months to the warranty. Fortunately, living-together contracts need not be written like these standard-form albatrosses. There is no need to become intimidated by visions of fineprint clauses and incomprehensible jargon in your contract. These have to do with lawyers and their love of mumbo jumbo, not with contracts themselves. You are free to design the contract to say exactly what you want, in words that you can understand. Once you create your contract, it will control your property rights. Under established law, it is virtually impossible to persuade a court to alter the terms of a written contract, no matter what someone alleges regarding oral statements or modifications. Of course, a living-together contract, like any other contract, will be set aside if it is proved that it was procured by fraud or under duress. What this means is that a contract won't be enforced by a court if one person has taken unfair advantage of the other. Therefore, if one member of the couple is manifestly more savvy in financial matters than the other, and the amount of property involved is sizeable, it would be a good idea to have the less sophisticated person see a lawyer for a short consultation before signing the contract.

Example: Joanna is a 40-year-old accountant with interests in several businesses. Francoise is a 26-year-old student from France with no business experience and an imperfect grasp of English. The couple plans to live together indefinitely, but Joanna wants a written agreement making it clear that while she is willing to support both of them while they are together, she has no legal obliga-

tion to continue to support Francoise if they separate. It would make sense for Francoise to have any contract carefully explained to her by a lawyer or other knowledgeable third party so that no one can raise a question later as to whether she was fairly treated.

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It's Never Too Late: Ideally, you will have the foresight to prepare a contract just when you have fallen in love, to write out a good agreement just as you buy a house together, and prepare your will years before it is needed. It's no secret that people who are able to plan ahead have the opportunity to prepare for and solve most potential legal hassles before trouble develops. Unfortunately, if you are like most of us, it is more likely that you've been living together for awhile and have already accumulated your share of active or potential confusions and misunderstandings before you think about straightening things out. What can you do? Start by sitting down and communicating as to how you both feel about the emotional and practical aspects of your relationship. Find out where you both agree, as well as any problem areas where you may need to compromise. Be patient—if you have allowed confusion and misunderstanding to grow over time, it may take time to solve your problems. When you get things worked out, write out your understanding.

Living-Together Contracts—The *Marvin v. Marvin* Case

The Marvin trial was one of those media events that flash through our lives like space satellites or drunken revellers, here now, soon gone—but the memory and effect linger. Lee Marvin, Michelle Marvin, and their daily courtroom soap opera filled our TV screens in the winter and spring of 1979—ending only when even they seemed to get bored with it all. And then came the trial judge's decision. Michelle got a relatively small award of $104,000, which was only a small part of the million-dollar settlement she asked for, and Lee got to keep most of his money. But what, if anything, does this have to do with you?

As with so many things, the lesson of the Marvin case doesn't depend on who "won." The courtroom battle involved questions of proof as to whether or not an oral or implied contract giving Michelle rights to Lee's property ever existed. It came down, in the end, to whom the judge found to be most believable. The legal principles involving the rights of unmarried couples to contract (the part of the case that is important to you) had already been established by the California Supreme Court in its Marvin decision in December of 1976.[2] These principles, as we discuss below, logically apply to all couples who live together, whether straight or gay/lesbian. But if the actual trial of the Marvin case had no value as legal precedent, it did have a positive effect: It demonstrated to millions of us just how confusing and miserable things can get for couples who don't create a written contract.

The 1976 California Supreme Court decision in the Marvin case is, in many respects, straightforward and sensible. We'll get to the drawbacks in a moment. The court first declared that marital property laws do not apply to couples who were not legally married. Then, the court went on to take the big step. It recognized that unmarried couples are here to stay, and that "the parties may order their economic affairs as they coose." At first glance this may not seem like a big step to you, but given the fact that prior to 1976 courts held that people who lived together were living in sin and could not form contracts, it was a big leap.

The effect of the California Supreme Court decisions in Marvin was to allow two people living together to agree (contract) to split all their income and property any way they saw fit, just as if the couple were business partners, or any other adults conducting a business transaction. Or, to say the same thing in slightly different words, the Marvin decision declared that a living-together contract is no different from any other contract and is enforceable (whether oral or written) following standard contract rules. The fact that a couple is living together outside of marriage does not, the justices stated, provide a basis to invalidate their agreement. As the court said, "The mores of society have indeed changed so radically in regard to cohabitation that we cannot impose a standard based on alleged moral considerations that have apparently been so widely abandoned by so many."

OK, now we arrive at the point of interest to us. Even though Lee and Michelle are straight, the logic of the Marvin decision applies equally to gay and lesbian couples. This means that there is now no doubt that in California, as well as in the many other states that have adopted the Marvin reasoning and held that unmarried couples may contract, the right to contract extends to both heterosexual and homosexual couples. Indeed, the Marvin case is probably more important to lesbians and gays than to straights who, after all, can get married if they so choose. It allows lesbian/gay couples to regularize their affairs and avoid problems such as those faced by Emile and Phillip. Many lesbian/gay couples that we know have taken this opportunity to create a written agreement, now that they are confident that it is legally enforceable.

The California Supreme Court's Marvin decision is technically limited to California. Still, it has great meaning to all lesbian/gay couples everywhere in the United States. The California Supreme Court is extremely influential and most states will follow its lead, at least when it comes to enforcing written contracts. (We talk more about oral agreements below.) Indeed, a number of states, including Minnesota, have already done so. In a case involving an unmarried couple who had lived together for 21 years, the Minnesota Supreme Court approved a division of the real and personal property accumulated over that period and quoted at length from the Marvin opinion in support of their decision.[3] The Oregon Supreme Court also quoted from Marvin when they ruled, on April 18, 1978 (*Beal v Beal*, 557 P.2d 509), that Oregon courts will uphold the explicit and implicit contracts of unmarried couples. A New Jersey appellate court has also followed the Marvin rationale in upholding an unmarried couple's right to contract.[4] So far, in recent cases, only Georgia, in the case of *Rehak v. Mathis*, 283 S.E.2d 82 (1977), has rejected the Marvin case reasoning and continues to find that the "immoral" nature of the living together relationship prevents the participants from forming a contract.

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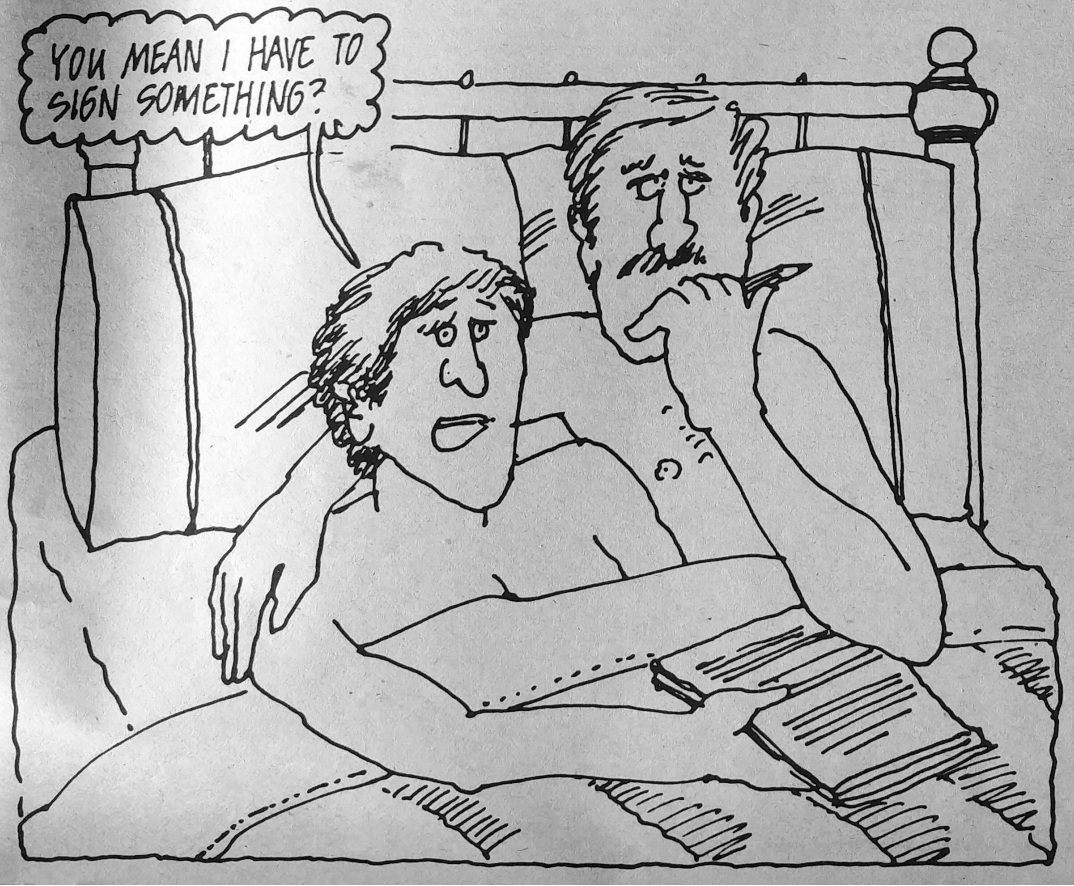
Written Contract Note: As we will discuss in more detail below, the Marvin decision allowed couples to enforce written, oral, and implied contracts. There are obvious problems inherent in proving agreements that have not been written down. Moreover, courts in several states have not ruled that they will only recognize *written* contracts between unmarried couples. This seems to be the rule in New York, Illinois, and perhaps Maine, and is likely to be adopted in other states.[5] What does this mean to you? Simple. Put it in writing.



What the Marvin Case Decided

The California Supreme Court set forth their conclusion as follows.

> We conclude: . . .(2) The courts should enforce express contracts between nonmarital partners except to the extent that the contract is explicitly founded on the consideration of meretricious sexual services. (3) In the absence of an express contract, the courts should inquire into the conduct of the parties to determine whether that conduct demonstrates an implied contract, agreement of partnership or joint venture, or some other tacit understanding between the parties. The courts may also employ the doctrine of quantum meruit, or equitable remedies such as constructive or resulting trusts, when warranted by the facts of the case.

This material is important, so instead of letting you read on with only a vague idea of what the court said, let's take a closer look.

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Unmarried Couples May Enter Into Valid Contracts

The conclusion makes a point that should have been long obvious, rather than requiring, as it did, a dramatic decision by the Supreme Court of our largest state to establish it. The court stated simply that "express contracts" (whether written or oral) are valid when entered into by members of an unmarried couple. The court declared

> The fact that a man and woman live together without marriage, and engage in a sexual relationship, does not in itself invalidate agreements between them relating to their earnings, property, or expenses. Neither is such an agreement invalid merely because the parties may have contemplated the creation and continuation of a nonmartial relationship when they entered into it. Agreements between nonmarital partners fail only to the extent that they rest upon a consideration of meretricious sexual services. . .[6]

Remember, as we have said several times, that while the Marvin case speaks only about a heterosexual couple, the logic of the case clearly applies to les-

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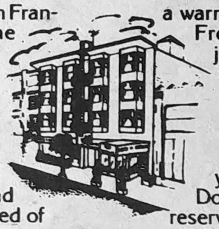

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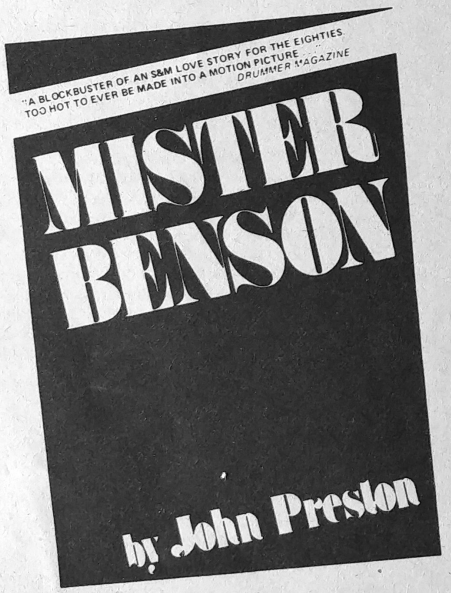

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bian/gay couples too. Nevertheless, we also wish to remind you again that there is as yet no legal decision comparable to Marvin involving either a gay or lesbian couple.

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The Court May Find An Implied Contract

It is in the final part of the court's conclusion that things get messy. The court applies standard contract law to unmarried couples and states that even if there has been no explicit oral or written contract, a judge can put the details of a couple's life under the judicial microscope and examine their conduct to decide whether or not an "implied" contract or unspoken partnership agreement existed.

But the court doesn't stop there. In an effort to be fair in all situations, the court goes on to say that even if a trial court judge can't find the existence of an implied contract, he or she may still find that one lover is indebted to the other in "equity." Evoking several formidable ancient doctrines known as "quantum meruit" and "constructive or resulting trusts" to prevent one person from being "unjustly enriched," the court went on to say that as a guiding principle, they will presume "that the parties intended to deal fairly with each other." (Who could argue with that?)

Avoiding "unjust enrichment" and promoting fairness sound great until you realize that all of these noble words are essentially hollow. Why? Because the court is setting forth remedies that involve going through a judicial process. And the truth is that any time you get mixed up with courts and lawyers, no one wins. Our judicial process is so time consuming, expensive, and inhuman that it is best avoided by everyone. Lesbian/gay couples, of course, are particularly vulnerable since a substantial percentage of judges is hostile to homosexuals.

But even assuming that a lesbian/gay couple had their dispute heard by a fair and humane judge, what can they hope for? Probably something like the mudslinging of the Marvin case. If you claim that your friend had a lover, your friend is likely to claim that you had three. If you argue that you did the cooking, he may counter with a claim that he bought the car you both used. If you come back with proof that you contributed most of the income, he might claim that he paid for a vacation and provided the use of his boat. On and on it can go, while the attorney's meter is clicking away at $75 or so per hour. "Who needs it?" you ask. Hopefully, no one.

Note of Sanity: As you think about all of these confusing explanations, you may be feeling that it's about time to live by yourself. But wait—it's not that bad. Keep in mind that there is no need to have a detailed understanding of any of this legal gobbledygook *if* you have the foresight to write out your agreement. An express written property agreement is the first thing a court will recognize. Only in its absence will a judge start mumbling esoteric nonsense about things like "constructive trusts" and "quantum meruit."

OK, now that we spent a moment on "sanity," let's spend a little more time on the details for the possible "equitable remedies." If we have already persuaded you to make a written agreement, you can skip the rest of this section. We include this material for those of you who are already focusing on a nasty breakup and want to know your rights.

As we briefly outlined above, a contract that is not expressed (that is, spoken out or written down) can be implied from the actions of the parties. The details of an implied contract can be just as comprehensive as what can be set out in a written or spoken agreement. Co-ownerships, partnerships, or trusts are all possible. A typical sort of implied agreement involves one member of a lesbian/gay couple compensating the other for domestic services. Courts may infer this sort of agreement from one party's request that the other perform these services. A judge can look at how a couple has arranged their economic affairs to determine if their intentions and expectations add up to an agreement, a contract, or a "meeting of the minds." At this point, there are no cases setting out what factors a judge will or will not take into consideration, but it is safe to say that the individual judge will have considerable discretion in making a decision and that his or her personal feelings and prejudices are very likely to affect the decision.

Example: William meets Arthur, a graduate student with a low-paying part-time job, and soon afterwards Arthur moves into William's apartment. They make no express agreement. William is working full time. Arthur soon quits his job, and does all the work of tending to the apartment—cooking, shopping, cleaning, etc. Five years later, they break up. A court might find that there was an "implied contract" in this situation, and that Arthur had a right to an economic return for his labors. If there were a court fight, Arthur would probably contend that he understood that they would share all property 50-50. William would likely counter that if there were any agreeement at all, the room and board he furnished Arthur more than covered it.

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Implied Partnerships

A living-together situation that might give rise to a court determination of an implied partnership would be one where the living together couple were jointly engaged in a business enterprise. For example, Jackie, a gardner, moves in with Karen, a landscape architect. Jackie has a truck and gardening tools, while Karen does design and brickwork. Because of the similar nature of their professions, they begin taking jobs together. They never talk about the structure of their business relationship and they never write anything down. After five years of working on landscape gardening projects together, they decide to split up. If they can't work out a settlement agreeable to both, and they end up in court, a judge would likely find that an "implied partnership" had been created (and partnership law would then determine their rights).

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Resulting Trusts

Resultings trusts are legal concepts employed when real property is involved. They are commonly used when title to a house or unimproved land is recorded in the name of one member of a couple only, but the intent of the couple and the fairness of the situation dictates that the other should have a share. Until recently, there was a legal presumption that the value of domestic services could not be used as the basis for a resulting trust. This meant that even though one person worked for years as a homemaker, this work had no economic value and there was no basis for a claim that the homemaker was entitled to a share of homeownership if the house was in the other's name. One of the major reforms of the Marvin case was to change this rule and recognize that work in the home *does* have economic value. There is no reason why this rule shouldn't also apply to lesbian/gay couples. Assuming that it is, it can form the basis for equitable relief services in situations in which one person worked for years in the home while the other person bought a home using money from outside employment, etc. To win this sort of case, it would be necessary to prove that it was intended by the couple that the house or land was to benefit both. This may be a difficult thing to prove, as the Marvin court required that proof of intent be "clear and convincing" and that

the economic contributions (e.g. labor) of the person claiming that the trust existed must somehow have been used as part of the money used to buy the property.

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Quantum Meruit—Unjust Enrichment

We have discussed express contracts (written and oral) and implied contracts concerning which a judge is able to guess at a couple's intentions by examining their conduct. But these are not the only possibilities—the Marvin court went on to state that, even where there is no implied agreement, a remedy may be found when one person has greatly benefited at the expense of another. For example, if Jane accepts the benefits of Julie's domestic work without giving anything in return, a court could hold that Jane was unjustly enriched even if she never directly requested Julie to do the work. According to the Marvin decision, Julie could recover under the legal doctrine known as "quantum meruit" for "the reasonable value of household services rendered less the reasonable value of support received," if she provided the services with a reasonable expectation that she would be paid. What constitutes such a reasonable expectation? At this time, no one knows, because there are no court decisions or legislation on the point.

Example: William, fully employed, and Arthur, a part-time graduate student, live together. William owns a rundown home and an even more rundown summer cottage. Arthur volunteers to repair the two places, and in the course of the seven years the couple lives together, he transforms both derelicts into beautiful and highly valuable homes. Although William never actually asked Arthur to do this, he was delighted to take advantage of Arthur's labors, and indeed, soon after they separated, placed both houses on the market. A court could well hold that William could be "unjustly enriched" if he alone received all the profits from the sale of these two houses. But again, note how vague this remedy is. Note too how much room it leaves the trial judge. How much should Arthur get? Twenty percent of the profits? fifty percent, etc.?

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Constructive Trusts

Constructive trusts have nothing to do with a couple's actual intention to contract. They are often used by courts in a situation in which it appears that one person has taken advantage of another (e.g., an emotionally disturbed person signs over all of his property to a lover). Using a constructive trust rationale, a court might require that the emotionally disturbed person be restored the money or property taken by the other if "fairness" and "good conscience" demand it. (How's that for a definite standard?)

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Alimony/Palimony

When a gay or lesbian couple separates, is it possible that one person could sue the other for support analogous to alimony and win? Yes, under the logic of the Marvin decision, it's possible. Unlikely, but possible. We do know of one case in which a judge enforced a written contract between two women lovers that one would pay the other support for some time after the separation. But even without a written or oral agreement for support, if a judge were convinced that one person in the relationship functioned in a role similar to a traditional wife's role (economically dependent, etc.), it is remotely possible that he or she could make a monetary award to assist that person to acquire job skills, etc. This is, in effect, what the judge did in the Marvin trial, awarding Michelle $104,000 to assist her reentry into the job market.[8]

What does this mean to you? Simply that you should include a provision regarding future support in your living-together contract. In most cases, you can simply state that neither person will be obligated to support the other after separation. If you do agree that one of you will provide support for the other, specify the terms. How much? For how long? And so forth.

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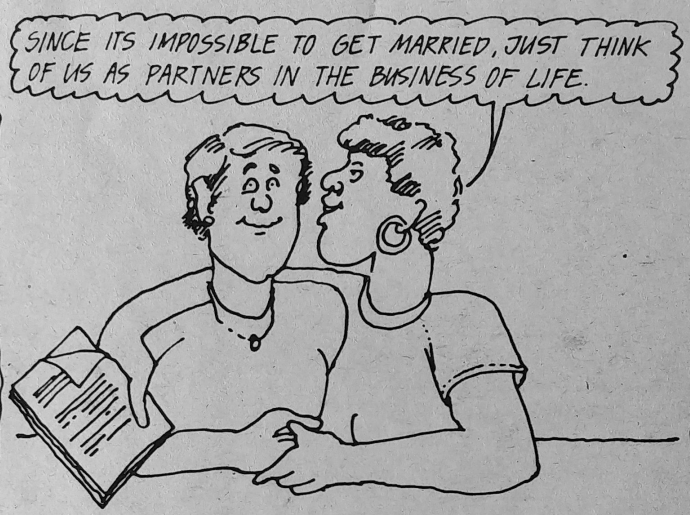
Proof Required To Win A Living Together Case

After taking a look at the convoluted legal remedies applied in the living together cases such as Marvin, it is clear that the problem with all of them is proof. Not surprisingly, proving a legal claim or theory is more difficult than alleging it. To make matters worse, the relevant proof required in a dispute between people living together is often hard to find—escaping between what one person "intended" months or years ago and what the other figured out the day before yesterday. In short, when intentions have to be proven, evidence is likely to be subjective and conflicting. An example of a living-together situation that looked as if it would have been a prime candidate for one of these judicially created remedies is the *Estate of Thornton* case, 499. P. 21 865 (1974). Here a man and woman lived together for 16 years while the woman shared equally in the running of two farms to which the man held title. Their joint activities could have been construed by a judge as a business venture or an implied partnership in which property was provided by one partner and services by the other. The Washington Supreme Court upheld the woman's right to allege remedies such as those discussed in this chapter (just as the California Supreme Court allowed Michelle Marvin to sue) and sent the dispute back to the trial court to see if she could prove her case. The trial judge, after hearing conflicting evidence (it is almost always conflicting in such suits) decided that the woman had failed to establish the existence of a partnership, a joint venture, or a constructive or resulting trust. Instead, the judge found that she was an "employee" of the man and not entitled to a one-half interest in the property.



The Practical Consequences of the Marvin and Other Living Together Cases

The Marvin case is not a solid foundation for regulating the property rights of lesbian/gay couples. Why? Because the case left unanswered the queston of just what behavior, circumstances, and conduct will be seen to have created an implied agreement to share property, or are sufficient for a court to hold one person has been "unjustly enriched," etc. In defense of the California Supreme Court, let us say there was no way that they could have adequately done this. Such things as tacit agreements or "implied contracts" can be implied or inferred from a multitude of facts. When two people live together, they engage in numerous cooperative acts that may or may not be interpreted as forming the basis for an implied agreement. What weight should be given to the length of the relationship, sharing bank accounts, buying property together, pooling income, contributions made for the support of children, and a hundred other factors that make up a relationship?

Example: Patti and Katherine decide to live together. After college graduation, Patti enters dental school. Although Katherine had intended to get a degree, she postpones her plans, leaves school, and gets a job selling neon signs in order to support both Patti and herself until Patti gets her drilling permit. After four years, Patti finally passes her dental boards. Katherine is now ready to finish her educaton. What happens? You guessed it—Patti falls in love with a classmate and moves out. Katherine is left with the flea market furniture, the flea-ridden dog and the feeling that she has been ripped off. What are Katherine's legal rights? Beginning with the assumption that Patti and Katherine intended to treat each other fairly, let us see what (if anything) can be deduced from their conduct. A reasonable assumption might be that because Katherine put Patti through dental school, she assumed that Patti would reciprocate and pay Katherine's school expenses. Certainly if there had been a written or provable oral agreement that said this, a court would enforce it. But unfortunately for Katherine in this example, no such agreement exists. Can we say for sure that a court would find an agreement by implication? No. It just is not certain whether a judge would imply such an agreemet or not, even though Katherine has a sympathetic case. A judge would probably start by examining all of the facts of the relationship—who said what to whom, when, and where would be important. Just like Lee and Michelle Marvin, Katherine and Patti would find their entire relationship dragged through the judicial mire.

Example: Jim and Byron have been living together for years. Although they did not have the legal right to get married by the state, they held their own personal marriage ceremony in front of their friends and are considered married in the community where they live. Jim runs a successful real estate office while Byron takes care of their home and takes care of Jim's daughter by a former marriage. After 11 years of living together, Jim asks Byron to leave. Byron has no money and only a few personal belongings. Jim is reasonably affluent. What are Byron's property rights, if any? If no compromise were possible and Byron initiated a lawsuit, a court would be interested in what the couple's expectations were at the beginning of their relationship. Because of their "marriage vows," a court might conclude that there was an implied agreement to pool earnings, especially if the dispute took place in a state with community property or equitable distribution laws. Also, Byron acted somewhat like a traditional wife during their relationship, which might influence a judge to conclude that there was some implication that Jim's earnings and accumulated property were to be shared. But, as in the Marvin case, all sorts of facts from the entire relationship would be legally relevant to determine Byron's rights. So there's a chance that Byron might not recover much, if anything, unless he could prove a number of facts that would allow a judge to conclude that some sort of pooling agreement or intent existed.

It is hard to predict the exact outcome in most lawsuits involving lesbian/gay separations where there is no written contract. Courts will be asking questions such as, "Did the couple expressly reject the merging of their property?" "Is one partner dependent on the other for support at the same time that he or she is rendering uncompensated services?" "Did the members of the couple say to friends that 'this is our property'?" Courts now recognize that an unjust situation can exist when a relationship ends and the homemaker partner is left with nothing, while the income-producing partner keeps the property acquired in his or her name during the relationship, especially when there was an expectation on the part of the homemaker that he or she should be compensated. However, as many gay men and lesbian women reject the concept of traditional marriage precisely because of its limit on personal and economic freedom and independence, it may be very difficult to prove that one person expected the other to pay for his or her support. Only one thing is for sure. The ambiguity and myriad interpretations built into the Marvin decision guarantee at least one result—more lawsuits. Again, we remind you that none of this is necessary. Personal disputes such as those between former lovers should be removed from the adversary court system. Conciliation and mediation are eminently preferable to resolution by battle. In the meantime, the best preventive action you can take is to jot down your expectations at the beginning of your relationship. Writing a contract may turn out to be less unpleasant than you think, and it is certainly better than having the courts write one for you. □

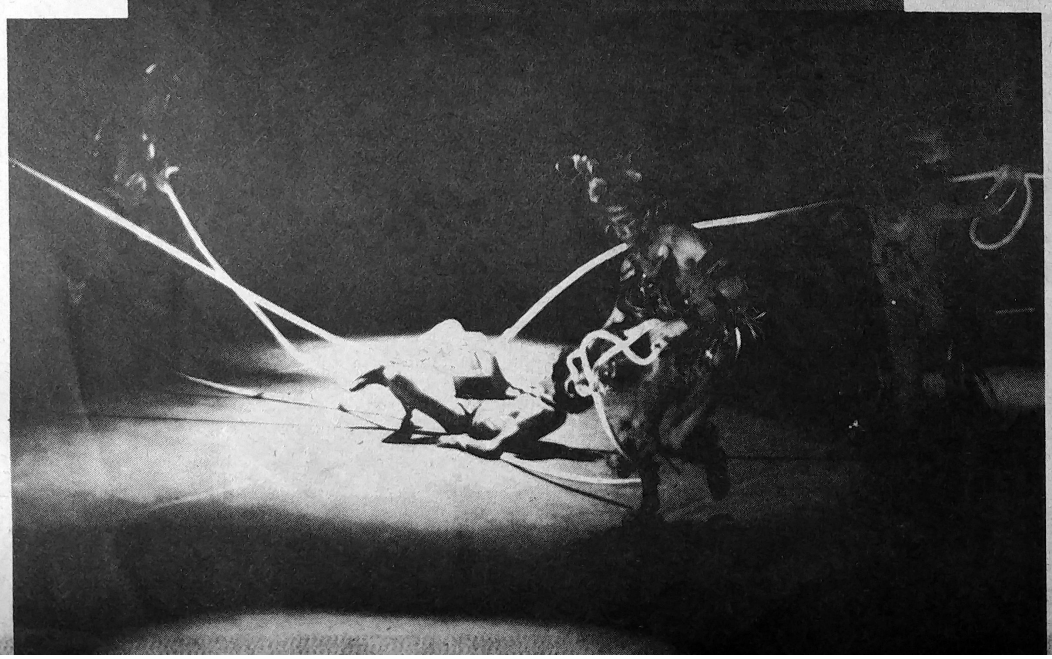
FOOTNOTES

1. As you will learn in the next chapter, agreements having to do with property, income, etc., are enforceable in court, while agreements having to do with conduct are treated as being expressions of intention and are not enforceable.
2. Marvin v. Marvin, 18 C.3d 660, 557 P.2d 106 (1976) trial decision reported at Cal. Rptr. (1978).
3. Carlson v. Olson, 256 N.W. 2d 249 (1977).
4. Kozlowski v. Kozlowski, 395 A.2d 913 (1978).
5. See the case of McCall v. Frampton (as in Peter), 415 N.Y.S.2d 752 (1978).
6. This is the wonderful legal term for people who make love without a marriage license. (It sounds a little bit like a hip business. Can't you hear the phone receptionist: "Hello, Meretricious Sexual Services. . . "). If you put in your contract that it is based on one or both persons performing one or more sexual acts, the contract is invalid. As you can see, the court is liberated, but not that liberated!
7. Reported in 4 Family Law Reporter 532 (1978).
8. The Marvin case is (again) on appeal as this book goes to press. Many legal scholars expect that it will be reversed as far as the $104,000 is concerned: on the theory that once the court found no implied contract was present and did not apply any of the equitable remedies discussed just above, it had no power to make an award that was in effect alimony.

SONG·FOR·DEAD·WA



All photos by the author



by James Armstrong

Few ballets are important enough to cause a real controversy, it is true. Even truer is it that few of the controversies are very important, especially outside of the field of Dance. Now and again, however, there is an exception - - - -

A Song For Dead Warriors, Michael Smuin's dance-allegory of the American Indian experience today, which premiered in 1979 with his San Francisco Ballet, and continues to appear in the 1981 season, has raised a small dust-devil of controversy that frisks briskly over several dry fields, and that small part of an audience which does not rise up in enthusiatic commotion after a performance, goes out huffing about 'taste,' or 'politics,' or about 'the parameters of Dance.'

They sound a mite foolish trying to be heard over the jubilation.

Controversy about *Warriors* can be read in the media after every showing, heard in the lobby at intermission and afterwards and—subsequently—wherever local balletomaines gather. It is not just a question of liking or not liking, as with *Medea* and *Shinju*, Smuin's other, recent "bloody ballets." *Warriors* pushes out a great big bulge in the accepted boundaries of Big Ballet. The negative reactions to it demonstrate how conservative most balletomaines are at the core: let something REALLY new appear, and most of them are aghast!

The main problem is the content and its purpose—the "taste" of all that social comment and violence in a ballet. After the premiere, wags dashed about calling Michael "the Sam Peckinpaugh of ballet." Amazing that people who can swallow as artistic necessity, or just as entertainment, the most graphic and convincing depictions of mayhem and torture in film, television and theatre, swell up with offense at an off-stage rape, some not-very-graphic beatings, and a simulated scaping in a ballet!

In most ballets, Life (or what passes for Life in ballets concerned with it!) is expressed in metaphors of movement, some of which need a lot of understanding. Smuin is concerned, in his dramatic ballets, with bringing Life and Dance into closer relation, and while of course he must speak in metaphors, his are reinforced by the directness and resource of Theatre. (If he were not a choreographer, he would probably be a playwright or a director!) In *Medea*, in *Shinju*, in *Romeo and Juliet* (thought not so much in his newest work, *The Tempest*), he is trying to make Dance affect us as plays do, as movies do; to make it speak with a more directly affecting voice—without ever ceasing to be Dance.

One measure of his success comes from the box-office: all these ballets sell out!

More and more Smuin finds choreographic ways to convey immediate, specific emotions and events. *Warriors* contains some of the most inventive and effective choreography he has done to date. All of it bears his personal stamp of breathtaking, unexpected *rightness;* it's all strong and to the point; and it always serves the purpose of the drama and its characters. To serve their whole purpose. Smuin's dancers must overtly *act*, as well as dance. The three leads—Evelyn Cisneros, Antonio Lopez and Vane Vest—are all especially gifted. In addition, Lopez and Cisneros are superlative.



every one of them praised it highly, if at times through feathers ruffled by one or more of the work's apparent unorthodoxies. What most of them carped at was the uninspired, glutinous score by Charles Fox which is derivative and deadly dull and contains nothing at all suggestive of Indians or nature or mystery or love or death or pool-halls or dances on the Reservation—or of anything that's in the story. It's just something to counter (with difficulty), and it is another tribute to Smuin's genius that what you see is so engrossing you forget you are hearing anything—except of course those riveting tapes of Indian chants and ceremonies.

Some critics damned the story as "a string of cliches," none having the perspicacity to see that from a theatrical point of view our lives are strings of cliches; that injustice, rape and murder are all cliches—and done to death. Smuin had no choice but to use these truths for his story, and it is the truth of *Warriors*, as well as it's drama and bravura choreography and supreme theatricality that brings the audiences up into standing ovations every single night.

"Listen," said Michael, "I've always wanted and intended to do an Indian ballet. But it had to be something real. Not just a ballet based on this old legend or that old song. That's the way I see Indians, because I was brought up with Indians, right next to the Blackfoot Reservation there in Montana. The family always went to pow-wows to hear the music and see the dancing and the stick-games. There were always brawls and somebody getting their hair chopped off, and cars and trucks getting run into. It was exciting stuff. And it was real people, not legends. As I grew up and began seriously to consider Indians, I decided I wanted to do something. As it turned out, ballet was what I could do.

"So the idea was always at the back of my mind. And when the Richard Oaks thing happened here ten years ago—the take-over of Alcatraz and all that—it started me thinking again. Most of *Warriors* is based on Richard Oaks, one way or another, as it turned out. He was beaten senseless in a pool-hall in the Mission by a bunch of Samoans (I changed that to the hard-hats) one night when he wandered in drunk. The slides Chase uses of the sign saying "Pool Hall" and "Beer" are photographs of that place. And in the hospital, in a coma, he had visions of being visited by his ancestral chiefs—Crazy Horse and Rovoka and Chief Joseph, and Red Cloud. And he was in a tremendous pow-wow, saw the buffalo returning, and was visited by his childhood sweetheart.

"I have boxes of interviews and TV tapes on him. I talked to people who knew him; with his wife. And I went to reservations and took pictures, talked to people, recorded music. So everything in the ballet is either something I saw myself, or somebody who knew about it told me, or that I read about. My principal inventions are the choreographic ones. The rest is fact."

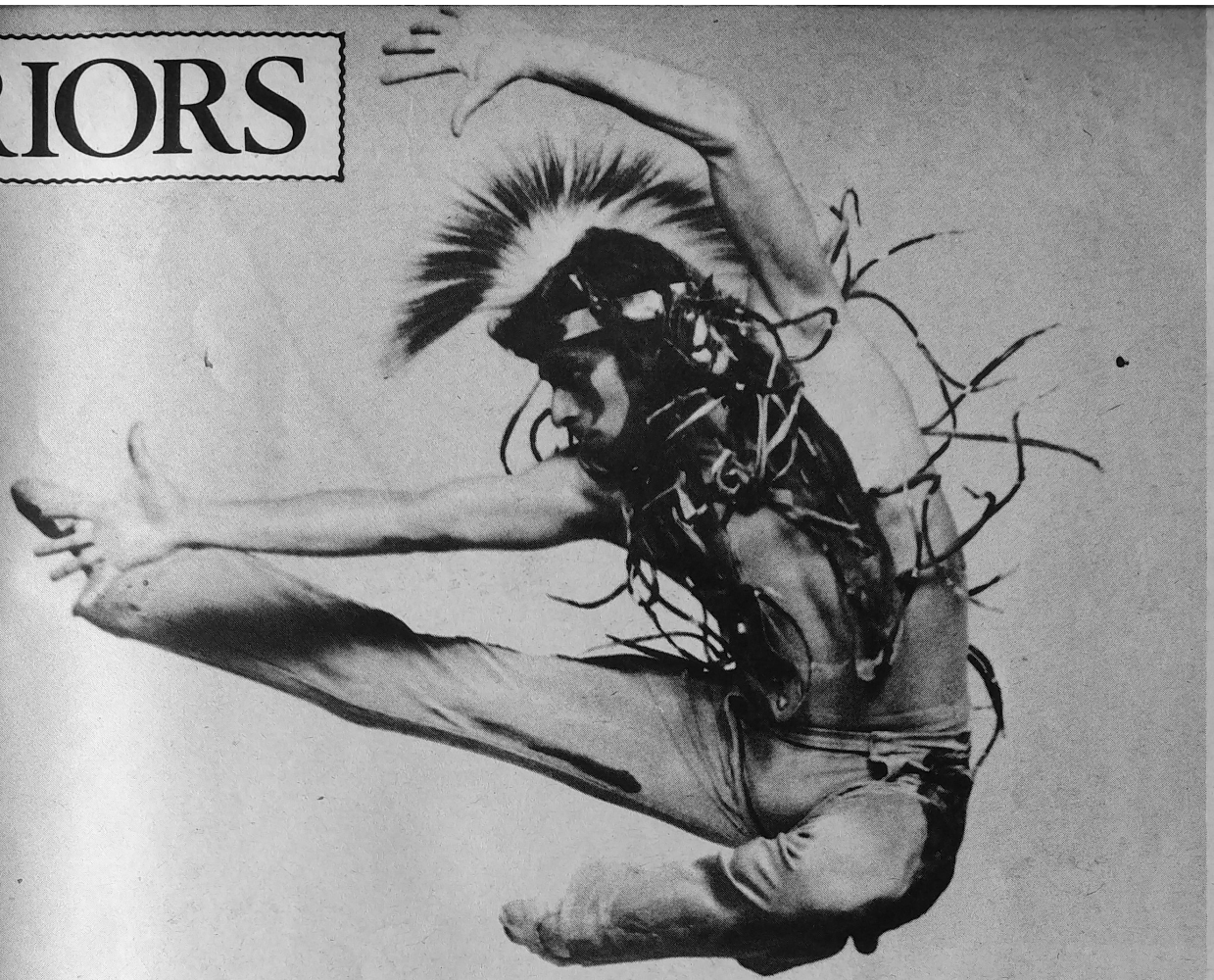
What *is* this ballet, then, to see?

The story concerns a young Indian whom we first see symbolically being pulled into life and into his Indian-ness by five Ancestral Chiefs. Then we meet him at a dance on the Reservation. He has just become engaged to a young Indian girl. Some deputy sheriffs crash the party. One of them gets the hots for the girl, tries to put the make on her, and is repulsed. Later, he and some of his cohorts jump the boy and girl while they are making love. The girl is raped (offstage) by the villain while the young man is forced to watch. The deputies leave, the girl dies in his fiancee's arms, and in his grief the Chiefs appear and bear her away.

The young man becomes a drunk, wanders into a pool-room and is beaten unconscious by the men whose game he interrupts. In his coma he has a series of visions: The Chiefs grimly dance war and and vengance; the girl appears, but she is dead and cannot perceive him and she vanishes under towering, terrifying simulacrums of deaths-head Deputies.



RRIORS





thrilling aerialists (my God! can those two leap), and many of their big moments are spelled out in breath-taking, mid-air calligraphy.

Theatrically, Warriors is equally inventive and dramatic, thanks to the collaboration between Smuin and Ron Chase, who is noted for his multi-media stagings of operas in this country and in Europe, and for his films. A lot is done with relatively simple means. "Warriors looks like it cost a lot more than it did, thanks to Ron Chase and Willa Kim (who did the costumes)," said Smuin. "One set of costumes, some slides and a scrim, those giant cut-outs of the Deputies, and the buffalos. (The buffalos weren't cheap, but by God they're worth it!) And that's it. No big sets to change. No props. Put it all together with Sara Linne Slocum's lighting, and the effect is like Cecil B. De Mille!"

There is an impression abroad that the critics didn't like *Warriors*. Untrue. Almost



There then erupts a tumtuous wow wow. (This is three terrific minutes of Stomp Dance taught the company by Jasper Red Robe, from the Lame Deer Reservation in Montana.) This vanishes and the young Indian is confronted by the great Buffalo Spirits, ghosts of the slaughtered herds, drooling blood and tossing their gray heads with rage and woe and with lust for their own vengeance. (The apparations—the 150lb forequarters of six gray buffalos two and a half times life size with huge rolling eyes and shags of red rope drool swimming from their mouths—always raise gooseflesh and draw gasps as they come slowly into sight. Their moment in the gloom is brief but absolutely electyrifying and absolutely right. They are a genuine *coup de theatre*; once seen never forgotten!)

When the young Indian comes to his senses, the villian wanders in. There is a fight. The young man overpowers and scalps him and is then gunned down by the cohorts and the curtain falls.

Swan Lake it ain't. But then 1980 is a long way from 1877!

The story is told in bold strokes, aided by the compelling theatrics and projections of Ron Chase. The scenario does indeed lack subtlety, spelled out motivations, and shadings of character. It doesn't matter. It's injustice which it thrusts upon our awareness. There have been powerful ballets upon social themes before, but none ever fulfilled that intent in such muscular, immediate, human terms before. *A Song For Dead Warriors* is a genuine *verismo* ballet.

Warriors' projection of the theme of social injustice has stirred another pot of controversy: that it is a work in objectionable *political* taste—one assumes "for a ballet" for the subject is not objectionable in other media. "Hell, it's *crazy* the way *Warriors* has turned into a political hot potato. Maybe it sounds naive of me, but I was thinking socially, not politically. I wanted to make a social comment with a lot of good dance invention. And that's what I think I've done!" Quite true. The politics is in the eye of the beholder.

Not many Indians attend ballet performances, but those that have come to see *Warriors* have responded with letters of warm (even of fulsome!) praise. All were impressed by the dignity and truth of the intent, and by the depth of feeling for the subject. Michael cherishes the sheaf of letters from Indians who saw it, and especially one from Jim Big Bear King, chairman of the Suskol Indian Council, which closed with these words:

"I did not realize that sacredness in depth in the Indian Way could be depicted in ballet. My Spirit Person

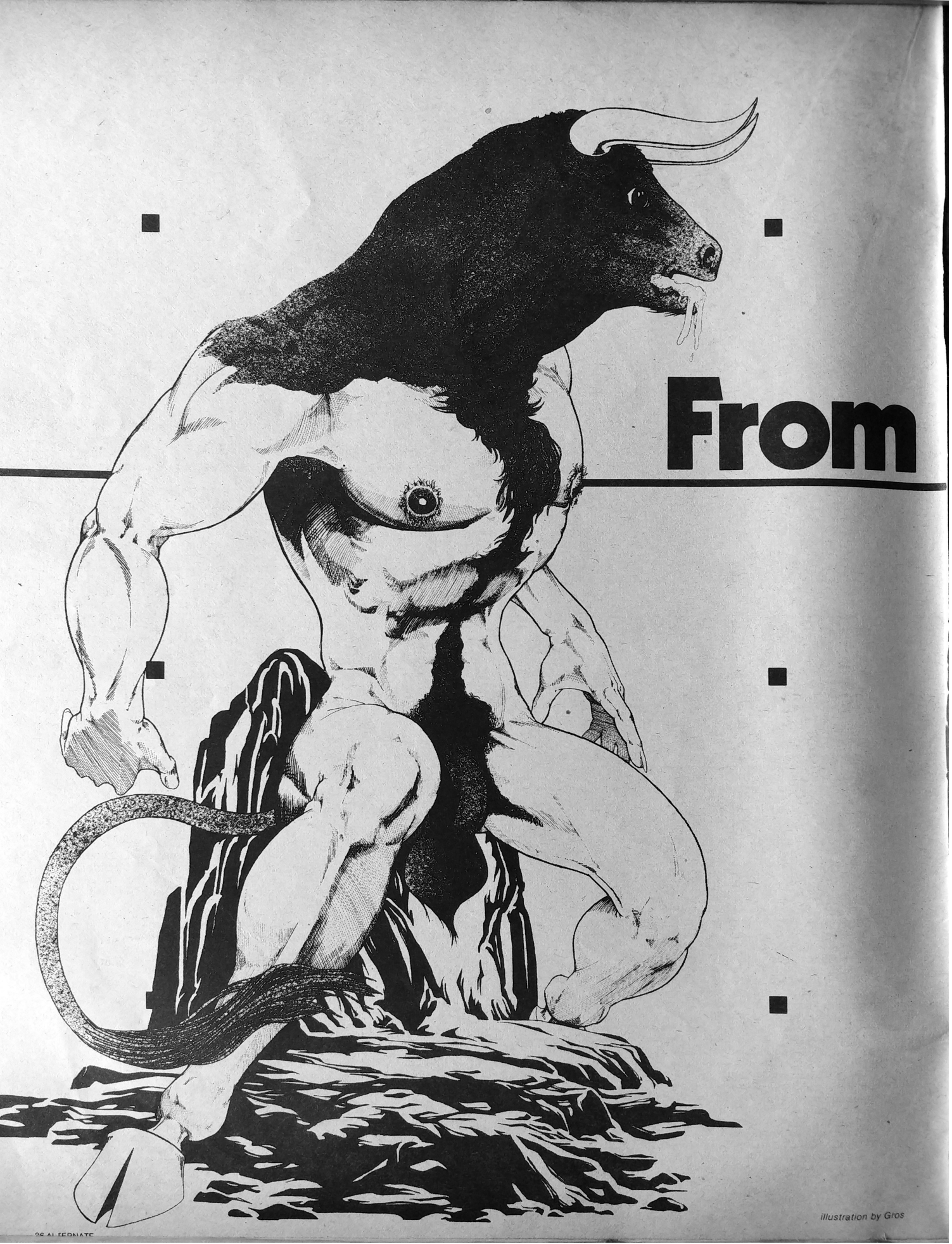


illustration by Gros

Violent Men

an excerpt from the novel
by Daniel Curzon

Noel Cust tossed his shower wrap on the bed in his room and took out a stick of chewing gum from the pack on the dresser, a diet gum. He sucked on the stick before biting into it. It was almost flavorless, although it said cherry. Noel gave the wad another try in a different part of his mouth, and then spat it into the wrapper and picked up a can of guavas he'd bought in a specialty shop uptown. He twisted the can opener, then removed the lid, and smacked his lips over the peeled yellow fruit. *If I had some passion fruit or pomelo, it'd be perfect. His mouth watered at the possibility. Of course, I'm the original Passion Fruit myself!*

He lifted the tablespoon he traveled with, and sat down in the nude on the edge of his bed and dipped into the can of guavas. A mischievous droplet slid out between his lips, but he deftly caught it with the tablespoon and delivered it into his mouth, savoring it on his tongue. He took another bite, a bigger one. Then he leaned over and peeked around the window shade he'd drawn earlier. *This number may have to change her boudoir if that busybody who yelled at me saw me duck into this room.* Noel snorted into his can of fruit. *Of course young spy-eyes didn't see me. Foxy-loxy me out smarted him. I'm not out of the Olympics yet, my dear! He'll never catch me at the window. Actually the management of the YMCA ought to be paying me for giving the boys a free show. Without my act, this place would be as dead as mother! If I transfer to the top floor, maybe somebody up there might like to see what's on the menu tonight...*

Noel glanced down. Only a little golden syrup remained in the bottom of the can. He saved it and opened a can of blueberries, taking it from a bag full of groceries—a wedge of camembert, two napoleons, some jars of juice—on the dresser. He mingled the guava juice with the blueberries and took a solemn bite. The taste was wonderful. He sprang happily on the single bed. *My taste buds haven't lost their zing, thank God! Zing went the strings of my taste buds! I always felt so sorry for Sidney when he found he didn't like food very much that last dreadful year, when cancer began eating him instead of*—Noel looked down at his protruding stomach and sucked it in as much as possible. *Well, we all know that blueberries—all fruits—are low in calories. They don't put in that much sugar nowadays, only natural juices.* He let his distended belly relax into its regular position. *Tomorrow the diet! My word of honor.*

He sneaked a look around the edge of the shade again, to see if the young man who'd yelled at him was still in the lavatory across the courtyard. *One would think one was raping orphans the way they try to hound us down because we entertain the fellows with a little cockmanship!* Noel let his bulgy eyes slide over his groin. *Not many a sixty-three-year old can keep it up as well as I do, if I must say so myself! Rather nice dimensions. All I have to do is lose a few pounds—perhaps twenty or twenty-five. Definitely no more than thirty for sure! I should go downstairs to the Health Club today and throw a few weights at the boys. And it might be cruisy too. We'll see what the boys in the back room will have!*

He dropped one of the canned blueberries on his thigh, and it slid over the curve, crossing one of his varicose veins. *I've got blueberry veins. I never noticed before! Oh, Lord, what a mess!* But Noel decided not to wipe it off. *Somebody might lick it off, you never know!*

"O, Noel, you're such a camp!" he said aloud.

He moved the curtain an inch and flirted with the idea of showing the blueberry stain to the men who'd been watching him at the window before. *I really ought to come in seventeen delicious flavors. Just ask me: I'll come in whichever flavor you prefer. The cock of the month, my dears!* He slunk away from the bed, half shutting his eyes, then snatched up the shower wrap and held it like a G-string in front of his crotch. *Like Pola Negri. Oh. God, my memory's nowhere these days, since all this traveling, since poor old mother decayed. Theda Bara or Pola Negri, one of those. Mother wouldn't have known. Sidney would have. Of course I didn't know Theda personally, my dears!*

Noel set the unfinished can of fruit on the dresser beside some travel brochures. "I'm swearing off today! I'm going to be *beautiful*, just as you all remember me!" He flung up the window shade and spread his fleshy arms to the empty windows opposite him. "Ladies and gentlemen, presenting the lady who's a tramp!" He smiled and wiggled up to the window. *If they don't like what they see, they don't have to look!* "Feast your eyes, you lovely voyeurs—"

He yanked the shade down at once when someone passed his room in the hall outside.

He snapped the shower wrap around his waist and stepped hurriedly into his felt slippers. If anybody knocked, he would be covered. He waited for the footsteps to disappear, pressing his ear against the khaki-colored door, listening hard. Had the person in the hall stopped outside his door? Was he waiting for the "culprit" to open it? Was he getting ready to slip a note underneath: KINDLY VACATE ROOM IMMEDIATELY. THE MANAGEMENT. Noel had had *those* before. *The only way to handle them, my dears, is with dignity and poise. Pack your purse and walk out with pride, head held high. "I've been thrown out of snazzier whorehouses than this one, I'll have you know!"*

The metal was stinging Noel's ear he was pressing so hard against it. Suddenly there was another movement past his door. Was it the same person? His heart felt prickly inside his chest, and he watched the pale, almost pink hairs move up and down on his breasts. He turned his other ear to the door, crouching. He ventured higher, standing on tiptoe to see through the ventilating slits near the top, but he wasn't tall enough. After a second he fingered the latch. Should he crack the door open an inch? It might give him away—but what was the use of living if one couldn't have some excitement!

He could see only a little to his right down the long corridor. Nobody in sight. Should he dare to unlatch the chain and look out? He could pretend he was going to the showers if anyone saw him. If he displayed enough dignity, no one would stop him. He hesitated, one hand on the chain. *Oh, what the hell! Keep the adrenalin flowing, my boy!*

He slid the chain out of its groove and watched it swing loose. When he stuck his head into the hall, Noel snickered to himself. There was nobody in sight. *All that worry for nought!*

But to his surprise a moustached young man in a starched white shirt and green tie—distinctly connected with the YMCA—turned the corner and stared accusingly at him. Noel felt his confidence falter, but he reached back nonchalantly to pull his door closed. Another man, in bermuda shorts, emerged from a room further along the corridor and padded away to the lavatory.

Why doesn't somebody follow him instead of me! Even though he experienced a spasm of indigestion—from eating the guavas and blueberries too fast, from his nervousness—he braved a smile at the young man in the white shirt and green tie. The ruse seemed to work, because the young man made no move toward him. *He's not positive I did the deed!* Noel acted his way past the younger man, wondering if a second smile would be too much. He squelched it just before he dared. *Keep walking, you're doing beautifully,. Tallulah! And he'll never suspect. Oh well, perhaps he'll suspect, but he won't be able to prove a thing. Unless, that is, he takes me to his office for questioning. I wouldn't mind being cross-examined by that number!*

Noel reached the place where the hallway angled to the left, and proceeded undeterred. *"Honestly, sir, I didn't display my loveliness against the lavatory windows." Thank heavens, they haven't got belly-prints yet! "Whatever do you mean, sir? Unhand me or I'll scream!"*

He looked over his shoulder just as he got to the lavatory. The young man with the moustache had walked to the end of the corridor to look him over again. *You won't risk throwing the wrong man out! I've got your number, kiddo!* Noel pushed wide the lavatory doors. *I'll take a shower after all,* he decided, *even if I left my towel behind.* "I'll take romance," he sang inaudibly. *"Secret Agent Cust reporting in, Commander. Mission accomplished. Eluded enemy trackers. Over and out."*

His heart beat almost in its normal rhythm again. An impish smile popped out of his quarter-moon mouth. *It's good to be alive, it really is!*

The public lavatory was forsaken except for a stooped Asiatic man brushing his teeth noisily at one of the basins. Noel rolled his eyes when the Asian hacked a gob of phlegm into the basin. *Whatever happened to Turhan Bey! Not this, I hope!*

The shower room was chilly, for August, and Noel did a little samba as he stepped out of his slippers onto the cold tiles and hung up his wrap. He took the middle shower, hoping someone else would come in. Someone who didn't hack. *This Y used to be so much better five years ago when I was here—before some Johnny Plumber decided to put in these stupid partitions!* Noel felt the tin panel between the showers. *All this tin does is make me get more exercise! But lean around I will!*

Lord, how clean I am! Noel chuckled. *I must take twenty showers a day! The good old Y doesn't realize what it's done for public cleanliness. A dirty mind in a clean body—that's what I've always said!* He inspected the red patch next to his scrotum where he'd neglected to dry himself thoroughly. *It'll clear up in a day or so, I'm sure. Now if only some Sam Stud would stick his manly frame into this cubicle, a lady can get down to the morning's business! How long has it been since I've had sex anyhow? Nothing in four nights here. And that awful session in the subway tearoom most certainly does NOT count! Has it actually been all of two months? Or is it three?* When he heard the doors outside the shower room open, Noel felt a pinch of anticipation.

It was the man in the starched white shirt and green tie. This time he leaned into the shower room. "Are you enjoying your stay here, sir?"

Noel let out a tiny exclamation as the cold water of the shower spattered off the tiles onto his legs. "Oh, immmensely!" he grinned. "Though your w-water's not too hot!"

The other man smiled. "It should be hot in just a minute, sir." Together they watched the water turn hotter, a bit of steam rising from the floor. "If there's anything we on the staff can do for you, just let me know, sir."

"Oh, I certainly w-will!" Noel said. *Thinks he's so clever, wording it that way, in case I'm not the Pink Flasher! Well, I can be a smart-aleck too, big boy!*

The young man with the moustache bent over to inspect a chipped tile in a corner of the shower room. "We'll have to get that crack fixed."

"Cracks always seem to need fixing," Noel replied, all friendliness and double entendre. "I'm gl-gl-glad to see they took good care of the facilities around here." He stepped under the shower head, silently cursing his stutter. He was positive it hadn't been so bad recently.

"Just let me know your every desire, sir. Somebody's always watching."

Think you're so smart, don't you, you cutey pie! "Oh, I'm so gl-glad to hear that. Your YMCA is a marvelous place to stay. My s-sons recommended it to me." He covered the lie with a mouthful of teeth and tried to keep his body from seeming too swishy.

The moustached young man ran an inspecting finger over some other tiles. "If you see anyone acting strangely, you'll be sure to let us know, won't you.?"

"Absolutely!" Noel backed into the falling water, letting the warmth hit first against his wrinkled rear end, then on his back, then finally on his scalp, forcing the thin, faded tendrils of red hair against the skull, revealing the places where nothing grew. The water ran down the cleavage between his flabby breasts and cascaded over the pubic hair, dyed a roguish auburn that failed to match either the hair on his head or the pallid hairs on the rest of his small, overweight body.

"Excuse me, did you forget to bring your towel to dry off with?" the young man asked, a trap.

"Oh, heavens no!" Noel answered pertly. "I pre-pre... I prefer—" He stopped and made the words come out. "I prefer to dry with terrycloth." He gestured at the shower wrap, not taking his eyes away from the younger man's.

The man with the moustache seemed only half-convinced. "I do hope we'll see you around," he hinted heavily, beginning to depart.

"Hope to see you too, young man," was Noel's sly response, as he hugged himself merrily in the puffs of steam and cold air.

On the tenth floor Lyman Partland left his room to go to the Y's Health Club in the basement. He'd skipped breakfast with his roommate, Barry, and changed from his pajamas into his gym clothes—white boxer shorts, a teeshirt that pressed against the moss of hair on his chest, forcing a few black hairs to thrust themselves out at the neckline. As he waited for the elevator, Partland did a couple of knee-bends and then shadow boxed with the down-button, cuffing it, kicking at the baseboard with his gym shoes, impatient to be exercising.

Where's the damn elevator! Full of weirdos riding all to hell and gone to see who they can show their blubbery cocks to, like that old son-of-a-bitch at the window! How lousy to see some shrimpy dick sticking out at me first thing in the morning! Thank God, Barry didn't see it!

Partland punched the down-button again, stepping back to see what was taking the elevator so long. *Bunch of fairies probably commandeered it and are having an orgy between the floors.* He almost smiled.

He touched his lower chest, which felt gaseous, bloated. He didn't feel like working out in the weightroom, but thought he might get rid of the uncomfortable feeling that had been bothering him for several days now. *It's all this rich slop Barry and me have been eating and drinking.* He always got constipated when he traveled, and the flight from Yokota had been delayed a day, upsetting their schedule. Even though he'd drunk three glasses of hot water on the airplane and again the next morning, he continued to have a bulky, stuffy pressure inside. He coughed, a series of detonations, feeling the nicotine-tainted phlegm flow into his mouth. He hadn't had a cigarette for three days, except for the single one the previous night, to help him get to sleep when Barry snored, to help him adjust to the time change, and he wasn't going to light one up now. About that he was positive.

He flexed the muscles in both arms, pleased with the mounds his flesh made, confident that nobody would take him for a forty-two-year-old man. His eyes skittered down the length of one arm, past his tatoo, fastening on the sprawling, toughened hands, like dirty bacon. From karate. He'd continually dipped his hands into a bucket of sand, had kept it next to his desk in the Traffic Management Office on the base, where his co-workers had made flattering jokes about how he was going to win the Black Belt. But he'd slacked off in the last few months. His hands still looked like heavy gloves, coarsened, although not in as good condition as they'd been in Tahkli. *Could still bust any honcho's ass who asks for it.* Partland told himself. *It really turns the fairies on—the way my muscles form these big knots. And they like this lower muscle pretty much too.* He puckered his lips, patting the front of his gym shorts, sucking in his stomach.

I ought to press my own weight today or a little more, build up my bulk a bit. Not too much, though. Don't want to look like one of them freaks in muscle magazines. All their great body proportions—and as nelly as your sister Kate. Like Barry says, a man should act like a man, goddamn it! At least I'm not nelly. Elizabeth would have to admit that much. And it's easy to get a woman anytime I want one. The last broad in that massage parlor in Bangkok wasn't too bad. Though girls don't suck as good as guys. Got to give that to the cocksuckers; they know their business. You take your average cocksucker, now, he's in it for what it gives him, some thrill, I guess. They can suck me off anytime they want; they don't ask no favors in return, not like women. You don't even have to buy the fags a lousy drink. All you got to do is dangle your dick and let 'em freak out. It makes them happy; it makes my dick happy. So who's uptight? Besides the fucking Air Force, that is! But they won't catch me. I never got caught yet or even suspected.

Continued on page 49

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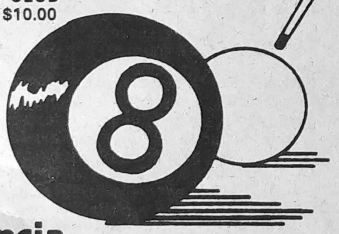

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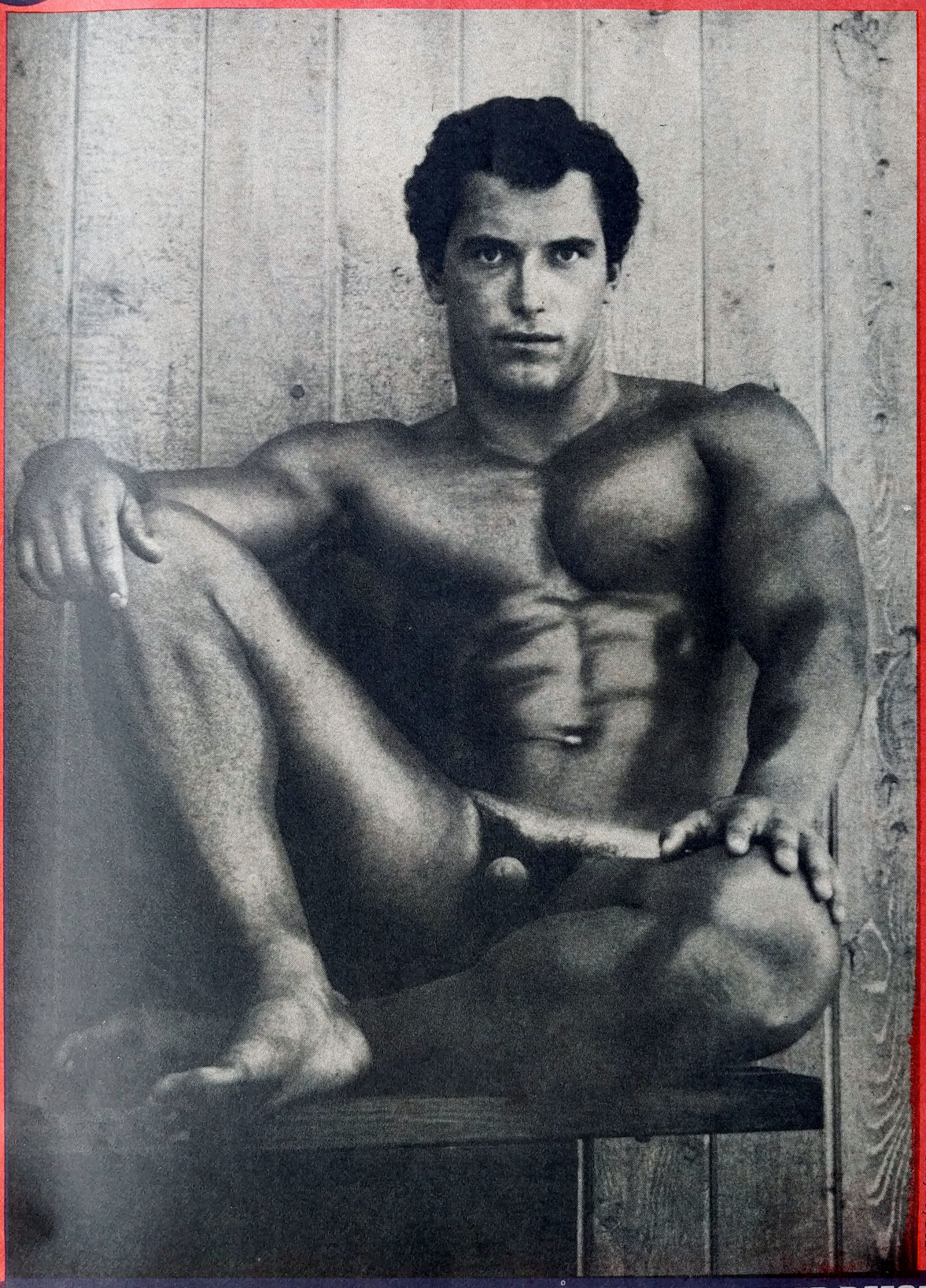

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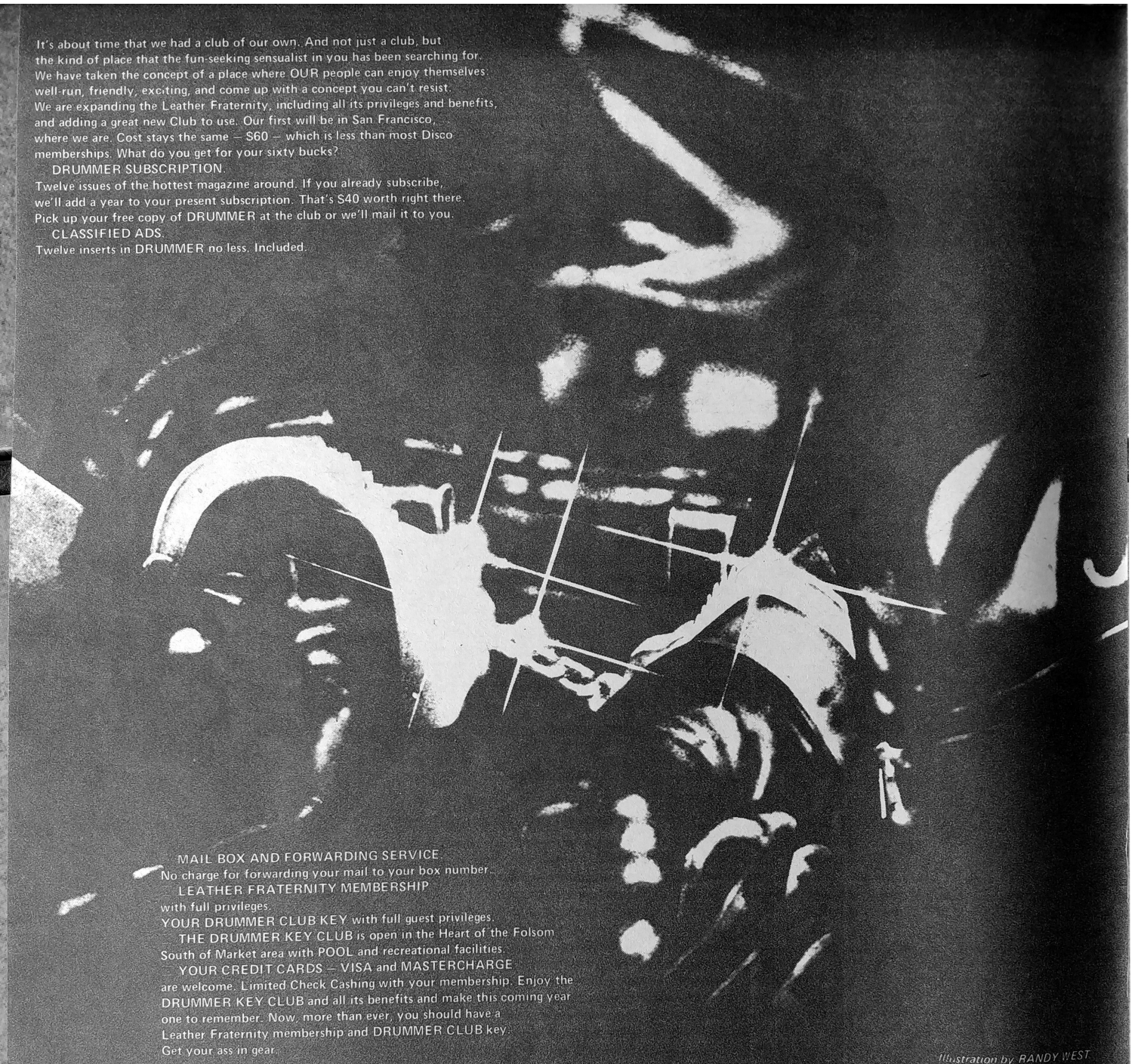

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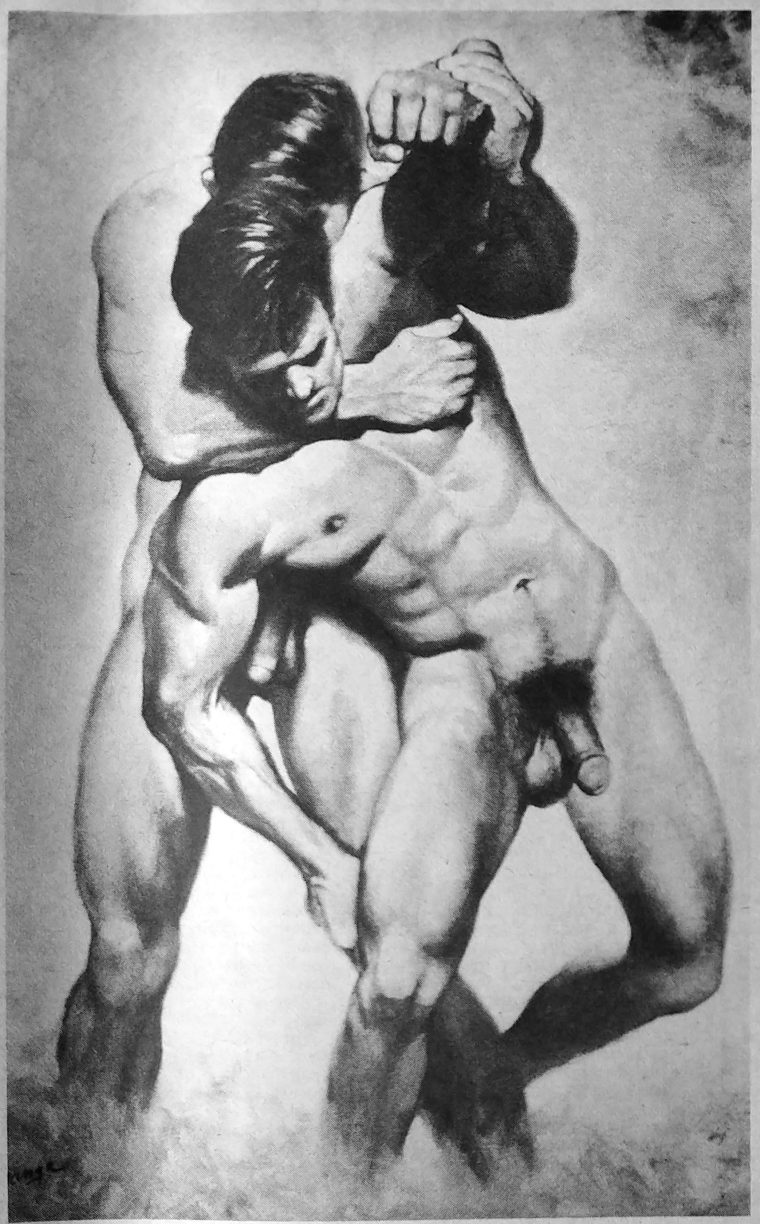

illustration by DeFrange

JOHNNY LAREDO

by Aaron Travis

Last summer something called the Mexican flu hit town. I think I was the first to get it, probably from some jerk bringing in his dog to be spayed.

That Saturday night when I first saw Johnny, I was lying in bed, blowing my nose and flipping channels by remote control. Television in Fort Worth, Texas stinks. Not a damn thing on the set worth watching—an old Ronald Reagan movie, sitcom reruns, a werewolf flick on the Spanish station (they make they gory south of the border), that goddam 24-hour Christian network, wrestling. I'd been sleeping all day and I was desparate for something to do with my eyes. Too hot outside for a flu victim to go after a magazine. I'd read every book in the house. I tried the phone. No one in.

So I watched the channels go flip-flip-flip. "If you loved me, Billy, you'd"—"We're asking Mrs. White about the new Oxydol"—"flames of *hell, the humasexials, adultras, fawnicaytas!*"—and then something that made my fever-weak eyes open to the size of quarters.

I hadn't seen professional wrestling on TV since I was a kid. My family, strictly white-collar, looked down on it; wrestling shows were for peons. And even as a child I could see through the staged falls and rigged matches. Heroes and villains, cosmic Good and Evil shrunk down to a hard, lifeless core that the beer-burping truck drivers and housewives in curlers could turn on to. It was World War II, the Big One, played out every Saturday night. The heavies were usually Nazi types in black leather with crazy German names, or pumpkin-shaped "Sumo" wrestlers. The heroes were American hardcore, big homely guys past their prime with broad shoulders and broader waistlines, types the ranchers and frycooks in the crowd could identify with.

The heroes usually won, so that the audience, martyrs to a world of racial busing, welfare chislers, militant fags and women's libbers, could taste that sweet unstained victory of Good over Evil. Occasionally it was arranged for the villians to win, so the crowd could feel the rush of righteous indignation. Anyone with sense enough to get out of the rain could see through it. When I was older I got involved in high school wrestling, the real thing, and kept it up through college; my opinion of professional wrestling went from *joke* to *bad joke*.

That feverish August night I discovered that TV wrestling had grown up, at least a little, and in a wonderful way.

There on the screen, talking and looking me straight in the eye, was one of the most gorgeous young men I had ever seen. Age twenty-two maximum. Hair as black as ink, wavy and short. A face that Botticelli would never have allowed to die—soft blue eyes, smooth pale skin, red lips, square jaw. He looked like he had never shaved; his forehead and cheeks blushed warm red.

He was practically naked, dressed in shiny blue trunks, socks and shoes. Lightly tanned, hairless. Perfectly proportioned—body by Phidias. Musculature absolutely flawless. There was no hint of coarseness; not a weightlifter's body, certainly not a wrestler's. Sculptured and lean, like a gymnast.

He stood with his hands on his hips, leaning down to a microphone held up by a short, pudgy announcer in a green suit. His lines were the standard claptrap—"Yeah, well, we'll see what kinda man Killer Klaus is when I get him in that ring!"—but he didn't sound at all dumb. A soft, deep voice, no trace of the hick.

My heart was melting. And draining molten into my cock, where it rehardened like cooling steel.

The camera panned away from the young wrestler. A close-up of the announcer, pointing his finger at the camera and barking like a slick used car salesman. I growled at the TV. Then heard the announcer: "And we'll be right back to see Johnny Laredo take on Big Donovan, after these messages!"

I sat up in bed, fisting my erection slowly, and watched a housewife in a cheap wig and sleeveless blouse that showed her spotted shoulders explain how a certain detergent got her husband's T shirts really white.

Finally I was back in the coliseum, and the boy they called Johnny Laredo was jumping over the ropes into the ring. His opponent was a disappointment. Big Donovan turned out to be a toothless snarling bald guy with enough lard to heat a small city.

But Johnny—that body. That face. Talented, too. He played to the camera with the natural instinct of a star. Moved with the genuine grace of a young athlete. Showed off every perfect muscle as he danced around the ring. Took his falls with a hard grunt, suffering for the audience, suffering for *me*.

Then he scrambled up, flexed his arms and leaped. Moving scultpure. The camera caught him in a hundred shifting poses—bent double, ass reared up—pinned on his back, legs in the air—on his knees, arms trapped behind his back and shoulders hunched—straddling Big Donovan and holding him down, a celebration of biceps and triceps, a strained look on that angel face.

It was over too soon. Johnny won the match. My final glimpse of him was his victory strut, arms up and smiling to the crowd crazy with excitement.

The housewives and truck drivers weren't the only ones excited. I had been masturbating, hardly knowing it, with my eyes fixed unblinking on the screen. Another station break. I held off, hoping there might be more of the same. But when the show returned there was only the old-style format I had seen through as a child. A few passable bodies, but unimpressive after Johnny; mostly Nazis and Japs and the American lower class in a clash of wills and flabby muscle.

My erection told me I was more recovered from the flu than I'd thought. I switched off the lights and made myself feel good, thinking about the amazing revelation of Johnny Laredo.

After that I always had something to watch on Saturday nights before going out. I even invited friends over to see what I had discovered. They were skeptical, but when Johnny stepped before the camera, more cocks than mine began to stiffen.

That first night I must have been too busy staring at Johnny's body to notice the technique they used when he was in the ring, different from the other matches. Something weird was going on—something that must have been going straight over the heads of the married machos in the audience, or straight to their subconscious.

It was the poses. Johnny on his back, a look of pain on his face, legs wrapped around the thug atop him, who huffed and puffed and bounced his gut against Johnny's hard buns. Then Johnny on top, the thug helpless on his back, head caught between Johnny's strong thighs. The announcer gloating over Johnny's body—"He's a superb young athlete, look at those muscles!"

Shifting tableaus of male sex, sucking and fucking, punctuated by violence. How could even a wrestling audience be unaware of the obvious symbolism? Were they ignoring it? Or were they drawing from it something they secretly needed? To me the implications were obvious; to them, I suppose, the message was subliminal.

One night the announcer advertised free eight by ten glossies of Johnny—the first twenty people at the door, etc. I had to have one.

I figured I might get a cold shoulder if I wrote as a grown man and asked for his picture. So I did one of those crazy things you'd never believe could change your life. It didn't seem like much at the time—it was almost a joke. I wrote Johnny a fan letter. I made it special.

I found some ruled paper and a pencil. I grabbed the pencil with my fist, like an ice pick, and scrawled a letter:

Dear Johnny Laredo,

My name is Tom. I am 7 years old and I am your BIGGEST fan. Could you send me a pitcher of you? I would like a pitcher of you IN ACTION. Thanks you a lot. (My Daddy helped me to rite this letter.)

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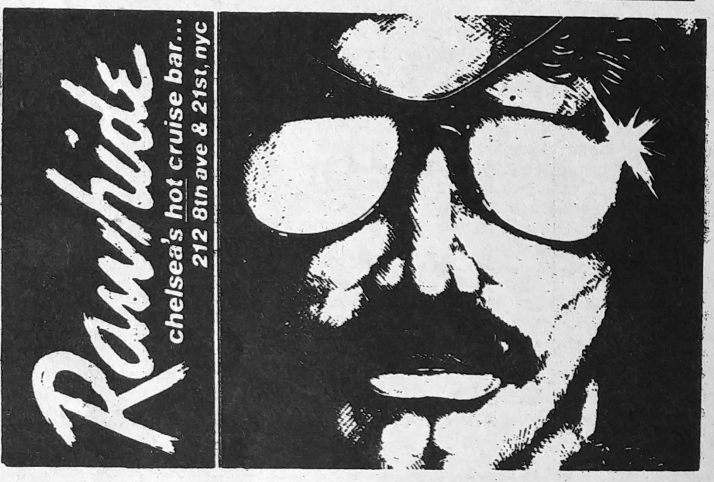
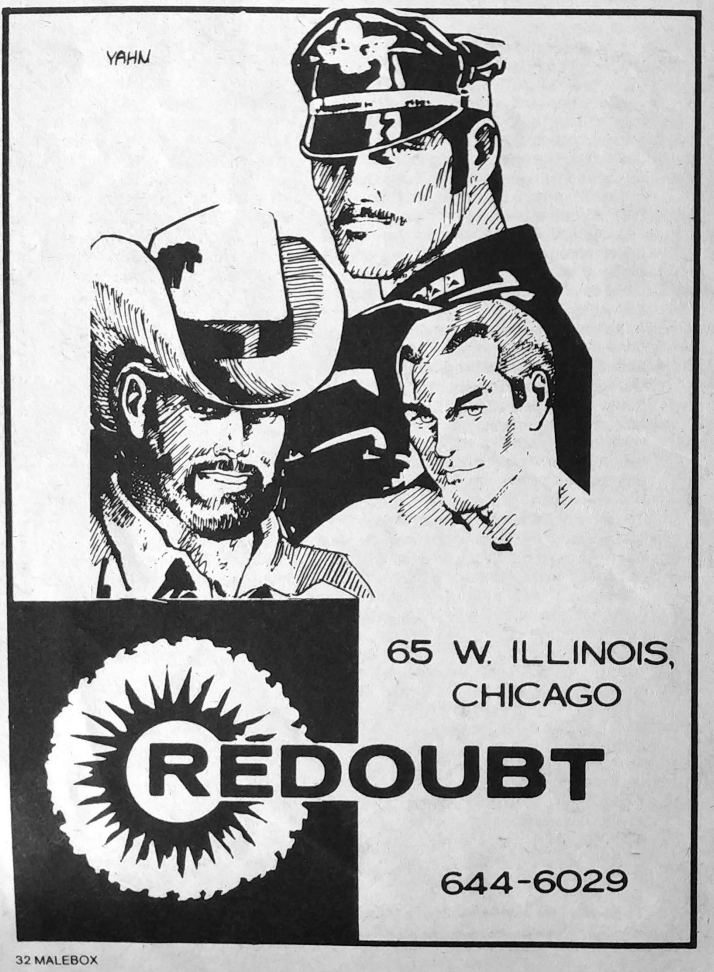




Yeah, I thought, *in action*. Like on your hands and knees with your cute little buns in the air and your hard cock up against your belly. Or maybe on your knees with your mouth open.

But I'd settle for a corny pose in those tight blue shorts.

I read the letter several times and had a good laugh. What the fuck? I mailed it to Johnny Laredo in care of the coliseum, and forgot about it.

The next Saturday afternoon I was busy with a friend upstairs when the doorbell rang.

The friend was Gary. He was one of my steady tricks, a grease-monkey boy who lives down the block. Blond and skinny, and hot. One of those proud whoreboys, thinks about nothing but sex. Gary came out when he was sixteen. I met him when he was seventeen. Arrived at my door one day to ask if I wanted a tune-up for my Fiat. I invited him into the kitchen, and the next thing I knew he was feeling me up and asking if I wanted a blow job. The way he swallowed me in one gulp, I knew he had had a lot of experience.

I saw Gary at least one Saturday every month. It was a trip, watching him fill out and mature into a young man. And watching his appetite grow. Feeding that appetite. I was the first to fuck his ass. After that he kept wanting me to get rough with him; it's something guys seem to expect from me. I was tempted, but I told him no way until he was eighteen. It was dangerous enough to be laying a hand on him, much less a belt.

That Saturday afternoon was two weeks after Gary's eighteenth birthday. We were upstairs in the bedroom. I had him stripped, kneeling with his back to the wall, tit clamps linked by a chain on his nipples, arms bound, under a window that faces the street. The curtains were open. I stood at the window, hands pressed flat on the sill, watching the man across the way mow his lawn and kids on bicycles do wheelies in the street. I felt the sun on my naked chest and arms while I rocked my hips and listened to Gary gag and Gary's head banging against the wall.

Gary was working diligently, opening his throat, but I was giving him a hard time, fucking his face with long sharp thrusts. He kept choking and spewing saliva onto my balls and the front of my legs. Whenever he seemed to adjust I would reach down and yank the chain connected to his tits, listen to him howl around my cock, and fuck harder.

I must have had my head thrown back and my eyes closed when the purple Cadillac drove up. I don't know if my visitors saw me like that, standing barechested at the upstairs window.

When I heard the bell I wondered if it could be anything worth the interruption. My cock was beginning to sing, and visions of Gary's whipped ass danced in my head. I craned my neck and stood on tiptoe, trying to ctach an oblique glance through the window of whoever was down at the front door. The movement speared my cock all the way down Gary's throat. I heard him moan happily below me, felt the muscles of his throat ripple around the shaft.

What I saw, or thought I saw, made me yank myself out of Gary's mouth and start searching the room for my discarded jeans. I slipped into them. Getting the zipper over my erection was a bitch. Once I'm fully hard I stay that way. The telltale bulge down the leg of my pants was obvious, and uncomfortable, but I started down the steps. The doorbell was ringing for the third time.

"Hey Bear, you gonna be long? I'm kinda cramped."

I tromped back to Gary and lifted him by the armpits so he could stretch his legs out.

"Thanks, Bear."

"S'alright."

"And Bear—my tits are hurting me. Could you maybe —"

I grinned. Gary smiled back weakly. His lips glistened with spit. I grabbed the chain and pulled. Gary hissed with pain.

"Un uh. I think I'll leave 'em on." I reached down and squeezed his hard boycock. Gary looked up at me through narrow lids. He parted his wet lips and moaned for me. I let go of his cock and listened to it slap against his firm belly. "You just stay up here real quiet, and think about what I'm gonna shove up your ass when I get back."

I bounded noisily down the stairs and opened the front door.

There was a delegation of five men. Four of them were in doubleknit suits. The fifth was Johnny Laredo, dressed in snakeskin boots, tight jeans, a white felt cowboy hat, and a blue T shirt that stretched over his pecs like a second skin. My idol in the flesh. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears.

One of the men, the oldest in the group, started talking. He smiled a lot, showing off two solid gold teeth. His suit, if not tasteful, was tailored. He was obviously the boss. His accent was East Texas Bayou, where Western nasality meets Southern diphthong.

"Is little Tommy heah? We got quite a surprise for 'im."

"Like what?" I tried to look at the old guy, but my eyes kept straying to those hard round muscles inside that cockteasing shirt. I wanted to reach out and touch it in the worst way. I saw Johnny's nipples through the cloth. I hadn't noticed them before—had they just risen, as I watched? I looked up at his angel face. He lowered his eyes shyly. His face, bowed like that, made me ache inside for the beauty of it.

"Wahl," the man said with a big smile, "he sent Johnny heah, the best wrassler inna state, a real sweet fan letter, and we're gonna surprise 'im with a little sump'n."

"I'm afraid Tommy's not here." I spoke slowly, thought fast. "He's gone to his grandmother's. With my wife."

The man frowned. "Wahl, where's 'at? 'Cross town? Ah wanna give 'is to little Tommy in person." He glanced suspiciously at my hands. I realized he was looking for a wedding band. I clenched my fingers nervously.

"Out of town," I said. "Out of state. They—flew."

"Ah see." The man looked at me shrewdly. For the first time I noticed that one of the men in the entourage had a camera on a strap around his neck. So that was it—a publicity gimmick. *Wrestling Idol Answers Little Boy's Letter in Person.* Photos for the Sunday paper.

"Ah see—yes, Ah see. Wahl, Ah'll give you these things innyway. Make sure little Tommy gits 'em, you heah?" He winked.

He presented me with a wrapped package. It was flat, eight inches by ten—I knew it was a framed photo. And an envelope.

"Hold it," the photographer said as the gifts changed hands.

"Don't be so trigger-happy, Darryl," the older man snapped. 'Put 'at camera away. Not takin' any pictures."

"But Boss—"

The man silenced him with a glare, then turned back to me, smiling deadpan. "Wahl, we'll hafta be goin' now. Make sure little Tommy gits his stuff. Too bad we missed 'im." He turned and motioned impatiently for the others to head for the parked Cadillac.

"Hey wait," I said. I tried to flash a normal smile. "Don't I get to shake the hand of my little boy's idol? I had no idea Tommy was so interested in wrestling. I'll have to tune in myself sometime, and see what all the excitement's about."

Everybody stopped in their tracks and turned back. Johnny Laredo glanced at the Boss, then stepped forward and extended his hand. His bicep stood up and filled the short, tight sleeve of his T shirt.

I took his hand in mine, feeling electricity. His hand was warm and soft. I looked at his face, so close I could have reached out and stroked it. His eyes were lowered, staring at my naked chest. He glanced up and our eyes snagged. Only

for an instant. Then his hand withdrew, and the group departed across the lawn.

I closed the front door, heart pounding, and leaped up the stairway, taking three steps at a bound. The wrapped photo and the envelope were in my hands.

I ran to the bedroom window in time to see the long doors closing on the Cadillac. I could see Johnny's face and shoulders through the passenger's window in the front seat. I thought I saw him glancing up at me as the car pulled away, but I couldn't be sure.

I suddenly remembered that Gary was below me on the floor, I felt his mouth on my crotch. I threw the gifts on the bed, unzipped, and looked down to guide my cock between his lips. I thought about Johnny Laredo, and ripped the clamps from Gary's nipples. My cock muffled his scream. Thinking of Johnny, I slapped his face. I pulled out of his mouth and reached for my belt and the jar of lubricant.

Later, after we showered and Gary limped out the back door, I remembered the presents. I unwrapped the photo. It was mounted in a cheap plastic frame. Johnny was in his wrestling duds, crouching low, muscles flexed, face set in a snarl. Even snarling he was beautiful and boyish. There was an inscription: "To Tom Richardson, my *biggest* fan—from Johnny Laredo."

The envelope contained two front row tickets for next Saturday's match at the coliseum.

Little Tommy, I'm afraid, couldn't make it, and neither could his mom, so Big Tom went by himself. I turned in the extra ticket at the window and found my seat.

The arena was noisy and alive. Lots of kids running up and down the aisles in rolled-up jeans, screaming and behaving like animals. Women with cheap permanents and grim faces, ready for the kill. Men in tight jeans and western shirts, beer guts rolling over their belts.

I had taken steps to keep from feeling like Daniel in the Lion's den. I had sense to dress for the occasion. I got my old cowboy boots out of the closet that afternoon and polished them. Found my brown leather belt, tooled with acorns and leaves all around with my name embossed on the back. I hadn't worn it since high school. It still fit. Put on a simple short-sleeve plaid shirt.

I didn't feel out of place physically, either. I figured I could pass for a truck driver or a plant mechanic, except for the absence of a beer gut. My waist is still 31 inches, though it's hard to find jeans that size to fit me—the legs hug too tight around my thighs. Shirts off the rack give me the same problem. The sleeves are always tight around my upper arms. My name really is Tom, as I had signed the fan letter, but my friends call me Bear. I guess the nickname fits. I'm a little over six feet, with a big barrel chest. Just under 200 pounds. Hair all over my body, including my shoulders and ass. A mustache. A little bald spot on the crown of my head, surrounded by coarse brown hair.

I looked up and down the line of front row seats. A gaggle of grade schoolers on my left, an old woman with knitting on her lap—she was a regular, I recognized her from the television show—and a gaunt gray man in a gray coat, face sprayed with white stubble, eyes rheumy. On my right was a group of men in overalls, spitting tobacco juice on the floor and acting rowdy.

I turned around in my seat and saw the camera crew far behind and above us. Good. The action would be played to my side. I settled in the hard wooden chair and waited for the lights to dim.

The evening began slowly. I couldn't get excited about Big Donovan taking on Eric Samples, or Moso Hirohito rolling his 300 pounds of fat over champion Mike Michaels. The crowd around me was like a pack of wild animals, a single mass of humanity plugged into the same repressed sex and violence trip. They screamed, they hollered, they rose from their seats and shook their fists like football fans at the Superbowl. My illusion of fitting in began to fade. I sat woodenly, feeling conspicuous for my lack of enthusiasm, glad I wasn't on the opposite side of the ring where the camera would have been on me every minute.

Then the Golden Moment. Johnny Laredo versus Killer Klaus, (they pronounced it "Claws") Kurtz.

Kurtz entered the ring first, surely one of the most disgusting neo-Nazis alive. I suppose at one time he had quite a body. His shoulders and arms were impressive, but I couldn't forgive that stomach. He was wearing a leather face mask and a leather jacket with a German cross on the back in metal studs, dripping chains. He strutted around the ring, thumping his chest and bellowing insults in one of the phoniest German accents I've ever heard. The crowd made catcalls.

Then Johnny jumped grinning over the ropes. The audience mood swung 180 degrees. The love and admiration they poured out to him was palpable, like wind or light.

Killer Klaus shuffed off his leather jacket, but kept the face mask on. Johnny, of course, was perfect in his near nakedness, his sleek body ample symbol of his Goodness.

Johnny didn't fare well that night. I could tell early on he was set to lose, and he did. He played it magnificantly, suffering grandiously and always getting up like a man to take more punishment from that brute Klaus Kurtz. I couldn't quite join in the screaming and yelling, but I felt the rush of sharing Johnny's struggle, and got a glimpse of the primal transference the mob around me had come to experience.

The view from the front row was breathtaking. I was almost close enough to smell Johnny's flesh, beginning to sparkle under the lights with a sheer glaze of perspiration. I could almost taste his muscles, only feet away, as they buckled, flexed, pounced, shuddered under Klaus' impact.

The match was like an erotic ballet, a fantasy more basic and visceral than anything that could have been devised for a more self-conscious audience. I was glad Johnny was doomed to defeat that night. Nothing could have satisfied me more than seeing him take that beating at the hands of despicable Killer Klaus Kurtz.

They met, locked arms, broke apart, moved from tableau to tableau: Johnny on his back, wrists pinned above his head, legs spread and wrapped around Kurtz' waist—breaking free, rolling forward to flip Kurtz onto his back and trap his face between Johnny's steel thighs—Klaus depending on brute strength alone, flinging Johnny against the rops—Johnny is dazed, he falls to his knees—Klaus stomps forward, pushes Johnny's face and chest to the floor—Johnny's ass hard and round in the air, at the end of his rope, helpless to resist. The palm of my hand tingled to see his ass that way. And then—

Johnny turned his face toward me. Cheekbone pressed to the floor, mouth crooked. Eyes open like slits. Eyes *on me.*

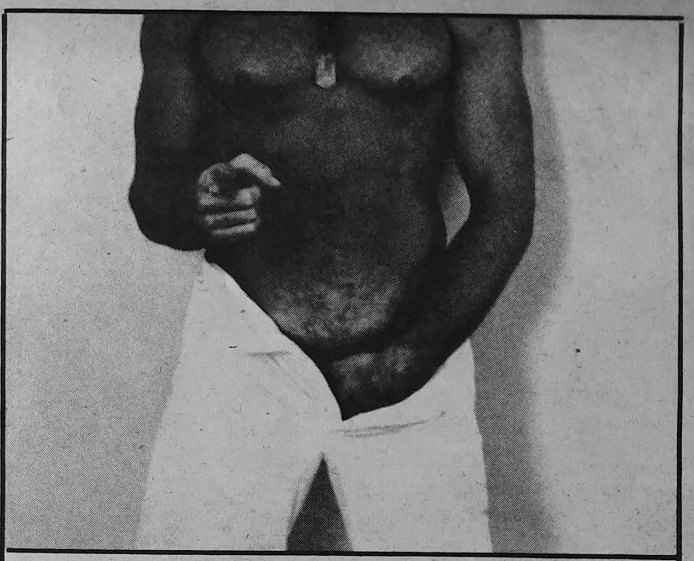
He looked straight at me, his face marked by one of two interchangeable expressions, pain or lust. Fully aware of his body's receptive pose, and what it did to me. Not acting now. Not a mask. His eyes met mine and I knew we were thinking the same thing.

He stayed that way too long. When he finally remembered his part, broke the Killer's hold and continued the bout, his rhythm was broken. He didn't have time to regain it. The match fell apart, and ended with Johnny's anticlimactic defeat.

The crowd sensed the change, aware of something wrong but unaware of the reason. Their boos at the end were a little forced, confused. Johnny's performance had exalted them, then let them down.

He left the ring, towel over his shoulders, looking more defeated than he should have. I watched him walk to the wrestler's exit. He turned at the door, searched the front row. Our eyes met again in secret. He looked unhappy. Then he disappeared.

I thought about leaving then, but it was



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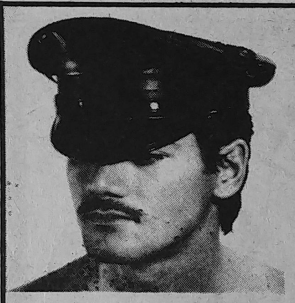

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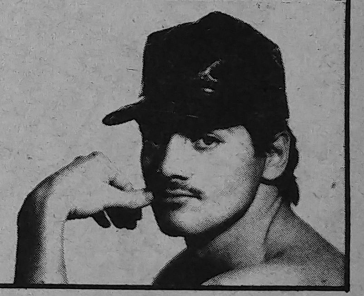

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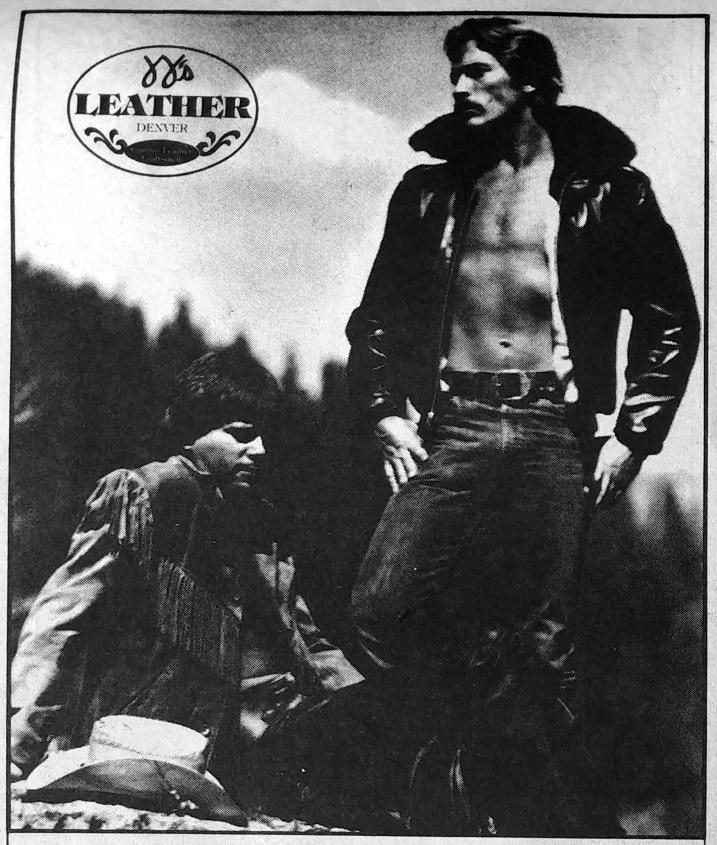

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easier to stay put and savor the weird high Johnny had given me. The next match started. The wrestlers moved before me like shadows. The roar of the crowd registered dimly on my ears, as undefined as the sound of the ocean.

Then a little kid was before me, not the least bit shy.

"For you mister."

He stuck a folded piece of paper under my nose. As he ran off I caught the glint of a coin clutched in his tiny fist.

I unfolded the note.

Meet me afterwards? At the north exit—J.L.

I looked up. He was standing at the door to the wrestler's quarters, staring at me. I made an exaggerated nod, and he slipped out of sight.

During the last match I went to the parking lot, got in my Triumph, and drove around to the back of the coliseum. Johnny was waiting for me, hands in his back pockets. He was dressed in the same style as last Saturday afternoon, except that the T shirt was now red. It made his hair, still damp from the showers, look even darker.

We exchanged glances as he squeezed into the bucket seat. I drove slowly too the exit, glad we were ahead of the rush.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi."

"Nice car."

"Thanks. Anywhere special you want to go?"

"Well, there's a little bar off the freeway where a lot of the guys go after the show."

Just what I needed, all his wrestling pals hovering around and interrupting us. "You want to go there?"

He thought about it. "No."

"Okay," I said, "I'll take you to a place I know."

Fort Worth is not known for its gay establishments. On weekends most of the disco crowd hits the turnpike to Dallas. Just as well; I was still feeling Johnny out, and I didn't want to take him to some place where we might both be uncomfortable. There was a cafe-bar I knew of in an old hotel downtown, Bert's, where the clientele was mixed, quiet and discreet.

We didn't talk much during the short drive. I found a parking space with no trouble. He followed me into Bert's.

Johnny had a cup of coffee and a piece of coconut pie. I had a Lone Star.

"I noticed you got a nice house," he finally said.

"Yeah, I got a good deal on it, before the interest rates went through the roof."

"You own it?"

"Almost."

"It's so big. You must make a lot of money. What do you do?"

"I'm a veterinarian."

He smiled, showing off his perfect white teeth. "No kidding?"

"No kidding. I got a couple of assistants who take care of most of the pet work—you know, dogs, cats, gerbils. I'm more interested in horses and livestock. Soon as I pay off the car, I'm gonna start looking for a little place outside of town to keep some horses of my own."

"Yeah, that sounds nice. I like horses."

We both nodded.

"You really from Laredo?" I asked.

"Shit no," he laughed. "Bloomington, Indiana."

"What are you doing in Texas?"

"College, " he said. "Premed. I got a scholarship to S.M.U. Finally made the gymnastic team this semester."

"No kidding?"

He laughed. "Yeah, the wrestling's just something I fell into. The hours fit, and the money's good."

"Well you're very good at it. You really know how to excite that crowd."

He flushed and smiled. Then his face turned sober. "Your name's Tom, isn't it?"

"Yeah. But I go by the name Bear."

"Oh. I can see why." He looked embarrassed and took a bite of his pie, chewed slowly, played with his fork, swallowed. "You live in that big house all alone?"

The way he said it, not casually at all—I knew he meant something else.

"Yes. Alone. Look, that stuff about my wife and little Tommy was a bunch of crap. I don't want to bullshit you, Johnny. I wrote that letter. It was—sort of a joke. But I'm glad I did it."

"Why?" He was looking at his pie, not at me.

"Johnny, look. I'm gay." My ears felt hot. On the line.

"I know that."

We looked at each other, then away. For a moment, silence.

"How about you?" I asked.

He hesitated, still staring at his pie. "I'm beautiful. Everyone says so." No trace of smugness, or even embarrassment in his voice; a fact, stated. "And I'm not much else."

"What do you mean?"

"Look, I get lots of chances." He squirmed in his seat. "But I've never had much use for girls." Johnny looked me straight in the eye. "And I'm scared to death of guys like you."

My heart went *thump-thump-thump.*

"What about the other wrestlers? When you're in the ring, the things you do—"

"I know what you're getting at. And I hear things about some of the guys. But everybody—something about me seems to scare people off."

I could understand that. I was feeling a little frightened myself.

"Sometimes, though, I have fantasies about the other guys. Like Klaus. You sort of remind me of him."

"Come on!"

"No, I mean—you're in a lot better shape, of course, and younger. But your arms and shoulders—the hair on your chest..." His eyes followed his words. His scrutiny excited me and made me nervous at the same time.

He laughed suddenly. "I see why you'd be offended. But you've never seen Klaus without that stupid mask. He's not bad looking. And a real sweet guy. Married." His voice fell on the last word. "His wife hangs around the coliseum a lot. She's real sweet, too. Sort of mothers me."

Suddenly I didn't want to be in the cafe anymore. "You want to go to my house?"

He nodded. "Yes."

We left the food and drinks, half finished, on the table.

The living room was dark and empty. I switched on the lamp behind the sofa, coloring the room with a dim amber haze.

I walked to Johnny. Put my arms around him. Felt him press his firm chest against mine. Kissed him. I knew I had to tread easy with him—not come on butch and cold. I would let my body's strength speak for itself.

I smiled and eased my hands down the twin slopes of his back, onto the top of his buns, rising below his waist like a hard rounded ledge.

"What do you want to do?" Johnny whispered.

"I think you know."

"I mean—right now."

I stepped back to arm's length, rested the palms of my hands on his shoulders. I looked up and down the front of his body. "I'd like to see you naked."

Johnny undressed for me, until he stood as I had most often seen him, in trunks and socks. Chest, arms, legs radiating perfect beauty.

He pulled off his socks and slipped out of his underwear, then stood up straight, eyes closed. His cock, no larger or smaller than most, and beautiful because it was his, was half-erect.

I breathed in through my teeth. "Your ass," I said, unable to make the request into a sentence. My mouth was dry—the words came out funny.

He turned around slowly. My eyes were on his hips. I watched the muscular silhouette of one cheek emerge as he rotated. The curved line, like the curvature of the waxing moon. The line rippled, changed, flattened like the line of an eclipse as he turned.

I studied his shoulders, wide and gently rolling. The shallow, satiny cleavage down the middle of his back, separating the smooth plains on either side. Then a brief space of dimpled flatness. Then the deeper cleavage, and the firm promi-



nence of his ass, seeming to mushroom out of his broad thighs.

He turned around. Eyes on mine as he approached me. He dropped to his knees and looked up, biting his lip.

"Now you."

I took off my shirt. Undid the buttons of my jeans and pulled the zipper. I hooked my thumbs under the waistband of my shorts and pushed down, until my erection sprang free. It hit Johnny's chin. He jerked back a little and batted his eyes. I could see his smooth chest rising and falling.

He blinked his eyes and stared at my cock. I stroked his hair and said nothing. I was breathing hard, too.

He stared so long I was afraid he had changed his mind. Then he parted his lips and leaned forward.

The first touch of my cock on his lips made something go off inside him. He worked his mouth wildly, pushed his face on and off, making himself choke but not stopping. He was not as talented as Gary; I would have been disappointed if he were.

His choking, so desperate, got to me. I reached down into my crumpled pants pocket and pulled out an ampule of amyl nitrate, always ready on a Saturday night. Not the bottled stuff they sell legally. I get it from a straight but kinky friend who's an M.D., in exchange for certain animal implements. I've never known a doctor or a dentist who wouldn't scratch your back if you'd scratch theirs.

"Here." I snapped the ampule under his nose. "Try this. You may not like it, but it'll probably make it easier. Breathe in deep."

He grew steady, worked his mouth up and down more easily, drawing me in. Flurries of passion, when he would force his clenched throat against the blunt tip of my cock and choke. Slow, languid spells, when he seemed to breathe me in, eyes lightly shut, nothing else in the world to distract him, nothing on his mind but sucking my meat.

I looked down at him—face drawn, cheeks collapsed, hair disheveled, lips pursed around my cock like the drawstrings of a bag. No contortion could make his face less than beautiful.

At last he pulled off, breathless.

"You got a bed someplace?" he said, swallowing.

"Yeah, upstairs."

He watched and smiled while I toed off my right boot. He helped me with the second one, then I stepped free of my jeans.

"What are you grinning at?" I asked, smiling back at him.

"You. Mister, you are one goodlooking bear."

Johnny, face down on my bed. A waterbed. His body undulated like an eel as I joined him. The window curtains were open. Blue moonlight across his back, turning the muscles into warm, living stone. I smeared his ass with oil, slipped a finger inside.

"Have you ever—"

"—No—"

I pried his cheeks apart, opened the muscles, plied his opening long and sweet.

"That Killer guy," I grunted. "You ever think about him fucking you?"

"Yeah."

I slapped his ass. Irresistable. Watched my handprint glow and fade. Johnny lifted his ass up, grabbed the pillow under his face.

I put my hands on the headboard, curled my toes on the foot of the bed and hovered over him. I presssed my cockhead against his clenched cheeks.

"When you think about it, how does he fuck you? Huh? Slow and easy?"

"No."

I waited. "Then how?"

He kept his face against the pillow, eyes shut. "He fucks me—hard. Real hard. A man like you. . ." He spoke in breathless jerks. Frightened and excited, knowing I had the superior weight and strength to hold him down.

I dropped—ploughed into him in one shove. Johnny cried out and flailed like a fish. The bed rocked and made liquid sounds. I pumped into him. Johnny whimpered. He was mine.

I suddenly realized it was all wrong. I did not want to put pain into him. I wanted to fill him up with something beautiful. I rose up, pulled free to begin again.

I sank into him. Sank into Johnny's warmth and fullness. My face was in his hair, a silky black jungle. Lips on his neck—a vein pulsed under my tongue, I tasted his sweat. Felt him levitate under me, shudder, and rise up in the warm silver light.

In the middle of the night we woke together. The bar of moonlight had shifted; we lay in darkness, floating on our sides, curled together like puppies. He pushed back, took me in. We didn't speak, and slept when it was over, unsundered.

The next morning we showered together. We both smiled a lot. Then I made breakfast for him. I was humming happily while I whipped the eggs, and suddenly realized why. It was something I hadn't done in years—making breakfast to share. My life had become a series of tricks who departed under cover of darkness, leaving me to wake up alone. I felt sad. Then unaccountably happy, as if, just by having realized my lack, I might never have to wake up alone again.

"Johnny?"

It is a month later. Johnny and I are floating on the bed, spooned together, his back against my chest, his ass cradled in my lap. We've been watching a delayed broadcast of his match, earlier tonight, with Junior Jackson. Johnny is worn out. He put on a good show tonight. For me, he said.

The wrestling show is long over. The screen has turned to blue snow. My arms are around him, fingers absently stroking his nipples. The tips feel hard and small on my fingers. The weather is still warm, and the moon is full again, making Johnny's smooth body shine silver, making the fuzz all over me glow soft and hazy.

"Yeah, Bear?"

We both speak very low.

"I want to ask you something. It's kind of crazy."

"Yeah?"

I can't see his face, but I know his eyes are open now, staring into the darkness through droopy lids, casting his face into its most beautific mold.

"Would you like to move in here with me?"

From the crinkling muscles on the side of his face I can tell Johnny is smiling.

"Yes."

"You mean it? Like right away?"

"Why do you think I always call it your big house, where you live *all* alone." He coos the words sleepily.

Johnny rolls over inside my arms. His face nuzzles my neck. I press my palms against his smooth back.

"It would be a good deal for you, Johnny. You're premed—I took all those biology courses, went through all that grad school shit. I could help you a lot. And I make plenty of money. I'm tired of spending it all on myself. You could quit wrestling, if you wanted—"

"I'm convinced, already," he says in mock-impatience.

He breathes a long, warm breath into my neck. It tickles a little. He speaks again. "It scares me, though."

"Me too."

"I mean, I know I'm pretty naive. I've never felt any of this stuff before. All day long, up and down like a roller coaster. Thinking about you, worrying, getting worked up."

"I'm the same, Johnny."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I've never felt it before either. Thirty-four fucking years old and never felt a goddamn thing for anybody. Except lust. And maybe hostility. It's the truth, Johnny. I'm scared shitless of you. Not just getting hurt. It scares me that I could hurt you."

He hugs me sleepily. His breath is slow and deep. The boy I lusted after on TV. Johnny Laredo the wrestler. I smile. It seems that almost anything can happen in this life. The look on his face so peaceful—I almost believe something could come of it.

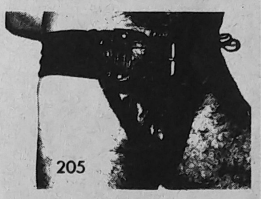
"You're a good man, Bear."

"We'll see, Johnny."

"Yeah. We'll see."



The Cage



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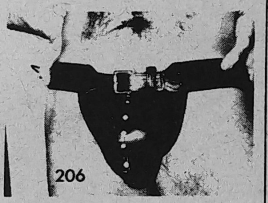

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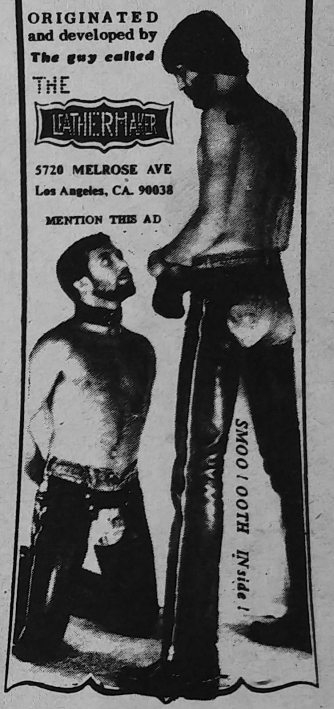

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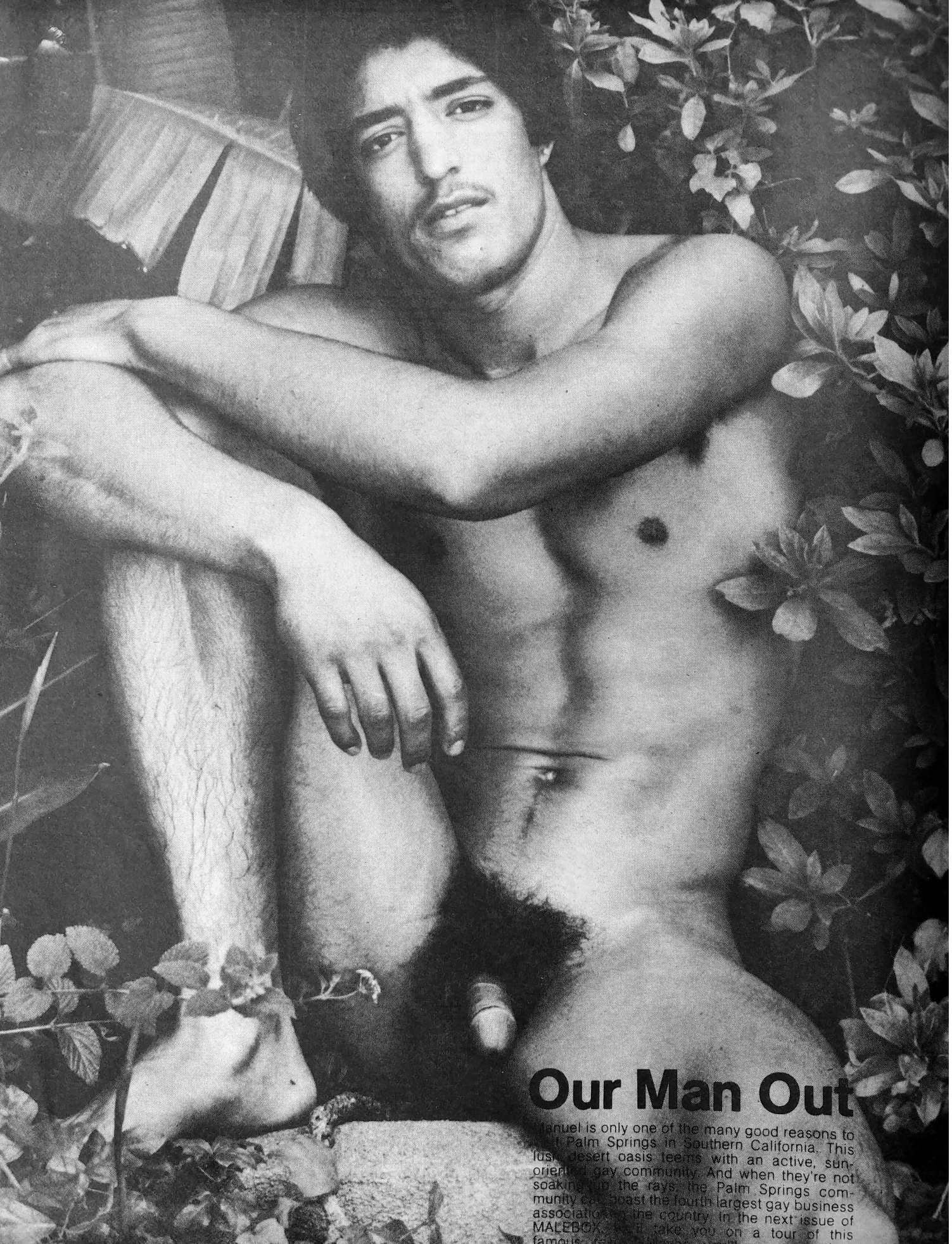

Our Man Out

Manuel is only one of the many good reasons to visit Palm Springs in Southern California. This lush, desert oasis teems with an active, sun-oriented gay community. And when they're not soaking up the rays, the Palm Springs community can boast the fourth largest gay business association in the country. In the next issue of MALEBOX, we'll take you on a tour of this famous

Malebox

TO ANSWER A CODED AD:
(1) Put your letter in a sealed envelope.
(2) Write the box number on the back flap.
(3) Send the letter, stamped, and 25c in another envelope to: Malebox, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, California 94103. We'll forward it for you.

MORE OF THE HOTTEST MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL TWO BITS A WORD

PERSONALS

ALABAMA

HOT GUY SEEKS LOVER/SLAVE
38,6'1", 150 lbs., smooth slim body seeks others 25-35 with same build for permanent relationship. You should be versatile, turned onto levis and leather. You should also enjoy ass play. You must be willing to relocate. Reply with photo to: Carl, 2231 Clarendon, Bessemer, AL 35020.

ARIZONA

MACHO!
Seeking bodybuilders to help me build, will help you with your needs and desires. Who knows what may come up in a workout, in the gym, or in the locker room. Your photo gets answered first. C.B., P.O. Box 32152, Phoenix, AZ 85064.

"501 LEVIS" FETISH
Dig j/o in 501 Levis. Wish to correspond with others and exchange Levis fantasies. Am 30 years old, 5'8", 130 lbs., and am into B/B and exploring the outdoors, geology, history, semi-classical music. Not into S&M, w/s, smoke. Write: Stan, P. O. Box 8029, Tucson, AZ 85725.

LIVE-IN SLAVE & LOVER
Wanted by S, 6'2", blond, blue eyes, hairy, masculine, muscular, 43, with 6-1/2" and huge bull balls. Slave/son/lover should be 18-32, physically and psychologically capable of daily training and sex in all disciplines with complete submission. All financial needs met for right M. No fats, ferns, family ties, hustlers or heavy drugs. Revealing photo w/ descriptive background. Be honest and save us both time. Must be willing to move to Phoenix. No photo, no reply. Hurry and become my property. Box 131.

ARKANSAS

HOT, ROUGH AND WILD SEX
LITTLE ROCK. Attractive w/m, 6'3", 185 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, hung, ready, willing, and able. I am looking for people who want it hot, rough and wild. Am versatile. Have a good imagination and seek to please. Travelers welcome to stop over for a hot session. "Try anything one time." Write and tell me what you need or Demand. All replies answered. P. O. Box 3864, Little Rock, AR 72203 or (501) 376-7866.

HOT ASS IN ARKANSAS NEEDS STUD
GWM in 20s needs French, Greek, tit work, S&M, bare assed spankings, verbal and physical from attractive males. Letters, tapes, and phone j/o after 10:30 pm. Ricky (501) 376-7866 or write Occupant, Box 3864, Little Rock, AR 72203. Do it!

ARKANSAS FARMER
Seeks pardner, possible intimate. I am 33, warm, understanding, good sense of humor. I like nature, classical music, and my friends. Also like to travel. I don't smoke, drink, or do drugs. Your photo gets mine. Write: Sunnyside Farms, Box 293, Tyronza, AR 72386.

CALIFORNIA

CA: Experienced San Francisco slave, white, 24, 5'8", 155 lbs., seeks serious leather Master for training in bondage and bootlicking, water sports, and whipping. Box 994.

CA: BALLS slapped, squeezed, give and receive. Correspond/meet. Box B29.

CA: SAN DIEGO: Masters wanted by trim, youngish 50s, w/m. Have your desires and demands fulfilled. Humiliation, verbal abuse, and tight dress pants are a real turn-on. Some W/S and B&D. Like to admire and tongue a beautiful ass. Masters under 40 years and 170 lbs., can hold you sitting on my back and chest. Box B33

CA: SAN DIEGO: Want to meet people who love animals, especially who have large trained animals. Write Dave, Box 16172, San Diego, CA 92116.

CA: BORN TO SERVE. Slave needs Master into serious sex—piercings, catheters, c&b, etc. Am 48, look 35, 5'9-1/2". Will make commitment to a good Master anywhere for life. Smooth skin, cut 7", big balls. Sherman Oaks. Box 132M

CA: SAN FRANCISCO, muscular, big dick, butt, Daddy seeks same for hot times. Must also have hot receptive rear (FFA questionable), must like spanking, titwork, some bondage, dildoes, piss up your butt, and a nice ripe asshole for eating. I'm 33, 5'9", 148 lbs., well-endowed and uncut, hairy, hunky, intelligent, nice man. I also like to kiss & cuddle. Do you? See Issue 35 DRUMMER, "Tough Customers," *Bay Area Daddy*. Send photo and frank letter; will get prompt reply. Kent, P. O. Box 5171, S.F., CA 94101.

CA: LOS ANGELES: w/m, 31, seeks w/m's into heavy whippings! Straps to bullwhips. Need m who needs it all. Box B37

CA: SAN FRANCISCO: w/m, 32, slim, trim beard, 6'2", 160 lbs., m but can be versatile, new to scene, willing to learn. Into dudes who take care of their bodies, enjoy light S&M, B&D, some WS, three-ways, and have lots of fantasies. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Box B10

BIG RIG TRUCKERS
Young man wants to learn trucking business from cross-country big rig owner/operator. I'm intelligent, hard-working, obedient, lean & strong, 24, 6'6", 210 lbs. I'm serious; please reply only if you are. I live in So. CA but am willing to relocate. Box A66

CA: ORANGE COUNTY/LONG BEACH area. Goodlooking versatile blond's fantasy is servicing smooth jocks. Box A55

CA: SAN FRANCISCO: 29, 5'8", 160 lbs., dominant and experienced bodybuilder, 42" chest, 29" waist, solid, handsome, and together; into restrainst, unusual equipment, WS, genital S&M. Genuine bodybuilders and goodlooking men into sexual/sensual pain on the chest and nuts write Occupant, 955 Oak Street, S.F., CA 94117.

WANTED: SMALL COCKS
San Francisco w/m, 43, 5'6", black hair, 135 lbs. stark naked, hairy, small 6" prick, loves j/o action in front of mirrors with filthy talk. Into piss and scat scenes, loves to suck small cocks. Jack Hawkins, Box 262, 625 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109.

SEX-LOVE & READY
Loving, touching, tit work, never get tired of sex. W/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., brown hair and eyes, 40, 42" chest, straight appearing. Write Al, PO Box 372, South Laguna, CA 92677. Let's hear from sincere loving men!

TIRED OF FEMS? TRY A REAL MAN!
Hot, young California stud enjoys servicing and being serviced by other men. Am 26, 157 lbs., 8". Will travel for worthwhile guys. Garrett, 256 S. Robertson, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Photo/phone gets same.

HOT NIPPLEMEN
Big-titted stud seeks big worked-on niples. Box 19.

W/M, 22, 5'11", 135 lbs., br/bl, slim, goodlooking, seeks blond, slim, smooth guys, 18-24, and other goodlooking w/m for friends, sex. Enjoy music, swimming, tennis, film, photo. Have hot ass and nice cock. Gr A/P, Fr A/P. No queens, S&M, drugs, fats. Send phone/photo (nude preferred). Willing to model (amateur only). Box 393.

NEW TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
And looking for a man who wants to become good friends with someone. I'm blonde, 6', and slim. Love to make love. I like hairy chests and big builds, love weight lifters. Write me and please send photos, every letter answered. Pat Maloney, 71-641 San Jacinto, Apt. 2, Rancho Mirage, CA 92270.

HAVE WHIPS, WILL SCREAM
SAN FRANCISCO slave, reliable business man, w/m, 50, seeks Master to teach painful pleasures. All scenes, B&D, W/S, T/T, everything that hurts good. Novice but willing, no limits. Your location. Send demands to Kenneth Willing, 495 Ellis St., No. 3351, San Francisco, CA 94102.

COMBAT WRESTLING!
SAN FRANCISCO: Goodlooking muscular stud, 5'8", 145 lbs., seeks opponents within 20 lbs. for *brutal* freestyle matches to submission. Send challenge with photo if possible. Box A49

CA: LOS ANGELES, m, hot young animal—w/m, 25, 6'1", 155 lbs., wants wild leather/levi stud to take this punk to the limit in S&M, B&D, wax, cuffs, collars, and heavy Greek. Come work this punk's ass. Box 997

CA: LOS ANGELES slave, 43, 6', 165 lbs., with large c/b's, digs receiving c/bT work, S&M, leather/levis, etc., Box A68

CA: S.F. LEATHERMASTER, 38, 6'5", 185 lbs., 6-1/2" uncut, black hair, mustache, wants slave with beard or mustache who does a good blow job, rimming and licking crotch & balls for life of obedience and servitude, into B&D, TT, CBT, MD (mad doctors!), witchcraft, leather and rubber. FF optional. No scat or WS. Live-in a possibility for the right man. No overnights, fats, ferns, olds. Send pic to Box A44

CA: I LIKE LEATHER! I also like levis, boots, and ?? Am 5'9", well-built male Asian. An emperor does not expect to repeat an order; neither do I. If you are a man interested in the S&M scene and like leather, too, let's get together. Send a recent picture of yourself and a short introduction. Box A51

CA: GERONTOPHILES, et al: Corrupt early 50s, articulate tongue, kind but ruthless, even if I care. Knowledge of autohypnosis and sex. Send photo. No fats or hardcore drugs. Can you rise to the occasion? Box A52

CA: Fuck a hot ass, piss on it, make me eat you. Box A94

CA: Arrogant, smelly, abusive Master (W, 32, 5'11", 186 lbs., beard) and his personal slave-dog and toilet (W, 32, 5'9", 180 lbs., beard) invite meetings and correspondence with pigs, latrines, Tops, bottoms, voyeurs, exhibitionists, and adventurous animals to explore all extremes. Box A65

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Bondage fantasy for young good-looking submissive w/m, 18-32, given wy w/m, goodlooking and creative. Inexperienced are OK. Limits respected. Ron, Box 605, South Pasadena, CA 91030. Photo if possible. (213)682-2091.

SAN FRANCISCO. If you're hunky, masculine, send photo to me, a wealthy man in his 30s with above qualities. Box 20293, El Cajon, CA 92021.

PALM SPRINGS, M, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/leather a turnon. Box 902.

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Two booted, leather, uniform men, versatile, new to area, want to communicate, meet other studs for prolonged bondage, genitorture, water sports, discipline. Interests include whips, quirts, crops, floggings, penal military scenes. Visitors welcome; can also travel. Want action, not talk. Phone/photo to: Occupant, 691 S. Irolo, No. 1408, Los Angeles, CA 90005.

GLENDALE, SM, 38, 5'11", 152 lbs., 8" uncut, Chinese/Polish, medium/muscular build; into total anal sensuality. Looking for men in shape, 8" or bigger, with small hands. No pain, body odor, stupidity. Box 65.

SIR!
Only slavery can set my deepest urges free. Seeking a hot-looking, imaginative, serious Master 25-35, who understands the mental aspects of 'slavery. I am 32, 5'10", 150 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, trim beard-a masculine white stud who needs to be brought to his knees in service. Letter and photo to: Mitch, Box 3089, 256 S. Robertson, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

LOS ANGELES
SPANKINGS GIVEN
Spankings given to smooth Gr. passive bottoms over 18 by w/m top, 36, 5'5", Gr. active. Occupant, PO Box 69994, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

BURBANK-SLAVE DANNY
Needs bondage and torture by Master or group. I am more beautiful in bondage than in freedom. Will also submit to shaving and piercing of my tits. Thank you, Sirs! Danny Payne, 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91502. Or call (213)846-9486.

USE ME-BLACK PIERCED SLAVE!
30, 5'10", 135 lbs., thick and cut. Craves kinky S&M, leather, rubber; no scat. Seeks rugged top. Jack, Box 4124, N. Hollywood, CA 91607.

California guy wants to meet hot face-sitters who are also interested in WS, dirty socks and briefs. Call Dick (415)661-4646 anytime.

White young top stud, 24, hairy, very goodlooking, 5'8", 140 lbs., seeks 18-25 year-old smooth sassy guy whose ass needs a good spanking and fucking. You must also need a lot of affection. Photo please. Hale, 13906 Ventura No. 107, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423.

ORANGE COUNTY
ARE YOU HONEST & SINCERE?
So am I. I'm white, 5'11", 22 years old, and am looking for a permanent relationship and possible lover situation. Your photo and phone a must. Write: R. Martz, 15891 Garnet Ave., Westminster, CA 92683. Prefer slim and hairy who are into everything except pain. All answered.

COMPTON. Horny, virile, versatile, kinky cornholer. Like fist fucking, enemas, bondage and S&M? Like your ass whipped, balls tied, tits pinched? Like dirty boots, sweaty jock straps and piss parties? Like to be dominated? Send complete details. Your place only. Richard, P. O. Box 4335, Compton, CA 90224.

SAN FRANCISCO Orientals/Blacks, friends or a possible lover wanted by attractive w/m. I am 45, 6'2", 190 lbs., graying dark brown hair, brown eyes. If you are between 25 and 35, please write, enclosing a photo if possible to: Emery, Box 503, 625 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109.

W. HOLLYWOOD gwm, 35, husky, likes men over 45. Am 6'1", 210 lbs., bearded, uncut, hairy, French active, Greek passive, submissive, masculine, and uninhibited. Seek dominant men over 45 for fun and games, enjoy sucking and being fucked, WS, B&D, C/B torture, enemas, tender loving care. No scat or pain. Photo and phone please. Occupant, Box 515, Suite 109, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90046.

CA GUY WANTS TO MEET YOU!
Goodlooking white male, 29, 6'1", 165 lbs., well-built, clean-cut, outgoing, wants to meet same types of smooth well-built guys 18-20, but others to 40 are OK. Write with photo or call: Bruce Frazier, PO Box 2368, Seal Beach, CA 90740. (213)431-7100.

SAN FRANCISCO AREA ONLY!
Into having my cum/piss-stained jock sucked, sweaty balls, hairy ass smelt and licked, pissing into jock while you such dry-cum and all. 8" 6', 152 lbs. Photo a must. Write: Bill Healy, PO Box 4764, San Francisco, CA 94101.

L.A. EXHIBITIONIST
Exhibitionist seeks others to show it off and put it on. Goodlooking W.M. 29 years old. Seeks all hot-looking guys who are into kinky trips. Write with photo to: Occupant, PO Box 39931, Los Angeles, CA 90039.

GRANADA HILLS-BUYS PHOTOS
I will buy photos, Polaroids, and home movies of young guys cumming. Send price and type of product offered to: K. R. Smith, 17056 Jersey Tr., Granada Hills, CA 91344.

PASADENA. Wants blonds with large cocks. Am Spanish, 5'5", 145 lbs., with dark hair and brown eyes. I'm 45 and always hot to get fucked; like to suck and rim hairless buns. Especially younger men. Make contact for good Chicano ass. Always horny for hot action. Write: Alex, PO Box 2711-D, Pasadena, CA 91105.

CUTE YOUNG SUBMISSIVE
FOXES, young and lonely white man, 20s, is looking for cute, young, smooth, slender Greek passive with unhairy boyish body, straight-acting, for mutual love and possible friendship. Please send letter and photo: Occupant, PO Box BP, Panorama City, CA 91412.

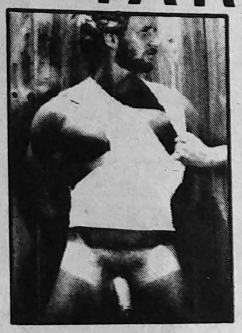
MAKE ME - YOU'LL LOVE IT!
I'm Eric, white, and an active 6'4. I love to suck cocks. I'm an expert, also enjoy 69. Want to meet sincere, discrete guys in Los Angeles area. Any age or race, no hustlers or wierdos. Phone (213)839-5150 (weekdays only - 7:00 AM to 3:00 PM).

SACRAMENTO MASTER
Masculine, muscular Master, 35, 5'9", 155 lbs., wants young slim, smooth, groveling punk to serve my needs: S&M, B&D, humiliation and verbal abuse. Talented, hot ass vital. Send explicit letter with phone number and photo to: Master, PO Box 161687, Sacramento, CA 95816.

WANT TO LOVE YOUR COCK
Fuck my ass, my mouth, give me cum in my mouth, my ass, piss in my mouth, my ass, not once but many times. One day or many, one cock or five, any age, any color. Am tall, slender, white, and tight. Alan, PO Box 141, Mountain View, CA 94042.

BEVERLY HILLS dude, 28, 6', 165 lbs., dark blond, moustache, very goodlooking and built. 8" studmeat. Dig hot j/o scenes with other hot men. Write with photo and phone number for same. Occupant, PO Box 2129, 256 S. Robertson, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

TARGET PRESENTS



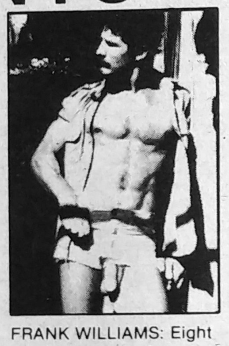
TOM HARTUNG: This German-born hunk has all it takes to make you stand up and take notice!
PU-1...8 b/w 5x7 photos...$7.00
SU-1...6 35mm color slides...$7.00



TODD BROCKE: When you're 19 and look like Todd and are hung like that the world's your oyster. Delicious!
PT-1...8 b/w 5x7 photos...$7.00
ST-1...6 35 mm color slides...$7.00



ERIC RYAN: He's blond and built and carries a very big stick. And watch out—it's loaded!
PU-2...8 b/w 5x7 photos...$7.00
SU-2...6 35mm color slides...$7.00



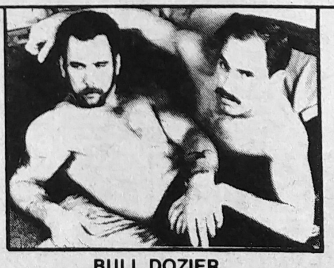
FRANK WILLIAMS: Eight graphic photos of a strapping bi-sexual stud that will arouse more than your curiosity!
PT-2...8 b/w 5x7 photos...$7.00
ST-2...6 35mm color slides...$7.00



BRUNO & JOSH KINCAID in "TEACHER'S PET"
Bruno is demonstrating the fine art of body posing but Josh seems bent on taking the lesson in another direction! (300 ft. color)
BP-10...Super 8...$41.00
BP-108...Reg. 8...$41.00



KYLE HAZARD & TIM KRAMER in "SHIPSHAPE"
Out of the blue, Tim boards Kyle's sailboat and interrupts a very lazy afternoon. But Kyle doesn't seem to mind! (300 ft. color)
BP-11...Super 8...$41.00
BP-118...Reg. 8...$41.00



BULL DOZIER & NICK ROGERS in "UP TIGHT"
Both these young studs are expert in the use of "heavy equipment" and our camera go in close for some dynamite close-ups! (200 ft. color)
BP-8...Super 8...$34.00
BP-88...Reg. 8...$34.00



TARGETPAK-2: Our lavish folio contains full-color brochures illustrating our movies, magazines, artwork, etc., and inclusion on the confidential Target mailing list....$4.00

MASTERCHARGE/VISA

TARGET
Box 692-D Canal St. Sta.
New York City 10013

Please state that you are over 21.

CA: SAN FRANCISCO Top, 33, tall, muscled, responsible. I'm slave-hunting for a muscular, submissive puppy. Rick Leathers, Box 3291, San Francisco, CA 94119.

CA: BLACK MAN, 40, 5'7", 128 lbs., looking for man 21 to ??, to train to my specifications. Should be 5'6" to 6', 120 to 180 lbs., into kink and raunch and capable of blind obedience. Body should be in good shape; age, race and endowment unimportant. Uncuts with big feet have preference. Require recent photo with letter detailing your capabilities. Box 852.

CA: SF BAY AREA bondage slave models wanted to pose for private photo collection. Must be white, male, cut, 21-35, muscular bodybuilder types, uninhibited, versatile, clean-cut, and accept light discipline. Good fees to right types. Send picture or no reply. Box A93.

CA:

SLAVE OR MASTER?

Looking for stud to 55 who knows his place, can assume either role for the right man. Must be willing to commit himself to permanent relationship. P. O. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94103.

CA: EX-RANCH HAND loves horsemen, cowboys, troopers and deputy sheriffs with full discretion. Corrals, stalls, barns, tack rooms, saddles, rawhide and ropes turn me on. Greater S.F. Bay/Monterey Bay area. Willing to travel California & neighboring states. Need stockade detention, stake-out, immobilization. Over 32 years. If you are in authority, write with photo to Box 832.

CA: SAN FRANCISCO: Publishing magnate attracted to cigar-smoking Coloradoans. Have willing ass for high-country men. Cigar-smokers given priority. Those with the name "Barry" given *first* priority. Travel Denver monthly. Jack, 291 Divisadero, San Francisco, CA 94117.

CA: LOS ANGELES, MS, w/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim body, 125 lbs., intelligent, goodlooking m looking for intelligent S. I need to serve my man and expect to eventually have his limitations as mine. I also need to be me to properly serve you. Box 280.

CA: UNIFORM/LEATHER Master 35-40 sought by w/m, 42, 160 lbs., 6', intelligent, creative; needing discipline from S who likewise needs a willing captive-mate in chains—plus music, minds, mountains and trains shared. Scat and FF, no; domination, bondage, especially mental, YES! I'm looking for the real thing. Box 386, San Francisco, CA 94101.

CA: S.F. PENINSULA—Goodlooking, young m in 40s, white, top man, 5'9", 155 lbs., cut, seeks goodlooking, well-built masculine w/m, 27-40, for intense asshole sex (including FF). Will also fuck your face, use abusive language, and experiment in WS. Prefer men into snow skiing or other constructive interests. Could consider as a roommate. Photo preferred. Reply to Box A50.

CA: SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 33, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, goodlooking, hard-edged Libran into Top/bottom trade-offs or one-way clashes with serious leathermen intent on hot bondage and belt sessions; bodies in leather and toys in hand, we'll put tits, cocks and asses to their proper use. Skip the bullshit, forget the scat, tune in to the head and the body and let's explore. Photo brings photo. Reply to Box A56 or to c/o Jay, 795 Buena Vista West No. 4, S.F., CA 94117.

CA:

EXCEPTIONAL INTELLIGENCE

If you've got it, you've got me—any of the many ways you'll be able to think of with you and/or your friends. Admire firm, rough control, workouts, but am no easy pushover. Ex-fratmen welcome. L.A. 25, 5'11", 146 lbs. Box A86.

SUPER LOVER needs you small asses. W/m, 34, 5'9", 172 lbs., muscular, very goodlooking, wants 28-40 masculine men to fuck and make love to. I am hung (8") but your meat size is not important as I am double jointed. Am very aggressive but tender. Really dig "little guys." No S&M, kinky, or drugs. Van Van Pelt, 3701 Bettman Way, South San Francisco, CA 94080.

A. K. AMPUTEE WANTED!

Bisexual Harley-ridin' trucker, 33, 6'3", hirsute, 190 lbs., ironpumper, 14"X8-1/2" cut, hot stumpfetishist stalion, instruct to roleswitching truckslave and "inmate" total submission—rugged A.K. legless/onelegged, any race (overseas ampstud welcome) bidded to decline any prosthetical use in to permanent barestumped grovelling humiliation, begging merciless workouts as mutual bodyworship reward while sharing all his road-movin' Hellsangelboss duties? Also wish other ampfreaks, hot mail & amppics swap & contact ablebodies myselflike "XL" hung (if any?) tattooed musclepacked j/o plus gymtraining dudes? Photodescriptive replies to Box A89. (Include postage for foreign mail.)

CA:SAN FRANCISCO—Want to fuck the ass off a young (over 21), hunky, submissive, dark-haired white bottom who knows his place. Send photos (no photo, no answer) to Box 999.

CA: S.F. LEATHER STUD—Big Master wants your tight ass and body for my sadistic pleasure. White, 31, 6'1", 29" waist, 42" chest, 180 lbs., hairy muscular body, bearded/tattooed. Masculine slaves into S&M, leather, and being fucked who know their worthlessness and how to please only need reply. Must have facial hair and handsome looks (no pretties); into piss, hot wax, B&D, pain, T/T, boots and cigars. Respect limits if good. No fats, fems, novices, and must have leather. Box A57.

CA: SAN DIEGO, Top, 40, 6'3", 195 lbs., into all scenes: tits, WS, FFA. Have full equipment. Will train novices. Box A70.

CA: SAN DIEGO MEN! Two men, 38 and 39, seek contact with other men into fucking, fisting, WS, jack-off, jockstraps, leather, and funky wear. Couples preferred. No fats, fems; no non-smokers! Box 895.

CA: LOS ANGELES: I dig licking your big balls and swallowing your hot cum. Am 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., 7", neat bod. Will fulfill any fantasy. Box 975.

CA: LEATHERBOUND RELATIONSHIP sought by hot, hairy w/m, 28, 5'8", 140 lbs., into wrestling, leather, S&M, B&D. Man I need is strong Top (as I am) leatherman also into above, *especially wrestling*. The rougher and hairier you are, the better. Live-in possible. Send photo to WHRT, 291 Divisadero, S.F., CA 94117.

CA: San Francisco, SM, 31, Leo, W/M, experienced, goodlooking, masculine, athletic, ready to award dark curly hairy manhood covering my meat and concealing my pecs to another hot man who knows how to get into it and appreciate it. Thick chest and kinky jock hair for defoliation to kinky stud with most imaginative, creative, erotic, outrageous proposal outlining plan to tackle this no easy task. Other scenes to add dimension. Totally uninhibited. All serious applications considered, acknowledged. No fats. Photo not required but helpful. The Black Forest awaits its lumberjack. Box B47.

CA:

TWO MUSCULAR TITMEN

into giving and receiving tit training, nipple enlargement, stretching, piercing, FF, genitorture, and other scenes considered. Private, isolated training room available. Your letter and photo get ours. Farmers, Box 262, Live Oak, CA 95953.

CA: HOT MUSCULAR DUDE, 37, wants to get it on with other well-built men who are into B&D, leather, asses, titwork, and rough action. Box A64.

COLORADO

DENVER AREA

Loves to be bottom. I like all forms of sex and enjoy it most out of doors. Am 33, 5'8", 150 lbs. Well-built men 20-45 who like head jobs and hard fucking write Box A25. No fats.

DENVER AREA w/m, 46, 5'8", 140 lbs., interested in backpacking, fishing. I'm looking for a lasting relationship with slim & trim stud w/m. Reply only if interested and sincere. Reply with photo; I will answer with same. Phone: (303)341-7361. Merle Bollier, 17056 Coolidge, Aurora, CO 80011.

NORTH EASTERN COLORADO Discreet Sterling w/m, 27, seeks friends and possibly more. Must be discreet and under 35. Please write T.J., Box 1623, Sterling, CO 80751.

W/M, 6', 180 lbs, 31, seeks other well built guys into giving/receiving corporal punishment. Bill R., P. O. Box 1798, Denver, CO 80201.

SEEKS GUYS FOR PHOTOS/FUN Discreet Denver man seeks slender, goodlooking, clean shaven guys 18-25 open to photos and fun on a well-paid strictly private basis. Ed, 722-2214. Discretion assured.

GWM SEEKS lvng. and fulfilling other well rounded human being 4 close encounters and hopefully long rlshp. Loves reading, writing, arts and music. Private withdrawn type of person, but not aloof. Believe me, I can relate warmly with right person. 26, 195 lbs., 5'9", reddish straight hair, stalky build but w/more muscle than fat, warm skin. Sincere replies only. Box 140, 3609 W. Colfax.

LONELY MALE 24, 5'6", 125 lbs., brown eyes, med. length hair. Caribbean born, new to Denver. Need friends or? Photo/phone appr. Box 140 A, 3609 W. Colfax, Denver.

CARING, OPEN, FLEXIBLE MAN, 44, wants dates, possible relationship. Into classical music, disco, rock, snow skiing, good food, sharing. POB 18005, Denver, CO 80218.

LOOKING FOR A GOODTIME? Goodlooking young gay butch guy get together with gay men under 40 and boys. Prefer goodlooking, slender, butch types, Clean-cut, nice body and buns. Hung, glamorous, discreet. Gay Moves, free beer, Hardware! Fri., Sat., nites 9 pm to 3 am; Sat., Sun., afternoons, 1 to 5 pm; Sun., Tues., Thurs., nites, 8-10 pm. Cum over get acquainted—aim to please you. 1045 Clarkson Apt. 301, Denver.

LEATHER TRAINING

By older, experienced leatherman to young novice; beginner or advanced, on temporary or lifetime, live-in basis. Master will support efforts to achieve physical, career, educational and leathersex goals! Instructor c/o Mountain Men, Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218.

BRECKENRIDGE, 23 and blond, blue eyes, 145 lbs., circumsized cock, wants to hear from kinky studs with fucking and sucking stories. Denver studs: possible meeting if willing to be helpful and understanding. Photo and your phone number appreciated. Write: JW, PO Box 1543, Breckenridge, CO 80424.

CONNECTICUT

CT: MASTER, 27, hot and horny, seeks submissive guy(s) to service me and my slave. Box B39.

LOOKING FOR A "QUIET FIRE"

Apprentice w/m, 27, with a need to learn, seeks masculine teacher, to share adventures in both passive and dominant fantasies. C'mon! Box A91.

CT: W/M, good looks, 6 ft., 190 lbs., 35, seeks foot action. Dig all footwear. Photo a must. Will answer with same. Handicapped welcome. Box B22.

RASSLIN'!

Young, hot, muscular stud, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeks jocks for rasslin'. Box B28.

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

WANT TO WRESTLE?

B/G/M, 5'7", 130 lbs., 20s, into oil, wrestling, j/o, body massage, tits; all races for hot, sweaty, winner-take-all action. If you're man enough! Box 56439, Washington, DC 20011.

WASHINGTON, SM, Sag., 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., white, 10"; knowledgeable, very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partners, 45-50. No fems, fats, long hair or body odor. Box 84D.

D.C.-VIRGINIA-MACHO MEN

GWM, 32, seeks w/m types to 35 for hot mutual physical enjoyment. No fats, fems or S&M. Just good old American Fucking & Sucking. Serious calls only. (703) 370-8171. Let's get it on!

DC: MD/VA/DC areas—Two bodybuilders—S, 6'1", 172 lbs., 35, 7-1/2", m, 6'1", 175 lbs., 32, 8"—both well built. Into S&M, bondage, discipline, heavy titwork, hot masculine guys. Interested in one-on-one, three-ways, or groups. Reply with photo if possible and phone. Box 36.

DC: BONDAGE VICTIM. Smooth, slender body to shave, piss on, pierce, torture, abuse, humiliate in public, experiment in total control. Mummification, suspension, catheters, enemas, etc. Box B32.

FLORIDA

FL: SARASOTA AREA, Gemini, 39, 6', 170 lbs., 9". I have a lean hard smooth-shaven body. Am into enemas, rimming, active and passive French and Greek. Will play m to proper S who respects limits. Box B41.

FL: TAMPA AREA: 37, 5'7", 150 lbs., brown hair and beard, experienced, no role play, S&M, FF, WS. Objective: hot, kinky, wild sex. 30-50, body hair a plus, experience a must. No fats, fems. MEN only reply. Note with photo to Box B40.

FL: MIAMI/FT. LAUDERDALE, m, 5'10", 165 lbs., 38, tattooed, seeks further training in leather, boots, bondage from tall, slim S. Reply with photo gets mine. Box 4878, West Hollywood, FL 33023.

FL: RED-NECK FIGHTER—Muscular young gladiator slave into all types of fighting, wrestling, boxing, etc. Tough, well-built fighters send challenges/photos to: Bud "Maciste" Becher, c/o 5620 N.E. 6th Avenue No. B, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334.

FL: SLAVES NEEDED. Box 2266DCS, Daytona, FL 32015.

FL: FT. LAUDERDALE—Part-time slave wanted by Scorpio, trim, athletic. Bondage, discipline, humiliation, paddling. Novice or experienced. Must have firm body, smooth ass, very little body hair. Must be intelligent, discreet, youthful (over 21). No fats, fems, phonies. Send detailed, honest letter with photo and phone number to Box 881.

FL: MIAMI. Into body worship. 40, 5'11", 175 lbs., 7-1/2" uncut. Lie back and let me idolize your entire body with my hot mouth and tongue. Especially enjoy swallowing delicious hands and feet. Treat my tits right and I'll eat and drink almost anything. Box A87.

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA

White, single, 60, 6', 185 lbs., understanding, generous, substantial means, seriously seeking companion/heir to share large coastal waterfront home. Any race to 40 years. Correspond, visit, relocate, inherit. Picture required. Ted Levering, 6011 West Riverside, Fort Myers, FL 33907.

SLAVES NEEDED. Box 2266DCS, Daytona, FL 32015.

HAIRY MACHO MEN

If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough Masters, write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59.

M, 5'10", 155 lbs., 50, 8" cut, tight but well-used ass, seeks 25-50 hairy, macho, funky, rugged man under 20 lbs., into levis, leather, uniforms, funky sex, w/s, sweat, being pleased by a man who can please. No skinnies or pretty boys. Box 59.

TALLAHASSEE w/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a Master's needs. L/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 474.

SLAVE WANTS MASTER

W/m, 31, 160 lbs., into S&M trips, knows how to serve, into leather and levis. Send photo, will answer all. WE, 11123 Nebraska Ave., Lot 21, Tampa, FL 33612.

HIALEAH, SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8", 165 lbs., white, 6"; knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fems, fats, long hairs. Box 9.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA MS, Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, experienced. Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, fit workouts and similar action. Able to take charge, but prefer not to. Respect for limits assured, expansion by mutual consent. Box 714.

GA; G/W/M, Pisces, 26, 140 lbs., 68" tall, 9" cut, brown/blue, hairy, muscular, moustache, goodlooking. Light S&M, FF, dildoes, enemas, active FR/GR, three-ways, versatile. Seeks like-minded g/w/m 26-40. Write to Qamir, 1336 Piedmont Avenue, Atlanta, GA 30309.

HAWAII

HONOLULU, SM, 42, 6'4", slender, a hairy, 6" cut, big balls. Top willing to experience being bottom. Very masculine, expect same, 18-35, white, hung, clean. No fats, freaks, scat. Box 254.

HI: HONOLULU, SM, 45, 5'4", 121 lbs., strong Oriental bodybuilder and Master seeking trim, masculine white men for submission in paradise or correspondence. Box B23.

IDAHO

TRAVELING DOMINANT

S, 36, 5'11", 200 lbs., husky, 7" cut, looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trustworthy Master). Into toys, groups, bondage; am always horny. No fats, fems, W/S, drugs or heavy pain. Interested in possible vacation/ski buddies. Box 18.

ILLINOIS

IL: W/M, 31, 5'11", seeks men into B&D and humiliation. Men in underwear especially and longjohns. JWH, 450 Briar Place No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

IL:

NOVICE SLAVE TRAINING

New to S&M, between 18 and 30, athletic build, masculine, straight-appearing, into leather/levis and like to learn from a young stud? Chicago Master, white, macho athlete, 28, 6'2", 185 lbs., wearing tight levis, cowboy boots, motorcycle jacket will train you in most scenes slowly. No permanent marks. Specialize in ass and thigh work. Have toys and proper equipment. Send photo and letter to Bob, Box 209, Arlington Heights, IL 60004.

IL: CHICAGO, w/m, 38, S, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8", seeks friends/slaves 30 or over, in good physical condition with level head. Box 894.

IL: CHICAGO MASTER wishes to contract slave for weekend fun. Reply to P. O. Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690, stating terms and conditions. You will be contacted.

IL: Tired of Chicago bars/baths? Leather/levi couple into FF, B&D, seek like-minded men for three-ways, group action. Top: 33, 5'4", 115 lbs., 7". Bottom: 27, 6', 140 lbs., 6". Reply with photo gets ours. Box A92.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11", 170 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable; turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-booted sessions. Master wears rubber boots for rubber slaves, leather boots for leather slaves. Limits respected, no drugs. Bert, 2423 Ridgeway Ave., Evanston, IL 60201.

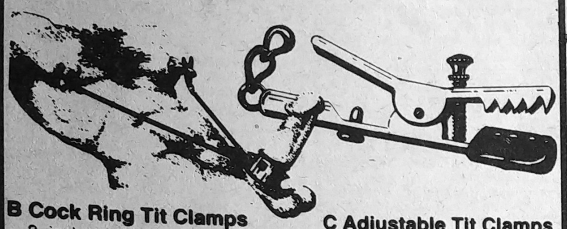
CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5'10", 140 lbs., 7-1/2" uncut, white, completely inexperienced. Willing to try anything with the right person. Has intense desire to orally serve beer drinker heavily into w/s who wants a man-to-man relationship with warm, affectionate partner. Should be well-built with body hair. Box 160.

BIG MEAT, HARD BODY

CHICAGO, w/m, 6', 140 lbs., 32, hairless, muscled, defined body into verbal and physical man action, smoke and music, FF, face-fucking, pecs and ass workout. Looking for men with something to offer, especially big meat. Travel Midwest, NYC, and Florida. Andy, PO Box 11894, Chicago 60611.



A "Inhaler" Tit Clamps
With "Saw Jaw"—the ultimate Macho Tit Clamps!
$20.95



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2 inch wide rubber-spiked cock ring, with leather thongs and vinal clamps. (Give approx. diameter size).
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C Adjustable Tit Clamps
With removable rubber tips
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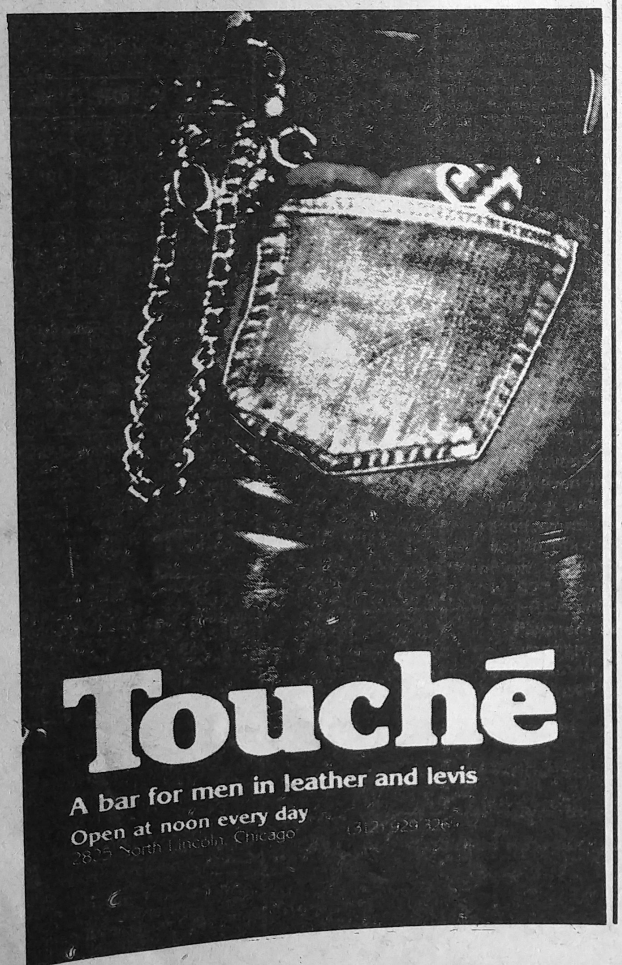

Big, young man, 21, 5'10", 234 lbs., br/br, looking for someone to teach me S&M and anything that can be enjoyable. Would like to learn how to be a slave and Master. Please send phone and photo. And let me know what you want to teach me. Dennis, Box 18, Roxanne Trailer Ct., Carbondale, IL 62901.

HOW CAN A YOUNG GUY meet other young white gays my age, not for sex, but friendship? Also like rich guys to talk to. Ron 018, PO Box 483, Berwyn, IL 60402. Friendships can lead to closer ties. My friends are selective and permanent. Don't like guys who make our friendship sicklike.

Slim goodlooking w/m seeks same for fun and pleasure. No beards or moustaches. Photo & phone helpful. Box A3471, Chicago, IL 60690.

ATTENTION: Wrestlers
At last an action-packed magazine for us! See ad under Mail Order.

WRESTLING. I like to do it, mix it with sex, and watch the pros as I j/o. Open to light S&M. I'm 27, 6', 170 lbs., attractive and masculine. Chicago. Box 819.

W/M, 29, seeking to service hung black studs. Likes deep throat and have ass stuffed. Groups welcome. Tom Johnson, Box 69, 924 W. Belmont, Chicago, IL 60657.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 418.

White, 38, 6', 155 lbs., looking for slim young stud 21-35, white, Italian, or Latino who enjoys mild slave & Master bondage. I will be the slave if you can be a forceful but gentle Master. Do not write unless you are serious. Box 728.

ELGIN. Looking for moustached, bearded hairy trucker or cowboy type 25-40 for light S&M with right person. Should be affectionate, but no fats, fems. Into W/S, scat with right person. Not into gay bar scene. Lifetime relationship possible. Am 33, 165 lbs., 6', beard, moustache, hairy. Box 727.

Slim goodlooking w/m seeks same for fun and pleasure. No beards or moustaches. Photo & phone helpful. Box A3471, Chicago, IL 60690.

CHICAGO, w/m, 29, 6'2", 170 lbs., intelligent, prof., 6-1/2", Cancer, seeks dominant, hung, masculine, goodlooking men for long hot sex. No FF, scat or w/s. Into leather & levis, jock straps, etc. Box 602.

BODYBUILDER MASTER, submissive will suck on your piss-cubes while you adjust his attitutde and expand his conduct to properly earn the honor of further privileges, administered as You see fit. Serious only. Photo with reply to Box 760.

WANTED: SLAVE
No weekends or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude. Age unimportant. Into all scenes except scat. Box 665F.

CHICAGO, M, Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7"; knowledgeable, enthusiastic and willing to try almost anything with level-headed partner in good physical condition. No fems, fats. Box 186Z.

BODYBUILDER
S, versatile, hunky Capricorn into various scenes. Wants loving slave for admiration and sexual fulfillment. Rewards for good service. Am 6', 180 lbs., located in the St. Louis area (Alton, IL). Box 159M.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable; turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-booted sessions. Respect limits. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 17R25.

SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs., looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits; but can be either extremely sadistic or gentle, based on slave's endurance. Must be clean. Box 382.

INDIANA

NAME YOUR PLEASURES
TERRE HAUTE w/m, youthful 43, 5'8", 143 lbs., goodlooking, nice smooth body, 6" cut. I prefer, but do not require, guys 18-30. I am very oral, but name your pleasure; I have no hangups. Occasional meetings in Terre Haute. Ron, PO Box 503, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

ABSOLUTE MASTER, 40, 6', 150 lbs., 8" uncut, seeks slender, hairy, uncut, permanent live-in slave into heavy raunch, w/s, scat! Total commitment essential! Serious replies only! Send application and photo to: Master, 1735 N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

SOUTHERN S., 32, 6'2", 290 lbs., 8-1/2" cut, seeks slim, obedient slave under 30. Am intelligent, reasonable and respect limits. Photo a must. Box 729.

INDIANAPOLIS, S, 48, 6'3", 195 lbs., 6-1/2" uncut, seeks willing, obedient, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferably uncut. Am understanding but forceful. Box 180Q.

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24, 6', 180 lbs., 6-1/2" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is bondage and pain. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-40, no fats. Box 73.

IOWA

Is anyone in central Iowas into *DRUMMER*-type sex? Discreet, versatile w/m, 35, 155 lbs., interested in contact, possible get-together with compatible leather/levi types. Usually prefer M role. Box 741.

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
Lexington, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head on. If you are ready, write now. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40588.

LOUISIANA

ARK-LA-TEX (on I-20) into cowboy scene, discreet, but uninhibited get-down, cum-lovin', dirty talk raunch with other same butch dudes to 45, puttin' my porn into practice. Box 900.

LAFAYETTE abject slave, 43, 5'11", 180 lbs., needs total control, almost no limits. Travel Houston-New Orleans. Take me down, SIR! Box 740.

W/m, 34, seeks submissives for novice training, discipline, light S&M or expanding limits. PO Box 50964, New Orleans, LA 70150.

HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., white, 7", novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fems, drunks. Box 130Z.

MONROE, 33, white 6', 175 lbs., seeks w/m, 25-40. Am primarily M into father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for proper M. Box 332.

MAINE

W/M, 27, 6', gdlkg, 245 lbs., down-to-earth, bearded, masculine, husky. In search of SAME to love and trim together. Photo, phone to Greg Gordon, 1343 Washington st., Bath, ME 04530.

MARYLAND

White male, 45, 5'5", 160 lbs., am versatile in all sex except scat and FF; would like to meet or write to all males for a meeting. Max Gertson, 9 Manchester Pl., Silver Spring, MD 20901.

BALTIMORE AREA, M, novice, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere, understanding, experienced and knowledgeable Master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel. Box 128.

MAILBOX PERSONALS
GET RESULTS!

MASSACHUSETTS

MA: SM, 37, 6'2", 180 lbs., seeks masculine friends who like manhandling cocks, balls. Box A88.

MA: HOT HUNG TOP wants raunchy J/O Leather Buddy or group action. W/m, 30, 6'1", 170 lbs., into all scenes. Write if you're hot. P. O. Box 69, Back Bay Annex, Boston, MA 02117.

BALTIMORE AREA. M/s, 5'8", 160 lbs., interested in meeting locals or in general for active relationship. Into most anything. No fats, fems, beards, moustaches a plus; hairy body a plus. Must have intelligence and ability to swing both ways. Willing to bring out and teach. Box 855.

White slave, 37, 6', 160 lbs., into B&D, whips, boots, T/T, C&B/T, W/S, candles shaving, oral service, anal service. Beg to serve black Masters 30-40. Please reply with photo, will do on command. Box 755.

PROVINCETOWN, M, 35, 5'10", 140 lbs., white, good body, hot ass, seeks strong, silent, aggressive 'Marlboro' man, with beard or moustache, over 32. Leather, levis and hung are a plus; but most important is a brain. Use it to turn me on mentally and physically. Often in Boston and New York. No B&D, scat, raunch or dummies. Send photo. Box 447.

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN, 46, 5'9", 160 lbs., seeks L/L partners over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721.

EX-MARINE, w, 41, into uniforms, spit-shined boots and military shoes, seeks intimate photo and idea exchange with good buddy. Box 713.

GWM, 26, goodlooking, good body, needs imaginative Master for w/s, light B&D, S&M. PO Box 222, Brockton, MA 02403.

BOSTON, M, inexperienced; 5'10", 165 lbs., will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Can follow orders and would like to meet someone who has teaching ability, stays in firm control. No fats, especially no fems. Box 192.

W/m, 42, 5'10", 160 lbs., stiff 6", into bondage, cock-ball and tit torture. Box 343, Leominster, MA 01453.

MICHIGAN

TITS, NAVELS, TOES
36-yr. white, 5'8", 140 lbs., versatile Topman. A sucker for sexy pex, navels, toes. Horny for jocks, truckers, hunky dudes. Write P. O. Box 2332, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

MI: MASTER understands your needs. Time for talk and time for action. Thumb area professional. Tom Proctor, Box 104, Cass City, MI 48726.

MI: ROCHESTER, S, 41, 5'10", 160 lbs., white, 8", firm Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices. Into S&M, B&D, WS, and more. Write: Robert, 1030 Adams Road South, Rochester, MI 48063.

MICHIGAN Bi-MARRIED MEN's Support/Social Group. Detroit/Pontiac area educated, responsible, sincere, husbands/fathers: to form a close relationship with similar guys. Confidentiality, discretion assured and expected. Send info, request for personal interview to P.O. Box 624, Pontiac, MI 48056.

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING
White male, 26, 6', 160 lbs., 8", into oral service. Western types, feet will beg to serve well-endowed master 18-35. Write Steve, P.O. Box 123, Roseville, MI 48066. Photos answered first. White or Black.

INTIMATE FRIENDSHIP. Y/W/Bi/M, 6', 170 lbs., handsome, virile, hung, married, educated professional seeks similar area guys (Detroit0 for mutual stimulation—mind/body—versatile. No fats, fems, S&M, kinky. Send info, description, photo to Box 624, Pontiac, MI 48056 with SASE.

YOUNG MICHIGAN STUD
19-year-old, uncut stud, seeks young guys (21-25) to suck balls dry of cum and piss and eat your ass. Wants to hear from blond studs, others too. Pen pals welcome. Send photo (nude if possible) and horny letter. Write: Jason, PO Box 95, St. Johns, MI 48879.

DOMINATION WANTED

Masculine, goodlooking w/m, 37, 5'11", 170 lbs., hairy blonde, blue eyes, seeking sincere guys 18-40 for friendship, sex, and possible relationship. Although I am versatile, my super turn-on is being dominated - feeling the pressure and weight applied as you sit on me, step on me, and wrestle me under you. I live alone and am anxious to get it on. Honesty and sincerity a must. Ken, PO Box 19108, Detroit MI 48210.

ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs., 6" cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, under 45, who is sensual as well as horny, not afraid to give and take alike. Into levi/leather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emotional problems. Box 204.

SOUTHFIELD, 46, 6', 160 lbs., German S, muscular, 7" uncut; seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing; with limits respected. No drugs, fats, fems. Hairless body, tight physique a plus. Box 468.

MINNESOTA

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

Dominant Master, 36, Gemini, 6'1", 175 lbs., seeks permanent slave. Am experienced with well-equipped game room. Am into Leather/Levi, FF, WS, B&D, and S&M. Seeking young slave who is willing to sere on a permanent basis and who will see a show of affection not as a sign of weakness. No fats or fems, sincere only. Mike, 1613 19th Street South, Moorhead, MN 56560.

MINNEAPOLIS, Bondage artist seeks buddy to share leather/western fantasies. Must be sincere, hunky and sane. No drugs. I'm 6'3", 190 lbs., and handsome. Box 566.

TOILET FACE SITTING

MINNEAPOLIS, SM, Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7", bearded bottom for piss & scat. I love leather and kinky scenes, looking for filth freak. Into shaving, light S&M, B&D, tit work. Can also go Top. Write Al, Box 476, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

W/m, 30s, not superguy in every way but have lots to offer. Interested in *DRUMMER*-type scenes in either direction. Flexible, creative, energetic, upfront, rational, some experience. Box 30163, St. Paul, MN 55175.

MN: W/Male, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs., seeks slave or prisoner who needs tit, cock, & ball torture. Box 356.

MISSOURI

LOVER/SLAVE WANTED

To serve in leather & levis or naked in chains. Slim w/m, 6', wants slender guy 18-35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, travel. Have quarters, equipment & toys for right one to relocate here. M.E., 1933 E. Belmost, No. 2, Springfield, MO 65802.

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M

Leather Master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, penitence, poverty, labor, silence, cloister, devotion. You will learn sign language, have name changed, head shaven. If you pass the novitiate you will be professed Usque As Mortem. You cannot serve two Masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a pious meditation. Vocation to serve? Apply with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen. Box 363.

ST. LOUIS, SM, 43, 6', 160 lbs., 7" uncut, beard, novice into either role. Looking for masculine dudes, 21-45, prefer hairy chest and uncut. No fats, fems, or scat. Dig top role, into WS, cock worship. Box 64.

ST. LOUIS, S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245.

MO: Young slaves may apply to versatile 6' bodybuilder (180 lbs.) for servitude, stating qualifications along with photo. Various scenes possible and rewards given for excellent service. Located in St. Louis area. Box 159M.

MONTANA

MONTANA

MONTANA/Northern Idaho/Western Wyoming or any of you pilgrims passing through. Just back home after 2 years of whoring in Calif. & NY, I'm looking for a few good men. Cowboys, truckers, loggers or just simple masculine dudes to get it on with. I'm a Greek top all the way, 35, 6'2", 195 lbs., dark hair, blue eyes, hung/uncut, huge balls. Been described as "a little on the rough side" and "a whole lot on the hot side." Tequila drinking, weed smoking, and riding fast hot men are my hobbies. I do "fish" once in a while so any of you dudes looking for a little "kink" in your life, how about it? Interested? You oughta be! Hot dirty phone calls can be arranged. Write with photo and phone no. to Rick, P.O. Box 275, Sheridan, Montana 59749.

NORTHERN MONTANA

GWM, 38, 5'9", 145 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, looking for guys 25-38 as partner in business, also for a steady relationship. Write with photo to Box 335, Havre, Montana 59501.

NEBRASKA

LINCOLN, w/m, 45, 6'2", 180 lbs., 6" uncut, mostly bottom man, prefers mate 18-50. Also interested in macho men for bondage and light S&M. Active/Passive French and Passive Greek. No place to entertain. PO Box 201, Humboldt, NE 68376.

OMAHA, S, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., entering scene. Looking for cleancut white M to 30, goodlooking, muscular, smooth body, masculine, and who enjoys being dominated. Prefer novice. Start with light B&D and grow together. I'm respectable and discreet; you must be same. Personal character important. No drugs, fats, fems or dirty need apply. Box 231.

NEVADA

BOXING

W/m, 28, 6', 190 lbs., seeks men 28-40. No photo, no reply! Box 12625, Las Vegas, NV 89112.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

FUCK MY MOUTH AND MY ASS

Want a big hard cock in my hand, mouth, and ass. Want to tonge a hard hairy body. Will give your asshole lots of attention. Let me taste your cum and your hot piss. Tel. J/O too. (603) 298-8376 or write Box 312, Hanover, NH 03755.

YOUNG HOT
FUCKIN' MACHO STUDS

We love sex, fucking, sucking, greek and french, and anything new! Let us share something with you. Send us a SASE, no letters please-we will answer all! After you receive our form letter you may answer if interested! Special Offer, PO Drawer 34890, Nashua, NH 03061.

NEW JERSEY

DIGS BRIEFS
AND DIRTY DUNGAREES

Bi w/m seeks guys 25-40 yrs., construction workers a favorite. Enjoy licking balls and asshole. I also enjoy eating your shit. Send photo and phone number if possible to Danny, PO Box 239, Marlton, NJ 08053.

NEW JERSEY EXHIBITIONIST

Looking for young guys (over 21) who answer the door nude, drive around bare-assed, etc., like I do. I'm 26, 6', uncut, thick. Send photo, description of instances when you've exposed yourself. Dan, 2333 Hudson Terrace, B-4, Fort Lee, NJ 07024.

GRIZZLY BEAR seeks same. NJ/NYC w/m, 32, 5'11", 240 lbs., 6" uncut, br hair, bl eyes, bearded novice looking for someone I can hug without fear of damaging. Not committed to either stance. Willing to explore with the right man. Cops a plus. No FF, scat, or heavy S&M. Pictures a help; all letters answered. Box 211, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

HE-MAN STUDS ONLY

Generous guy gives complete oral service. Lay back and relax. Very discreet and safe for marrieds. Note with photo. PO Box 342, Pine Brook, NJ 07058.

Very strict, forceful teacher wishes to be employed at legitimate school that believes in military discipline by the cane, the strap, and the paddle. No fakes or phonies, please. Box 103VC.

SOUTH CENTRAL, SM, w/m, 42, 6'1", 154 lbs., 7-1/2" uncut, experienced, seeks same. Can pick up on partner's needs and supply them. Should be same age, masculine or muscular, med or well-endowed. No fats, fems, scat, drunks, or younger-looking than about 40. Prefer white, no facial hair. Box 15.

NJ/NYC. W/m, 5'11", 182 lbs., 6-1/2", 40, topman experimenting with bottom role. Into jocks, toys, oil, j/o, piercing, enemas, spreadagle bondage, outdoors, jeeps, young tight white bodies. Also correspond with tops and bottoms countrywide. Photos returned and appreciated. Box 21.

NORTHERN JERSEY. W/m, 38, 6'2", 185 lbs., hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight-acting and appearing, seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems or phonies. Box 291.

NJ: MORRISTOWN, S, 41, 6'2", 190 lbs., white, 7" cut, hairy body. Quiet, natural, down-to-earth, not into game-playing, mental or fantasy trips. Easy-going but demanding and experienced no-nonsense Master but one who understands the value of TLC. Seeks the services of a good slave, especially oral, 20s to 30s, for weekends or possible live-in relationship. Enjoy giving light workouts to a good body but will respect limits at all times. Willing to train novice. No drugs, fats, fems. Box 291.

NJ: CENTRAL JERSEY, w/m, 39, 6 ft., 175 lbs., tattooed bodybuilder/leather stud/Harley rider with fifteen years experience as sadist with private game room wants to hear from willing slaves ages 25-40; limits respected and expanded. No reply without photo, which gets mine. Write to P. O. Box 13, Frenchtown, NJ 08825.

NEW YORK

N.Y.C., 37, 6'2", 195 lbs., white, brown hair, blue eyes, natural build, light body hair, 6" uncut. Into tits, ass & toys. Want to meet uncut guy9s) 35-45 with similar looks and tastes. No fats, fems, or overbuilts. Box A39

ATTENTION: WRESTLERS

At last an action-packed magazine for us! See ad under Mail Order.

QUEENS, NYC, mature M, Scorpio, bottom man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork, FF, WS, scat. Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes. Box 306.

W/m slave, 35, Capricorn, into heavy, prolonged leather bondage, harnesses, masks, straight-jackets, rubber, bandages, etc. Into enemas. Looking for together guy who is also affectionate. Into total bondage lifestyle. Am 5'10", 155 lbs. Box 107.

TRAINING NEEDED

W/m, 33, 5'8", 158 lbs., medium build, 6" cut, novice M seeks understanding Master to bring out ability to serve. Willing, obedient. Not into scat or public humiliation. Hope for tall, white man over 20. Box 80.

MS, 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., 6-1/2" cut, into anal sex, FF on a reciprocal basis. Prefer Orientals, 30-45, trim. Am level-headed and adventurous. Prefer slightly dominant partner. Box 63.(-GL-)

WRESTLERS. Traveling to CA? See challenge from undefeated San Francisco tag-team under California.

MAIL YOUR AD EARLY!

NY: ROCHESTER, Two horny guys want to service a man any way he wants. Box B45

NY: PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG—Hot Italian, 28, 5'9", 175 solid, seeks beer-bellied brutes who enjoy a butch dog-collared slave. Seek stocky, chunky, 5'7" to 5'10", 180 to 225 lbs., dominants who groove on service. Write with photo (returned) to P. O. Box 3058, Church Street Station, NYC, NY 10008.

NY: DISCIPLE SLAVE serves, worships Satanic LeatherMaster. Photo: Al, Box 1116, FDR Station, NYC, NY 10150.

NY: ATTENTION all hunky, smooth-skinned, collegiate-type bottoms: opportunity to serve and submit to my hot, football-super jock Master while I watch and worship. Expect heavy bondage, light S&M. Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience and limits, if any. Photo preferred. Southern Connecticut location. Box B31.

NY: NEW YORK CITY, 36, Aquarius, blond, blue-eyed, good-looking, clean-cut but not effeminate, w/m desires to service, relieve, and please macho MASTER/Clint Eastwood types. Not into heavy S&M or FF, but like to receive verbal abuse, WS, and service dominant honchos who want service and relief. Turned on by leather shoes, boots, cigars, and male swagger. Willing to learn more about pleasing macho types. All letters welcome and answered promptly, ages 23 to 50. Box 220-K.

NY: ABUSE—Young stud, 23, rock-hard, well-defined body, is seeking to be tamed. Hot, wet, uninhibited action, if you're Man enough, sir. B&D, leather, S&M, WS, few limits with right Man. I know how to please, sir. Let's get it on. Photo appreciated. Box B44.

NY: VERY STRICT NYC Leather-Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs., 7" cut, mustache, seeks real slave. You will live in full, firm discipline. My satisfaction is very difficult to earn. I'm willing to accept well-trained slaves or to train a novice. Attitude is all-important. Write grovelling letter begging for interview. Be prepared for the total security of total surrender. Box 255.

NY:

BOXING/BODYBUILDING

Into boxing fantasies and bodybuilding? NYC, 24, 5'10", 140 lbs., handsome novice in both seeks level-headed guy into the gloves, manly odors, flexing, muscle worship. I'm into versatile, possessive, protective men of all sizes who really dig a good fight. Box A96.

NY: RAUNCHY w/m toilet available to all comers. Groups, individuals serviced in public or private. Box 863, D.M.S., 132 West 24th Street, NYC, NY 10011.

NY: NYC Dominant German, bearded, 5'7", 150 lbs., 30, looking for sophisticated Siegfried in leather. Reply, photo, and phone to Box B21.

NY: NYC TOPMAN, responsible, mature, experienced in every scene. Seeks slaves seriously interested in expanding their physical and psychological limits. Your past experience less important than your attitude. Must have husky build, 30-45. Only explicit letters with photo and phone answered. First ad anywhere. Box 498 Murray Hill Station, NYC, 10156.

NY: NYC—Wanna be stripped, gagged, chained, hoisted, shaved, polaroided, and worked over head to toes by mature, experienced Master? Send pic & personal data to Box A90.

NY: NYC, w/m, 22, 6', 165 lbs., novice in B&D, light S&M, verbal abuse, seeks partner and teacher to 35, especially Italian, Spanish, and Black. Photo; phone to Box 777M.

GEMINI, 41, 6'3", slender, good body, 6", tatoo; seeks versatile partners. Am novice in both stances. Box 452A.

SUPER HEAVY S&M

Way out and wild S&M given to hot young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12-R, c/o Room 603, 145 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036.

NYC, hot animal, mid-30s, wants to smell and lick your hot unwashed, funky body, sweaty underarms, feet, asshole, nose, drink your piss. Get serviced the way you've dreamed of. Box 712, New York, NY 10011.

HUSKY WRESTLER TYPES

Cum sit on this masculine w/m's ass-eating face. 49, talented mouth & tongue into servicing hunky men. Reciprocation, kissing, nipple action optional. Love sucking cock, tits, balls, licking armpits, crotch, feet, especially rimming hot assholes. Enjoy servicing (male) couples & groups. Kinkier scenes considered. Box 25.

NEW YORK, S. Taurus, 44, 6', 170 lbs., white, 7", novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large, uncut cock. Must be knowledgeable & clean. Box 153P.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, S, Taurus, 46, 5'9", 172 lbs., 6" uncut, white, experienced, trustworthy, imaginative Master seeks serious macho leather/levi partner to 48 with reasonable endurance, into S&M, spreadeagle bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fems, fats, fakes. Send appropriately submissive reply. Box 185R.

MANHATTAN, S. 36, 5'10", blond German LeatherMaster, attractive and down-to-earth, experienced and reliable, seeks hot handsome slave. If you think you are special, send photo and submissive reply. Would like to hear from other Masters, too. Box 731.

NEW YORK, Aryan, 47, 5'8", Aries/Taurus cusp, into motorcycles, boots, police uniforms, tattoos and S&M; interested in corresponding with stocky cigar-smoking macho man, 40 plus. Box 52H.

BOSSMAN, white, 42, 5'7", 145 lbs., well-built, rugged good looks, hung, tattooed, bearded, bright, imaginative, wears leather, levis, boots, likes it rough, raunchy, laid back, looking for some men to fuck with. Write: RES, Box 1064, New York, NY 10022.

VERY STRICT

NYC Leather Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs., 7" cut, mustache, seeks real slave. You will live in full, firm discipline. My satisfaction is very difficult to earn. I'm willing to accept well-trained slaves or to train a novice. Attitude is all important. Write grovelling letter begging for interview. Be prepared for the total security of total surrender. Box 255.

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., 6-1/2", hot, goodlooking, masculine, bearded, muscular guy; warm and intelligent, wants to give himself to a together, well-hung stud. Fill my mouth and ass with your cock, hand and piss, clamp my tits. Into most scenes, but no heavy pain. Box 405E.

WANTED-TRAINEES

Hot, bearded, 6', Master, ex-military, seeks young (over 18), white, masculine men wishing to explore and experience B&D. Novices, inexperienced, bi, etc. encouraged, limits respected, expanded. Into jockstraps, gym trunks, C/B, tits. No Greek, FF, scat. Please write with details of experience and/or fantasy; include photo. Box 732.

MANHATTAN, Black man, 50, seeks white, non-fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking cock, drinking my piss, wanting his tits tortured, enjoying having his mouth fucked and perfroming total oral service for my black clock regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset, his head, in service, allegiance, love and communion. Box 510.

NEW YORK, M, Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking, cleancut novice seeks macho, goodlooking, dominant partners. Likes verbal abuse, humiliation, and WS from masculine, cleancut top men, 25-50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn-on. Box 220K.

BUFFALO, W/m, 25, 5'9", 185 lbs., 7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Looking for levi wearer, leather lover, 21-35. Into S&M and discretion. Box 404BNY.

Photo by Roy Dean

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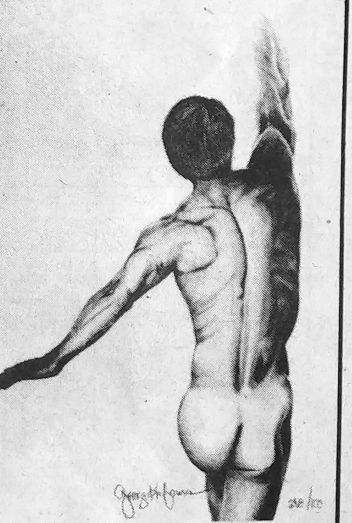

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VERSATILE Top & bottom man seeks GR A/P, FR A/P in levis & boots. Bikers in leather okay too. No S&M, drugs, smokers. Enjoy wide variety of experiences but no painful or excessively kinky activities. I am in 40s, hung, discreet and affectionate. If you lust for life, I lust for you. Box A24.

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, 6-1/2", novice. French active, Greek passive, wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fats, heavy S&M, or BO. Box 17V.

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9", 183 lbs., white, 6-1/2", biker, leather/levi, mutual satisfaction for macho, sincere, straight-appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

BOOT LOVER, 27, 5'7", 137 lbs., looking for neat guy into Frye Boots that wants me to lick them and cum on them. Box 559.

AKRON, MS, Gemini, 43, 6'1", 195 lbs., white, 6-1/2", knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers, drug users or hippies. Box 187L.

COLUMBUS, SM, 32, 6', 180 lbs., 7", Aries, intelligent, professional, experienced. Seeks local friends 25-35. I'm into bondage, tit and C&B pain; have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo. Box 730.

OH: SIR! W/m slave, 33, 5'11", 175 lbs., 7" cut, new to scene, seeks experienced Master for training. Box B24.

OH: When in AKRON, cum and see me. Send photo. No fats or drugs. Box B36.

OH: CLEVELAND, MS, 28, 6', 170 lbs., swimmer's build. Did you like playing cowboys and Indians as a kid? I still do—I'm into wrestling, being captured and tied up to please my captor. If you like games, write to Box 21192, Cleveland, OH 44121.

OH: CINCINNATI, MS/SM, Pisces, 28, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", novice. Intelligent, seeks mutual satisfaction with friend/lover/brother 18-40 into light S&M. No fats, fems. Box A79.

OKLAHOMA

STILLWATER, SM, 36, 5'9", 180 lbs., 8" uncut, ex-police officer looking for other officers, ex-officers, those into uniforms as a lifestyle. No fats, drugs, fems, scat. Discreet. Box 45.

OK: OKLAHOMA CITY, SM, white, 43, 170 lbs., 5'10", good muscles, seeks willing hot men to 45 eager to experiment. All scenes considered with limits respected. Am eager to learn and to teach. Prefer top but can be willing bottom. Beginners welcome. Discreet. No fats. Reply with photo to Box A53.

OREGON

HOT, tattooed, pierced "M" rancher, 40, 6'2", 185 lbs., looking for hot, hung, hairy "S" stud. Into w/s, B&D, FF, j/o, ass-eating, tattoos, tit workouts. You name it, I'll try it. Possible lifetime partner. Write with photo. Box 750.

NEAR EUGENE, butch, 6', 165 lbs., 38, hairy, brown hair/blue eyes, weekend jock, looking for another guy ready to give and take. Good men welcome. Photo gets mine. Box 448.

PORTLAND, S, 32, 5'5", 170 lbs., semi-muscular, hairy, 7-1/2" cut, demanding. Like to hear slaves beg, but respect limits. Masculine dudes, tattooed, muscular, or at least not fat, that want discipline in leather or levis, write: Box 241.

MAIL ORDER NOTICE
The California laws now read that anyone conducting a mail order business or offering items for sale throught the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted.

PENNSYLVANIA

TRUCKERS, RANCHERS, FARMERS and all Levi'd employers (35 to 45): white Philadelphia dude wants to actually work for Real Men who can enjoy Total "Super" Service! I will do light labor, cook, clean, or paper work. I enjoy worshipping manly bodies and work Levis. Relocation and live-in for 24-hr duties OK. Box B43.

PA: PHILADELPHIA, S, 27, 6'5", 215 lbs., seeks obedient slave for ass action, boot worship, and plenty of cock. Novice ok, but must be willing to expand limits. Submissive letter and photo a must. Box A80.

PA:
PROPERTY SOUGHT AS SLAVE
N.E. PA. Strict S, 34, 6'1", 210 lbs., muscular, goodlooking, 8" cut, seeks slave who understands the reality that you were born to suffer for and serve your owner. Require young, masculine, solid m to submit mind and body to training that will drive you toward perfection as a service instrument. I am imaginative and know how to get results. Soon your main concern will change from things like when you'll be allowed another ejaculation to the driving need to know you are pleasing me. Letter begging for application, revealing photo, descriptive background. Feel the absolute security of total control as my naked obedient property. Box B42.

PA: PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable Master requires white slave under 35 into S&M, B&D, WS, VA, enemas, titwork. Novice acceptable. Limits respected/expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo, & phone to P. O. Box 11095, Philadelphia, PA 19141, or to DRUMMER Box 209.

ATTENTION RUGGED DUNGAREED MEN!
White male mid-30s, masculine and average-looking wants to be hog-tied, sacked, and loaded into a truck by Rugged Dungareed Men who will use me as Labor and to serve their Work Dungarees and Sweaty Bodies! No S&M, pain, or degradation. Box 641.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Cancer, 40, 6'2", 210 lbs., white, 7", learning fast. Masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist, wants to expand experiences with clean, experienced, masculine S. Box 23.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Masculine S seeks M under 35 into S&M, B&D, WS, oil, leather, levis. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5'11", 140 lbs., white, 8". Completely inexperienced but willing to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 52F.

PITTSBURGH, M, 43, 6', 180 lbs., semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls, 8 years in USMC, into discipline; looking for masculine man under 40, white, in leather or levis, who understands submission and service. Into face and ass fucking. No fats, fems or heavy S&M. Box 83.

WILKES BARRE, S, Cancer, 41, 6', 170 lbs., white 12". Experienced military disciplinarian with rural stockade. 20 years military experience; seeks prisoners, from beginners to experienced, for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fems, fats. Box 55.

HARRISBURG, M, 160 lbs., 38, white-slave looking for Master, 21-45, no fakes, fats, fems, uglys. Into WS, B&D, jockstraps, torn pants, verbal humiliation, public worship. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or else. Will go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC. Box 959.

SCRANTON, M, Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs., 6", intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master (any age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay. Box 964.

MAIL YOUR AD EARLY!

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN. All dudes interested in animal fantasy, leather, levis, rimming, spanking, WS? phone (809)722-3631. Will be visiting Miami and NYC in August. Am 5'11", light brown, 148 lbs., all man.

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE, W/m, 5'9", 150 lbs., 31, cleancut, seeks patient Master for training novice. Must respect limits. I desire to serve, will learn and give myself totally to my Master. Teach me all bondage, toys, serving, tit play, etc. No pain or drugs. Respond with photo if possible. Box 164.

SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 24, 66 kg, 178 cm, white, into whippings with belts, welts, tit torture, verbal abuse, bondage, manacles, shackles, gags, piss, enemas, sucking, getting fucked, leather, levis, boots and uniforms. Seeks correspondence and/or meetings with dominant white Masters in USA, Canada, England, Germany, Sweden and Australia. Box 288.

TENNESSEE

CAPRICORN, 40, 5'11", 175 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, into sucking, fucking, w/s, likes spankings. Will furnish good home to goodlooking stud over 18. Bob, 515 N. Highland, Jackson TN 38301.

NASHVILLE, S, 39, 6', 150 lbs., 8" uncut, masculine stud looking for well-built, masculine dude who isn't into games or limitations. Into man-to-man action. No bull-shitters, drunks, drugs or fat. Box 61.

TEXAS

TX: HUNKY ORIENTAL, 27, seeks a slave or Master into piercing, bondae, shaving, ball play, and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box 864.

TX: RETIRED TEXAN, free to travel USA. Interests include, but not limited to: leather and rubber clothing and footwear and related items, MC police uniform (breeches and boots). Most anxious to correspond with and possibly meet other individuals with similar interests regardless of geographical location of current residence. Box 401.

TX: Goodlooking 39-year-old Top looking for good bottom. I am 5'10", 150 lbs., well-defined, masculine, with trim beard. You must be 18-30, masculine; no fats, fems. Your pic gets mine. Box A62.

BEAUMONT. Young w/m, 6'2", 30, blond hair, blue eyes, Greek passive, French active, wants to meet sincere, masculine top man for possible relationship. Must be 30-45, honest, sincere, and trusting. Am willing to go into B&D and spankings. Please write to Jon, 6370 College No. 4, Beaumont, TX 77707. Please include photo if possible.

DIG J/O

Hard, lean, long hairied blonde, 6'0", 155 lbs., 24, digs hot j/o and body licking. Digs cum shot all over us. Also dig on mutual ass-eating and long slippery make-out sessions. Hard young (over 18) dudes only who dig j/o. T.W., 4000 Hwy 365, No. 231, Port Arthur, TX 77640.

TEXAS CENTAUR

W/m, 34, loves horses, leather, boots, uniforms, mounted jpolice, motorcycle police, cowboys, soldiers, football players. This centaur wants to be mounted and ridden. Write: Steve Whitley, 2605 Shelby St., Apt. 204, Dallas, TX 75219.

MASTER, 45, 6', 185 lbs., 9" wants full-time slave. Must be well-built, hung, and willing to lose all body hair, be pierced and branded. Write with nude photo to PO Box 806, Dallas, TX 75221.

DALLAS, Leo and Aquarius, both 8-1/2", completely inexperienced, prefer someone to explore our unknown fantasies. Prefer hot, horny, masculine, outdoor type, no heavy action; new to this but willing to try anything once. Race no problem. No scat/dope. Want to hear from all you hot men. Photo appreciated. Box 266.

EAGER TO LEARN

HOUSTON area w/m, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs., willing to do anything for someone who will teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs. Box 386.

Goodlooking SAN ANTONIO area top looking for good bottom. Into almost anything with experience in bringing out the best in being a bottom. Will allow you to talk with another slave in advance. Must have own place presently, but great possiblilities for unusual and interesting future. If you're man enough to give yourself completely to another man, then write stating your qualifications and interests. Will respond to all who send photo. Box 743.

TEXAS CORRESPONDENT

W/m, 6', 180 lbs., enjoys correspondence & friendship with ALL. Free to travel USA. Interests include but not limited to leather & rubber clothing & footwear, related items, M/C police uniforms, boots, and breeches, snug Levis, jockstraps and gym gear. Most anxious to correspond with, exchange ideas and possibly meet with individuals with these and/or similar interests. Write Occupant, 351 Saratoga Dr., San Antonio, TX 78213.

FT. WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 190 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for either slave or Master. Either should be knowledgeagble, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D.

DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER

36, 6', 165 lbs., sensational fist fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box 476.

DALLAS.I'm tired of being here with my oil wells and I want someone to play with. Looking for a real-heart and big cock. Will pay all travel expenses to Dallas for a big week on my ranch. Write Box 999.

VIRGINIA

LYNCHBURG, MS, 31, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" cut, knowledgeagle, looking for someone willing to take time in training, 20-35, white, masculine, no fats or dirt. Box 139.

SM (S preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs., muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haried, cleancut, muscular M who is masculine and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding, forceful-but know when to pull back, respect limits. While I am attracted to other tops, it takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50.

RICHMOND, S, Leo, 45, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, brown hair, blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, leather/levis, truckers, horses, WS, j/o, light S&M, boot lover. Business necessitates travel entire US. Replies photo and phone get mine. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220.

VA: SM can be both. 26, 5'10", 170 lbs., well-built, good looks. Clean-cut. Levis, boots, action, B&D. Limits respected. Photo/phone to Box B38.

WV: BODYBUILDER SLAVE WANTED, 21-40, must be into B&D, light S&M, hairless, and masculine. Picture a must. Levis, boots, leather, chaps. Steve Belschner, Rt. 1 Box 284C, Harpers Ferry, WV 25425.

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE w/m, 46, 5'11", 165 lbs., into Fr., feet, needs dominant Gr. Act. top man. Consider other scenes with right person. Consider sharing condo with free room and board for right person who can keep me happy. Enjoy 3-ways. Box 757.

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6'3", 190 lbs., white, 7"; novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No fems, fats. Box 185G2.

SEATTLE AREA, FF top and/or bottom looking for good times. Loving fist, trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys. Into uniforms, sports (if you know what I mean); am hot for truckers, cowboys, and leathermen. Am 5'11", 170 lbs., husky, 9" uncut. Box 698.

WISCONSIN

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 38, 5'7", 150 lbs., white 7"; novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 62K.

MAIL YOUR AD EARLY!

MILWAUKEE, MS, Capricorn, 42, 6'4", 210 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. 15 years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner, 25-60. No fats. Box 294V85.

WATERTOWN, S, Libra, 27, 6', 165 lbs., white, 7", novice will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner. Into WS, B&D, humiliation, public exhibitionism. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

AUSTRALIA

SOUTH AUSTRALIA. M, 46, 180 lbs., 7-1/2" uncut, extremely obedient. May I serve you? Box 720.

MELBOURNE, M, 42, 6'3", 190 lbs., 7" cut, seeks topmen, 24-45, hung, macho, well-built. Am willing to experiment but my limits should be respected. Box 268.

BRAZIL

S/M, 30 years old, searching for guys, with same interests. Write to PO Box 16.216, Rio de Janeiro, C.E.P. 20.000.

CANADA

ONTARIO, 26, 140 lbs., 5'8", 6-1/2" cut, semi-muscular M looks for muscular or well-built masculine man under 40, well-hung, white or Black. Have real desire to serve, have my asshole used. Box 473.

MONTREAL

S, 32, 6', dark hair, into heavy and long sessions of S&M, pain, humiliation, bondage, cropping, catheters, tit-cock-ball work; at home or in public. Will cross, stretch, and expand but respect limits of willing and respectful M's. Box 123.

S, 45, 5'11", 150 lbs., slender, blonde, hairy, 8" cut, stern disciplinarian, but considerate and respects limits. Seeks 18-40, slender, under 5'10", prefers uncut, should be adventurous and willing to learn with the assistance of my personal slave. No fats, fems, scat. Applicants should be willing to experiment with mild S&M, B&D, WS, and toys. Box 238.

TORONTO M. 39, 5'8", 155 lbs., 9" uncut, muscular, athletic build, hairy chest. This slave seeks to serve tall, muscular master into C&B, tit torture, whippings, hot wax, bondage, discipline and restraints. J.C., Box 5162, Postal Station A, Tornonto, Ontario M5W 1N5, Canada.

SKINHEAD seeks bodyshaving freaks. Asperant, Box 3072, Vancouver, Canada V6B 3X6.

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LUXEMBOURG

Novice needs training. W/m, 33, 183 cm., 75 kg., prefers beards, moustaches, country life. Box 629.

ENGLAND

LONDON, M, 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., 5-1/2" uncut, into WS, leather, rubber, combat gear, seeks dominant to 45, strict, but respectful of limits. Box 630.

LONDON AND YORKSHIRE. S, 5'9-1/2", 50, 180 lbs., would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced Master. Box 557.

OXFORD. Knowledgeable M, 37, 5'10", 160 lbs., into leather, rubber, denim. Has good tongue ready to please a Master. Box 723.

LONDON, Leather guy, 6'2", 170 lbs., white, 7", very active, strictly Top. Wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real Master. Am into most scenes. Enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real slave, I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photos answered first. Box 665B.

MIDDLESEX, 37, 5'10", 145 lbs., 7" cut, medium build, short hair, masculine, seeks same, over 30, imaginative, into leather/uniforms or levis, hung. Am into good S&M, bondage, fisting, whipping, dildoes. Box 383.

SM, 45, 5'11", 6" cut; imaginative, wide range of interests, willingness. Box 359.

VISITING LONDON?

Visit THE FESTIVAL CLUB, London's oldest and friendliest gay club. Make it your London base. Open 11 am till 3 pm and 5:30 pm till midnight. The Festival Club, 2 Brydges Place, St. Martin's Lane, London WC2. Phone 01-836-1436. Write for information.

FRANCE

Goodlooking Latin type, masculine Frenchman, 27, 5'11", good slim build, would like to meet in Paris or States, tall muscular, well-endowed, Greek passive/active blacks for friendship and action. Please no fems. Photo appreciated. Pierre-Yves Atlan, No. 8 Passage Lathuile, 75018 Paris, France.

WEST GERMANY

WEST GERMANY

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6'2", hairy, long legs, coming to the States in April and September, wants to meet and correspond with Black Master. Into licking, sucking, w/s, getting fucked, etc. Box 106.

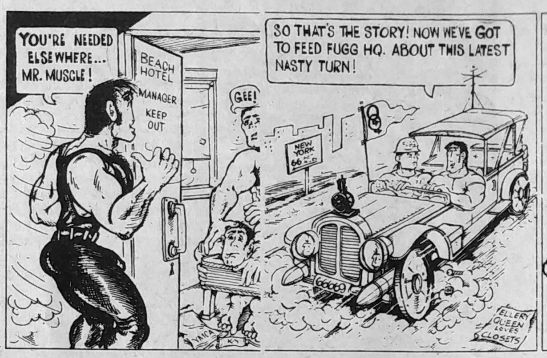
happy
hog-tieing, toe sucking, pig piling, face fucking, piss drinking, fist eating, mud wallowing, slave swatting, ass stuffing, snot swapping, wax dripping, cheese cleaning, shit sharing, welt raising, armpit licking, butt plugging, spit slinging, dog collaring, master worshipping, name calling, drool lapping, crotch begging, tit torturing, hot oiling, belly eating (mmmmmm), face sitting, nuts twisting, enema forcing, foreskin pulling, tongue chewing, cum swallowing, and deep throat stretching
from the pigs in chicago's meeting bar: the bushes

The Super Adventures of Harry Chess!

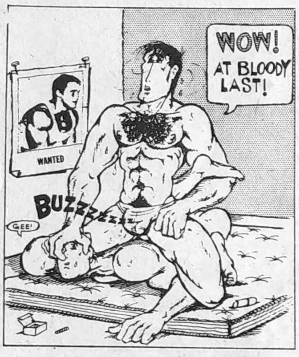
AS YOU DOUBTLESS REMEMBER FROM OUR LAST, PULSATING EPISODE...OUR AGE, FUGG AGENT HARRY CHESS AND HIS SWEATY SIDE-KICK, MICKEY MUSCLE WERE OFF AND RUFFING AGAIN! AFTER RECEIVING AN ANXIOUS CONTACT FROM THE TOP, OUR TWO HEROES HEADED FOR THAT DAZZLING WATERING-HOLE...GHERRY GROOVE! WHILE MICKEY'S BREATH-TAKING, GLISTENING PHYSIQUE SPELLBOUND A CAPACITY AUDIENCE AT THE SMART MR FIRE IS SHOW, HARRY SLIPPED OFF FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS FROM FUGG CENTRAL. IT WAS THE FUN-FILLED 'ELECTRIC CIRCUMCISION SAUNA' THAT HARRY GOT THE WORD: A MYSTERIOUS BADDIE...MUNG, THE MEAN 'N HIS GUYS KNOWN AS 'THE PAISLY PANZERS' WERE ABOUT TO DESTROY THE PEACEFUL GAY LIB MOVEMENT BY TERRIBLY EROTIC MEANS!

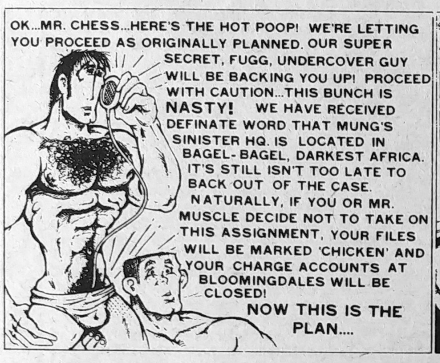
QUICKLY, HARRY DASHED BACK TO HIS LOCKER TO DON HIS HOT LEATHER JUMP-SUIT. BUT AS HE UNLOCKED HIS LOCKER ROOM DOOR... A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREETED HARRY'S EYES!! A HUGE DEADLY DILDOE (A PAISLY PANZER FUN SOUVENIR) CARVED WITH HIS LIKENESS WAS DANGLING FROM A PEG WITH A BLUNT WARNING.....►



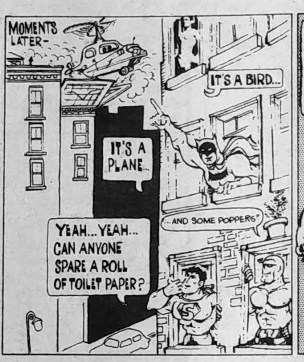






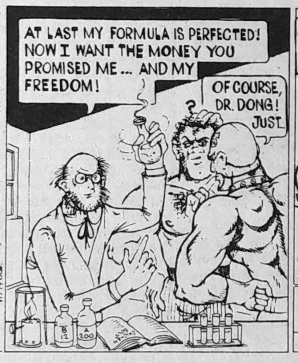




















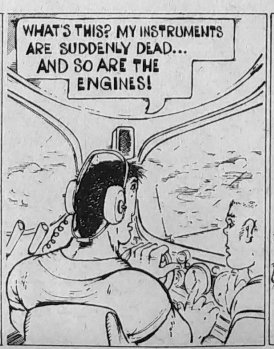
















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CONTACTS

CONTACT: ACCOMODATION, BED, and BREAKFAST Stud Services. Write Skinhead, Box 3072, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V6B 3X6. All inquiries answered.

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MAIL ORDER: GLADIATOR MAGAZINE planned. Help determine content. 700-question survey: $2. Basement: Box 2266DCG (222 Magnolia), Daytona, FL 32015.

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AUSTRIA: AUSTRIAN, blond w/m, 35, 6'2", BB into Leather, Jeans, Cowboy Boots, visiting L.A., Texas, Miami, and NY coming January. Looks for similar types into genital torture, tits, FF, catheters, WS, etc. Your photo gets mine. Walther EDLAUER, Johann Strauss-Gasse 23/8, A-1040 VIENNA, Austria.

SWITZERLAND: Young, goodlooking Swiss gay man, 29, would like to meet and correspond with handsome muscular bodybuilder. Will be visiting Chicago, NYC, L.A., San Francisco, during July and August 1981. Who will be my guide? Many interests. Write with photo. I like 'em big and brawny! Box B35 (include postage for foreign mail)

ENGLAND: Filth-loving slave, 39, 5'9", 140 lbs., looking for Master to make him grovel in oil, grease, mud, filth, etc. in chains. Box A95.

GERMANY: MASTER, 29, 6'4", 7-1/2" uncut, into leather and boots, S&M, heavy TW and piss action, FF, bootwork, needs bearded slaves and Masters to contact with; travellers welcome: Henning Grote, Humboldstr 7, D-3300 Braunschweig, West Germany.

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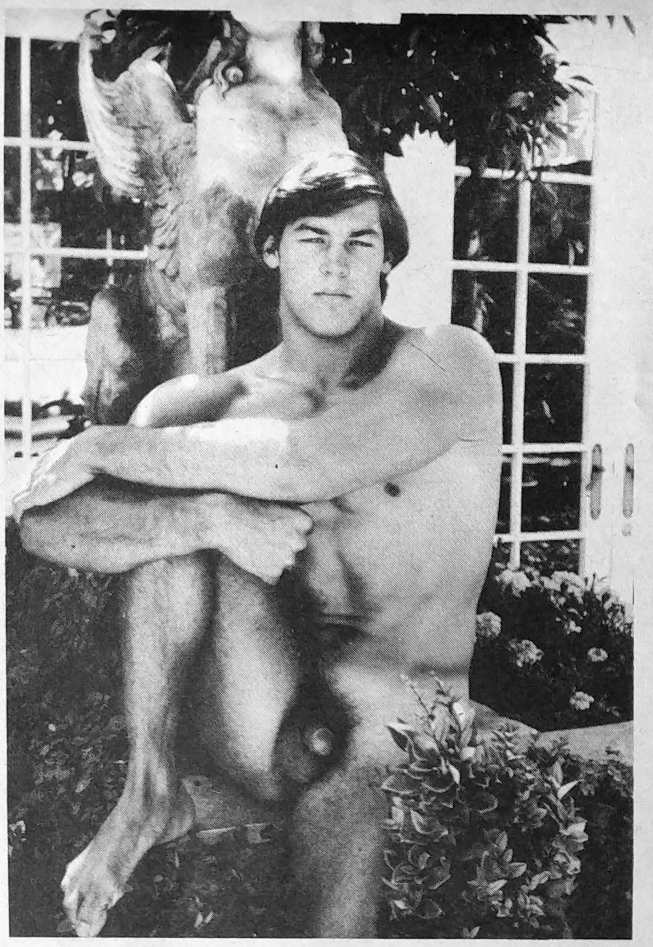
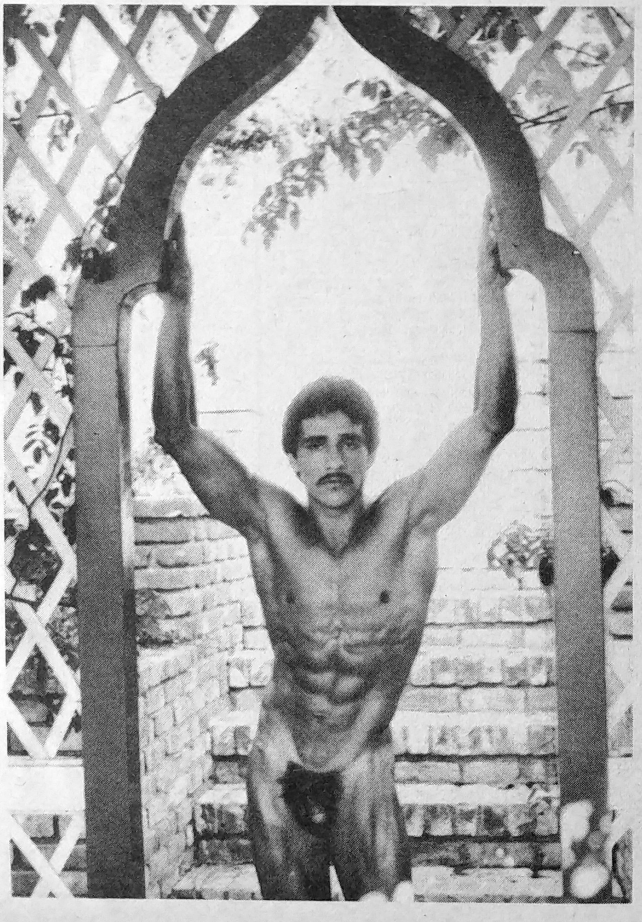
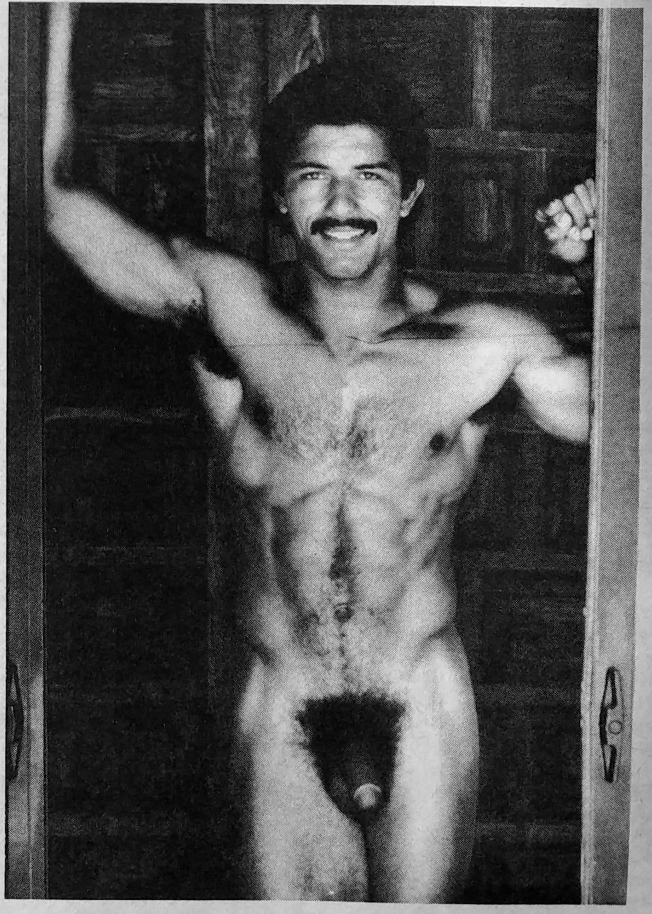








FROM VIOLENT MEN

(continued from page 28)

Except maybe when Colonel Longshore talked to that lieutenant they discharged for being queer. But they couldn't pin anything on me. The motherfucker always did suspect me after that, though, didn't he? Little hints. Not many lifers could've survived the way I have, taking all this shit for twenty-four years. Though I haven't done that much, when you come right down to it—a guy here or there. What else you going to do out in the boonies in god-awful Vietnam or Thailand? What does the fucking Air Force expect us to do, get VD from some teelock in town?

Partland was startled when the elevator door rattled open. "You going down?" he asked.

"Up!" the operator said.

"Not down?"

The Puerto Rican operator snarled an impatient look at him, starting to replace the safety gate. "Up!"

"I'll ride up yours then! Sometimes your dumb elevators don't stop at my floor." Partland banged his room key against the metal bar meant for riders to hold onto, to let the greasy spic know that no civilian gave him orders. "I want the gym." When he spoke, he clenched his teeth together on one side, as if his mouth were a small bear trap that had been sprung.

"This elevator's going *up* first!" the Puerto Rican replied without a glimmer of politeness. He fiddled with the control lever and sent the car up with a massive jerk.

"*Muchas gratias!*" Partland said, leaning against the dully burnished steel wall.

The Puerto Rican did a slow pivot of the head, drilling Partland with his ice pick eyes. He let the eyes linger for five very long seconds and then turned back to face the door.

"'In my adobe hacienda,'" Partland began singing softly, placing both fists on the metal bar behind him, almost sitting on it, defying the other man, who was about twenty-four, rickety in frame, tired-looking, wearing a uniform supplied by the Y that was too large for him. "'South of the border...down Mexico way! That's where I fell in love when the stars above...came out to play. The mission bells told me'—Hey," Partland interrupted himself, "you know any spic-and-span greasy spoons I ought to visit in New York?"

The Puerto Rican moved his shoulders as though restraining his anger and didn't look around.

"Spicka no English?"

"I speak English!" the elevator man said distinctly, with an accent.

"Fine, glad to hear it, son. We like you to fit in when you come to our country." *Most likely he's been in the U.S. longer than I have in the past eight years.*

"You give everybody a hard time? Or just me?" the young man asked, not quite turning around.

"Who's giving who a hard time? I'm a stranger in your fair city, and thought I'd ask a native for some help." Partland put a mask of innocence on his handsome, rectangular face. The requiem-black eyes met the other's. "Where's the harm in that, son?"

"I'm not your son!"

"I know you're not my son, shithead!"

The Puerto Rican grabbed the handle of the safety gate and yanked it open at the top floor, then slid back the elevator door. A woman in slacks and a couple of long-haired teenagers got on. "Down!" the operator said, and closed the door. The car sank rapidly.

Partland folded his arms across his chest. *This banty rooster thinks he's the cock of the rock.* He jabbed once more. "I hear they have a lot of chickenshit in San Juan—is that right?" He was tensed in case the operator should strike at him.

The Puerto Rican glanced at the woman first. "Not as much as up here."

"Yeah? I hear you can't walk in the streets without getting it all over your shoes." *Why am I doing this? Why don't I shut up?*

The elevator stopped at the sixth floor, and a young man carrying a blanket got on. "Good morning, Hector." From the way the elevator operator nodded, Partland concluded that the man must be on the staff. *Some flunky with his security blanket, I suppose.*

For several floors they rode in stiff silence. *What would the spic do if I belted him one? They think they're hot shit, most of 'em. Prejudiced as hell against the blacks too. But this one's too skinny. If I laid him out, they'd say I ought to pick on somebody my own size.*

Partland touched his side, satisfied with its firmness. The ribs lay just beneath the surface of the skin, nothing extra between him and his skeleton. He'd worked to get himself into shape, running the outdoor track, playing handball, and he wasn't going to let himself get soft even if he wouldn't have a good gym at the new assignment in Alabama.

The man with the blanket got out on the second floor, nodding affably at the operator. The teenagers moved closer to the women to give Partland more room, and a miniature grin grew on his lips. They rode down to the main floor, where the teenagers scurried off, darting around the woman. For several seconds Partland lingered in the rear of the elevator, until the Puerto Rican shifted his head around.

"This car don't go to the basement."

"How do I get there?"

"Walk." The operator pointed across the lobby to a staircase. "They're painting down there."

"You mean it's closed?"

"Naw, some of it's still open."

"*Muchas gratias,*" Partland said before he could stop himself. It didn't come out the way he wanted; it made him sound like a smart-aleck. *I'm not trying to be a wise-ass shit. And I used that joke once already.* He'd tired of the contest with the elevator operator but couldn't let it drop now. He hacked a mouthful of saliva as though he were going to spit at the operator; then he strode out of the car. *Why didn't he fight more, the yellow coward. Machismo. "Much man," shit! Afraid he'd lose his job. He just stood there and took my crud.*

Partland stopped to read a headline in the stand near the check-in counter, disconcerted because he realized he'd been a bully and taken advantage of the employee's position. *Of course he started it! They ought to teach these punks some manners. The Air Force does that at least!* The headline was about a robbery: a woman dressed up like a man had held up a bank and been shot to death in the street. *America, my home, sweet home!*

"...He flexed the muscles in both arms, pleased with the mounds his flesh made, confident that nobody would take him for a forty-two-year-old man. His eyes skittered down the length of one arm, past his tattoo, fastening on the sprawling, toughened hands, like dirty bacon."

Across the lobby, near an artificial rubber plant with sections of the fake leaves broken off, a couple of twitchy men in sweaters with wide, stand-up colars were staring at Partland and whispering. He pretended not to notice. *The fags aren't acting very blase,* he thought. *Things weren't like this eight years ago. What they need is somebody to stomp on their sissy ass for coming on so strong.*

He became conscious that several others in the seedy lobby were staring at him, because of his physique and the way he was dressed. *Like what you see?* With his eyes he sailed the sarcastic question toward a tall kid with too much curly hair who was reading a city map and skipping glances at Partland. *It's all yours for dollars, kid.* Partland turned sideways so that his crotch would show better. Then he snickered to himself. *Flaunt it if you've got it, baby! If you haven't got it, stuff it in mothballs.* He looked down at his tee-shirt. *I suppose I should go downstairs to the weightroom and rustle up a muscle.*

But he didn't move, overcome with a burst of boredom, a cumbersome sense of the effort it would require to rearrange the barbells the way he wanted, to lie on his back and press the weights until his arms quivered, to do tendon-wrenching sit-ups on the angled boards. What was the good of it really—so that sore-eyed old cocksuckers could drool over him in some shabby YMCA lobby—was that the reason? *It's not just for health, I know that. So I can strut around in my gym shorts and teeshirt?* He didn't move for a minute, struggling with his emotions. He forced the idea out of his mind. *It'd be okay if my boy was working out with me today, tough little guy. Yeah, Mitchell'd get me puffing, keep me from being morbid.*

His eye fell on the slots behind the counter where the room keys were kept. The three busy clerks were signing in other guests. *All these guys staying here for a night or two like me and Barry, and then moving someplace else. What's all the movement for? Why should I go to Alabama and roast in the heat? To make Master Sergeant? For another stripe on my sleeve?* Partland bit at his tongue. *Whoa, Mister! Snap out of it, Lyman; you're getting as bad as some old lady squawking about her menopause. A man does his duty and doesn't whine about it.* He made a deprecatory noise with his teeth and lips and twisted his body toward the basement.

However, before he got all the way to the gymnasium in the rear, he spotted the men's room and pushed open the door. *Just for a look-see, I won't go in.* It had been freshly scrubbed and still smelled of disinfectant, an odor that plunged into the head like an iron wedge. There were five cubicles side by side opposite the urinals. A drunk in a dingy suit coat had just finished his business and was slopping water around in the farthest sink, patting some on his fallen face.

Partland stood at the middle urinal for a moment, wondering if somebody would come in. A cockroach sprinted up the pipe above the urinal next to his, and he laughed. *How can it survive with this stench of disinfectant! My Lord, it's brutal! It's really too early to let somebody work on my joint—what'll I have to look forward to this afternoon? Or tonight? If I can dump Barry for a few hours.*

He looked down between his legs. *Not that I can't get it up more than once a day.* Partland let the idea slide out of his mind, a sensitive point. Even flaccid, he was a good size. *Elizabeth never complained about that, did she, Little King! How you doing this morning? Feel up to one before lunch?* He touched himself, surprised at the coldness of his penis. He checked over his shoulder. The drunk went out of the restroom. *Too quiet—that guide book wasn't so good on this place.* He watched the door, then crouched to see if there were any legs showing in the cubicles. In the end one there was somebody. *Black shoes. Hush Puppies. Wonder what he's up to. Could be just another drunk come in off the streets to relieve himself.*

Casually he walked over to the next-to-last cubicle. There were obscene scratchings and drawings on the tin walls as well as messages and dates. Someone had drawn, with considerable skill, a gigantic sex organ wearing roller skates. Partland laughed at the drawing and went into the booth and sat down, fully dressed.

The glory hole in the wall was bigger than the one in the Hobby Center at Tahkli, which was about the size of a lion's eye. The edges had been curled back tidily, probably with pliers.

Partland eased forward on the seat. All he could see was a dark blue jacket. The man was leaning toward the hole, his head held up so that he couldn't be seen fully. Partland waited. *Let him make the first move if he's interested.*

The other man remained motionless, and Partland listened, his bowels paining him slightly, and he was conscious of the itchy hair under his teeshirt. He wished he'd drunk another glass of hot water that morning. *Or at least this smell of disinfectant could evaporate! Jesus, it smells like meeting-house after my ma scrubbed it on Saturday nights for Sunday meeting.* He pictured his prematurely grey-haired mother on her hands and knees amidst the mops and pails—one to wash and one to rinse—the orderly, pungent odor of lye soap stinging the air.

When the man in the dark blue jacket dropped something, Partland leaned down. On the floor he could see the curled magazine that the man had been reading. *He's interested. He's been waiting. I ought to go to the goddamn gym, not sit here, getting a numb ass.*

Partland touched his zipper to find out what respone he would get. The blue jacket moved. The other man's hand rose, and a finger with a bandaid on it came through the hole, then beckoned to Partland.

"Do you suck?" Partland whispered up close to the finger.

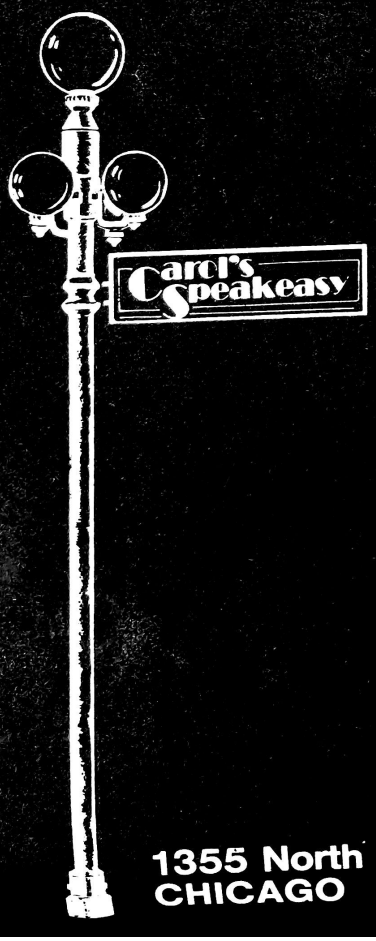
There was no reply, though the finger traced the hole again. Partland listened to see if anyone else had come into the restroom; then he stood up. He undid his gym shorts and reached for his jock strap, pulling it down. He was only partly aroused, and jiggled his penis several times and moved up near the hole. *I hope this fag's not an amateur.*

He stuck his penis through the glory hole and spread his arms for better balance. At first there was nothing, and he waited. Then he could feel a tentative finger—the bandaid actually—start to rub the member, making it stiffen. Partland purred deep in his throat, and sighed as he felt the blood rushing, spry ticklings of contraband pleasure in his groin. Suddenly his mouth opened in disbelief and for a second he stood stunned. The door of the other cubicle was flung wide, and the occupant ran out of the restroom.

Slowly Partland drew back his body, his breath catching, almost a gasp. A harsh streak of protesting blood was coming out of the long gash that ran diagonally across the side of his penis. □

Come Party New Years '81

Christmas Party December 17th



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ROY DEAN

Roy Dean, who has been one of the major photographers of the male nude for the past decade, turns toward an introspection of the imagery that has made him famous in his new book, *The Dean's List*. Here Dean focuses on men of extraordinary physical definition and classical settings to create perfectly composed photographs: balanced when in black and white, vibrant in color. Unlike a number of his contemporaries, Dean has sought out the overall sexual appeal of the male rather than limit his perspective to genital size or pretensions of explicit sexuality. It would be very difficult to say that a Roy Dean photo primariy appeals to erotic interests, yet there is a subtle sexuality to each of his photographs, to all of his models. Dean picks settings carefully, looking for a contrast in textures between the specific environment and the physical object. Lush greenery offsets Latin-American skin color; stark concrete frames his muscular Black physiques. To be nude in the world is to be alive, *The Dean's List* seems to say. Indeed!


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Night Full of Talk Only

by Philip Blackwell

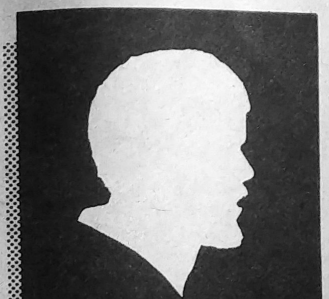
The scene is Allan Olson's apartment in a midwestern city. It is August, about 2:30 in the morning. The apartment is carefully furnished, with antiques next to modern objects. The room is not crowded, but it contains two large plants, a sofa in front of which there are three small glass and chrome tables. There is an 18th century cherrywood writing desk, and a 19th century armoire. There are some spartan-looking, high-tech shelves against the wall holding records, books and other objects, and on the floor, an expensive Persian carpet. To the right, a dining table, 4 chairs and on the wall behind that, many pieces of framed art work, including an 18th century clock. Against the upstage wall, a bank of spare windows (they have no moulding) covered with thin venetian blinds.

To the left, the door out of the apartment (unseen at the end of a small entrance hall) to the right, two doors, the upstage one leading to the bedroom and bathroom, the downstage one leading to the kitchen. The walls of the room are light beige. The effect should be a planned combination of busy and stark, old and new.

The time is the present.

At rise, the apartment is empty. Voices can be heard from the entrance, left. Robert enters, followed by Allen.

ROBERT: No big deal. Just wanted to bring you something. Just wanted to talk.
ALLAN: How long have you been sitting out there?
ROBERT: Not long. I know what time the bars close.
ALLAN: What if I hadn't come home?
ROBERT: That was a chance. Everything's a chance.
ALLAN: Or if I had come home with someone else?





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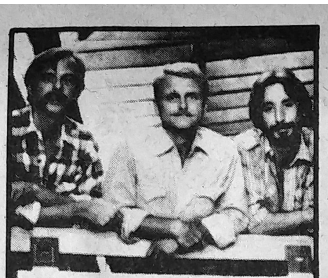

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ROBERT: That too. I thought of that. . . I. . .
ALLAN: Well, sit down. . . Can I get you anything?
ROBERT: No. No, I came to bring *you* something.
ALLAN; I heard you were in town. I was hoping I wouldn't run into you.
(Robert looks around the apartment, sits at the dining table.)
ALLAN: So what brings you back? It's not Christmas. I mean, to what do we owe the pleasure of your company out here on the prairies?
ROBERT: You've made some changes around here.
ALLAN: Well, two years is two years.
ROBERT: That clock. (He goes to it) Looks old, really old. How much you drop for this?
ALLAN: Robert, what do you want?
ROBERT: 19th century? No, older. 18th century. French? No, italian, maybe Austrian. Rococco or something?
ALLAN: French.
ROBERT: See. See how much I learned from you?
ALLAN: Robert, what do you want here?
ROBERT: I brought you a present.
ALLAN: Yeah.
ROBERT: Can't hang it on the wall, but you might like it anyway. Some coke. A gram. You feel up to it?
ALLAN: Oh. This is familiar. Like last Christmas, right. Look, I'll be honest with you. I'm not sure I want you here.
ROBERT: I just want to see how you're doing. I just want to talk.
ALLAN: Alright. Ok. You want to talk, let's talk. But talk *only*. I mean it. Don't touch me. In fact, don't come near me. You stay on one side of the room, and I'll stay on the other. I mean it. Or Robert, you can get out right now.
ROBERT: Fair enough. Alright. You haven't changed much. Still trim. Ride your bike?
ALLAN: Yup.
ROBERT: I still run. . . sometimes. I'm more gray now, don't you think?
ALLAN: You were gray when I met you.
ROBERT: Uhhhhh. . . one of my paintings used to hang there. Take it down?
ALLAN: Yes.
ROBERT: Where is it? Down in storage?
ALLAN: Nope. It's gone.
ROBERT: Gone?
ALLAN: Gone. I gave it away.
ROBERT: Gave it away?
ALLAN: Yes. Gave it away. And all the albums you left. All the Handel and Beethoven, all of it. All gone. All of it.
ROBERT: You didn't have to do that. I gave them to you. I wasn't going to come back for them. I told you that.
ALLAN: I don't want anything that reminds me of you, Robert.
ROBERT: (Walks to the writing table, picks up a small glass and brass box) The feather earring, where is it?
ALLAN: Gone. Are you listening?
ROBERT: I was wearing that when you met me. I had that before I knew you.
ALLAN: Shouldn't have left it, sweetheart.
ROBERT: I *forgot it!*
ALLAN: So you see. There's no reason for you to come back here. Ever, after tonight. You see. I can make decisions too. And stick by them.
ROBERT: Alright, alright. A feather earring's no big deal.
ALLAN: So. You're in Washington?
ROBERT: Yeah.
ALLAN: At a community center?
ROBERT: Yeah.
ALLAN: Gonna be there a while. . . or will you be pushing on?
ROBERT: Thinking about New Orleans for next year.
ALLAN: Can you still put everything into your car?
ROBERT: Better than that. I got rid of the car. Put everything except the canvases into one trunk. I'm working on having even less. Fewer things, not more. Makes it easier to move. . . you know.
ALLAN: Yeah. And what brings you back to your home town? Thought you didn't like us out here on the plains.
ROBERT: Well, my parents are retired now, you know that. They're moving down south. Came back to say goodbye to the house, I guess. Everything's in boxes. All my stuff in my room, all packed up, what isn't being tossed out, I mean. Paintings, books, my cello. My high school letter even. (a pause) You're right. There's no reason to come back here anymore. (A pause. Then brightly.) You had a birthday didn't you?
ALLAN: Yup. 40th.
ROBERT: That's right. Great! Congratulations! Do anything special?
ALLAN: Acapulco, sweetheart.
ROBERT: Figures. Go with anyone? Frank?
ALLAN: Alone. Travelling alone. A habit I picked up during your stay.
ROBERT: I had no money.
ALLAN: Conveniently.
ROBERT: Get off it! I was always honest about that I—come on. Let's not fight. Let's do the coke instead. (Thows the packet on the table.) You cut.
ALLAN: No, you cut.
ROBERT: I always used to cut.
ALLAN: I don't do it right. I don't know how. You do it better. You do it. I'll get the mirror. (Goes into kitchen.)
ROBERT: Well, you should *learn* to cut it. I'm not always going to be around. . . What am I saying!
ALLAN: That's just fine. If I don't know how to fix it, I won't buy it. (Puts mirror and envelope on the table.)
ROBERT: Same mirror, same set-up.
ALLAN: I'll get you some wine. Want Perrier and lemon in it?
ROBERT: Sure. Same as always. (He begins to chop the cocaine on the mirror.) How's it down at the shop these days.
ALLAN: Hell, it's booming. We do a lot of offices now. And summer homes. We opened a new shop on the lakeshore, in Green Harbor. I'll give you half of whatever that costs.
ROBERT: Forget it.
ALLAN: No, I won't. You don't have any money. I can pay for it.
ROBERT: I mean it. It's *my* gift. Let me take care of it, ok?
ALLAN: You don't have any money.
ROBERT: I said no.
ALLAN: And what are you doing at your community center? It's not in Georgetown is it?
ROBERT: Very funny. Hardly. It's not far from the White House. I teach art a couple of days a week. I like it. I'm working on a mural for them. For the lobby. 10 by 30.
ALLAN: Mural. . . You know. . . We just got the consolidated grain account. Their new world headquarters, right downtown. They brought in Shoshimi for the overall. We've got a team contract with a firm out of Chicago. Their Milwaukee branch is supposed to be art end of it, but I could look into it. . .
ROBERT: Thanks. Consolidated Grain. CG. Right. This is a mural depicting the struggles of 3rd world peoples against oppression, *including* corporate imperialism.
ALLAN: I see. And how much are you getting paid for this mural of the struggles? Taking home the good-will and thanks of the masses?
ROBERT: You never understood.
ALLAN: That sweater. I gave it to you, didn't I?
ROBERT: Yes, you did.
ALLAN: It's not looking so good these days.
ROBERT: You said yourself. Two years is two years.
ALLAN: When was the last time you bought any clothes?
ROBERT: Clothes? You're asking me about clothes?. . .
ALLAN: Bobbie Lennox was in the shop last month. In a smart black dress, and a sapphire big as your knuckle on her finger.
ROBERT: Oh. . .
ALLAN: She asked about you. Where you were. What you were doing. If you were coiming back.
ROBERT: She did, did she?
ALLAN: They're having their place on Gull Lake redone. We're doing it. She liked

that painting you did. The lion outside the french doors and the swan in the armchair. We all liked it. It was good. ...you know, I hate to muddy the conversation with rude facts, but she paid you $700 for that painting, and you were unknown and 23 when she bought it.
ROBERT: 24. We'd been together a year.
ALLAN: So how much are the oppressed people paying you?
ROBERT: Goddam it, that's enough! She's a parasite. She's an exploiter. And I... Come on. Let's not fight, ok? Here. It's in lines. You got a clean bill?
ALLAN: Look in the envelope.
ROBERT: A 50... Well, I agree this time. If you're going to do it, might as well do it in style. Here. (Robert rises, Allan sits.)
ROBERT: How's Frank?
ALLAN: In England right now. He's going to retire next year. He's 55. You can't see it. He looks really good. Get him out in the daylight though, you can see those crow's feet. She dyes her hair too.
ROBERT: Is Jim in England with Frank?
ALLAN: Who?
ROBERT: Jim... Bowen, isn't it? Wasn't he Frank's lover?
ALLAN: Oh him, the doper.
ROBERT: I met him through you...
ALLAN: No. They're not together. He's had kind of a rough time. Took off for New York to become a star. Caught the bus to Broadway, you know. Took a few too many drugs though. Got roughed up, kinda bad. He's back at his parents' in South Dakota, drying out. He said to say "hello" to you.
ROBERT: To me? Why me?
ALLAN: He liked you.
ROBERT: I don't think I ever talked to him...
ALLAN: Yes. But then, you used to do that. To all my friends. I must say now, it was pretty smart.
ROBERT: How do you mean?
ALLAN: Well. You got a reputation after a while. Because you hardly ever talked, they all thought you were either very smart or very stupid. Either way a good person to like.
ROBERT: Your friends. Jim and Frank and Mike and Billy and the rest. Three years of drugs and poppers and disco and Sunday brunches. I don't believe it now.
ALLAN: I didn't hold a gun to your head.
ROBERT: I didn't mean that. It wasn't all bad, all the time. We had good times. Come on, admit it. Remember that night we drank the whole bottle of Ammaretto?
ALLAN: Oh yes. That.
ROBERT: (Teasing gently) Wound up on the steps of the art institute with your pants down around your ankles.
ALLAN: Yes. And I... want more wine?
ROBERT: Not just yet. Coke's good isn't it?
ALLAN: I just want you to know. You can't come back in my life anymore. I just want you to know that.
ROBERT: They're my memories too.
ALLAN: Then take 'em home with you.
ROBERT: You know, I don't believe you. I don't believe you got rid of perfectly good records. You got rid of Beethoven's 9th? You got rid of the Water Music?
ALLAN: Go look.
ROBERT: (Goes to the record rack, flips some...) Gone. Lots of Donna Summer, no Vivaldi. What did you do with them? Give them to the Goodwill or something?
ALLAN: I broke them and threw them out.
ROBERT: What?
ALLAN: Don't come here looking for the past.
ROBERT: I can't seem to go anywhere and look for it anymore. Maybe there is no past.
ALLAN: What about this guy you were seeing. This italian professor? I seem to remember a midnight call about how you were in love and...
ROBERT: Never mind that.
ALLAN: Called me in the middle of the night to tell me you were in love with someone. See how thoughtful you are? So how is he?
ROBERT: Don't know honestly. Haven't seen him in a while. We had this disagreement. He drove off in a huff, a beard and a volkswagen, all at once.
ALLAN: Someday you'll learn to treat people right. But you better hurry. You ain't gettin' any younger, sweetheart.
ROBERT: Thank goodnesss.
ALLAN: You'll never be in love. You're too selfish.
ROBERT: (A defense) Maybe I *am*. Alright. I won't hide from the words. Not my style.
ALLAN: Let's guess how you'll spend *your* 40th.
ROBERT: All his friends. All your friends. All couples. Couples at any cost. Mr. and Mrs. John and Jim.
ALLAN: (Quieter) You could have had it with me.
ROBERT: Let's have a little more imagination, please.
ALLAN: You'll pay someday.
ROBERT: Yes.
ALLAN: I loved you and treated you good. I treated you very good.
ROBERT: Yes, and I loved you.
ALLAN: That's why we've been together these two years.
ROBERT: Sometimes it was nice. All those nights in there. I wasn't torturing you in there. (A beat) You used to put your nose on my neck and go to sleep.
ALLAN: In your sleep, you used to push me off the bed with your ass.
ROBERT: You liked it.
ALLAN: I tolerated it.
ROBERT: How's sex these days?
ALLAN: Come off it.
ROBERT: (Pressing it.) You used to make me cry, it was so good.
ALLAN: It's over.
ROBERT: Nights when you had to hold me afterwards. Help me stop shaking.
ALLAN: Enough!
ROBERT: The feel of the hairs on your chest, on my back. Your arms and legs wet with sweat.
ALLAN: Goddamn you!
ROBERT: I didn't know what it was. I didn't know what people were talking about until I met you.
ALLAN: (A beat) You may not be very nice, but you still got the prize for good sex. (Robert gets up, walks behind Allan. He starts to massage his neck and shoulders.)
ALLAN: Don't, don't. Just talk, remember? (Robert stops, but does not move away.) Please do me this favor. Go back and sit down. You make it very difficult for me. (Robert goes.) Do you enjoy this? It's hell for me. You know that? Twice a year you blow into town, come over and start this, and we wind up in bed. And the next day, you're somewhere else in the country and I'm stuck 6 months. Stuck with myself, what's the point of it, Robert? Can't you leave me alone?
ROBERT: Alright. Ok. I'll cut some more coke.
ALLAN: You have a smell, not a bad smell, but a smell. A smell like you Robert. Like you and soap and the smell of paint...
ROBERT: Thanks...
ALLAN: No, listen to me, and when we lie in bed, I smell you in my dreams. All night long. And the worst thing is that first night after you've gone, and the smell is still there. It's too hard, Robert. Don't make me go through that again. I'm asking you, please.
ROBERT: You know. I always thought, hoped, I'd come back and find you with someone else. Permanent, you know.
ALLAN: You want the truth. I don't want to anymore. I'm 40 yeras old... after what you did to me, what you put me through, frankly Robert, I don't want to anymore.
ROBERT: Come on, don't say that...
ALLAN: Don't want to hear it, huh? Well let me tell you. I lived for you. I thought about you every minute I could. I convinced myself that you were reason enough to get up every morning. I could get up every morning because *you* would be lying there next to me. I could find my way to the kitchen because it meant I could bring *you* a cup of coffee.
ROBERT: I didn't ask for all that.
ALLAN: And maybe I didn't have all your

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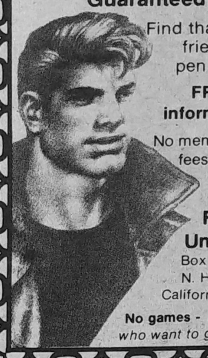

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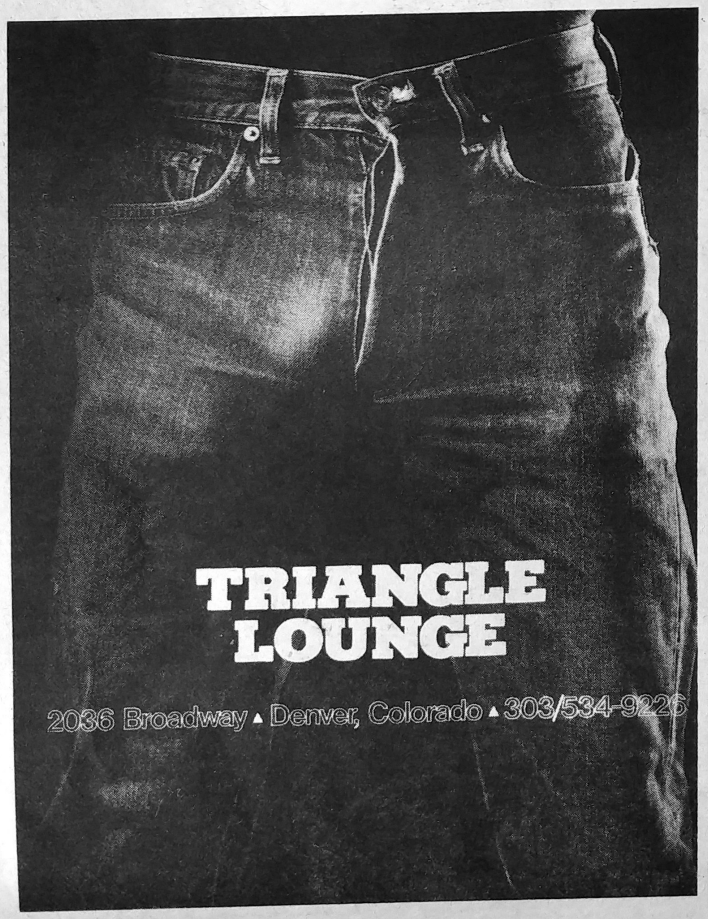


degrees and all your talent, but I was happy with that too. I was hapy just listening to you. Describing he things you were painting. I was happy.

ROBERT: That's just what I mean. What's admirable about giving up your own hopes and life for another person? I feel sorry for us. I mean I really do. Where do we get the idea that we should be married? Where do two men get that idea? As if we were husband and wife! I'm not your husband, you're not mine! Don't you see. We're using that same old heterosexual example. That's what's wrong with us!

ALLAN: Here comes the politics!

ROBERT: No. It's true! I'm a person, I'm a man. I have a dream. I have my art! It's not separate from me. It's not like being in business. I can't just leave it, drop it off at 5:00!

ALLAN: You never tried!

ROBERT: I was like that when you met me. I painted all the time. It was, it *is* my life. You *knew* that. You loved that. *That's* what you loved!

ALLAN: People change. They settle down.

ROBERT: You do this to me every time! You make it sound as if I just walked out of here one night. I told you I was going, and why. You make it sound as if I'm running through the bars, having a wonderful time, fucking everything with shoes on. I *paint* Allen! I paint. I work hard. I teach all day and then I come home and I paint some more!

ALLAN: (Serious) So you're not getting any closer to settling down?

ROBERT: (Quiet) No. In fact, it gets worse. I don't want anything or anybody unless it's going to help me paint. (He laughs) I don't buy new jeans until the ones I'm wearing fall off.

I take something back. I *do* go to the bars. And I sit and watch. And sometimes I'll see a man that looks like you, and then I hope he'll *be* you. He'll be tall, balding, with a salt and pepper beard...and big hands...that I always hope will feel like your hands...but... So you see. It's me, too... here, I'll do a few more lines. (He does so, speaking) There's some humor in it, after all. Here we are, two grown-up men trying to fit into a worn out middle-class relationship. Like trying to get into a pair of pants you wore in high school. It's really funny when you think of about it.

ALLAN: I just wanted a life. Something to come home to. What's so bad about that? Just the two of us and a life.

ROBERT: And then there's the whole issue of how selfish we were being. People are starving. People need help.

ALLAN: Now wait a minute. For 3 years we ate dinner right here with wine and cloth napkins, and I never saw you refuse it.

ROBERT: Maybe it finally got to me. Maybe, finally, I couldn't justify myself. Where I work now, kids come in without breakfast. And the only thing they know about wine is that half the men in the neighborhood drink it and fall asleep in the streets.

ALLAN: Here you go on your soap-box again. Like a little banty rooster. You should see how you look. Not very becoming.

ROBERT: Maybe I couldn't live with myself.

ALLAN: And when you leave D.C.? What about these kids. What happens to them?

ROBERT: Don't know.

ALLAN: Don't care?

ROBERT: Alright. Anyway you like it.

ALLAN: I'm long past liking or disliking anything you do.

ROBERT: Good.

ALLAN: But do you ever think what you must look like to these kids. They're not stupid. *You* didn't grow up without breakfast.

ROBERT: That's not the point.

ALLAN: Oh come on! You went to private schools and played tennis. Everytime you open your mouth, you give yourself away. What do you think they think of that?

ROBERT: No. It's not like that.

ALLAN: I got your number now, buddy. I think you're guilty and chicken. I wasn't of the oppressed and I offered you a life here...

ROBERT: Now wait a minute!

ALLAN: Scared! I offered you a life and you were scared to take it!

ROBERT: *I'm* scared? *I* was scared! That's why you punched *me* that night. Because I'm scared!

ALLAN: I made all the apologies I'm gonna make for that.

ROBERT: And you're sitting around here, never gonna forgive *me*, right?

ALLAN: That's in the past. Nothing like that's ever happened to me, before or since.

ROBERT: You never said why. Why you did it.

ALLAN: No more.

ROBERT: Never once *why!*

ALLAN: Stop it!

ROBERT: Never *why*!

ALLAN: Bastard!

ROBERT: (Sarcastic) Right!

ALLAN: Because we'd had too much wine and it was late and I'd said something stupid about poor people or blacks. I don't know. Some goddamned thing. And you climbed right up on your soapbox and wouldn't listen to me. Wouldn't listen! Because you were sitting on the bench, at the end of the bed, yapping like a fucking Pekinese, and I couldn't get a word in edgewise. You were putting on your shoes! You were getting ready to leave, to walk out! ...I might *be* a racist and a closet fascist and all those things you say, but I could have worked on that! I could have *changed* that! You were about to leave. About to leave! and I *loved* you! ..... So I hit you...

ROBERT: You... wanted my attention.

ALLAN: Got it too. (They both laugh)

ROBERT: Here's some more lines. You want 'em?

ALLAN: Just a minute. Let me finish. I've always wanted to say this. And for the last time, ok?

ROBERT: You don't have to...

ALLAN: I have to. It was like someone else. Someone else had done it. Not me.

ROBERT: Here, do the coke. Forget it.

ALLAN: I want this to be over. You're here, you want to talk, let's talk! I want this to be all over. I want you to have no reason to come back! ...I looked at you... You stood up. ...And suddenly, it surprised me... There was blood all over. ...And I wanted to know who, *who* had done this to you. And you kept wanting to leave... and I couldn't figure out *why!*

ROBERT: You don't have to say any more...

ALLAN: ...I cried after you left...

ROBERT: Stop it. I know all about myself. I get like that. I can't listen.

ALLAN: I think it was the worst night of my life, ever. You were gone... and I...

ROBERT: (Laughing a little.) Sometimes I just get started and I can't believe it myself...

ALLAN: (Almost crying) I never thought I could feel that bad...

ROBERT: I don't know, I don't know. (A pause) But you're happy now. With your life. You're happy.

ALLAN: Enough.

ROBERT: It's enough for you?

ALLAN: It's quiet...

ROBERT: A change from my tenure, huh? An agreeable change.

ALLAN: More my style. I go over to Frank's. To the bars. There are parties, brunches. Antique sales out in the country.

ROBERT: Real midwest faggot.

ALLAN: That's what we are here. You too, Robert.

ROBERT: Ok. I take that back. I should be happy you're happy. I'm happy you're happy.

ALLAN: I'm happy.

ROBERT: You ever wonder?

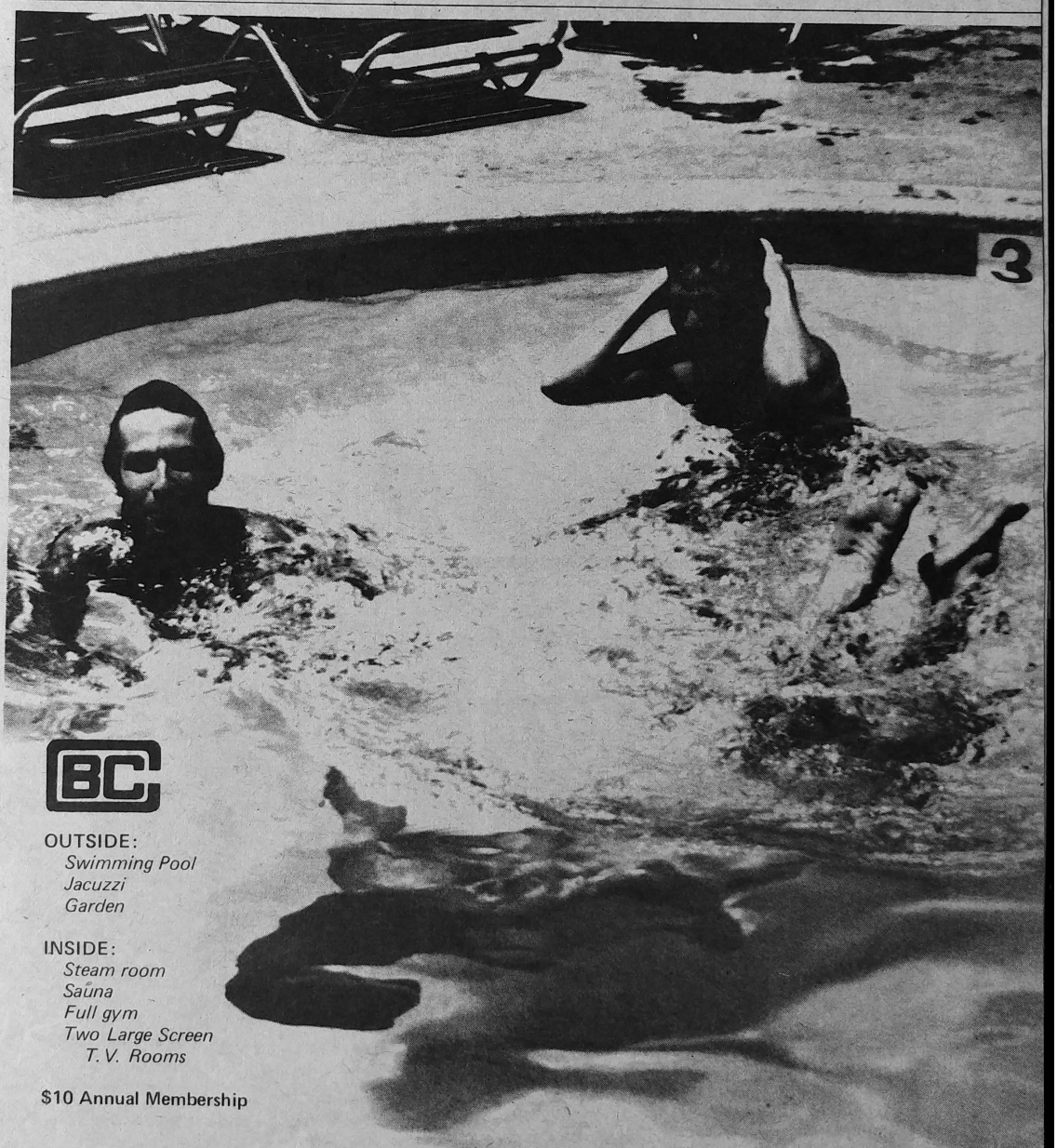
ALLAN: About us? No. not any more.

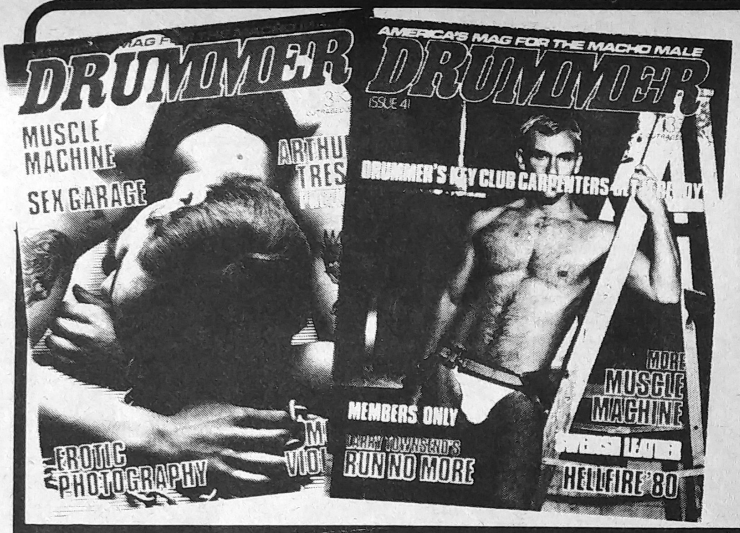
ROBERT: No. About *you*. About who you might have been. If you'd dreamed it, and then held out for it. *Fought* for it. Wanted it really bad.

ALLAN: Wanted what?

ROBERT: Anything. Any goddamned thing. Your own shop, for instance. You used to say you wanted a shop of your

own some day.
ALLAN: That stuff again... (Goes over to the coke.)
ROBERT: This isn't an attack. Everything you said is fair. And I... I thank you for it. In fact, I should be thinking about getting home. Be dawn soon....How many dawns have we seen through these windows...? Go home and get a little rest among the boxes. I have to catch a plane... today, I guess, tonight. ...Do you ever wonder what you might have been?
ALLAN: I don't need this.
ROBERT: You were right before. I'm afraid. I'm afraid a lot. And at the time, there are all these things I want to do in my life.
ALLAN: As you wander through it.
ROBERT: Alright, I deserve that.
ALLAN: You live in a magic world, Robert. Life isn't like that. You call and say you can't make it to a dinner, because you're painting. Well that's one thing. I even got used to that. But telling me you're moving to Washington in two months, that's a little different.
ROBERT: I had a chance to work there... And I... had to get away. See new things. I *need* to see new things in order to work.
ALLAN: And I could have come along. And lived with you on the floor in some filthy studio in some filthy ghetto.
ROBERT: At least I asked...
ALLAN: Just quit my job and go wandering off with you, looking for truth or justice or some goddamned thing. Let me ask you: Are you crazy? Who? What kind of person do you expect to find, who'll put up with that? It's impossible. *You're* impossible! He'll have two choices. He can follow you from one slum to another across the nation, while you cast pearls before the people. Or he can sit around alone for 6 months at a shot, waiting for you to drop by for a day or two. Who can do that?
ROBERT: (Very quiet, very aware.) Maybe no one. I've given it some thought. Maybe no one.
ALLAN: I hope, for your sake, that you keep dreaming. That you never wake up. You'll be shocked.
ROBERT: Me and my dreams... I like that. I have a new dream now. I'm working on a whole new idea. And I'm not hoping some wealthy patron, some rich lady with a summer home to furnish, will wander into the studio and *discover* me, you know? I'm dreaming for the sake of dreaming. I'm painting faces. Just faces, real faces, real carefully drafted. Against white. Nothing fancy... I get those faces everywhere. In the street, on the bus. A lot of them I get out of the bars. I go there and I sit. I pick a face and try to memorize it. I look very closely and try to get a sense of who they are... from their face. I memorize them, and then I go home and draw them. Some are foolish or afraid. Some happy and simple, some hurt and broken. Given up.... It's a very hard thing to do, to look at faces that closely and think about them. And what I'm seeing is how much we're all the same, and how we're under the same gun... I can't explain it...
ALLAN: Don't bother to try...
ROBERT: No. I mean it. Take your good Mrs. Lennox and her painting. The one she liked so much. The swan in the armchair and the lion on the lawn in the moonlight. She doesn't know it, she'd never think it, but she's a lot like my students on 7th Street. They have a lot in common. They come from homes where there's no hope or light or permanence, where babies die and girls whore and boys waste away, all the time, left and right, from drugs. And in the whole place, everywhere, there's this sense, this feeling, that something's about to happen. That some disaster is just around the corner. Like some animal, crouched in the next doorway, roaring. You can hear it! You can't see it, but you can hear it!
ALLAN: Here we go again. The poor and the oppressed of the world!
ROBERT: No! That's not it! Just one more thing! Mrs. Lennox. That painting she likes. It's the same! She's the same! She sits among her art and her trust funds and her farms in California, but it doesn't save her! Whatever it is we're all subject to, creeps toward her. Whether she's at Gull Lake or Cozumel, death and meaninglessness creep toward her. That's what the painting was. *Her* lion is *her* garden, coming for her. Just like my kids can hear theirs coming for them.
ALLAN: I don't know about that, I don't even *want* to know about that.
ROBERT: I used to hear it hear, that roaring. I used to hear it hear.
ALLAN: Fuck you! I have a *right* to a life, a small decent life of some kind. With a few nice things in it. That's all. All this talk. You talk so goddamned good. I loved you. I'm not a saint. I can't keep up. I can't live on bread and water. I put up with the paint stains and the late hours, because I loved you! Why do you want to make me feel bad? I asked you for one, small, honest relationship, that would last until one of us died. What's *wrong* with that? Why is everything wrong with you? Always wrong! *I'm* wrong!
(Very quiet, almost tired.) I wish you would come back. I smell you. I feel you in the room. I still love you.
(A pause)
That 's what you came to hear, isn't it? And now you'll go away a year, maybe two, and then just show up again. Right?
ROBERT: No.
ALLAN: And never mind how I have to live from day to day until then.
ROBERT:)No. I mean it. It's not fair. To you. Forget everything.
ALLAN: Please leave.
ROBERT: Yeah... I didn't mean to stay this long. Keep the rest of the coke. It's yours. (He gets up.)
ALLAN: Don't write.
ROBERT: Ok. It's only fair. I wish there was some way I could make it up to you. Make you see it my way...
ALLAN: Don't try.
ROBERT: That feather earring. Is it really gone? My friend Benji... the dancer, sent it to me from Paris. I had it before I knew you. I...
ALLAN: I told you. It reminded me of you. As long as it was here, you were here.
ROBERT: Ok.
ALLAN: Please leave.
ROBERT: Goodbye Allan. Want to shake?
ALLAN: No.
ROBERT: (Hesitating, then deciding.) Goodbye. (Lets himself out the door.)
(Allen sits a momonent, then gets up, goes to the armoire, opens it, takes out a record. Puts it on. It is Handel's *Watermusic*. Goes to the clock, reaches up on its top, feeling carefully. Takes down a green and red feather, about 3 inches long. Returns to the desk. Sets the feather down carefully in the center of the desk. Sits in the chair. Slowly moving the feather with his finger. After a moment lights fade to black.) ◻





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Robert Mapplethorpe
Two versions in Boston

The recent Robert Mapplethorpe show at Vision Gallery (216 Newbury St., Boston) raises some serious questions about the validity of showing gay art in mainstream galleries.

The gallery hosted what was in reality two shows: a 25 image collecton of photographs on the walls, and a collection of erotic images that were only available for private viewing. The reason for two shows? Obviously Boston and the Vision Gallery felt that some Mapplethorpe was more than the public could or should bare. What does that say about the credibility of Mapplethorpe as a photographer—if the gallery is to be one of the deciding factors? To show Mapplethorpe at all is to give him some validity. To censor the images that will be shown is to say, in essence, some of Mapplethorpe is art and some is not—or is something else, since the gallery did make the work available, if under controlled conditions. Since the images that were not on the wall were images concerned with sexuality, it appears the gallery is saying that these images are other than art. Pornographic, maybe?

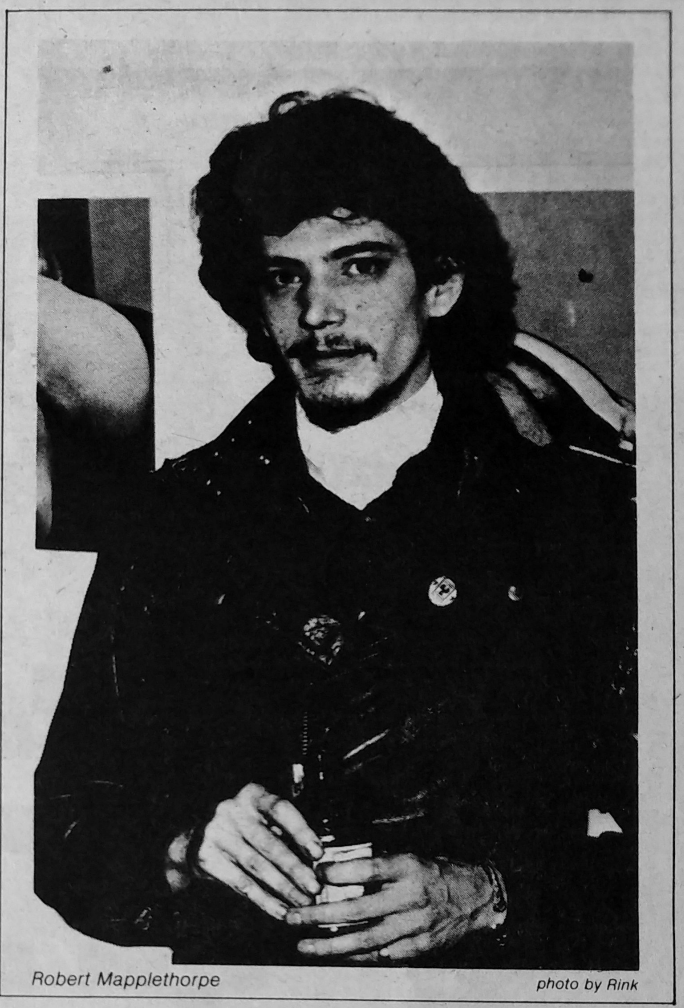
It could just be chalked up to a touch of bad taste on the part of the gallery to divide the show as such, or censor it, were it not for the lack of validity given homosexual artistic expression by the mainstream. The reaction to this lack of prestige and accessibility has been for the gay community to establish its own art centers and courses—evident in the flowering of gay art galleries and gay art spaces in most major American cities. A longterm result of separatist art practices should be that eventually the mainstream would recognize their discrimination and perhaps, slowly at first, envelope the gay art sensibility and gay artists back into the marketplace.

Some galleries have indeed done that. Mapplethorpe was shown at Lawson de Celle in San Francisco, a gallery not at all known for gay exhibitions, without restraint. But that may be in part to San Francisco's tolerance of artistic vision, as a city—and the lack of same in Boston. Regardless of geography, what happens when one gallery decides to show 'some' art in the backroom is that other galleries follow suit. Soon, what few upfront gay artists are being shown in non-gay art spaces will be showing still lifes and landscapes.

Closet Exhibit takes on a new meaning: what is being shown in the gallery bares little relationship to the artist's vision, which is home in the closet.

Perhaps gay art should not, by choice, be shown in mainstream gallery spaces. There is no real law that says art exists only at the whim of the gallery-row artistocrat.

—Hannes Cole

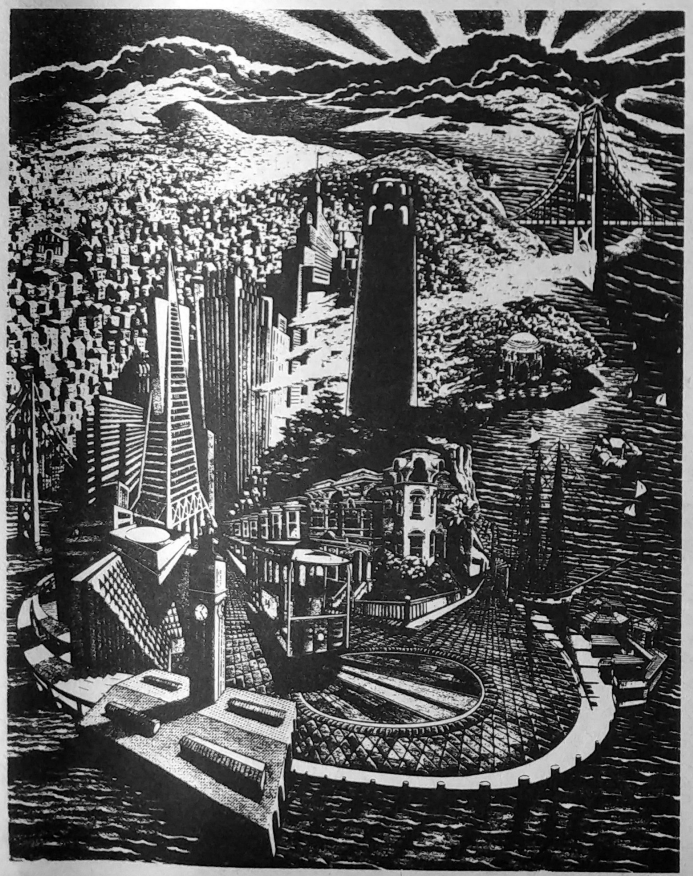


Robert Mapplethorpe *photo by Rink*

BuzZa and Buttner

San Francisco artist BuzZa and midwest artist Billy Buttner will inaugurate a series of art shows at The Drummer Club in San Francisco.

BuzZa's commercial work has received international attention. His popular note cards and tee-shirt designs have become



Left: San Francisco by BuzZa; Below: Cowboys by Billy Buttner



part of the city he now calls home. His highly-charged erotic work has only recently been shown to the public, and the reaction has been as highly-charged as the art. BuzZa moves between creating erotica that transcends mere human possibilities and documenting specific sexual fetishes with a surrealistic devotion.

Billy Buttner is a paradox. A real life rodeo rider that calls no single place home, yet manages to balance his professional life with his art. The world of Buttner is the behind-the-scenes world of the national rodeos, where the competition starts at the crotch. His earthy, primitive pencil style is both inherent to the immediacy of the subjects and an immediacy of execution. Buttner's work has never been seen by the public.

The two-man show opens December 5 and continues until December 18, 1980.

The Drummer Club is located at 278 Eleventh Street in San Francisco. (415) 431-4755.

George Segal Sculpture

A bit of news for fanciers of the proposed George Segal sculpture project in Christopher Park at Sheridan Square in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. Under pressure from gay rights leaders and their supporters, Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein endorsed the project originated by the Mariposa Foundation.

Opinions over both the nature of the sculpture proposed, and the concept of having a statue dedicated to gay liberation, have been vocal and polarized.

The sculpture, a park bench, would feature two sets of couples, one male pair and one female pair. The intention of the sculpture is to commemorate the gay liberation movement's contemporary beginnings in New York.

A number of political figures have already voiced their favor of the proposed sculpture, including Bella Abzug, Midge Constanza, all of Manhattan's Council Members and Council President Carol Bellamy.

A letter to Andrew Stein was signed by a number of gay leaders and urged his support for the project. In turn, Mr. Stein wrote to the Chairman of the Landmarks Preservation Commission noting that the Community Board for the area affected had voted 24-9 in favor of the sculpture, and adding his name as supporter.



Alexander Extended

The Greek-originated exhibit of artifacts from the era of Alexander The Great (356-323 BC) that is scheduled to tour a number of American museums has been extended to include The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. The exhibit, which starts in Washington DC at the National Gallery of Art (through April 5, 1981) will be seen in Chicago (May 16 through September 7, 1981), Boston (October 23, 1981 through January 10, 1982), San Francisco (February 19 through May 16, 1982) and end with the New York exhibition in the fall of 1982.

The exhibit contains over 100 pieces of art that trace the life of the famous military leader and the Hellenistic era he introduced. The artifacts in the show have never been seen outside Greece.

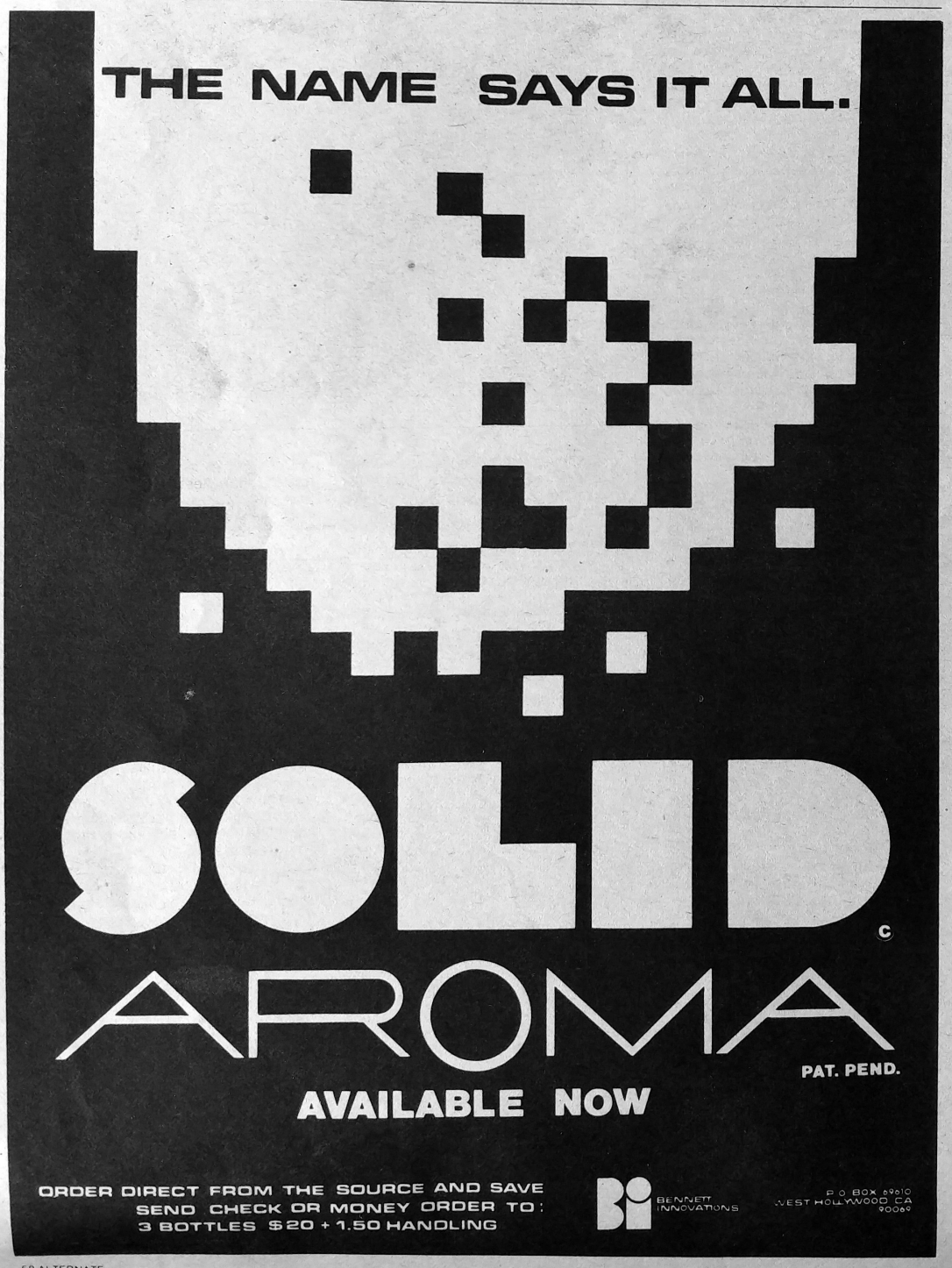
Gay Art Seminar

The Hibbs Gallery and Visual Arts Center in New York is planning a seminar in February and March of 1981 titled *A Continuing Aesthetic: Gay and Lesbian Art in the 80s.*

The series will be presented at the gallery on six consecutive Tuesday evenings.

James Saslow will open the series with an examination of gay art and its place in the world. Lou Weingarten (of Stompers Gallery) will host the seminar on Erotic Art. Dennis Cordell is scheduled to lead the section on gay male artists, and Sandra DeSando will coordinate lesbian artists. A panel of art critics, journalists, academics and museum curators will discuss their roles as professionals in publicizing gay art and promoting public awareness of the value of gay art in the art mainstream. The final scheduled panel will be composed of gallery directors and art collectors, lead by Charles Leslie (Leslie-Lohman Gallery) discussing the economics of lesbian and gay art.

Details of public participation in the seminar and the final schedule of speakers and events can be obtained by writing: Hibbs Gallery/Visual Arts Center, 225 West 28th Street, New York, NY 10001, or calling (212) 947-3130.



A Genius for Sorrow

Peter Allen
BI-COASTAL
A&M Records

There is absolutely no question that my being a white middle-class 28-year-old gay American male is going to influence my tastes and my reactions to the music I hear. And those tastes and reactions are, of course, going to come through in the reviews I write—a review is, after all, an opinion, a subjective evaluation. I have to wonder, some times, to what extent my 'gay consciousness' merely colors my reviews and to what extent it causes me to hear and interpret a particular piece of music or an album with a jaundiced ear—how much my own being gay leads me to hope for, seek out, and/or manufacture a 'gay identity' for a particular musician. How much, how often do I wrongfully impose my own gay sensibilities onto the work of a musical artist who may or may not be gay too?

This question arises now in particular as I sit down to write about Peter Allen's new album, *Bi-Coastal*. I refuse to engage in the pointless parlor game of guessing whether Peter Allen is queer; frankly, I don't really care, and knowing whether he is gay or not would certainly neither improve nor diminish my opinion of his music. Suffice it to say that, whatever his own sexuality, Peter Allen's music is often rife with images and circumstances and events that pervade the collective unconscious of gays and that gay men have come to think of as 'ours.'

For those who persist in piecing together the "clues" to Allen's sexuality (much like the "Paul Is Dead" cult who assumed and possibly even hoped that McCartney had croaked in accordance with the "clues" garnered from Beatles albums), *Bi-Coastal* should prove to be a veritable gold-mine of hoped-for clues. These range from subtle and yet recognizable nuances in such songs as "I Could Really Show You Around" to a rather forthright statement of bisexuality in the title song. And "Simon," the best cut on this splendid album, deals with a buddy situation that cannot be uncommon among gay men. But rather than argue that these songs define Allen's sexuality, I want to discuss what they say to and about all of *us*.

"I Could Really Show You Around" is the perfect come-on—almost like a sugar-daddy with unlimited resources and funds, the singer/narrator of this song makes wild promises of a hot time to a newcomer to the big city. Empty promises, it seems, for although "Calla lillies, cognac and Cadillacs/Caviar and coke and a charge at Sak's" are all alluring, a full, rich life they do not make. The singer/narrator's presumptuousness here, his self-satisfied assurance that his prey will be snared by promises of "all the parties we'll crash/With all the high class and all the trash," is what perturbs me about this otherwise upbeat, engaging song. Perhaps it is a sort of sympathy for the apparently younger, naive object of the singer/narrator's attention—a sort of sadness in knowing that far too many among us have fallen for similar visions of "Trips to the island, trips to the moon." On gossamer wings, no doubt.

The other side of this coin gets defaced in the song "Hit in the Heart." This song may, or may not, for that matter, be centered upon an S&M relationship. Even if it isn't, the images of leather/S&M are all there:

So you're all locked up in leather
When you'd rather be wearing lace
But you say you gotta look that way
To play against your pretty face

Here, the singer/narrator chastises and belittles his partner, accusing him of never being satisfied and, worse, of having pilched his way through the relationship:

Who's the one who always buys
you everything you see
Who's the one who bought you
your respectability
Who's the one who buys you
meals so you can eat for free

In this song, as in "I Could Really Show You Around," Allen examines the dangers of interpersonal relationships that are built upon the material rather than the spiritual/emotional. In the progression from the first to the second, the singer/narrator changes from seemingly good-hearted altruism to cruel, bitchy accusations of being used. (The songs, by the way, are not so arranged on the album, but their connection is evident.) I think that all one needs say here is, the Fire Island Syndrome strikes again.

The title song on this album, "Bi-Coastal," is on the surface just a rock hymn to the two coasts, a song of praise for New York City and the California coast. Not until the last few lines does this obstensibly just-for-fun song turn, possibly, into a statement, an almost-coming-out: "All those girls in TV movies, all those boys on broadway/When you can't make up your mind, you know you'd go either way." Suddenly the two Coasts become objective correlatives for opposite sexual preferences, resolved with Allen's asserting, "When both are so much fun, why do you have to pick one." Touche, Mr. Allen. A bit coy, but wittily done.

Of the five ballads on this album (and it has always seemed to me, on the basis of songs like "Don't Cry Outloud" and "I Could Have Been a Sailor," that Peter Allen's forte as a songwriter is writing mournful, haunting ballads), the finest is unquestionably "Simon," a touching portrait of a childhood friendship, almost of unrequited love. Allen looks back to his days of "crooked teeth and funny face," to his friendship with a boy named Simon with whom he shared "winding roads and endless walks," Simon's dreams, Simon's thoughts. It is the kind of youthful male pair-bonding, so common among gays (and deeply reminiscent of a high school and college friendship for this writer) in which one of the two men becomes emotionally dependent upon the other's friendship, while the other seems somehow unaware of the significance of the attachment. (I hope you'll read this, Fred.)

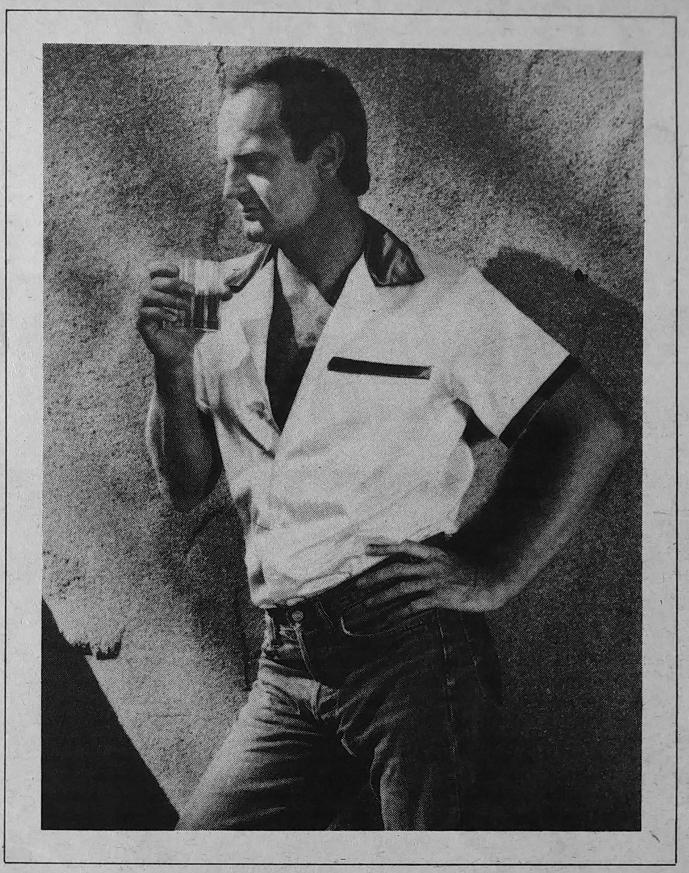
So it didn't hurt to have no
friends
'cause I pinned all my hopes on
him
When he'd call I'd come,
I'd never let him down
So I grew so straight and tall
Never had a doubt at all
that Simon would be there
Forever and ever

But things don't work that way, do they? Instead,

Got a call from him today
Seems that Simon's run away
To wed the only girl he ever
loved
He just called to tell me so
'cause I'm his dearest friend,
you know

Yes, Peter, we all know. And despite the potential for bitterness, for hostility springing from frustration, we understand why you can still say, "Simon was kind to me."

The remainder of this album is equally good: the up-tempo rockers do just that, the ballads genuinely move, and throughout Allen's wit and talent for turning a sophisticated line or two shines. There is nothing on this album that is not pleasant to listen to, and most of it is quite a treat indeed.



And so I have written about Peter Allen without trying to guess his sexual orientation. There are, without question, it seems to me, enough identifiably gay themes and images in this album to enable it to speak to the hearts and minds of us all. And that, after all, is far more important than Allen's sexuality. Who cares? As long as he continues producing albums as entertaining and as touching as *Bi-Coastal*, who cares?

—by Hank Trout

Beyond Crotch Politics

NATIONAL MARCH ON WASHINGTON
Magnus Records

There are a couple reasons you should go out and buy this record. After the Stonewall Riots, which couldn't have been documented, the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights is the single most important event in contemporary gay history. While gays of the last decade have been witness to any number of extraordinary milestones, the 1979 march to the nation's capitol still represents a public presence that may well never be surpassed.

Ignored, for the most part, by the national media, the march must be compared to Woodstock and the height of the anti-war demonstrations of the 1970's. A quarter of a million gay men and women either traveled to or joined in for a single day that attempted to put the nation on notice that they were deadly serious about their civil rights. A quarter of a million gays only represents a fraction of the gays in the country, and Washington knew it.

Like much of gay history, the non-gay establishment has attempted to diffuse and suppress even this singular event. The police, usually assigned the task of counting heads at demonstrations—when they aren't busting them—set the total turnout much, much lower. The national media gave the day no more than 45 seconds of air time. The local news affiliates ignored, for the most part, the entire event.

The Magnus Records album is a patchwork of sound pictures. One side is devoted to the Gay Freedom Train, which traveled across the country with a group of gay speakers and demonstrators holding rallies in big cities and small towns. The other side is the day of the march itself, including excerpts from speeches, conversations with the marchers, music, singing, laughter, and history in the making. It is an overwhelming experience just to listen to the voices of that day—now already a year in the past.

To succeed, a documentary must make you feel a part of the subject being archived. There is, without question, a sense of involvement here for every gay man and woman; regardless of politics; regardless of personal priorities; regardless of race; regardless of economics; regardless of geography.

A number of well known gay people are a part of this album: Robin Tyler, Tom Robinson, Allen Ginsberg, Mary Watkins, Kate Millet, Troy Perry. A larger number of individual and collective unknown voices are also a part of it, and the combination is breathtaking.

This is really something of which to be proud.

—Michael Ross

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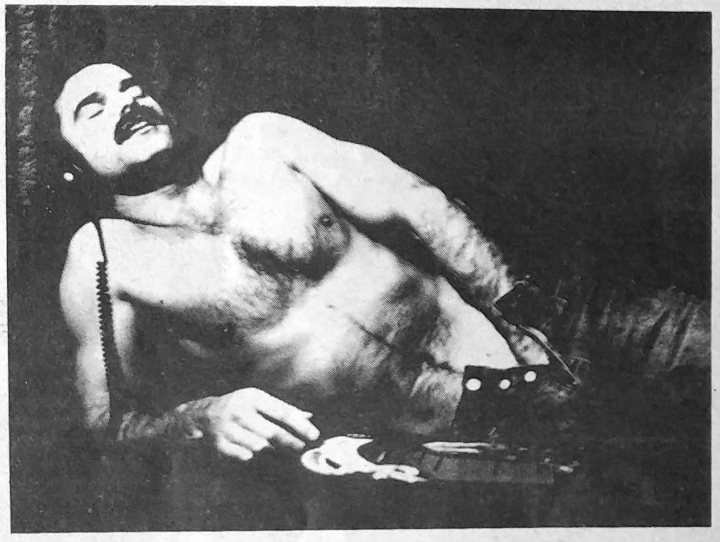

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The Violence in Her Head

Hazel O'Connor
BREAKING GLASS
A&M Records

If you've been waiting for a major musical voice to come out of the punk/new wave movement—the wait may be over. The indications from *Breaking Glass*, a soundtrack album from the English film of the same name, are that Hazel O'Connor may be at the vanguard of a commercial breakthrough for the anti-commercial punk movement and the visionary new wave movement. Unlike her peers Devo, Blondie and The Clash, O'Connor comes from pure entertainment braced with the social protest. The former will be, in an industry that is capable of capitalizing on anything, the attribute that allows her a public accessibility paramount to effect musical change. The latter, her social protest, embodied in every line of her laser-clear lyrics is the change itself.

How does this seeming dichotomy exist? It has since the first record company pressed the first folk song, the first jazz solo, the first blues ballad. The anti-corporation sentiment of the punk movement is self-defeating, at best. It is the corporate entity that allows social change—especially the change available through music (witness the rock, acid-rock, counter-culture generation that made so many people rich so quickly on both sides of the fence).

O'Connor is a political musician. Each song, each sentiment reeks with distaste for the superstructure of contemporary social mores. It can be prophetic, as in *Writing On the Wall*:

Life I'm told's a compromise
lethargy in disguise
excuses by the faint of heart
stuck in the mud before they start...

or anarchistic, as in *Big Brother*:

Dear, you're just a robot with a job to do
And when your use is exhausted they'll be rid of you—
as soon as look at you

or the civil protest of bureaucracy, of nuclear disaster, of modern technology's insensitivity to humanity.

She is even capable of dissecting her own generation, in *Top of The Wheel*:

Smug little cliches that get up my nose
your hair dyed, fine clothes—all for the pose
Naked before you your cover is blown.
Here come the robots, the mindless, the clones...

O'Connor is an entertainer. She knows her material well (she wrote all the music and lyrics), knows her voice extremely well, and knows the effectiveness of rhythmic phrasing. But she has had the past decade for an instructor. You sense she has learned from Bowie, Joplin, The Doors, Dylan; that she has monitored the newest innovations in technorock and electronics. As a musician, she has brought all that together in her composition. From the daily newspapers—and her own struggle being a woman and musician—she has created the statements of her lyrics. But above all, Hazel O'Connor is an actress, and each song is a tour-de-force of her dramatic ability.

—*Michael Ross*

It Had to Happen...

Canya Phuckem and Howe
SLEEZE ATTACK
More Best Productions

There's one thing you can say for *Sleeze Attack*: it may not have the marketability of The Village People, but it's a hell of a lot more honest. This is strictly crotch rock, no illusions or allusions or metaphors necessary. And while we may just not be used to hearing songs about getting one's ass whipped, or cock rings, or orgies, or water sports—it has the same basic social integrity of American rock and roll, and it is musically as viable as a majority of the establishment pressings.

Canya Phuckem's voice is clear and contemporary. What lacks is strictly post-production studio mixing and sorting. The lyrics, very important to all of these songs, are clear and steady. While a lot of the lyrics are pedestrian, once again this has to be considered with the music of the 1950's (which is just what it is) and it falls comfortably into the genre: pat, succinct, honest.

Which is probably what keeps it from being a novelty.

—*Michael Ross*

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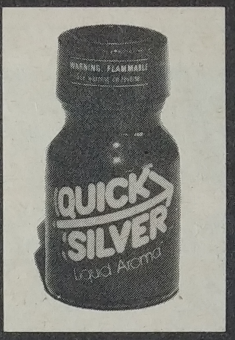



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Close Encounters of the Third Kind (The Special Edition) was to answer the musical question: What's behind the kitchen door?



Battle Beyond The Stars: Roger Corman's return to sub-tropical cinema was—you guessed it—a remake. But only one of many.

The Year in Pictures:
How we got the way we are

by John W. Rowberry

I'm afraid that 1979 was the vintage year for extraordinary films, not 1980. After the barage of sensory overload from Coppola, Bertolucci, Schlesinger, Oshima, et al, this year seems to be about as original as a retread tire. True, there have been a few exceptions: Midler's *Divine Madness* followed *The Rose* successfully giving the audience what they didn't get in the first film; Coppola proved himself the magician of innovation by co-producing Kurosawa's *Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)* that he heralded with 1979's *Apocalypse Now* and *The Black Stallion*. And the great European tradition in political films was kept alive with Michel Drach's *Le Pull-Over Rouge*. There was a new Roeg film, *Bad Timing*, proving that the darling of the avant garde was not yet passe; and Jean-Luc Goddard's *Every Man For Himself* was here to confuse anyone it didn't overwhelm.

But what about all those other films—the movies that play for two weeks in any town and are quietly buried in the distributor's steel vaults? The unfortunate thing about a lot of them was the very good actors and actresses and scripts they took with them to their graves.

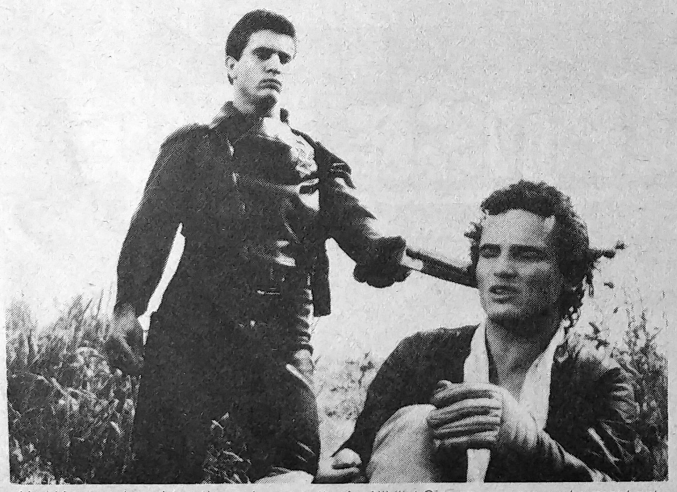
Jill Clayburgh, barely in one piece after an axe-job from American critics for her participation in Bertolucci's incesteous *Luna*, fell into a stereotypical girl-meets-boy-etc little potboiler with Michael Douglas (who had just finished turning audiences on with his co-starring role in *The China Syndrome*). *It's My Turn* is part of what may become the genre of this last decade—relationship movies. She plays a very smart mathematics teacher and he plays a major league baseball player with serious injuries. There's nothing new in this plot, and it's a rehash of a whole string of films like *Slow Dance in the Big City* (where she is a dancer with leg problems), *Ice Castles* (where she's a blind ice skater), or even that old veteran *Love Story* (where she just *dies*).

In relationship films we see two or more people involved in a relationship that has some internal problem. In 1979 an array of such films (*An Unmarried Woman, Starting Over,* and *Kramer Vs Kramer*) set the standard for such fare. *It's My Turn* is symptomatic of substandard construction. This year we were treated to every possible relationship problem known to Ann Landers. Along with *It's My Turn,* there was *Willie & Phil* (or his and hers and his), *Loving Couples* (which wasted Shirley MacLaine and James Coburn in an updated but insignificant version of *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*), Costa-Gavras' *Clare de Femme* (lovely but obtuse), and others highly forgettable.

The odd-couple movies took a nosedive: Dyan Cannon, last seen in a memorable *Heaven Can Wait* resurfaced in an old-couple/trucker parody called *Coast to Coast*. Co-star Robert Blake provided the straight man to forced humor in a meaningless tale of an escaped mental patient hitching a ride with a trucker on the lam from thugs trying to repo his rig for non-payment. Truck and car chase movies (because this one really tried to fall in both genres) seem to hit the screen faster than an exploding Pinto gas tank. And it's a formula that also seems to draw them in big at the drive-ins. Besides *Coast to Coast* there was yet another *Smokey and the Bandit* movie, and the biggest bash of them all, the Australian nihilist hit *Mad Max*. And those are just the mentionables.

But the oddest couple of all had to be Olivia Newton-John and Gene Kelly in *Xanadu*. Desperate to get unlocked from stereotyping, Olivia moved as far from the image of *Grease* as one could imagine—but to no avail. *Xanadu* couldn't find an audience. One good chase scene and it just might have played longer than *Coast to Coast*.

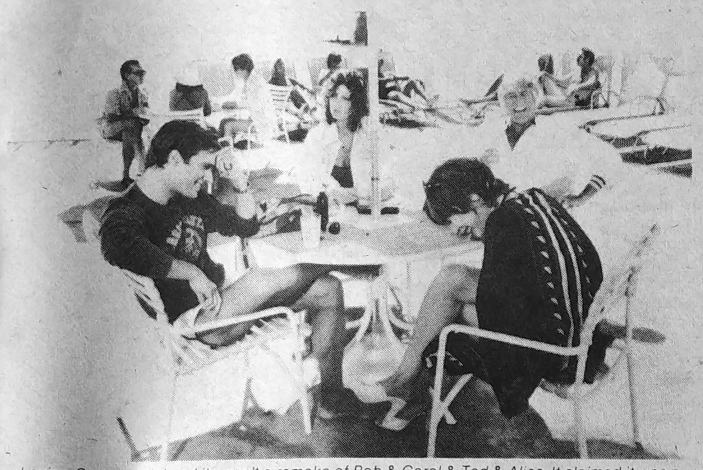
It can not be overlooked that 1979 was also the year of *Caligula*, the movie that posed the musical question: Just how far can you go before the censors shut you down? While *Caligula* was far from being



Mad Max may have been the real pace setter for Nihilist Cinema, a genre we have not get seen the last of...or the worst of.



The Canterbury Tales is timeless (about two hours) and humanistic (Pasolini again only used local waifs) and the middle of a trilogy.



Loving Couples claimed it wasn't a remake of Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice. It claimed it was a witty examination of urban sexuality.



Can't Stop The Music lost a lot of money. Alan Carr put all his eggs in five baskets (The Village People) and Bruce Jenner looked cute.

a great movie, and somewhat removed from even being a good movie; it did open up some of the taboos in filmmaking, even in these times. But the ruse that adding actors of international repute to a porno film and therefore making a silk purse just didn't sew with any of the establishment critics. The scandal over Gore Vidal's demand that his name be removed from the film only fanned the flames (because every seeker of prurient interest asked himself how Vidal could possible find anything that offended him). *Caligula* could have been a good film in the hands of another director. And it is my firm belief that film is a director's medium. Oshima was sexually graphic with *In The Realm of the Senses* (which was banned as pornographic in hometown Japan), Pasolini came extremely close with *Salo*, which has been called a masterpiece more times than not. So, ultimately, *Caligula* was no pace setter, rather further extrapolations on a theme. But it may signal a rash (heaven forbid) of big-budget, hard-core historical dramas.

The ultimate remake was Roger Corman's *Battle Beyond The Stars*. Roger Corman became a cult director for a decade of low-budget, exploitation films about bikers, beach parties and teenage monsters. Even the great Coppola worked under his hand, lo, many years ago. *Battle* is a remake of *The Magnificent Seven*, which was itself a remake of Kurosawa's *The Seven Samurai*. Corman managed to snare a number of people for this space epic that we haven't seen lately: John Saxon, Robert Vaughn, and George Peppard. But you shouldn't fret if you missed *Battle*, there'll be another Corman movie out in a year or so.

Re-teaming doesn't always work, either—witness *Hopscotch*, a psuedo-spy thriller-spoof that rematched Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson from *House Calls*. It's a little difficult to understand why or how Ms. Jackson is in this movie, where she gets second-billing yet hardly appears, nor plays a character important to the plot.

Re-issues can be problem children. Take the case of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind Special Edition*. While it was very decent of Columbia to give Steven Spielberg additional money for him to finish filming his masterpiece of alien encounter after the film had proved itself a boffo box office bonanza—the public just didn't cotton to repaying top dollar to see the missing 20 minutes. To a movie-going public already stuffed with inferior sequels and spin-offs from very popular films, there was a great misunderstanding about what they were seeing. The film is indeed all the better in its current version, but perhaps too late.

Which brings us right up to *Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back*. George Lucas obviously knew the secret for making a sequel film based on a runaway hit, retain the daring of the original, but be different. *Empire* is very different from *Star Wars*, literally. The same heroic characters appear, plus the necessary new characters to keep the plot moving. The acting level is similar. While *Empire* does seem fused with some great secret philosophical message that *Star Wars* lacked, that too may be counted as plot structure. Since Lucas is really making a nine-part film cycle (these two films are parts 4 and 5, respectfully), it will be some time before the new elements of mysticism rampant in *Empire* can be attributed to Lucas' own needs for a god persona or something inherent to the final story.

It really shouldn't have been much of a surprise that Woody Allen would ultimately make a film about how little he likes himself. *Stardust Memories*, yet another demi-docu in the style of *Manhattan* and *Annie Hall*, is self-flagelation being touted as entertainment. Not all films have to entertain, some films can inform, amuse, or just emotionally affect the audience. But films should do something *for* the audience. *Stardust Memories* is the final insult to Allen's patron saint, Igmar Bergman. Bergman created devastating cinema by letting audiences examine the interior of human expression from a reliable perspective. Allen has tried to pull off the same by opening his mouth and inserting the camera.

We were hyped so much for so long by Allan Carr for his $14 million dollar tribute to pre-gay adolscence, *Can't Stop The Music*, that the tribute to Busby Berkeley couldn't help but pale by comparison. Carr proved for once and for all that regardless of how many gala openings you give, regardless what idols of the Olympics you use, regardless how much

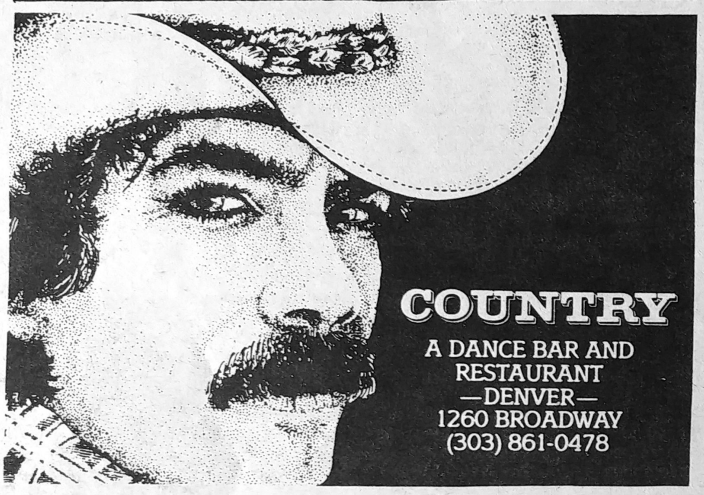


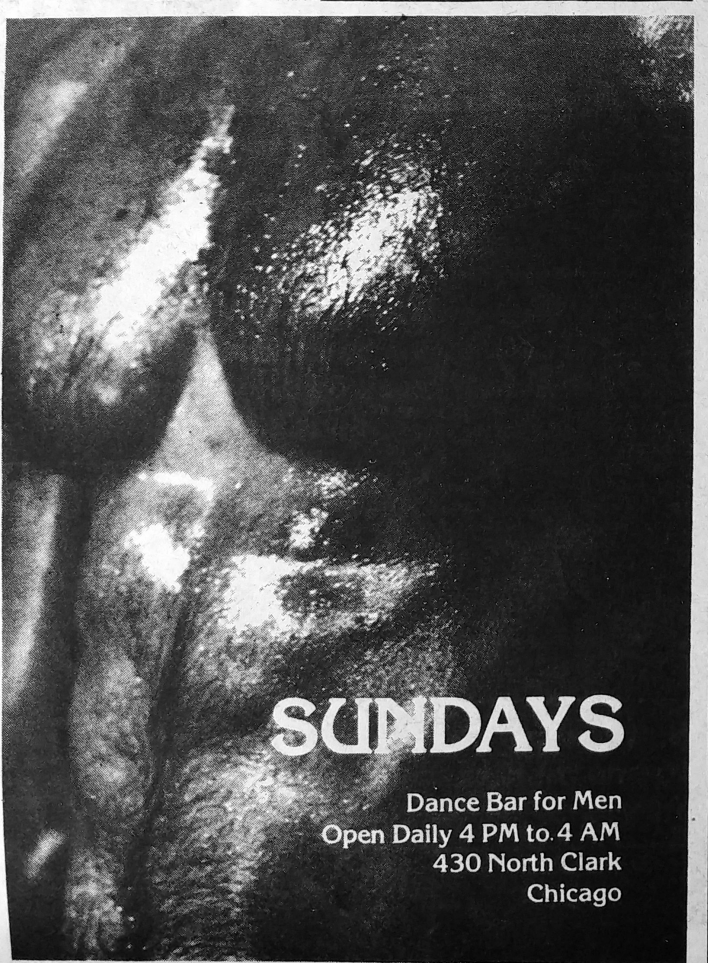
Caligula explored every sexual theme known to man, including incest and necrophilia, something audiences have been curious about for a long time.



The Big Red One either had too short a fuse, too little dynamite, too long a fuse, too much water in the dynamite...or something.







you sterilize it, the gay sensibility that is known as 'camp' can't be co-opted for the bubble gum crowd. It didn't help that on top of bad taste he worked with a useless script and cast Nancy Walker as director, providing an un-scapable scapegoat (who's going to trash Nancy Walker, it's like hitting your grandmother with a frying pan). *Can't Stop The Music* came on like a giant-sized, all-new plastic toy in brightly-colored cellophane drag—but batteries were not included.

The controversial 'little' film this year was Brian De Palma's *Dressed To Kill*, a remake of parts of *Carrie*, parts of *Psycho*, parts of *Rear Window*, and even parts of *The Laughing Policeman*. The only thing original about it was the great debate that arose (and continues) over the art of the film by the top six, seven or eight national film critics and Pauline Kael. De Palma managed in films like *Carrie* and *The Fury* to make superb point of view suspense films that were as realistic as they were fantastic (the last moments of *Carrie* are so unpredictable that the audience swallowed it up hook, line and brimstone). *The Fury* managed where similar themes and structures like *The Omen Part 2* and *The Exorcist Part 2* failed. But *Dressed To Kill*, the old ploy of the transsexual/transvestite couldn't survive even under De Palma's eerie mise en scene.

Two films were period pieces that failed to create the detachment necessary for a contemporary audience. *The Great Santini* turned into a middle-class *Joe*, with a central character you could freely hate. It was a 60's film that seemed to have been made then—no lessons learned from the interim two decades. *The Big Red One* failed on two counts: this WW2 tribute to the milk of human kindness in even the dumbest dog-faced soldier came out after the great war films of the current era (*Apocylpse Now, Coming Home, Who'll Stop the Rain?*) and was deeply lacking in experience-innovation, and couldn't capture a nostalgia from the now-older veterans of the war in question. In about twenty years, Samuel Fuller's *The Big Red One* may play with the same impact that Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun* did during the Viet Nam war.

Micael Cimino's $34 million dollar opus of the old west, *Heaven's Gate*, has been pulled from theatres after a massive critic-panning so that the director can re-edit the film. Cimino, whose tribute to the Pentagon, *The Deer Huner*, managed to make the Hollywood Film community feel guilty enough to name it Best Picture of 1979, is perhaps too soon being touted as the next Coppola. The danger being that the current Coppola obviously isn't finished yet.

The non-American cinema fares only slightly better. While the U.S. cache is composed of gems like *The Elephant Man, Ordinary People, Divine Madness, Nine To Five*, and *The Empire Strikes Back*; the problem with foreign films is that you don't always see them in the year they come out. Sometimes they aren't seen here for a number of years—and some are only seen in art houses or on college campuses. Pasolini's *Canterbury Tales* is finally making the rounds of U.S. cities, while we have already seen his final film, *Salo*—and have yet to see *Arabian Nights*. So the '79 crop is less timely.

The Germans have continued to export a cargo of new wave cinema—the work of Fassbinder, Herzog, Winder et al the other dark deutch. Herzog's *Nosferatu* may be the absolute final film about vampires possible; since the famous director has gone back to the source of all vampire cinema and, in essence, remade the original. But *Nosferatu*, with it's unhuman look, furthered the familarity of Bruno Ganz to American audiences—a German actor that has had a lion's share of sterling performances: Petersen's *Black and White Like Day and Night* (still unseen on these shores), Reinhard Hauff's *Knife in the Head*, and Jean-Francois Adam's *Le Retour a La Bien Aimee* (also awaiting American distribution). Bruno Ganz is an actor that is making the transition to American audience appeal. American viewers took to him handily as the scientist in *The Boys From Brazil* two years ago.

Fassbinder's *In A Year With Thirteen Moons* put more people to sleep than an overdose of Nytol. While Ithis exhausting examination of the last four days in the life of a transsexual contained some extraordinary images and montages, the pacing had the viewer anxious for the obligatory suicide scene. His first political film, *The Third Generation*, is too close to call—and may be considered a 1981 film when it finally gets here.

Laura Antonelli is another box-office hit from the foreign cinema. Her appearances in Visconti's *The Innocent* with Giancarlo Giannini, and her enchanting work in *Wifemistress* only hinted at a comic ability that surfaced in *Till Marriage Do Us Part* with the bravura of an Italian Goldie Hawn. Antonelli's physical beauty aside (because it can be assumed that part of these films' success was due to her abandon for disrobing with abandon), she has demonstrated ingrained acting abilities that foretell a place in the international film community. Perhaps, because *Till Marriage* just didn't play here long enough to get much attention.

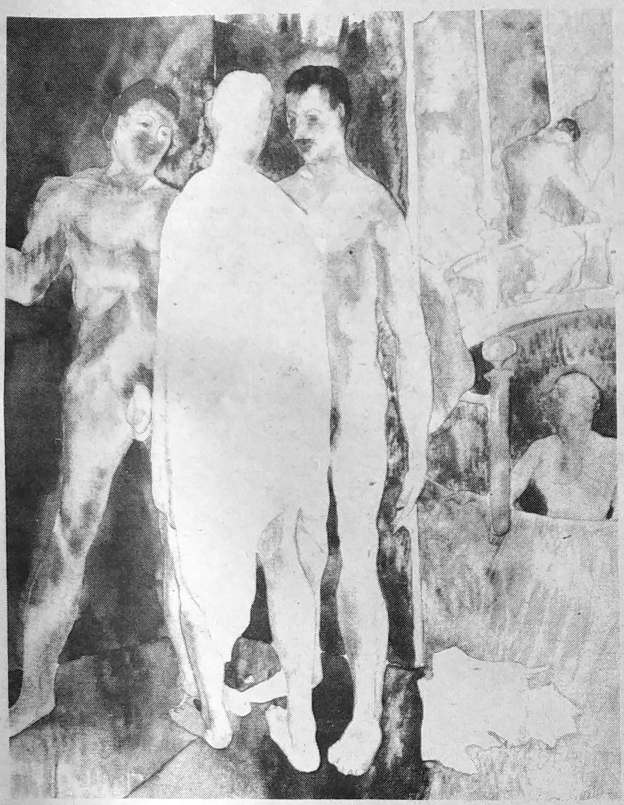
Italian actor Michele Placido, who played the bawdy chauffeur in *Till Marriage Do Us Part*, made his return to American screens in Salvatore Samperi's daring homosexual film, *Ernesto*. Placido earned a Best Actor award at the 1979 Berlin Film Festival for his portrayal of a homosexual laborer in love with a sexually-ambigious but socially-orientated young Italian boy. Placido has the ability to affect both sexes on a real gut level—his own sexuality notwithstanding. The same bedroom stare mixed with a tinge of the brute that he used on Antonelli was repeated towards his male object of affection in *Ernesto*. It's the look that crosses the gender lines.

Francois Truffaut, continuing his career as the 'serious' filmmaker of the bougsois, brought back Catherine Deneuve for his new film, *Le Dernier Metro*—a lush recreation of Paris during the Nazis. Jean-Luc Godard continued his reputation for examining the space between his characters (although this time in slow motion) in *Sauve Qui Peut...La Vie (Every Man for Himself)* in Godard's well-woven tale of people who keep changing their relationships.

Brazil's newest export, *Bye-Bye Brazil* (yes, Virginia, another South American folk tale with singing and dancing) turned out to be a South American folk tale with singing and dancing. The expectations for another *Black Orpheus* have yet to be realized.

Australia is being touted (along with Germany) as a country with a film industry close to affecting world cinema. Films like *Picnic at Hanging Rock, My Brillant Career, The Plumber*, and the newest discovery, *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* are being exhibited with dedicated enthuiasm only matched by peerless mainstream reviews. While *My Brillant Career* and *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith* are indeed films with clearly defined visions, the bulk of Australian cinema resembles more and more the directions of American cinema in the 1960s. But the appeal of a cinema from a pioneer nation to a former pioneer nation are obvous—and what we are being given back is what has been learned from John Houston, Howard Hawkes, and John Ford.

While a number of American films are being held for Christmas release, and a number of foreign films are still waiting in line for import—the final analysis may probably be that this was the year of *Used Cars, Caddyshack* and *Airplane*—the year when the sit com finally made its way onto the big screen. □



Above: Turkish Bath by Charles Demuth. Below: Health & Strength No. 2 by Volker Stoecks.



Erotica Revealed

Twentieth-Century Masters of Erotic Art by Bradley Smith; Crown; 1980; 224 pages, 163 color illustrations; $30.

Bradley Smith and Edward Lucie-Smith, while unrelated, are the leading authorities on contemporary erotic art in the known world. Their approaches are very different, but between them they have managed to capture the range of erotica in what can only be assumed is a definitive grasp.

Edward tends toward the specific. His current book of art history, Art in the Seventies, is not aimed at erotica per se—but the influence (and the chapters where he deals with the erotic as genre) permeate this entertaining overview.

Bradley rather looks at the thrust of erotica in the whole of the current age, deciding at what time and place he will begin his assessment and carrying it as close to today as the rigors of publishing can allow.

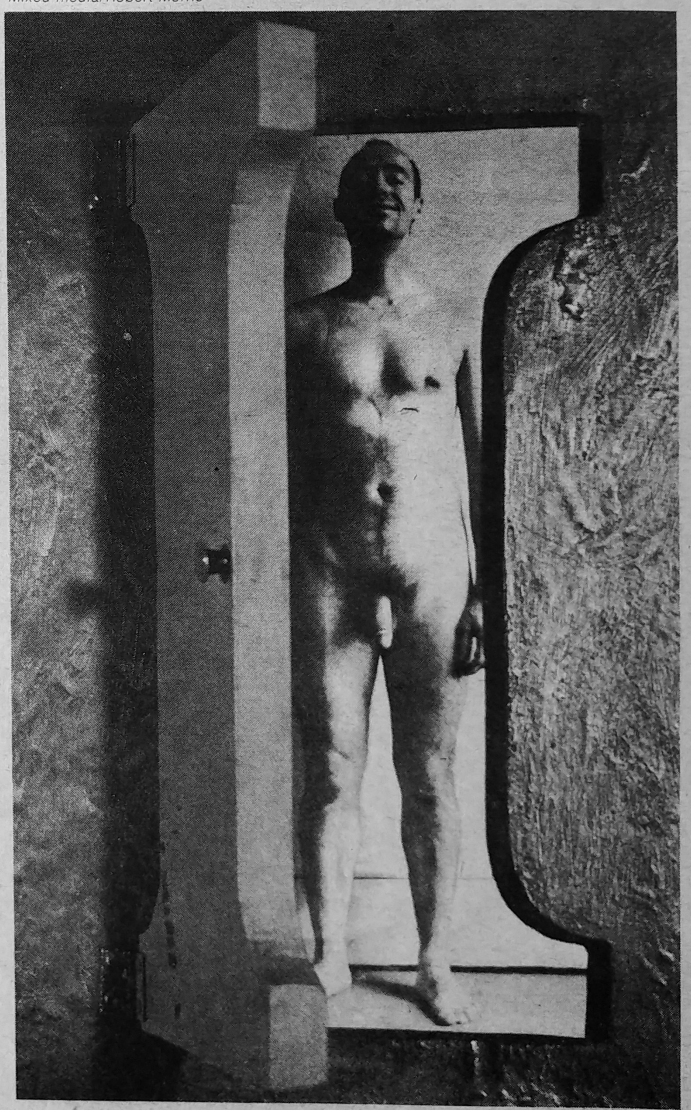
To readers who have experienced only historic erotica (most likely via the more santizied old masters and the publications of the ex-San Francisco Museum of Erotic Art) will be impressed by the variety of artists Bradley Smith has collected for his latest volume. Besides the well-known Picasso and Dali works, and the almost-as-well-known Larry Rivers pieces, erotic art by erotic author D.H. Lawrence will emerge as a rare find, as will Calder's bright assemblage of male nudes.

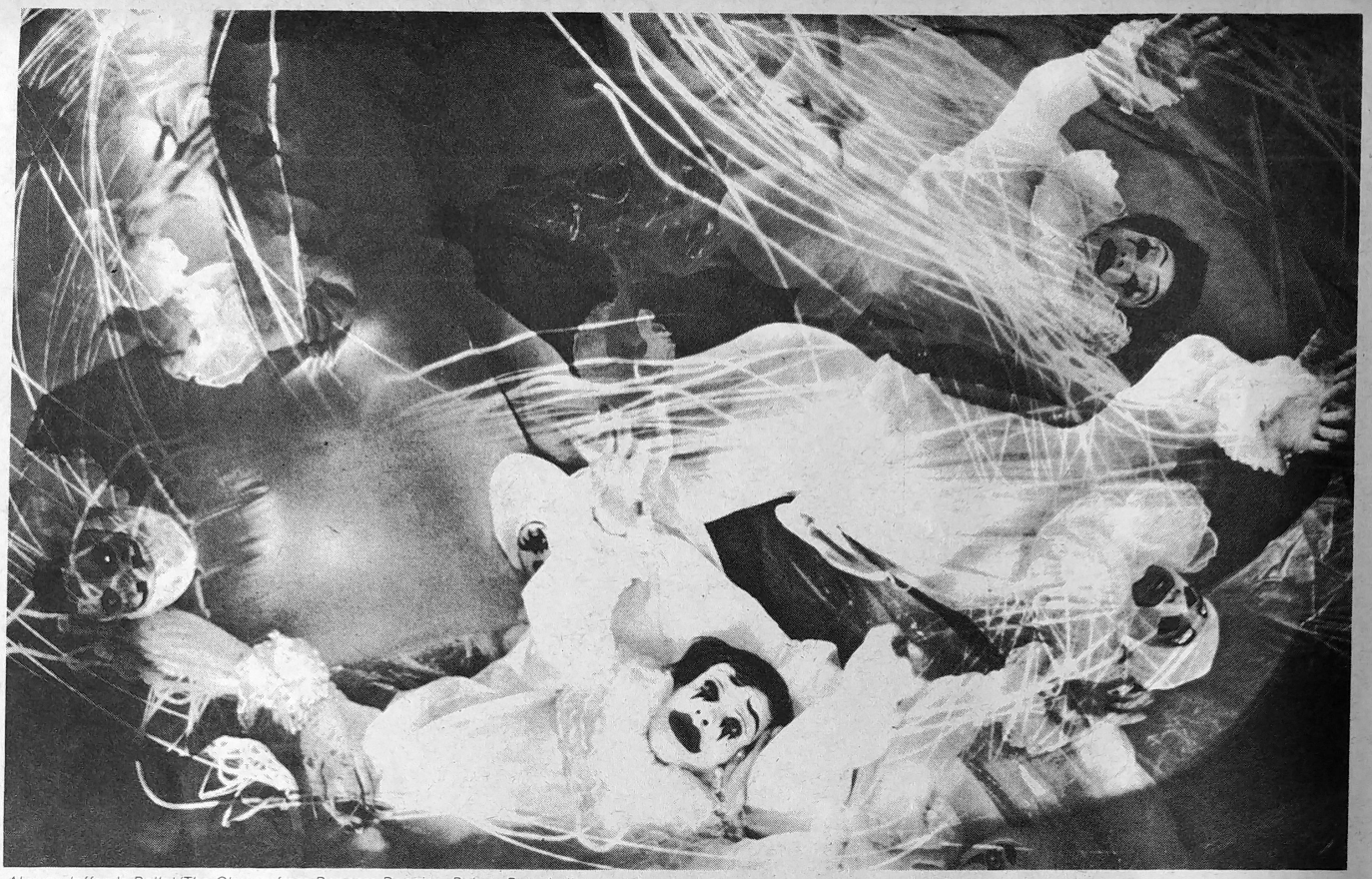
Warhol's nude torsos are well balanced by work from Ernst, Gross, and a host of lesser known (to the general public) established artists.

One of the most rewarding aspects of *Twentieth Century Masters* is the use of color reproduction throughout. The fine Italian color printing and the attention to the bookss physical construction sets this volume above the more mass-produced erotic art collections.

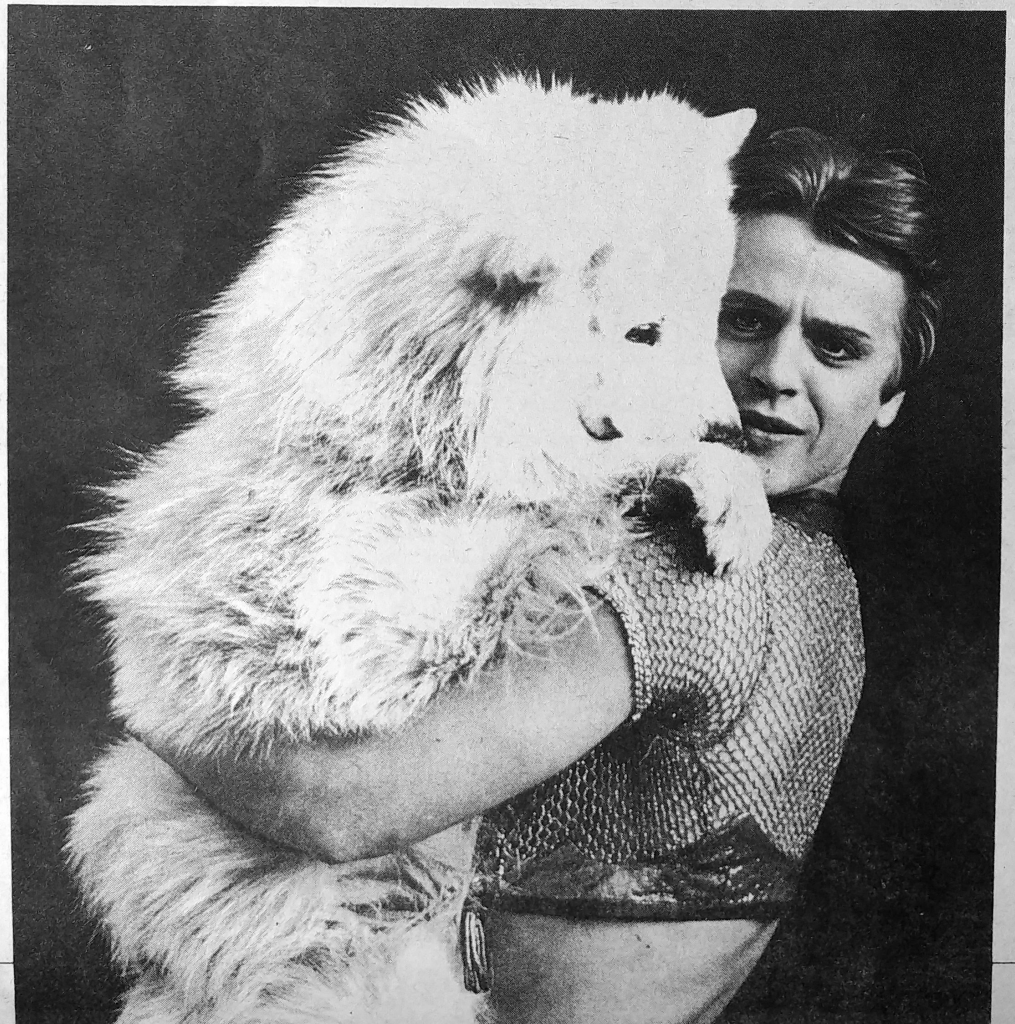
—Charles R. Musgrave

Mixed-media/Robert Morris





Above: Joffery's Ballet/The Clowns from Dancers Dancing. Below: Baryshnikov and Sam from Baryshnikov.



Beyond the Stage

Baryshnikov; Harry N. Abrams; 1980; Oversized paperback; 64 pages; $12.95
Dancers Dancing by Herbert Migdoll; Abrams; 1980; Oversized paperback; 64 pages; $12.50

As a publisher, Harry N. Abrams has been known for decades as the producer of detailed, faithful volumes of art reproduction, both by individual artists and historic collections. In fact, Abrams' books are the original coffee-table volumes. The lavish presentations are well-constructed; the reproductions usually flawless and true to the originals.

Part of Abrams' new line is a series of oversized paperbacks with an unusual attention to paper and binding. Each of these first volumes is printed on extra-heavy weight paper, tightly bound, with durable covers. Their size is an impressive 11" by 16", a bookshelf nightmare but a coffee-table jewel.

Baryshnikov is an unabashed love offering to what may well become the greatest male ballet dancer in history. Each color image on the giant pages resembles a salon print photograph, capturing the Russian-born dancer in some

of his best known roles; and in a couple instances, off stage. Fans of the dancer can only delight in what must be considered a fanzine raised to an art form.

The most familiar photos are by Martha Swope, who has produced another volume on Baryshnikov already, based on his well-received television special. But a number of the photos have never been seen before, and the format is so overwhelming that even the familiar takes on a new meaning.

Dancers Dancing is more akin to the creative uses of photography than the just-another-picture•book-of-dancers genre. Herbert Migdoll's portraits attempt to capture some element of the dance and the dancers well beyond the combinations of costume, movement, and lighting. Highly-charged experimental reproduction makes each of these images a singular examination of photography as art with the theme of the dance a motif more than an end unto itself.

But equally important, Migdoll has captured perhaps the 'soul' of the most innovative and daring dance companies of our times: Pilobolus—shown in the almost-alien physical constructions of Moses Pentleton; Luis Rivera's rapid-fire flamenco; Maurice Bejart's gravity-defying Ballet of the 20th Century; the imaginative methods of John Cranko; and the flawlessly skilled Joffrey Ballet.

Migdoll, who's theme is dancers per se, also looks at folk and belly dancing as part of his odessey.

Like the former volume, *Dancers Dancing* is more a portfolio of beautiful color images than a collection of ballet pictures.

—Charles R. Musgrave

Music for Chameleons: A Noble and Merciless Master

In the preface to *Music For Chameleons*, Truman Capote writes convincingly of the "cycles" his art has gone through since the time he began writing at age eight—a sort of *apologia pro vita sua* as a published artist: the early years of publishing short stories in literary quarterlies that culminated with the publication in 1948 of *Other Voices, Other Rooms;* the second cycle of experimenting with "almost every aspect of writing, attempting to conquer a variety of techniques, to achieve a technical virtuosity as strong and flexible as a fisherman's net," resulting in the collection of articles called *The Muses Are Heard* and the short novel *Breakfast at Tiffany's;* his third cycle of experimenting with the "journalistic novel, something on a large scale that would have the credibility of fact, the immediacy of film, the depth and freedom of prose, and the precision of poetry," an experiment that entailed great artistic risk and produced the "non-fiction novel": *In Cold Blood,* possibly the only genuinely "new" writing form to be created in this century.

Now into what he professes is "my fourth, and what I expect will be my final, cycle," Capote is again entrenched in risky experimentation, a period of attempting to draw at will upon all he has learned from writing film scripts, plays, reportage, poetry, short stories, novellas, novels—an attempt to gather "all his colors, all his abilities available on the same palette for mingling and, in suitable instances, simultaneous application." This cycle, which includes the work-in-progress *Answered Prayers* and the works contained in *Music For Chameleons,* may well be the cycle that will finally and irretreivably establish Capote as one of this century's most important writers.

Music For Chameleons is divided into three sections. The first consists of six pieces that may or may not be fiction. The question as to whether they are fiction or non-fiction arises from Capote's successfully combining the finely honed techniques he has acquired from writing various forms: the journalist's placing himself at the center of the narration to lend immediacy and credibility to the action: the dramatist's acute ear for nuances of conversational dialogue; the poet's skill for selecting just those images and details that create the desired effect. The first piece is an almost eerie portrait

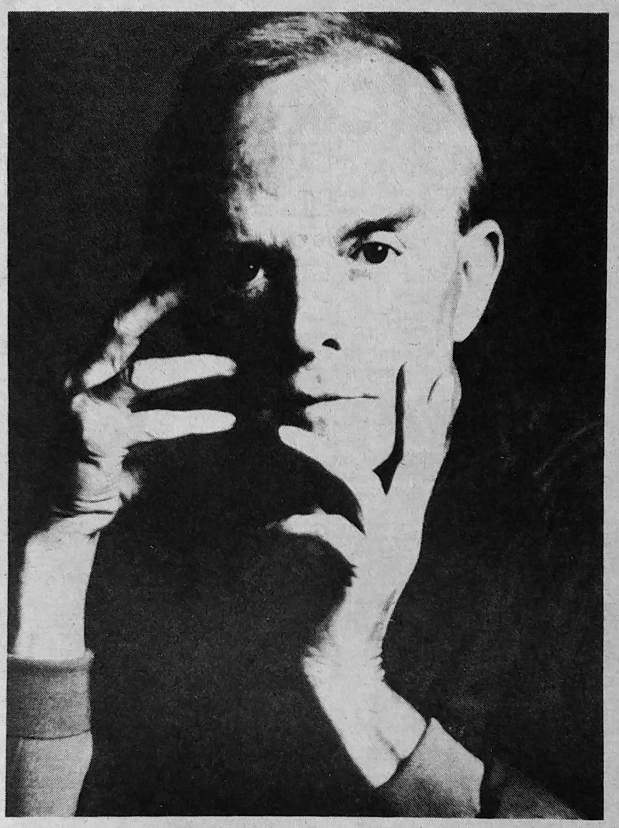


photo by Irving Penn/1979

of a 70-year-old, moneyed, hauntingly elegant woman who seems to have secluded herself in her sprawling house on the Carribean Island of Martinique as a defense against the vulgarities of a world gone awry. The two chat amiably of the ghosts that stalk Martinique day and night, of a black/silver-blue mirror that once belonged to Gauguin, of the beauty of Martinique women, and of the splendidly colored chameleons that gather around Madame's piano, seemingly enthralled by the Mozart sonata she plays until she stands and stamps her feet, sending the chameleons scattering "like sparks from an exploding star." The effect is not so much that we have read a "story," but rather that we have been allowed to enter as unseen guests into a very private, very secluded world where the fantastic is not only plausible but probable. It is as if we have been permitted to hover above and observe one of life's peculiarities; as if Capote were sharing with us a visual *etude* for some larger painting. The same is true of "A Lamp in the Window," the tale. (I use the term hesitatingly for it implies a determination that this is cut-and-dried fiction) of a wedding guest stranded in the snows of Connecticut who seeks shelter in a small frame cottage inhabited by a white-haired elderly woman and half a dozen cats that fill the gap in her life created by the death of her husband of 40 years. The woman chats of her loneliness, her dreams of visiting Africa, of her faith. In the morning before the guest leaves, the old woman leads him to and opens a large deep-freeze:

> Inside was nothing but cats: stacks of frozen, perfectly preserved cats—dozens of them. It gave me an odd sensation. 'All my old friends. Gone to rest. It's just that I couldn't bear to lose them. *Completely.*' She laughed, and said: 'I guess you think I'm a bit dotty.'

Although this piece has more of a linear progression than "Music for Chameleons," still the effect is the same—as though the author's intent was more to create a canvas of subtly shaded colors than to tell a story. In these pieces as in the others in this first section, Capote has succeeded in his experiment—he has loaded his palatte with subtle shades and gradations of color and applied them to his canvas, in this case, the form of the short story, with perfect grace.

The second section of this collection is "Handcarved Coffins: A Nonfiction Account of an American Crime." Although this nonfiction novella owes much to its prototype, *In Cold Blood,* the technique is more intricate and in many ways much more successful. Again, Capote is drawing upon the techniques and crafts of every writing form with which he has dealt before. Here is the journalist at center-stage recording not only the uncovering of facts in a multiple-murder case but also narrating his own role in the unearthing and piecing together of those facts. Here too is the film script writer and dramatist, in form as well as skill, creating dialogue that we truly *hear:*

> TC: What does he look like—Mr. Quinn?
>
> JAKE: *Don't tell him!*
>
> ADDIE: Why not?
>
> JAKE: Just because.

The action in such scenes is presented parenthetically, like stage directions or camera cues in a film script. The author's own role in the mystery is presented as straightforward nonfiction reportage—with carefully recorded times, dates, settings. And the unwinding of the convoluted plot; the piecing together of the jagged fragments of the mystery, is splendidly suspenseful and enthralling, the stuff of finely written detective fiction. Drawing upon all the skills he has learned in decades of experimenting with every written form, Capote has created in "Handcarved Coffins" his finest piece of writing ever.

The third and final section of this collection is entitled "Conversational Portraits." Even Capote's most vehement detractors have almost universally conceded his skill to capturing dialogue, at recreating from keen observation the tone and color and nuance of everyday conversation. In these "Portraits," that skill is at its peak. The technique here is to isolate a scene between himself and one other person—his housekeeper Mary Sanchez as she makes her cleaning rounds from one house to another ("A Day's Work"); an old schoolmate in a restaurant spilling his woeful tale of being wrongly accused of sexual activity with an underaged girl ("Hello, Stranger"); a brazen, jaded hooker friend in New Orleans' Jackson Square ("Hidden Gardens"); Robert Beausoleil, convicted killer from the Manson clan, in the maximum-security cell block at San Quentin ("Then It All Came Down"); a distraught, mournful Marilyn Monroe during and after the funeral of her acting teacher ("A Beautiful Child"). Through the conversations recorded with these people (again presented as if they were lines of dialogue in a play), Capote manages to recreate for us an entire personage and psyche—like an impressionist painter who knows precisely what colors and what brush strokes to use. We come away from these portraits feeling that we genuinely *know* Mary Sanchez, the black cleaning woman who smokes grass while working to "lift the uglies a little," and Beausoleil, the murderer who justifies his actions by asserting that "everything that happens is good," and the others. Here too Capote plays the poet, describing and isolating the details of Mary's employers' homes so exactly that each becomes real for us. And for reasons too lengthy to detail, his portrait of Marilyn Monroe as "A Beautiful Child" is one of the most intensely moving pieces I've read in years. The cumulative effect of the portraits is akin to walking through a genius-studded gallery; for as movingly as Renoir ever painted a pair of eyes and as truthfully as Titian ever painted a hand, Capote has created six wonderfully memorable portraits of men and women whose lives coincided with his own.

To return to the preface to this book for a moment, Capote writes of his first precarious steps as a writer:

> Then one day I started writing, not knowing that I had chained myself for life to a noble but merciless master. When God hands you a gift, he also hands you a whip; and the whip is intended solely for self-flagellation.

That "self-flagellation," the disciplined and some times painful risk of constantly experimenting with one's craft and bearing oneself to scrutiny and appraisal, has served Capote well. It has made him a true master not only of the various forms in which he has written but also of he individual skills and techniques of those forms. He has acquired the skills through hard, unending work, and he has combined them with genius. *Music For Chameleons* is an inspired, beautiful, important work. To read it is to sit at the feet of a noble master.

—by Hank Trout

Self-Flagelation Reconsidered

Punish Me With Kisses by William Bayer, Congdon & Lattes, 1980, 282 pages, $10.95

The real mystery of William Bayer's thriller, *Punish Me With Kisses,* is how it compels the reader through to the last page long after the solutions to its major puzzles have been guessed.

Two voices speak throughout the book, Suzie's from her murderee's grave, her diary of psychosexual exploits gradually revealing shocking secrets to her surviving sister, Penny, who finds herself an unwilling detective. The diary directs Penny's investigations into the destructive, sado-masochistic world Suzie had created until the experiences wreak their own peculiar involuted vengeance on all who laid the groundwork for the crime. Penny's search for the murderer and her psychological resistance to the real motive(s) for it play on the *tabula rasa* of her own personality to create a final character.

Bayer is a skilled storyteller with a virtually irresistable style. *Punish Me With Kisses* is, inevitably, a movie, the making of which will explain the inclusion of several graphic scenes—the cat-loving psychiatrist for one—that are otherwise unrelated to the plot. To give a name to Bayer's theme would be to give away too much of the mystery but it has been done to death in this book; the next one, please, should live up to its writing quality and appeal to more than the sensationalism in a Grade-B movie audience.

Penni Kimmel

Versicle Verve

I have had in the past a congenital problem with those "slim volumes of verse" that appear and disappear on my book shelves like the body of the Cheshire Cat. Occasionally, one disappears in the true Wonderland tradition, leaving behind a satirical grin that glows neon in the dark ... just before it jumps out and bites me square in the libido. *The Night Grows Teeth (and Other Observations)* by Laurel Ann Bogen (Illuminati, 1147 S. Robertson Blvd., LA, CA 90035; 1980; $3.50) raises delightful mental hickeys, nips out a drop or two of blood and leaves a sharp Hogarthian imprint behind. Incisive visions of nightpeople and dim-lit dayfolk inhabit Bogen's Southern California world and she sketches them without pity, favor or prejudice. The inclusion of a prose-poem, "Mom and The Goldfish," is just about worth the cover price in itself. "This be the story of Mom," it begins. "This be the story of Mom she have the magenta hair. She have the glass eye and the tupperware smile. She have the look of the man who eat razor blade and live." What Mom do (uh, I mean, does) to Nathan Goldfish is something you'll have to find out for yourself.

—Penni Kimmel

Portnoy Grows Up

The title story in Thomas Tolnay's *The Magic Whorehouse* (The Smith, N.Y.; 1979; 224 pp; $9.95) is a poignant, funny, immorally moralizing tale of superstitution and redemption at Madame Migrane's in Spanish Harlem. Each of the five stories is essentially a view, from inside and out, of Ladies-of-the-Evening as seen through the skewed myopia of thick Jewish Big-Apple-colored lenses. The self-centeredness of Portnoy is there (all grown up), and the same bumbling naivety, but the pungent flow of words does not paint any pretty middle-class pictures. Tolnay's is the mentality that survived the concentration camp, not by ignoring its ugliness and inhumanity, but by taking it into himself, transcending and transforming its reality. *The Magic Whorehouse* is an inspired freakshow that evokes neither praise nor pity for the characters but rather a simple gut recognition of the necessary overriding self-awareness in life at its lowest. All their energies (the jaded go-go dancer, the boy's first prostitute, the childless masseuse, the burlesque sex-actress) go into maintaining their transitory personalities with such force and color that the blemished second skin melts to their forms, freezing them forever in grotesquerie.

The odd-sized book (8" x 9") will stand out on your shelf just far enough to fall off in a mild tremor, poke you in the eye, or show off to advantage the brilliantly demented cover illustrations by David Itchkawich (also to be found inside).

—Penni Kimmel

Get Cured? Get Real!

Overcoming Homosexuality by Dr. Robert Kronemeyer, Macmillan; 1980; 220 pages; $9.95.

Kronemeyer is one of those doctors firmly rooted in a single cause for homosexuality: non-nurturing mother-infant relationship. It isn't a new theory, and it isn't held in very wide esteem by the majority of the psychiatric community. But it works conveniently well with his own specialized "dynamic treatment," itself similar to primal scream therapy.

And like the traditional witch doctor, Kronemeyer offers a sure-fire cure based on ambiguous dialetic.

Most offensive is the presumption on Kronemeyer's part that he understands either gays or the gay culture (which he terms a "sub-culture"). His voyeuristic examination of gay lifestyles is rampant with misinformation and half-baked preconceived notions. His conclusions are colored by his bias.

The myriad of stereotyping and ignorance is neither clever, inventive, nor original—Kronemeyer and his Syntonic Therapy are patent snake oil. Let the buyer beware.

—Charles R. Musgrave.





The Ghost of a Scandal

Libby by Milt Machlin, Tower Books, 1980, 379 pages, paperback, $2.75

There is no slavish adoration in Milt Machlin's attitude toward his subject and that is one of the few redeeming features of *Libby*. What there is, instead, is a mastery of the literary "embed" technique (outlawed in its more obvious photographic form as "subliminal advertising")—rehashed and reinvented gossip and innuendo presented as historical fact—which virtually no one in this large cast escapes. Machlin could have raked about in no more fertile ground than in the 50-year-old muck surrounding torch singer Libby Holman and her celebrity circles.

Machlin skips a generation to bring us a familiar scene, comfortably removed and sanitized by patronizing objectivity: the grandparents of today's "moral majority" practicing a barely disguised racism, anti-semitism and titillating homophobia on the most visible and vulnerable figures of the entertainment world during the Jazz Age and the Great Depression. Some of the Names (Libby's among them) are the barest shadows now: Blanche Yurka, Jouisa Jenney, Jeanne Eagels. Others have been resurrected, reshrouded and reburied so many times that *de mortuis* ... is a macabre, unfashionable joke: Clifton Webb, Montgomery Clift, Tallulah Bankhead, Bea Lillie, Josh White, and the ill-fated second generation of the Reynolds tobacco clan. A typical smear embed:

> *"...Libby and her playmates were indulging in bizzare sexual shenanigans, under the influence of stimulants and narcotics, not simply lesbianism but all sorts of trios, quartets, and exhibitions. At that time, sex circuses were a popular part of the Harlem entertainment scene."*

The words say "sex"—the embeds say "ugly, alien and reprehensible." Whatever truths and actual evidence Machlin may have uncovered in his obviously exhaustive research are kept unknowable, well out of the reach of the reader.

Libby is being touted, front and back covers and all general publicity, as offering—at last!—a solution to the sensational 30's murder of Zachary Smith Reynolds, a so-called crime for which Libby, then his wife, was actively persecuted but never prosecuted. Machlin has indeed uncovered more material (the bulk of which is stuck on as a gratuitous afterward accompanied by the biographer's still questionable conclusions) which leaves room for more than reasonable doubt that Reynold's death was anything other than suicide. Whatever the verdict, in court or in the public mind, Machlin has covered himself for the entertaiment of his audience. If it wasn't murder, just in case, let's try for a motive for suicide, this time implicating Ab Walker, Reynolds' companion from childhood: "From other sources comes a report that whatever they did in that hotel room, it was a lot more than talk." When Reynolds is quoted to have been "queer, effeminate, an alcoholic, suicidal and a bit crazy," Machlin's style is to tell us that "some of these may have had more than a seed of truth in them." He leaves it to the readers' imagination to figure out which ones and just how seedy that truth might be.

The era of Libby Holman's stardom and infamy was a sparkling, driving, creative time, the height of the musical stage, the exhilarating introducion to white audiences and performers of the blues and improvizational jazz. Behind the glitter and the genuine glamor lay a depth of talent and artistic and, yes, personal integrity. The real tragedy of *Libby* is that there isn't even enough of Libby Holman and her friends left on the poison-pen pages to raise a ghost to come back and haunt the biographer.

—Penni Kimmel

Lesbian Wreaks Havoc in Heaven

Of all genre writing today, it is science fiction that speaks to the hopes of those who wish to crawl, stride or soar beyond the *status quo*. It is less a matter of stimulating the imagination (good fantasy satisfies there) than of extrapolating out to realizable alternatives; not so much a method of escaping as a means of recognizing, confronting and perhaps altering present realities and trends.

Rochelle Singer's first novel is set in the village of Demeter, inhabited exclusively by women whose daughters and granddaughters have been parthenogenetically conceived with the aid of *The Demeter Flower* (St. Martin's Press, NY; 1980; 224 pp; $9.95). For those familiar with the feminist movement in terms of collective living and cooperative work arrangements, advances in holistic medicine, decision by concensus and alternatives to violence, *Demeter* will seem a logical extension of the more successful women's communal groups, clinics, farms and businesses seen in the past decade. As the story unfolds, however, as narrated by Morgan, Demeter's "historian," the premise is shown to be a necessary and uncompromising expedience—the village must be both secret and self-sufficient to survive the general feudal order outside where the fundamentalist preachers have set up a post-holocaust male-dominated, anti-technological society.

There are crises from inside the village and out when some rebellious young adventurers campaign to pioneer a new home, a move triggered by the capture and reluctant imprisonment of a macho male intruder. Each of the group must approach and finally act on the problems: How to deal with regenerate violence in a pacifist society? What to do when violent impulses are generated in the children? How to defend one's home...or to run? To stay securely hidden or to leave with your lover for the new unknown? The air is never quite cleared on these points but Singer is nothing if not consistent in placing dialog ahead of dogma. The changing points of view are interruptive, as are the flashbacks and breaks in story line, the group interaction tends to get in the way of individual action, and the assumption of an arbitrarily inhospitable world outside (I shudder to think what has happened to the gay men) is dead-ending, but on the whole these are structural rather than conceptual problems that will no doubt be ironed out as Singer writes more. For that matter, many of the philosophical points brought up in *The Demeter Flower* have been and may well be the subjects of Talmudic-like wrangling for centuries. It's the method of arriving at resolutions, not the resolutions themselves, that makes this book worthwhile. That, and the foregone conclusion that lesbianism is a way of life as well as a way of love. Gay men and women will protect and preserve and persevere.

—Penni Kimmel

Serials As Subjects

Irregular and eclectic serial publications usually receive more serious attention from book readers than the mass market pulps and fiction in the daily newspaper. Lacking the megastructure of corporate financing, or the commercialism of the mainstream, small press publications tend to be more labors of love, bright visions, or avant garde experimentations. Yet whole collections of small press materials are gathered and discussed and retained by a number of otherwise *book*philes. There are small press book clubs, small press bookstores, and a national awards organization for small press publications.

The small press and the gay press are, on a grassroots level, natural bedfellows. The small press traditionally houses the writers and concepts that bore or frighten the mainstream publishers. The gay press is equally peopled with subject matter that frightens the mainstream and bores the mass market. You know how those gays are!

Some of the small gay press is obviously only inches away from the mainstream in terms of marketing skills, ability to attract name authors, good financial organization. To mind comes Winston Leyland's Gay Sunshine Press—which publishes a tabloid journal titled *Gay Sunshine* and issues a number of trade paperbacks each year. Felice Picano's *Seahorse Press* likewise manages to stay afloat, issue titles that catch the public's attention, and still maintain an air of quality literature that the typical small press holds dear.

The new issue of *Salt Lick* (Volume 3, Nos. 1 and 2; 50 pages, large format, 1980, no listed price) is a good example of what is possible when commercial success isn't the top priority. The poetry/arts magazine has a history of creativeness that is typified by the issue in question, with its applied stickers and illustrations, encased example of Chinese paper cutting, bound-in adornments, and a sprinkling of very good verse. *Salt Lick* is a serial that seeks to be collected and preserved.

The Salt Lick Press also issues chapbooks and small poetry works, the newest of which is Gerald Burn's *A Book of Spells* (paperback, 20 pages, no listed price). But Burns, as a single entry, isn't anywhere as captivating as the usual *Salt Lick* fare. *Spells* is the first one-third of a projected longer work that abounds with literary references, if not much else. It was obviously a lot of work for Burns, and is a lot of cross-referencing for the reader.

The Review, from the Truly Fine Press (Volume 4, No. 1; 1980; tabloid) is a good example of the labor-of-love publication produced on someone's IBM typewriter and printed on low-grade newsprint. The real purpose it serves is to introduce new poets and artists to its limited but faithful public, and to allow a writer to begin building a list of publication credits.

The Review contains visual poetry, experimental work, and some short fiction. Some of the work is readable, some is questionable.

What gets chosen for a small press book by a small press editor, if not his or her own work, is often a mystery. A good case in point is *American Studies Singing* by Jay Gurian (AM Press, paperback booklet, 18 pages, $2). Mr. Gurian is a professor of American Studies at the University of Hawaii. This collection of verse *about* American Studies subjects is a parody of the various poets and styles in most American Studies programs. There is some Whitman, some Emerson, some Eliot, some Frost, some Dickinson, and some more. While there is obviously room for humor in serious academic work, Gurian isn't funny.

Permafrost (Dragon Press; Fall 1980, No. 32; 112 pages, perfect bound paperback: $2) is really a small press literary magazine, similar to the *Evergreen Review* in its early days. Each issue is beautifully prepared to follow a form and structure that will appeal to people into reading and literature on a broad scale. The writing, while modern for the most part, is all firmly based on traditional wordcraft, an aspect of *Permafrost* that sets it slightly above the norm. This issue contained an interview with poet Robert Hedin, a new poem by Gunter Grass, art, photography, and a cross section of prose and poetry. *Permafrost*, like *Salt Lick*, is well worth preserving.

The next step up is the medium press, usually commercial, but issuing titles somewhere between the obscure and the mass market. Libra Press is one that deals in both hardback and trade paperbacks. *The Children of Oedipus* by Luciano P.R. Santiago (192 pages; $6.95) is subtitled: *Brother-Sister Incest in Psychiatry, Literature, History and Mythology* and limits its examination to this aspect of the great social taboo but covers it definitively. Santiago has done his homework, researched his four-prong thrust, and exhausts the reader with the sheer amount of information he has gathered.

The Children of Oedipus is the kind of project that is too ambitious for the small press and must compete with a rash of similar works for the academy press. Commercial houses, eyed toward the known commodity and leary of limited-appeal subject matter, would have passed on this volume, hence the creation of houses like Libra Press.

—Charles R. Musgrave

A Guide-Map Is Not the Territory

by Dean Gengle

POEE (pronounced "POEE") is an acronym for the Paratheo-anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric. The first part can be taken to mean "equivalent deity, reversing beyond-mystique." We are not really esoteric, it's just that nobody pays much attention to us.
—Principia Discordia

Once upon an eigenstate a certain Harvardite chanced upon the time warp into the Planet of Cyberon II. It happened that the Harvardite had taken it upon himself, at the behest of his education, to spread the Pentagon's Aneristic Principle of Order throughout the known universe. He had therefore developed a Taxonomy of Disasters, using the ancient symbol of Sevens in this spell-weaving.

(Western philosophy is traditionally concerned with contrasting one grid with another grid, and amending grids in hopes of finding a perfect one that will account for all reality and will, hence, ... be True. This is illusory; it is what we Erisians call the ANERISTIC ILLUSION. Some grids can be more useful than others, some more beautiful than others, some more pleasant than others, etc. but none can be more True than any other.
—Principia Discordia)

Much to the eternal amusement of the Discordians in residence on Cyberon II, the visitor began preaching his messages of disaster and helplessness. The Harvardite (who was dressed in the garb of an eighteenth-century American Earthling and answered to the name of "Benjamin" or "Jam" for short) cried out in the temple, "There are seven major and seven minor disasters that we all must face. There are dangers on humanity's path, which is, yea, verily, perilous.

"The seven Crunches plus seven crunches are: nuclear proliferation, totalitarianism, energy-supplier oligarchy, superpower thermonuclear exchange, the population bomb, the runaway greenhouse effect, the death of the oceans, economic depression, urban decay with social disorder, devolution with cultural decline, failure of disease resistance, ozone depletion, air pollution and spiritual crisis!"

A nearby Discordian, deciding to play a language game with Jam, took up the refrain. "Yes, yes!!" he shouted to the passing crowds, "Plate tectonics and geological catastrophe! Massive earthquakes and polar shifts! Genetic engineering and brain-eating amoeba! Chemical and biological warfare! Paranoia in the service of Control!"

"Stop that," Jam insisted. "There's only room for seven, or the spell is broken! Now then, where was I? Oh ... yes ... Get your solutions here! Problems invented and solved! Guide maps to the future! Come and get 'em while they're hot! Fresh off the presses! A disaster and solution for every taste!"

A small child, twiddling with a microcomputer and looking very preoccupied, heard all the din and commotion and came closer to see what the visitor was selling. He waited patiently for a break in the adult's constant flow of words, and then said in a large voice, "Mister, you won't make a very good living selling that stuff on Cyberon II."

Taken aback, Jam sat down on the curb next to the kid and defended himself and his product. "What do you mean to say? Why, back on Earth, I'm quite well known as a doctor, a lawyer, and a psychologist to boot. Not only that, the planets are my source of inspiration. I've been making a perfectly decent living selling this stuff, packaged a hundred different ways, at least. Here, look, I'll show you."

So saying, Jam pulled out his guide map to the Future and showed it to the lad. The map was colorful and filled with spooky symbols and mystical markings of all kinds. Right next to a place called *Slough of Despond* was a huge pit, in graphic dayglo ink, labeled *Nuclear Proliferation and Superpower Thermonuclear Exchange*. There were arrows and paths leading to *Quarreling Pairs* and *Nuclear Terrorism Generally*.

"Here is the first Terror," said Jam. "Try to avoid it if you can."

"Here on Cyberon II," the boy replied, "we classify all these together and apply the idea of the zero-sum game. Thus, all these terrors are parts of a single system. The answer, which is spiritual, is the elimination of greed in the self. The key to the zero-sum game problem is the idea that necessary resources are *believed* to be scarce by all players. By seeing this belief as part of the larger 'metastructure' of beliefs which constitute an individual's belief-system, we can also see the spiritual connection.

"We passed these points, practically speaking, on Cyberon II by transmitting clear and empirically convincing messages of universal abundance, and we applied such message content's implications to everything from our personal lives to the eco-system. Then, we all agreed never to set up dangerous, real-time zero-sum games with each other. Sharing wealth and decision-making, and information/power with one's personal network became the order rather than the exception. We found that it helped to generally suport abundance decisions in what remained of our 'traditional political process.'"

"You sound like a real smartass, you know that, kid?" Jam said witheringly. "Well, take a load of this: right here, above the valley of Doubt, is the Spectre of Totalitarianism. What do you say to that, huh?" He pointed his bony finger at a symbol of current culthood, composed of so many sub-symbols the child could hardly count them, much less taxonomize them all.

"Totalitarianism, in this eigenstate, begins and ends in the rigidity of individual central nervous systems," the boy explained. "You must know the work of Reich on your own planet? It reduces to the belief, thought to be logical, that *control is necessary* when in fact control is arbitrary. Our solution, many years ago, was to transmit clear and empirically-convincing messages concerning the organicity of, and cybernetic necessity for, appropriately distributed control. On personal levels, this means life: fucking, dancing, getting high, deciding, setting goals, making agreements, and generally communicating, with honesty and openess, one's own organic state at any given time.

"The totalitarian model of government became obsolete here along about the same time as the democratic political model. The totalitarian model presupposed that Central Control could monitor, proscribe, approve, and act upon individual political activity, includng communications about same. This leads to the infinite regress of having secret police to monitor the secret police, and to the technological problem of stopping the free flow of information, which technology itself frees up faster than control can plug the leaks.

"As for the democratic model: just look at your own U.S. constitution. It was based on a rural/agrarian society/model. It is, even now in your own time, becoming more and more irrelevant to the way things are actually accomplished in a post-technological, cybernetic urban culture.

"We found that greed and terrorism are closely related, linked through the root assumption of 'scarcity' of both power and resources. The old models just died out entirely, and are now the subject of scholarly research."

By now, Jam was getting slightly riled. "Energy-supplier oligarchy," he said.

"The key idea here is 'the multinational corporation.' First the oil companies invent OPEC. Price-pressure helps create a cost/benefit incentive for the development of alternative energy sources. So you get wind-farm projects, solar cell development, fusion research, storage battery research and an overall actual reduction in energy-use as the process of ephemeralization (doing more with less) continues.

"The multi-national corporation as a form of organization is a separate issue from that of energy, of course. Our solution to the problem of excess concentration of power in the hands of multinationals was to nurture the creation of more and more 'grass roots' planetary organizations and networds of communication. More and more, our fossil fuel companies turned to information-related enterprises, because they, too, realized that oil and coal would not last forever. A few of the stupider corporations tried to get a monopoly on sunpower, a technological dead end. Information, data bases, and telecommunications channels became the new ground of power for corporations.

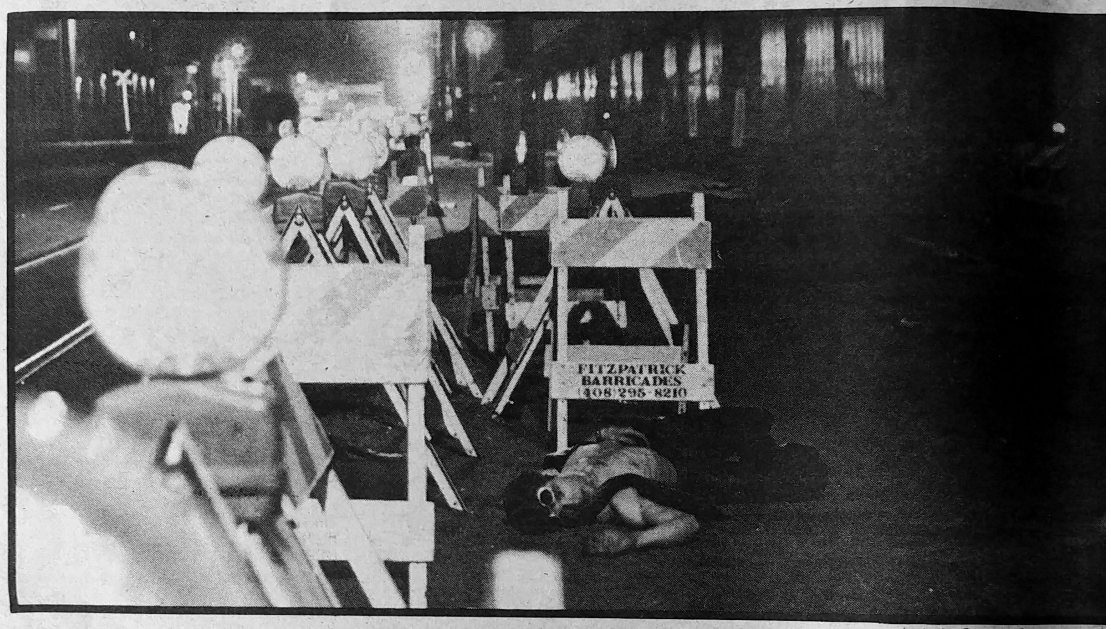


photo by Dean Malunat

"Once energy became abundant and universally available, information became the most natural thing to translate the energy into. No-thing, you could say."

"Population bomb!" Jam tried again.

"Even in the relatively primitive mathematical models of your day, it is known that there is no necessary correlation between population increase and a decrease in per capita income. The first does not have much bearing on the second. A key question, from the science of ecology, is: What is Mother Gaia's carrying capacity for human beings? If you include, in your model, a measure of the buildup of the total biomass on Earth, you can draw a tentative conclusion... that the carrying capacity for all life on earth is not limited by the stocks of raw materials, but rather by the organization and structure of the flows of information, materials and energy. We began transmitting that conclusion to our people long ago, and everyone acts upon the signal in his personal ecosystem."

"Runaway greenhouse effect!" Jam's voice was getting a little more shrill.

"Oh. There was never any question about that here on Cyberon II. However, I do have an Earth history module in my box." So saying, he punched the keys on his tiny device and the display carried the following message:

—The current Earth status is that, since 1900 A.D. or so, there has been approximately a 30% increase in the amount of CO_2 in the atmosphere // National Academy of Science Study// The projection is, for the next 150 to 200 years, that

there will be a 1½ to 3% increase in the mean and global temperatures on the Earth. The degree of shift in past geologic ice ages has been from 4 to 5% //°C//. The effects of such a shift are uncertain, although most scenarists agree that they would be massive. Some, for example, say that the increase in temperature could shift the velocity and directions of trade winds and jet streams, leading to more precipitation in the arctic regions, less water free in the system, changes in the Earth's degree and speed of rotation. On the other hand, if the water covering the land masses were melted by a temperature increase, the result would be flooding of the lowlands and associated disasters. It is widely believed that Cyberon II avoided these disasters by taking the conservative approach and getting off its fossil-fuel-junky kick before it actually ran out of fossil fuels. We did not switch to nuclear energy because of its connection with nuclear proliferation and terrorism, and because it was ecologically/systemically unsound to have nuclear reactors on the surface of a life-supporting planet. Cyberon II uses a hydrogen energy economy, mostly, supported by solar power and continued space migration/development.

The boy switched his attention from his small box to the frustrated pedant sitting next to him. Jam, in one, last feeble try, said "Ocean death?"

"Here, we mine and farm and nurture the ocean, and are in partnership with the intelligent cetaceans, with whom we communicate daily, so that the oceans of Cyberon II are the most beautiful in the galaxy."

"Why, I've completely run out of major disasters," Jam looked a little surprised. "Well, then, my sassy little friend, let us try the minor ones. Ready?"

"Ready."

"Global economic depression."

"The very idea is based on obsolete econometric models and their attendant projections. Pundits on all sides of political-economical theory have predicted collapse. The macrosystem is a living system, sufficiently dynamic, complex and regionally-autonomous, so that global economic disaster is impossible. When we shifted from an energy/scarcity/competition model to an information/energy/abundance/cooperation model, we eliminated multinational struggles for CONTROL. Economics, we found, is also a function of what we believe to be true, and so is quite spiritual in essence, see?"

"Well, perhaps yes, perhaps no... Urban decay and Social Disorder..."

"As we shifted to an abundance model, energy/livelihood/consumption patterns changed, and concentrations of the poor and the decayed could not continue.

"Devolution and cultural decline"

"Symptoms of decline are in the eye of the beholder. Cultural evolution continues in the provinces of science, social science, information/electronics, space development and new wave rock and roll, if that's not too strange a loop for you to follow."

"Failure of disease resistance."

"We wiped out smallpox. Genetic understanding allowed us to become more intelligent about the adaptability and symbiosis of 'harmful' microorganisms and insects. We uncovered and codified the laws behind and within individual belief systems, the immune system and the brain, which all leads to intelligent disease avoidance rather than cure. Isn't the spiritual pervasive?"

"Ozone depletion!"

"The ozone layer has the capacity to heal itself, much like your skin. Even so, we do not needlessly injure it with aerosols or any one of a number of other atmospheric poisons. It was no insurmountable crunch, surely."

"Air pollution."

"Systemic connections to telecommunications, the shift to a hydrogen economy, and information technology," the child said this in an offhanded way, as though he were fast losing interest in the conversation, which began to disappoint Jam, who loved attention almost as much as he loved power.

"Spiritual crisis! And that's my last one, so you'd better be nice and buy it, or... or... I'll never talk to you again!"

"Ultimately, Mr. Jam, persons who project a 'spiritual crisis' on humankind are suffering their own outlooks badly, which then reflects back upon them. Likewise, your Taxonomy of Troubles—given the relationship between prophecy and belief, and the fulfillment thereof—seems not quite as valuable to me as a taxonomy of hope. We all try, on Cyberon II, to manifest that hope in our interpersonal dealings. Thus, you will find most of us have no desire to purchase doomsday scenarios, the psychology of Freud or Skinner, or the values of intellectual fascists disguised as scholars or magicians. Perhaps you have some redeeming hopeful thing to sell?"

"I must confess, I do," Jam perked up a bit. "But I'm afraid it comes along with the rest of the map."

"Show me, then, quickly because I have to go to a jacks tournament this afternoon."

Jam unfolded the rest of his map, revealing multitudes of UFO's in the sky, represented by a deep blue color. "Intelligent life in the universe!" he exclaimed. "My map includes statistical coordinates pointing toward the salvation of humankind by extraterrestrials. Isn't that nice? Won't you take it, now?"

"We contacted higher intelligence long ago, telepathically," the boy replied with a straight face. "How do you think you got here on Cyberon II, by magic?"

"Nonsense! You can't prove it!" Jam protested.

"How would you determine if someone or something were more intelligent than you?" the boy asked in return. "And if higher intelligence is, indeed, higher, and if, as your own physicists have demonstrated, trans-space-time transmission from nervous system to nervous system is possible, doesn't it stand to reason that each person's message would be tailor-made? Synchronicities would be commonplace, would they not?"

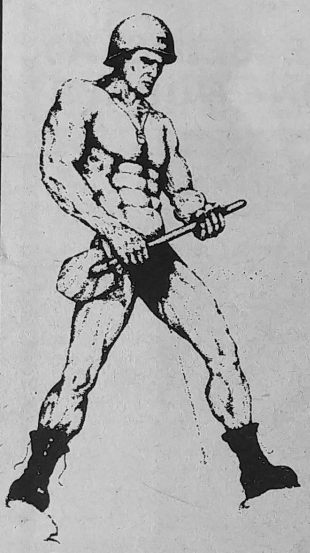
"Not relevant! Not relevant!" the visitor stormed. "You've got to have objective verifiability and scientific method!"

"Quite so," said the youth. "See the work, when you return to Earth, of your own writers: Aliester Crowley, R. M. Bucke, Mary Baker Eddy or Robert Anton Wilson, for that matter. If you apply the scientific method to your own nervous system, you too will receive a personal message from Higher Intelligence Central. It's very simple, but not very easy. We teach the methods here to all children from birth. There are very few problems in the universe that will not dissolve quickly in the heat of a hard cock." So saying, the boy picked up his jacks and ball and black box and walked away.

* * *

For a less frivolous treatment of most of the current doomsday scenarios, see Peter J. Vaijk's *Doomsday has been Cancelled*. The material used above related to the greenhouse effect came from a personal conversation with Dr. Vaijk. For a fine grounding in futurist mapmaking, see Dr. Willis Harman's *An Incomplete Guide to the Future*. And for a good accounting of the so-called "spiritual crisis" see Barbara Marx Hubbard's *The Hunger of Eva*. Thanks to John Newmeyer for sharing his taxonomy with me in an unpublished paper. Thanks also to Alvin Toffler, for his concept of "demassification" in *The Third Wave*, and to Laszlo, for his gift of systems.

Get Into THE TRENCH



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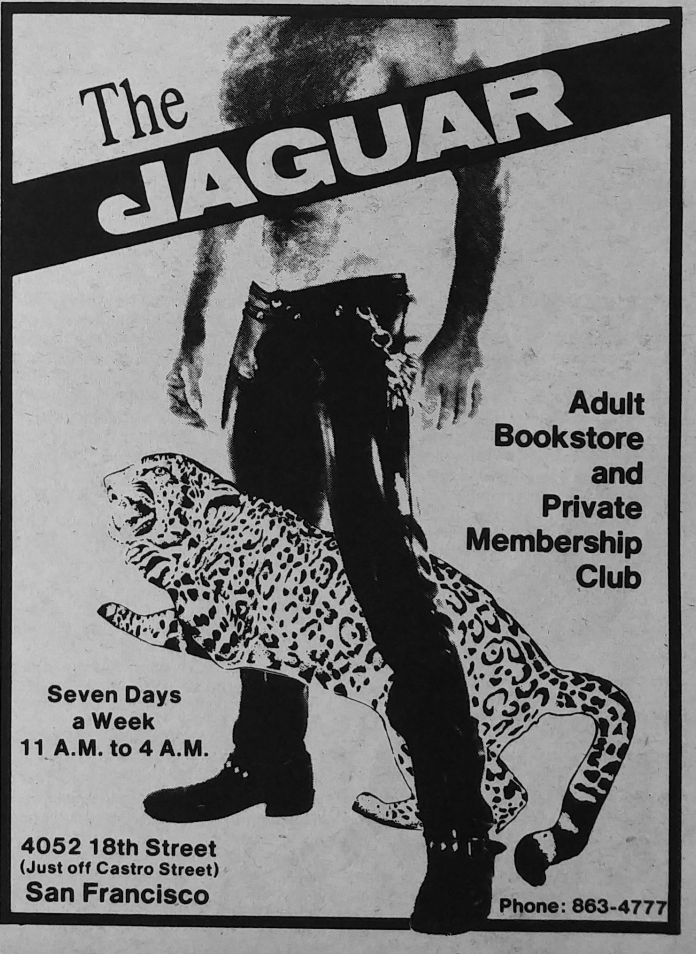

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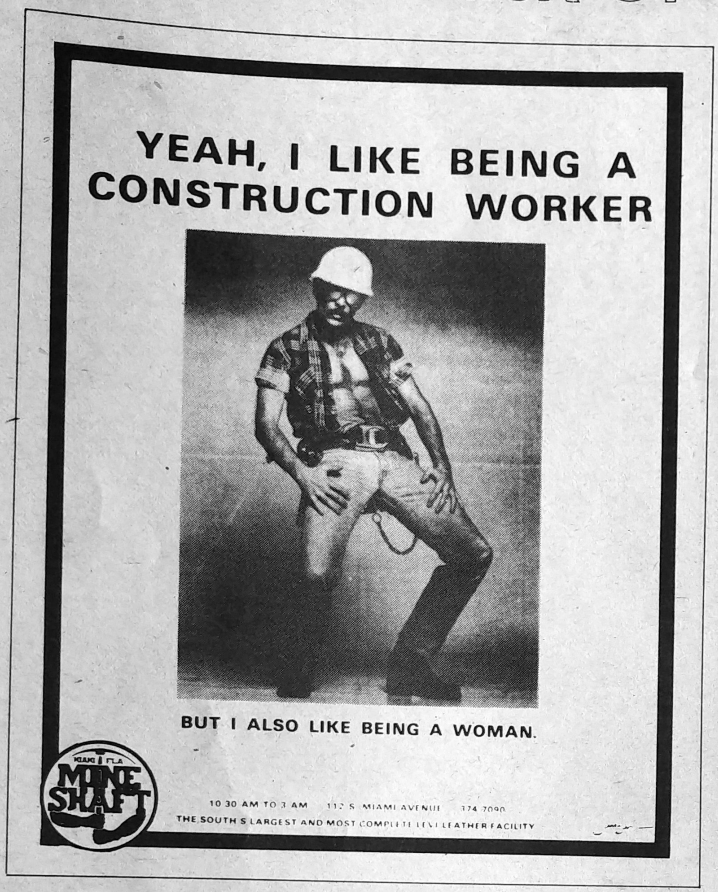


Anita's New Life Backfires

Rumors began circulating that Anita Bryant, well known for her anti-gay crusades, would marry industralist Larry Striplin about the same time that *Ladies Home Journal* was announcing an exclusive interview with the singer, claiming that her former life had not been so righteous after all.

In the *Ladies Home Journal* interview, Ms. Bryant talked about her life with promoter Bob Green, saying that it had been a marriage filled with drugs and alcohol, disagreements and regrets.

Bryant had previously held up her family as a shining example of her crusade for family unity and strength, claiming that gays were a basic threat to the security of the family. Her announcement to divorce partner Green shocked the religious world, as did the information that all had not been rosy between the crusading couple for a number of years.

Alleged groom Larry Striplin met Anita when she went into retreat at a friend's house in Selma, Alabama. Rumors of a possible wedding surfaced from Linda Duc, whose mother helped Ms. Bryant resettle in Tulsa, Oklahoma this past summer. Said Ms. Duc, "I have heard my parents talking about it. I know plans are being made."

Striplin is a 50-year-old chief executive of Circle 5 Industries. His company has reportedly sold $70 million worth of windows to Saudi Arabians. He is already the father of two children by a previous marriage.

The wedding ceremonies were actually being planned when Ms. Anita Bryant and Mr. Stiplin began receiving threatening phone calls from unidentified sources. Both were warned that if they went through with their intended wedding that the ceremonies would be marred by demonstrations. Bryant was called an unfit mother, wife, and Christian by a number of the callers—lending to the speculation that the calls originated from Christian fundamentalist camps discontent that the former symbol of religious purity had divorced, and was considering another marriage.

According to *The Star,* a supermarket tabloid, Bryant and Striplin decided to postpone their wedding for the sake of their children.

According to *The Star,* Bryant was concerned for the mental health of her children. Striplin was quoted as saying he was not at all concerned for himself, but for Anita's children.

Ex-husband Bob Green, when told of the wedding cancellation, said that he believed his Baptist God wanted him and his former wife to reunite. "It is my desire and the desire of my children that our family be restored to what it was before."

Ms. Bryant might not agree. Part of her interview in *Ladies Home Journal* points a finger toward Green as the prime mover in her anti-gay crusade. While Anita doesn't recant her former position entirely, she notes that homosexuals are probably entitled to exist, as long as they don't flaunt it or try to legalize their homosexuality.

If Striplin and Anita Bryant will wed at some future date is anybody's guess.

"I Enjoy Being A . . ."

The Mine Shaft, a popular Florida bar that takes the centerfold of Miami's Weekly News (a gay publication, of couse) for its advertising, recently ran what has to be, the cultural statement of the decade. Perhaps a new look at feminism, *n'est-ce pas?*

An Egg a Day Will Make You Gay

An article in the *East West Journal* found homosexuality to be the result of improper diet: "The lack of attraction for the opposite sex that dairy food promotes is also playing a large part in the increasing number of gay men and women in the United States. In these cases, dairy food tends to work in conjunction with meat and eggs in the case of lesbianism, and with sugar in the case of male homosexuality. Both of these developments, however, can be reversed if the person involved wishes to change his or her diet."

Gay Switchboard Day

The borough president of Manhattan, Andrew Stein, has issued a Proclamation declaring January 13, 1981 as *Gay Switchboard Day* in Manhattan. On that date, the Switchboard will begin its tenth year of service to New York's gay and lesbian community.

Gay Switchboard of New York, Inc., is the oldest continuously operated and one of the busiest gay helplines in the world, according to Switchboard spokespersons. More than 90 volunteers answer tens of thousands of calls each year, plus mail requests from around the world.

Want to call and wish them a happy decade? (212) 777-1800.

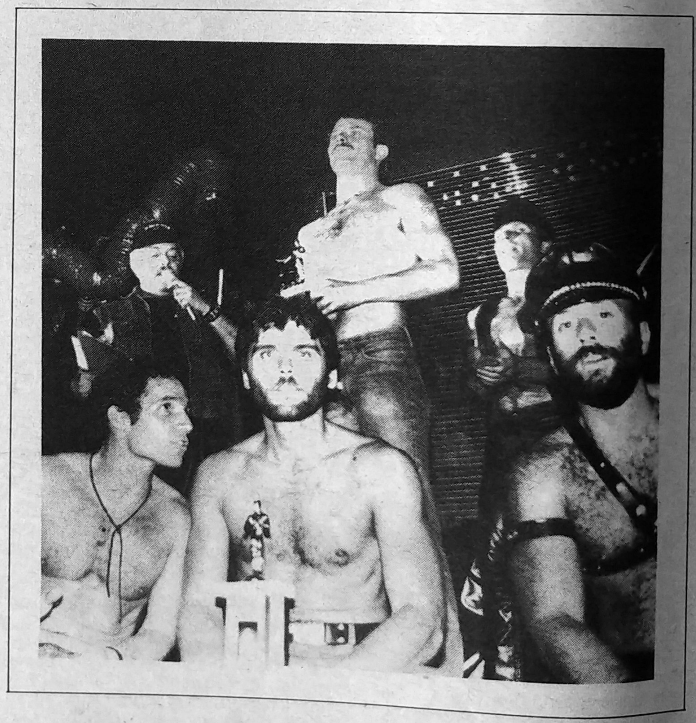
Trans Hot Line

The United States Transvestite-Transsexual Swingers Hotline caters to "exotic minorities who want to contact each other directly."

Anyone can advertise without charge as long as he or she lists a legitimate telephone number—which the organization will verify.

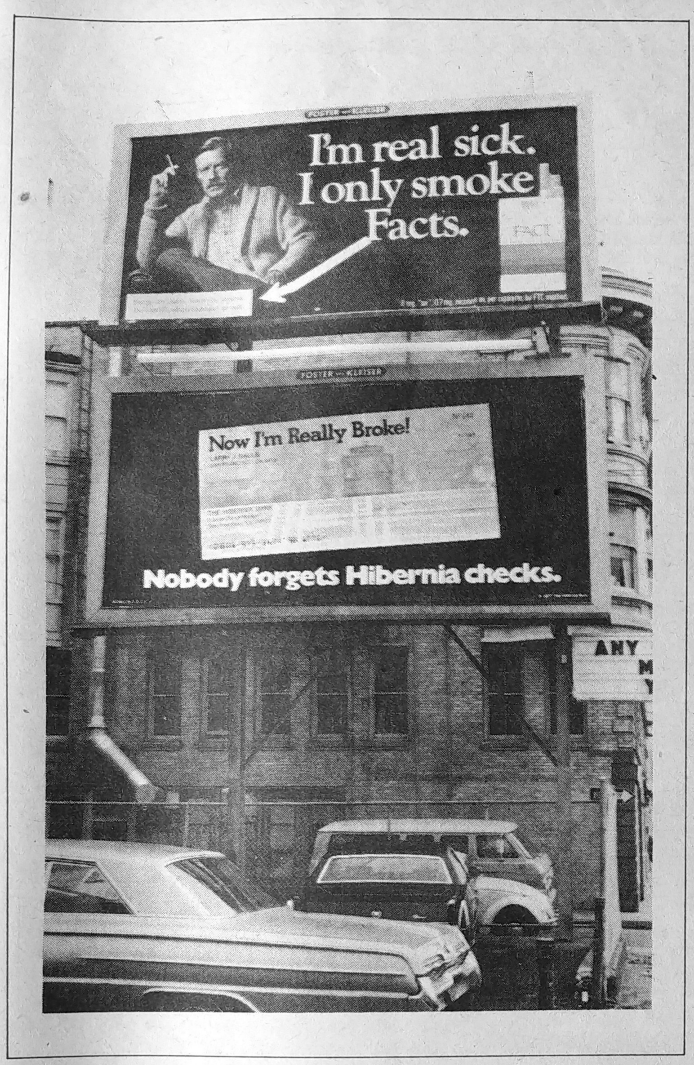
Ina Rubin, who runs the Hotline, says that it is not intended to make a profit; their fee to receive the information is "a protective fee to prevent abuse which would abrogate the service, and for printing and postage."

Most of the current listings are pre and post operative transsexuals and male transvestites. The information number for the Hotline is: (206) 322-3109.



Mr. Western Drummer Contest

DRUMMER magazine, still in search of the perfect 10, recently held the first of their regional contests for the Mr. Drummer title. The Western division finals were hosted at Trocadero Transfer, one of the largest discos in San Franciso, and saw a runway full of the nicest beefcake this side of the Rockies. First place went to Dean (standing, center). Second place went to Mike (lower right) and third place went to Paul (lower center). Bo was not a contestant. Photo by Robert Pruzan.



Altered Billboard Artforms

The unknown artist strikes again—quietly, quickly making small changes on billboard advertising that greets the next day's public with something other than the advertiser's intention. Is it art? Is it illegal? If you answered yes to the first question, you have to answer no to the second. But if you answered no to the first and yes to the second—beware the midnight art corp, they just may come and alter your house number next. Photo by Jerry Pritikin.

Gay Dog Handlers?

The San Francisco Police Commission has ruled that police dog handlers need not be married heterosexuals.

Despite the urging of Police Chief Cornelius Murphy that only handlers who are married and who have children be allowed to train dogs for police work because he preferred those with "a normal family life," the Commission ruled otherwise.

The Police Commission is made up of civilian members who examine matters affecting the police department. Commissioner Al Nelder, a former Chief of Police himself, pointed out that prohibiting non-marrieds from holding such a job "might not be feasible or even constitutional."

Un-Drafting the Draft

C.A.R.D. is the Committee Against Registration & Draft, and is currently mounting a mail-in campaign to prevent new draft legislation from taking effect. The organization has a simply ploy: Go to the Post Office and buy a ten-cent prestamped post card. On the back write: "I am registering against the Draft.", sign the postcard and include your address. Mail the post card to: C.A.R.D. 245 Second St. NE, Washington, DC 20002. That's the national headquarters for the anti-draft movement. The idea, a mail-in, has been used by conservative and religious forces very effectively during the past couple years. C.A.R.D. expects that a majority of cards opposed to the draft can hardly be ignored.

S.F. Gay Men's Chorus Tour

The San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus, born out of the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps, has announced a historic undertaking for any gay musical organization: a national tour in June of 1981.

The 160-member chorus, under the direction of Dick Kramer, is only two years old—but in that time has established itself as a professional, innovative musical entity.

The American tour will begin with two concerts in hometown San Francisco, then play Houston (June 6), Dallas (June 7), Minneapolis (June 9), Chicago (June 10), Detroit (June 11), New York City (June 13), Washington DC-Kennedy Center (June 18) and Los Angeles (June 20) at a special joint concert with the L.A. Gay Men's Chorus.

The Chorus will return to San Francisco for a joint concert with the other gay musical organizations at Davies Hall on June 26th, in celebration of Gay Pride Week.

While the tour is still open to last minute revisions, the organizational work that has gone in to the series promises to keep everything on track.

British 'Couple' Not Same Sex

British Rail said that it "is not discriminating against any group of people" when it stipulates that cut-rate pair tickets for excursions to London for happy couples must be for "a lady and a gentleman."

In protest, two men appeared in drag at Line Street Station in Liverpool and demanded tickets, because two women had been earlier accommodated with the special excursion rate for a trip to allow them to shop in London.

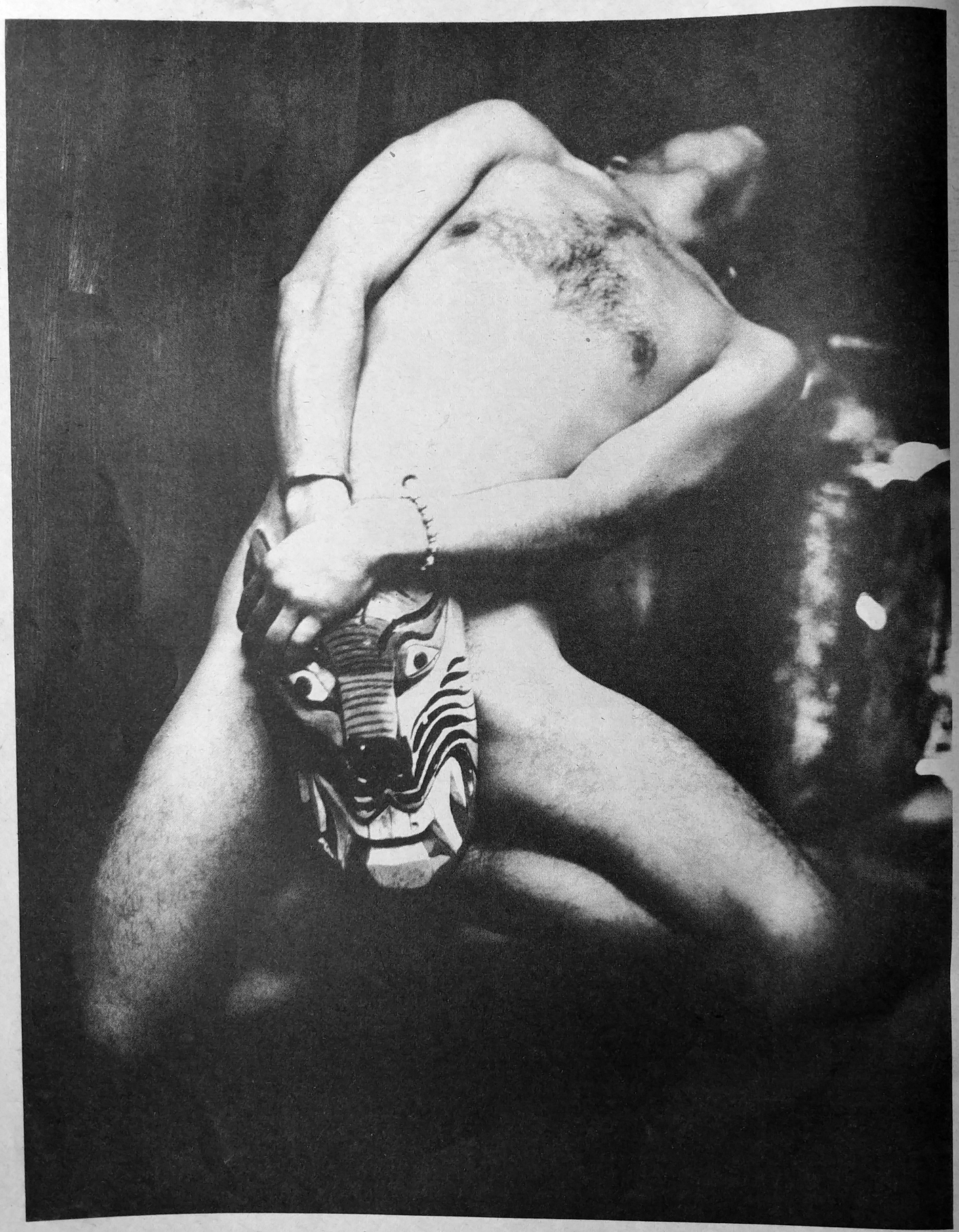
British Rail has abandoned their happy couple discount.



Sidewalk Realism

Ron Stivers has become a popular and expected sight on the sidewalks of San Francisco's Castro district. His colored pastel chalk drawings of men and planets and stars have decorated the usually ignored concrete for a couple years now, and passers-by have taken to walking around the temporary works of art rather than letting shoes scuff the brillant colors and details of the drawings.

During the Castro Street Fair celebrations, Stivers has been known to take to the closed-off streets, turning out larger pieces on the asphalt. Photo by Rink.



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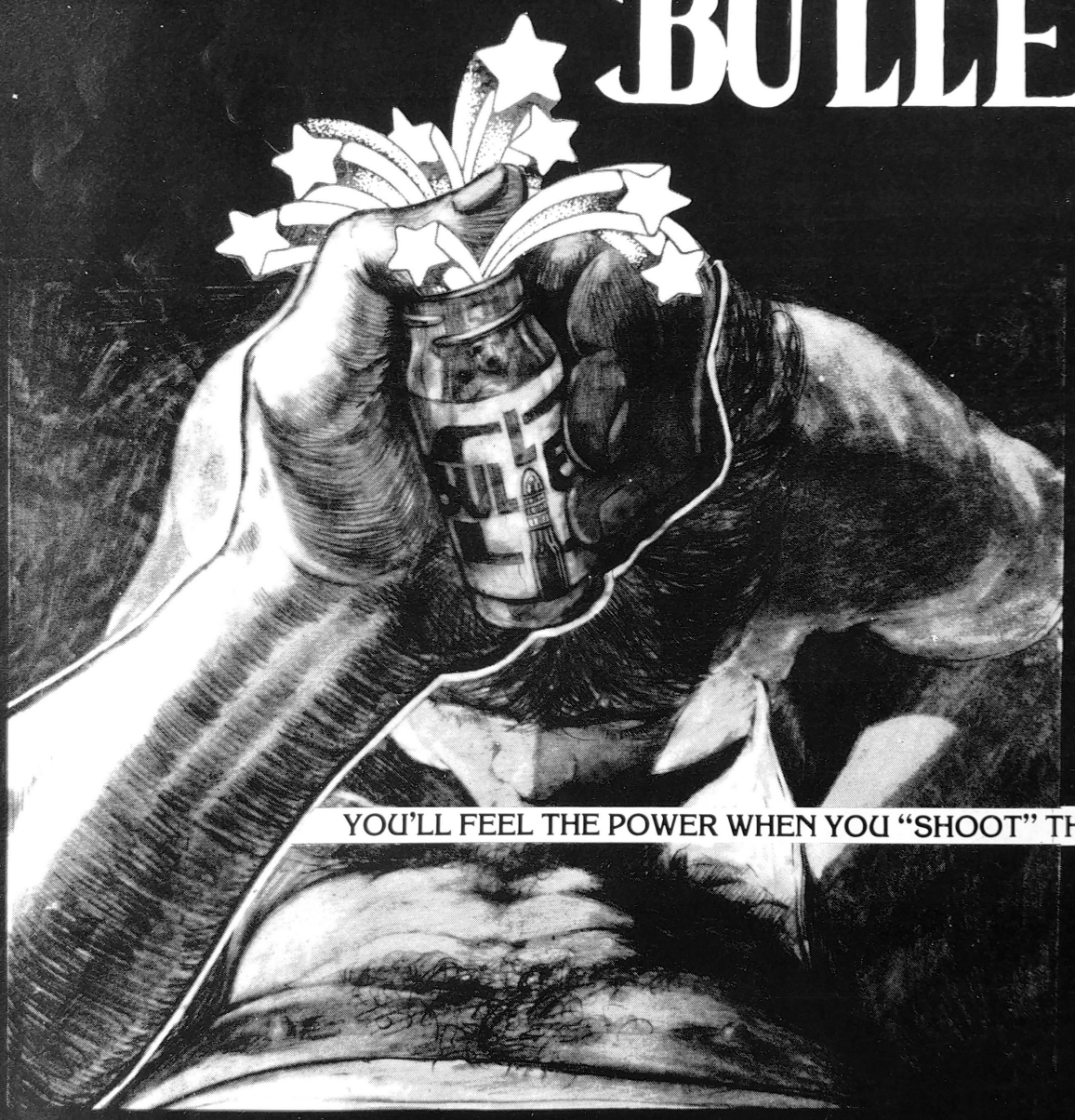

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