

THE NEWSMAGAZINE FOR TODAY'S GAY AMERICA!

ISSUE 20

# ALTERNATE

195

## THE GREAT FOLSOM FIRE!

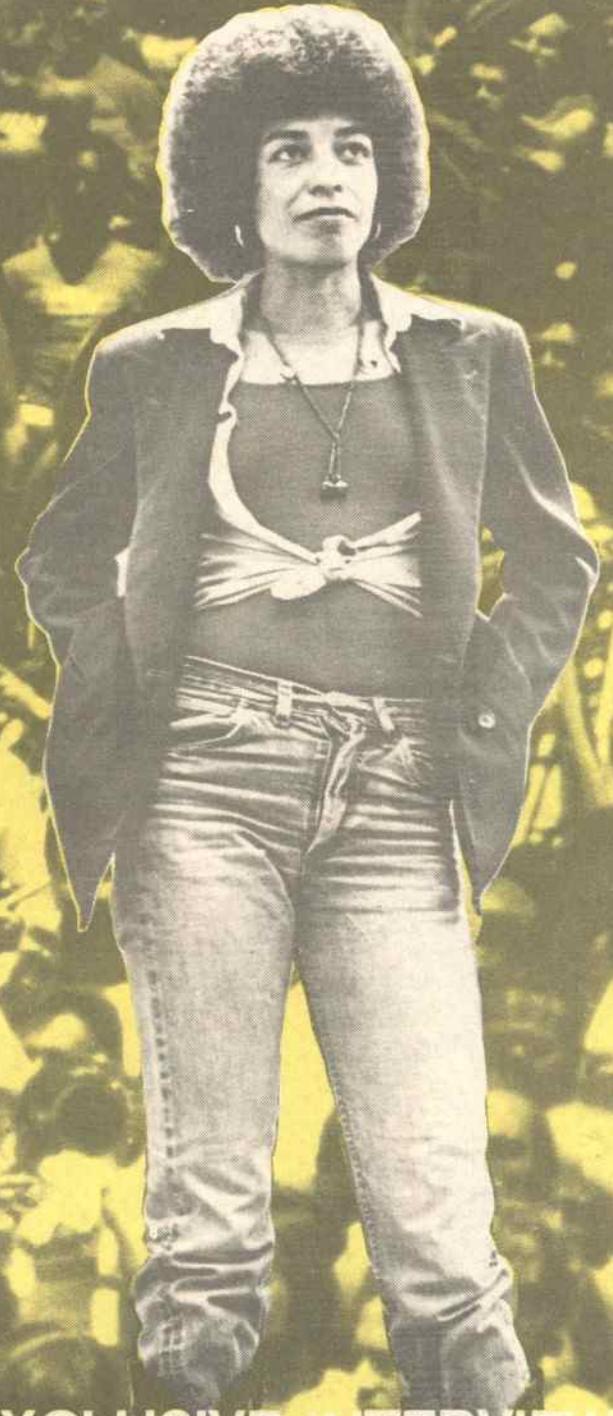
SILENT PATRIOTS:  
GAYS OF WWII

VITO RUSSO'S  
CELLULOID CLOSET

GREG DAY PORTFOLIO:  
SOUTHERN COMFORTS

1981 GAY PARADES

VICTOR BUMBALO'S  
KITCHEN DUTY



EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW!  
ANGELA DAVIS

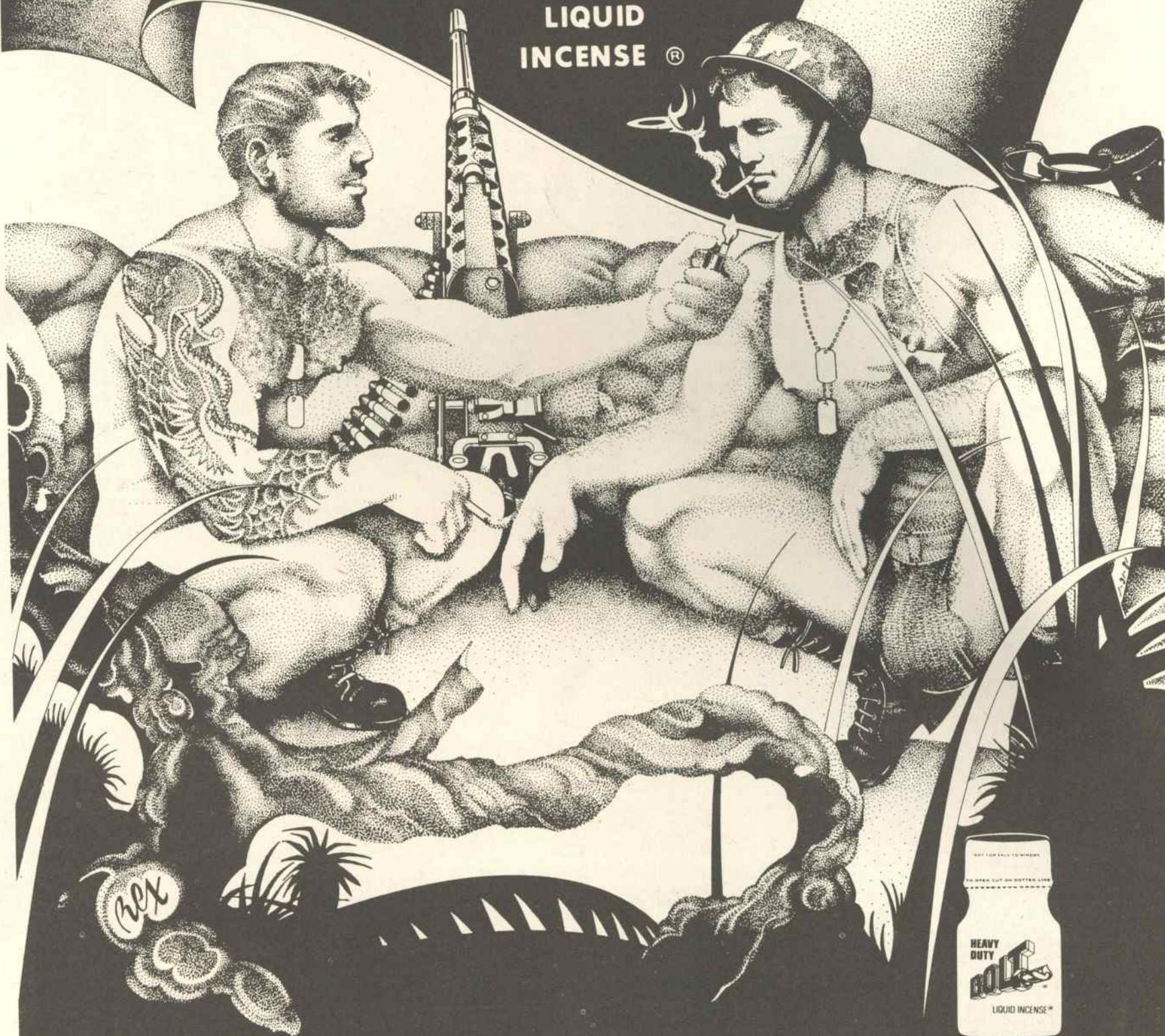
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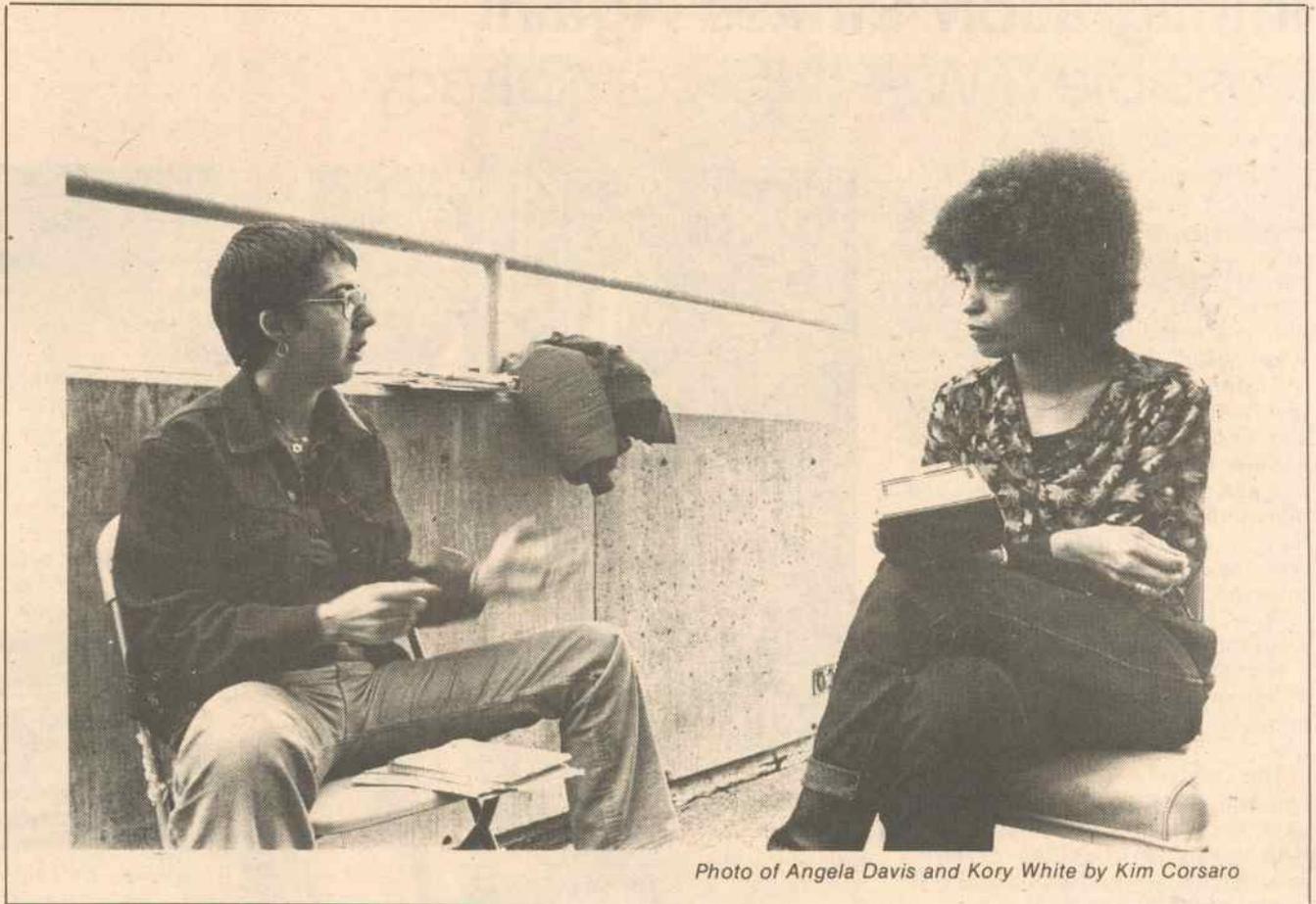


Photo of Angela Davis and Kory White by Kim Corsaro

**ANGELA DAVIS**

Black. A Woman. A Communist. Angela Davis has lived at the cutting edge of social oppression and bigotry because of her sex, her race and her political beliefs. In this exclusive interview with Kory White, Angela talks about the women's movement, the black movement, and the gay rights movement. Page 10

**NOLAG: A FINAL PLEA FOR UNITY**

Konstantin Berlandt attended the first meeting of the National Organization for Lesbians and Gays, the group that hopes to unify and direct the gay rights movement in the 1980s. Writing from the eye of the storm, a report on what will and what will not happen, and why. Page 14

**SOUTHERN COMFORTS:  
A GREG DAY PORTFOLIO**

One of the most versatile and exciting photojournalists in the gay media shows his cultural heritage and sensibilities in a retrospective portfolio of images. Page 16

**ONLY IN SAN FRANCISCO**

The cliché of yesterday takes on a slightly different meaning when Penni Kimmel opens the closet door on some rather unexpected goings-on in the legendary gay mecca. Now you know how true *Tales of the City* really was! Page 22

**SILENT PATRIOTS:  
LESBIANS & GAYS BEFORE  
LIBERATION**

The San Francisco Lesbian & Gay History Project is a dedicated group of men and women who are documenting American gay history through the records of the media, oral histories, photographs, and other sources. Here is an overview of their revealing and often amazing work. Page 24

**KITCHEN DUTY**

Victor Bumbalo's *au courant* farce about the not-so-perfect S&M one-night-stand. Page 45

**WE'RE NOT HERE TO CELEBRATE,  
WE'RE HERE TO DEMONSTRATE:  
THE 1981 LESBIAN/GAY  
FREEDOM DAY PARADE  
AND HOW IT GOT THAT WAY**

Penni Kimmel continues her San Francisco odyssey with a look at the yearfull of controversy that led to the 1981 Parade becoming the largest in history, then shifts into retrospective gears for a bittersweet look back at the party for 300,000. Daniel Curzon examines PARADE '81 with his own uncompromising eyes. Page 52

**THREE POEMS FOR AN ISTANBUL  
MIDNIGHT**

Lyle Glazier's autobiographical short story about an American teacher rediscovering the exotic and the unforgettable in a Turkey that is no more. Page 56

**VITO RUSSO:  
UNCLOSETING HOLLYWOOD**

Phil Nash interviews the young film historian who has created tidal waves with his searing look at the image of gays in American cinema. Page 66

Cover photo: Parade by Robert Pruzan,  
Angela Davis by Kim Corsaro

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## Immigration Strikes Again! Possible TWA-INS conspiracy

by Konstantin Berlandt

Phillip Fotheringham, 23, arrived May 5 at Kennedy Airport in New York after seven months of European travel and with just \$8 left in his pocket, plus a credit card-inscribed ticket back to Toronto May 10th given him by a friend he planned to visit in Washington, D.C. until then.

Customs officials looked askance that "just a friend" would be so kind, and shunted Fotheringham off to another room to search through his luggage, read through his letters and diary until they had enough information to confront him: "Are you a homosexual?"—a phrase familiar from the 1950's.

"Yes," he said. ("Admitted," was the word the non-gay press used.)

With all the evidence in their hands, Phillip says, he figured he'd better not add lying to his, in their eyes, being gay.

The interview continued another two and a half hours. Fotheringham says that the officials hounded him with questions of "Who's Robin?", ignoring his request for privacy in the matter of his personal life.

Finally, the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) officials turned him over to TransWorld Airlines officials, one of whom called him "sick" and several of whom forced him, without benefit of deportation papers, back on a plane returning to London, withholding his passport until he arrived in Heathrow.

Demonstrations were quickly organized for May 29 at U.S. embassies and consulates in Dublin, London, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Oslo, Toronto and Sydney, together with simultaneous protests in various American cities, against both U.S. Immigration practices, and calling for



Philip Fotheringham and Carl Hill, recent victims of U.S. Immigration acts against gay visitors, in London after Fotheringham was forcefully ejected from the U.S. by the INS, with the possible assistance of TransWorld Airlines.

an international boycott of TWA for their part in this incident.

Besides planning demonstrations in Minneapolis, Chicago, Indianapolis, New York and Washington, D.C., among others, in San Francisco there was a picket of TWA ticketing offices at Union Square.

Concern was expressed here also among the San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Parade Committee that international speakers invited to the June 28th event would not be allowed into the country. The Committee is keeping tight-lipped as a consequence regarding the names of invited speakers from gay liberation organizations in Greece and Mexico, although an alternate plan devised by the Committee calls for having the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps, tap dancers and the Lesbian Chorus to be at the airport to greet them when they arrive.

Both Fotheringham and former INS victim Carl Hill (see *Alternate* interview with Carl Hill, volume 3, No. 16) expressed interest in attending the parade in San Francisco this year.

Hill, a gay journalist-photographer, was stopped two years ago at S.F. International Airport when trying to attend and cover the parade. Allowed into the country only until his hearing, he marched in protest at the front of the parade. His case is still pending a decision from the US Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C.

But his lawyer, Gay Rights Advocate attorney Don Knutson, has already won a clarifying decision that supports Fotheringham's claim that INS officials in his case broke their own rules while interrogating him.

Fotheringham is suing both the

## Harvey Milk Library Dedicated: Archival material displayed

by Konstantin Berlandt

Monday

Helen,

Since you are going to be "wooded" and "lobbied" by all the Supervisors, I would like to give you my view of the 11 months on the Board—lunch or breakfast tomorrow?

Harvey

Monday

Helen,

Congratulations and all that.

warmly

Harvey

11-27-78

George,

Thanks for the opera seats—if there is any chance for Saturday's *Symphony*, my true love of music is showing itself—

Harvey

The three letters were on display at



the dedication ceremonies May 19 for the Harvey Milk Memorial Library, already closed to the public for lack of city funds, although being recon-verted for the blind into a talking book depot. The facility was intended to house the Harvey Milk collection of archival materials.

Dedication ceremonies featured several San Francisco Supervisors, a score of aspiring gay politicians, wine

and hors d'oeuvres, and one drag queen, in the kick-off to this year's Harvey Milk Week that included another tipling party under the City Hall rotunda; a rally on City Hall steps to commemorate the second anniversary of the rebellious riot protesting the manslaughter verdict given Dan White; and a mass birthday party in Duboce Park on Memorial Day Weekend. Milk would have been 51 years old on May 22.

The three letters at the beginning of this column are archival material taken from the body of Harvey Milk after his assassination.

A bullet hole obscures the "m" in "music" in the third letter. The tickets Harvey was requesting were to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*.

The two other notes were to Helen Fama, who came in third against Dan White when district elections were still the method of accession to the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. Mayor George Moscone, who was

also assassinated by Dan White, was due to appoint a replacement to White's supervisorial seat the morning of the murders. White had resigned two weeks earlier but now wanted his job back.

After the dual assassination, Mayor Dianne Feinstein (who replaced Moscone) appointed Don Horanzy, a real estate salesperson, who was not from White's district, to fill that also-vacant seat. Horanzy was voted down when he appeared on the city ballot. Newspapers, at the time of his appointment, suggested that Horanzy was Moscone's intended candidate for White's seat—and that he would have been appointed had not Dan White disturbed the morning's business that day in City Hall. But the notes to Fama found in Harvey Milk's bullet-ridden coat pocket suggest that the liberal woman was the intended appointment—her political office denied by White's bullets as well.

## 'Gay Press Association' Forms

U.S. government and TWA for false imprisonment through lawyers in both New York and Los Angeles.

"Apparently, he's well-connected," says Knutson, who was in telephone contact with him from San Francisco, and has also talked with Fotheringham's lawyers. From information gathered, Knutson says cautiously, "he may have a valid damage claim," noting also that under interrogation Fotheringham did sign a declination of application to visit the U.S., a signature that could prove a problem to the court case.

Fotheringham has dual citizenship, born of Canadian parents in England, and also lived in Virginia Beach on the U.S. East coast for six years while his NATO-officer father was stationed there.

Knutson says he recently won a clarifying decision that reflects on the Fotheringham case. "Apparently, INS officials are either ignorant of or ignoring their own regulations."

When Judge Stanley Weigel here refused to throw out the Jamie Chavez case (another gay victimized by the INS), he also insisted ISN has no right to interrogate for homosexuality unless the person gives an unsolicited and unambiguous declaration, or the department is given information from a "contemporaneous traveler."

Knutson warns that Customs officials who violate these guidelines are personally liable. He is suing the American government for \$1 million on behalf of Chavez, a Mexico City dress designer who was accused by Customs officials at the San Francisco airport a year and a half ago of being a transvestite for having examples of his work in his suitcase.

Chavez was held in a room at the airport Hilton for two days while strip-searched and otherwise humiliated, until he could attain a lawyer who kept him from being packed back on a plane to Mexico City a la Fotheringham.

It is not known how many others have been silently returned home, their travel money spent, their hopes of visiting America dashed.

Knutson hopes his appeal of the Hill case to the D.C. court will return a ruling completely throwing out the "deviant" statue as it has been applied to homosexuals. As he has argued, the American Psychiatric Association a number of years ago removed homosexuality from "deviant" or "innately pathological" categories.

Gay Chicano activist David Masias says, "Gays and Latino are having the same problems with Immigration but neither wants to hear the other one's story or work together on this. I say, Come on, you all, wake up. Poor people are having a problem." Masias was booed at the 1980 San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Parade for his remarks on the problems Latinos face at the Mexican border, where he says they are turned back for being "poor." San Francisco gays could not sympathize with the plight of non-gay Latinos at entering the U.S., as the city was experiencing a flood as assaults on gays by Latinos at the time. Masias is organizing the first Lesbian/Gay International Latino Conference to be held in August of this year in Austin, Texas, and has already received commitments from individuals in numerous Latin American countries who are planning to attend.



Newly-elected officers of the national Gay Press Association include: Mark Segal (Vice-President), Phil Nash (Secretary), Joe Di Sabato (President) and Morgan Pinney (Treasurer).

(Dallas)—The Second National Convention of the Gay Press Association, held in Dallas, saw the final steps taken to solidify the organization, including the adoption of official by-laws and the election of officers. More than sixty editors, publishers and representatives from gay magazines and newspapers all over the country met in Dallas the first weekend of May and elected Joe DiSabato, the director of Rivendell Marketing Company (and the original catalyst of the organization) as President. Mark Segal, publisher of *Gay News* (Philadelphia) was named Vice-President; Phil Nash from *Out Front* (Denver) was elected Secretary; and Morgan Pinney, a freelance

writer from New York, was named Treasurer.

Four regional Directors were elected, as well as two Directors-at-Large. Henry Mach, editor of *First Hand*, was elected to the position of National District Director, to represent gay publications with national distribution.

Some of the aims of the GPA are to establish guidelines for standards and ethics, and the institution of a national wire service.

The next national convention will be held in Denver, Colorado in May of 1982. The GPA has established a rule that national conventions may only be held in states that have ratified the Equal Rights Amendment.

## Newsletter For Blind Gays

(Chicago)—Thanks to an organization devoted to the needs of blind lesbians and gay men, there is now a braille and cassette *Newsletter* available for national readers.

The Lambda Resource Center for the Blind offers the *Newsletter* in English, free of charge as an introduction to the publication.

The *Newsletter* digests various articles from the international gay press in cassette form, and is read with permission of the press by sighted persons of both sexes.

The particular problems of blind gays have received little attention generally. For instance, braille publications won't allow the words "gay" and "lesbian" and so "alternative lifestyles" has been used instead, resulting in queries from people interested in back-to-nature movements and converting to solar energy.

In addition, most gays who are blind must live in heavy dependence, with parents or in hospitals—and

thus find it difficult to express their sexual feelings. They feel beholden to the people they live with and are reluctant to come out for fear of being cast out.

Furthermore, books on tape distributed by the Library of Congress are distributed equivocally because Recordings For The Blind is publicly funded and those in charge fear the wrath of anti-gay forces in society.

The main problem blind gays face may be the fact that many people simply refuse to recognize that blind people are sexual. But if anything, blind people should be more adaptable to sex than most people, since sex is touching and personal contact.

Blind gays sometimes feel bitter because they are neglected by both the heterosexual and the homosexual world.

The cassette produced by The Lambda Resource Center for the Blind is six hours in length. Information is available from: LRCB, Box 1319, Chicago, IL 60690.

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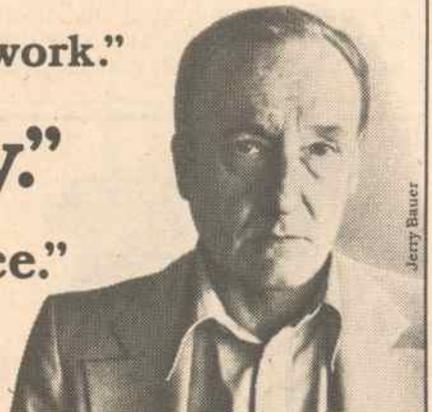
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# THE GREAT S&M FIRE HOAX

"sado-masochistic slave quarters" and the old building once known as The Barracks was called "an abandoned gay bathhouse." The Barracks, which had not been occupied for nearly five years, and which was only recently undergoing renovations for its new life as a tourist hotel, could hardly be the mythical "slave quarters" Casper envisioned.

should be corrected during the telecast. He went on live on the six o'clock news, not to clarify his erroneous remarks but to complain that the reason the fire had gotten as far as it had was due to budget cuts to the fire department. Period. No correcting of any of his prior statements-of-the-moment, in spite of that fact that he knew they were inaccurate, incorrect, and damaging.

But facts were not going to slow down the good chief. After *The Alternate* began receiving phone calls from all over the country, we placed a call to Chief Casper ourselves. His office said he was "at the fire", although that's the location where we were calling from. At this point we could not tell if it was television or telequeen that was sending the news across the country so quickly, but it appeared that the further from the scene, the more the Chief's statements were amplified.

The *Alternate's* remarks were recorded by the same cameramen and a very brief rebuttle was shown on the late evening news saying that the Folsom fire had little, if anything to do with the gay community, S&M, Rush, or any of the bullshit attributed to it.

We called the Mayor's office. Her press secretary assured us that the Chief had made no such statements. Later, we called his office again to tell him that we had him on videotape and suggested he pick up a copy of the *Examiner*. Until then, we had heard nothing from him ourselves.

Chief Casper and his white, heterosexual middle-class male firefighters have had a long, unchallenged reign in San Francisco. His homophobia rivals ex-Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis's, whom he resembles. In a city where one of out every five voters is gay, it is amazing that nothing has been done to silence his homophobia or remove him from office. He has succeeded in making the gay community of San Francisco look to the rest of the world like a pack of leather-clad, chain-wielding pyromaniacs bent on burning down the fabled city by the bay. Perhaps this time he has stepped in it with both feet.

The most gullible of the news services was Associated Press, which swallowed the Chief's statements hook, line and sinker. The local representative, who refused to disclose her exact story to us (*Alternate* is not an AP member, she said), declared she based what was sent out on direct quotes from Casper.

In the meantime, the science-fiction of the great San Francisco abandoned gay S&M bathhouse fire has spread in blazing headlines around the world, and has produced, if not very great firefighting, at least some amazing histrionics. Supervisor Quentin Kopp has stated that he is drafting legislation making it an offense to have S&M equipment in own's home, a not very constitutional or San Franciscan kind of law. In fact, such a thing was passed in Texas not long ago. Perhaps Chief Andrew Casper would feel more at home there. □

Finally the Chief called us back, saying his "slave quarter" information had been given to him by "members of the gay community." He stated that he would not refute them and was planning no more press conferences. When pressed, he said that he would be being interviewed by Channel 4 that evening live at the fire site and invited us to interview him at that time and place. He had, by then, agreed that unsubstantiated information

San Francisco Chronicle

Fire Sweeps 27 Buildings

San Francisco Examiner

HUGE S.F. FIRE



As fires go, San Francisco hadn't had such a spectacular one since maybe the celebrated earthquake/fire of 1906, at least one with such an explosive aftermath. It all started, and for the second time in five years, at an old hotel being remodeled as a hotel/restaurant at the corner of Folsom and Hallam in San Francisco's South of Market area. Whereas a similar fire had started in the same building some five years before, S.F. firemen had handily put that one out, even with rather strong winds. This new conflagration spread to wipe out approximately two dozen buildings on a windless July night, or 2:15am, to be exact.

However, the first reaction was not concerning the fire department's lack of effectiveness. It went in an entirely different direction. Whether there is a connection between the two has yet to come to light.

San Francisco's Fire Chief Andrew Casper has long been known as a card-carrying homophobe. His department has refused to recruit open gays to its ranks; in fact, all minorities are in short supply. There are reportedly only five blacks wearing the SFPD badge. Chief Casper's private remarks are quoted as being notoriously anti-gay. At the Rush warehouse fire two years ago, he was reported to frequently refer to "faggot businesses" and "faggot products". But remarks like these went unreported—and unrecorded.

However in the heat of the Folsom area fire and the glare of the television cameras, Casper really cut loose. For

posterity on videotape he stated:

"We know that there are (quote) slave quarters involved in the South of Market area, principally in the area of this conflagration. With the slave quarters, uh, very well could be people who are chained to the beds. Some of these buildings are collapsed so we have to be very careful of whether or not there is a life loss."

And the media loved it! Channel 4 (NBC) added that a portable morgue was being set up because "they might find bodies under circumstances bizarre even for San Francisco." The other channels and radio stations grabbed it up and ran with it. The *San Francisco Examiner* embellished it and added that Casper said he thought the fire might have been fed by "quantities of Rush, a sexual stimulant widely used by homosexuals." *The Chronicle* added that Casper had been told that quantities of the chemical were stored in a warehouse in the area. The actual fact was that Rush's manufacturer, W. Jay Freezer, owns one of the Victorians in the area and rents it as a residence. No Rush was found nor do they have a warehouse anywhere near there.

Among other things not found (thank goodness) were the bodies of "slaves chained to beds" in an S&M slave quarters. Casper's firefighters, with this picture in mind, said they thought they smelled "burning meat" (homosexual slaves?) while fighting what has become a huge blaze. The completely unoccupied temporary morgue was set up in an alley.

*The Examiner* thundered on about

## S.F. Guardian Angels Form

(San Francisco)—Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver and Dick Stingel, head of Community United Against Violence, have issued a statement in support of the formation of a branch of New York's Guardian Angels in San Francisco.

The grassroots organization in New York has received media attention and public support for their attempts to stop and prevent street crimes, particularly in that city's subway system and parks.

A native San Franciscan, Ken Carson, made the original contact with the New York group about forming and training a similar local organization. Carson returned to the Bay Area and set up meetings between various

neighborhood organizations, CUAV, and Supervisor Silver, who has long been interested in the formation of community street patrols.

Representatives from the various neighborhood groups questioned Carson and the program itself about accountability, discrimination, potential for violence, funding, and potential for abuses. Supervisor Silver and CUAV's Dick Stingel expressed their satisfaction that Carson had responded well to the concerns, and offered their endorsement.

The first neighborhood patrols, who are trained in a variety of situations and defense techniques, are expected to become visible in June.

## El Salvador Death Squad

(San Salvador)—The ruling military junta has established an elite corps of assassins called the SACA (Secret Anti-Communist Army), which observers are calling nothing more than a death squad unified to "eliminate leftists, homosexuals, prostitutes, thieves and assassins", according to the *Central American Update* from Toronto.

The military junta continues to

keep the small Central American country under dictatorial rule, although without the support of the population.

The current U.S. administration is in support of the military junta regime, despite the fact that genocide has been the rule of the dictatorship, including the assassination of U.S. citizens by the army.



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## British Soldier Fights Dismissal

(London)—A British soldier dismissed because of his homosexuality has decided to challenge the army's decision before the European Court of Human Rights.

John Bruce, 28, a former bombardier in the Royal Artillery, says that the cruel way he was treated violated the articles of the European Convention on Human Rights, which guarantee respect for individuals' private lives and freedom from discrimination.

The British armed forces were exempted from the 1967 Sexual Offenses Act, which made homosexual acts between consenting adults legal.

Bruce's homosexuality came to light after a successful seven-year career in the military. He served two tours of duty in Northern Ireland. After his court martial, he was told he was no longer fit to wear his Northern Ireland campaign service medal.

In August 1980, his court martial found him guilty of being homosexual. His sentence was threefold: nine months imprisonment, reduction in the ranks, and dismissal "with disgrace."

According to Bruce, while being held in a military prison in Germany for three weeks, awaiting review of his sentence, he was forced to wash and polish the guardroom floor twice daily, clean out the officer's latrine,

and to undergo two hours a day of rigorous "corrective military training."

The military found out about Bruce's gayness by searching through his belongings to find letters from Tim Day, the civilian with whom he now shares a farm in Kent.

Bruce was then told that he was to face three charges of "disgraceful conduct of an indecent and unnatural kind."

His discharge papers reveal the military's conflicting attitudes toward him. Whereas his sexual conduct is called "unsatisfactory", his on-the-job performance is described as that of "an intelligent, articulate young man who can be relied upon to undertake any job and without supervision."

This case will be the first-ever legal challenge to the British armed forces contention that homosexuality is a "potential disruptive influence."

The military also claims that homosexual service persons might be vulnerable to blackmail and thus a security risk; it also says that it is concerned about protecting junior ranks from homosexual exploitation.

Bruce says he had "nothing against the army. I just totally disagree with their attitude toward gays. Even if I lose the case, I hope it will make the army think twice."

## Gay Philatelic Society Launched



(San Francisco)—The Gertrude Stein Philatelic Society made its official debut June 28th with the release of a Special Event cover commemorating the San Francisco 1981 Lesbian & Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration. The cover, bearing a cachet designed by Charles Musgrave, was date cancelled on Sunday, June 28th by the United States Postal Service in that city. The cover was released in two versions. One cover was franked with the Eleanor Roosevelt, Dag Hammarskjöld, and the Freedom to

Speak Out stamps. The other cover carried the Willa Cather stamp along with Robert Indiana's Love stamp and the Right to Public Assembly stamp. There were 449 covers issued. The special event covers issued by GSPS are the first in history.

The Society is devoted to promoting connections between gays and philately (stamp collecting), and plans a number of innovative projects for the coming year, including a nation-wide drive to have the Society's namesake, Gertrude Stein, appear on a U.S. postal issue. Future plans also include a directory of gays who have appeared on stamps, plus other Special Event and First Day covers honoring gay persons and events of importance to the gay community.

Information about GSPS, the 1981 Special Event Covers, or any of the upcoming programs is available by writing: GSPS, Box 14551, San Francisco, CA 94114.

## Sweden Celebrates Gay Liberation

(Stockholm)—The fifth annual Gay Liberation Week will be celebrated in Sweden this year with films, theatrical performances, music, debates, parties, a demonstration, and a picnic.

Since gay liberation events have started in Sweden, that country's newspapers, television, and radio have devoted a considerable amount of space to gay subjects.

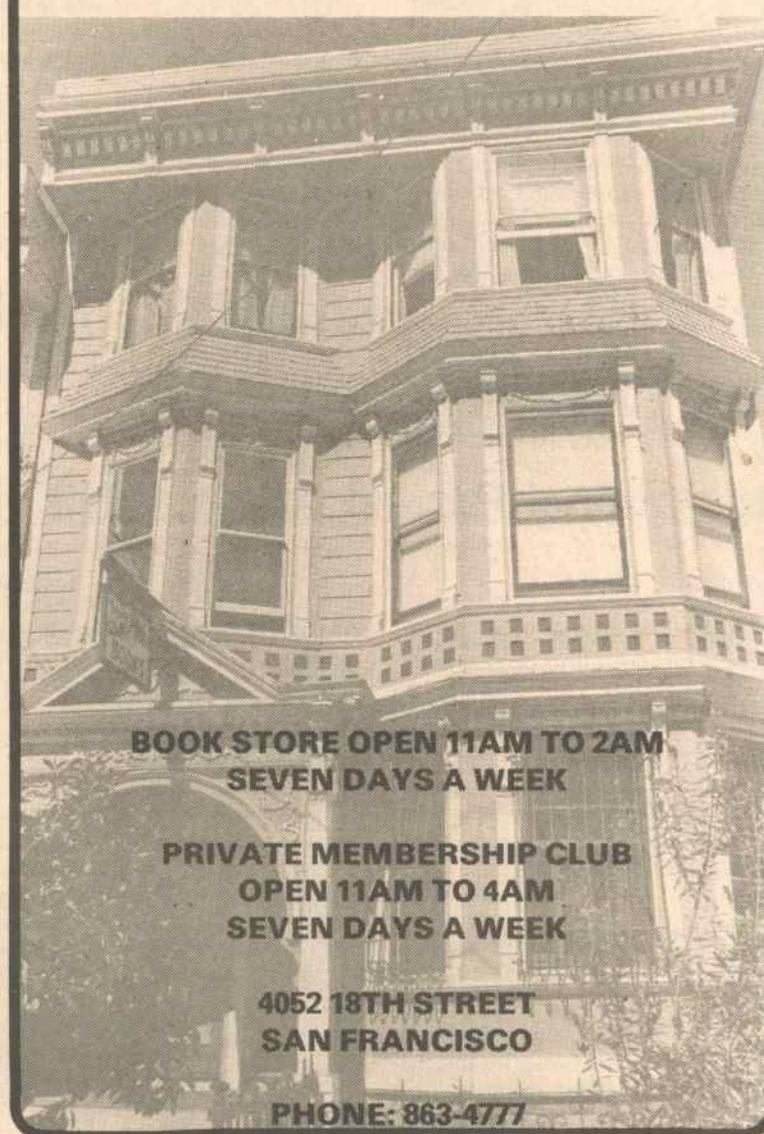
Last year people from 17 different countries participated in the activi-

ties. Approximately 10,000 people took part in activities during the week.

Last year Swedish activists denounced oppression of gays in Great Britain and Finland.

Gay Liberation Week is celebrated in Sweden from August 24-30th. Information on the planned activities and securing accommodations are available by writing: RFSL-Stockholm, Box 15-148, S 104-65 Stockholm, Sweden.

# THE JAGUAR



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## If you're gay, the joke in this scene is on you.

Jeff Bridges in drag in *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* is just another example of the homophobia Hollywood has peddled over the years, from the "sissy" jokes of the silents to the paranoia and brutality of *Cruising*. In his brilliant new book, *THE CELLULOID CLOSET: Homosexuality in the Movies*, Vito Russo explains how Hollywood has adapted to prevailing attitudes, both in its veiled references to homosexuality (e.g., "buddy films," like *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*) and in explicit ones, like *The Boys in the Band*. 120 photographic stills.

**THE CELLULOID  
CLOSET**  
Homosexuality in the Movies  
— VITO RUSSO —



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Paperback \$7.95

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## USSR Sex Education Excludes Gays

(Moscow)—Sex education is coming to the Soviet Union, but homosexuality is not going to be part of it. According to Reuters, Russian sexologists still have not overcome their taboo about gay sex. A leading speaker on the subject of sex said, "Many of the questions I am asked at lectures concern homosexuality and other perversions. I answer them, but I would not include any reference to the subject in my initial remarks."

The speaker also said, "It is not my intention to disturb the people I lecture to. A rift between the recreational and the procreational aspects of sex is unnatural."

The government has decided to include heterosexual sex education after decades of puritanical resistance, to help stabilize the family and to increase the falling population

growth.

Sociologists say that Moscow will be drawing on foreign experience and the results of limited pilot programs in Leningrad.

Yuri Ryurikov, who has written a number of booklets for children and adolescents, believes the measure is overdue.

"For too long, children have been left to acquire their knowledge of sex education in the school playground. Many young people enter into marriage completely unprepared, and it is often the woman who suffers the most," he said.

Supporters of the new line hope that sex education will increase the use of contraceptives and thus reduce the country's high abortion rate.

## International Protest Against INS

by Greg Day L/GPC

International airports, U.S. Immigration & Naturalization offices, and TransWorld Airways offices in over a dozen countries were the sites of an international protest on May 29, 1981 called by Carl Hill and Phillip Fotheringham; two English citizens who have experienced anti-gay discrimination from the INS in the recent past. (See Philip Fotheringham story, this issue).

Hill was able to successfully organize this world wide demonstration only 10 days after Fotheringham's denial of access into the United States by working through a number of gay right organizations, including C.H.E. (Committee for Homosexual Equality) in London, and the I.G.A. (International Gay Organization) in Dublin, Ireland. In the United States, protest co-ordination was facilitated by the Lesbian/Gay Press Corps in San Francisco and NOLAG (National Organization of Lesbians and Gays) in Los Angeles. The intention of the global protest was to call attention to past INS homophobic practices and to spotlight the recent Fotheringham incident, where it is alleged that TWA conspired with the INS to violate the civil rights of the Englishman, who was denied entry into the U.S. despite a valid passport. TWA, according to soil.

In London, the demonstration centered around the U.S. Embassy, where protestors attempted to deliver a petition demanding an end to "This discriminatory U.S. law which classifies homosexual men and women as undesirable aliens." An American citizen, Doug Dickey, entered the Embassy to present the petition but was forced to leave under threat of arrest. The U.S. Embassy claimed ownership of the sidewalk on the street in front of the Embassy building. London police were called in to move the demonstrators, who reassembled across the street and picketed the Embassy for over two hours. U.S. Embassy personell (security guards) photographed the demonstrators from the roof of the Embassy. London police arrived in paddy wagons and threatened to arrest the dem-

onstrators. There were, however, no arrests.

In Los Angeles, a group of lesbians and gay men picketed TWA's main offices in West Hollywood.

In San Francisco, demonstrators picketed the main ticket office of TransWorld Airlines on Union Square. The police forced the demonstrators to move to an area away from the building's entrance.

In Minneapolis, the demonstration began with a motorcade from downtown to the International Airport, which was named in honor of civil rights politician Hubert H. Humphry. According to Tim Campbell, publisher of the *GLC Voice*, and one of the organizers of the demonstration, over 30 people gathered for a rally in the airport's main terminal. A large banner was unfurled which read: Gay Tourists Are Good Tourists. The crowd chanted, "Stop the deportation of lesbians and gays."

Minnesota State Representative Karen Clark, a lesbian elected to that office, spoke to the gathering. Suddenly, a large number of police attacked the crowd and arrested all of the demonstrators, physically abusing them as they were herded into the airport police station. When the police discovered that Ms. Clark and her companion Patty Shannon were in the group, they released all of the women.

Six men were charged with acts of civil disobedience. The police, according to those arrested, offered to release the men if they would plead guilty. All refused, and the men were finally released from the police station at 1AM. All six face upcoming court appearances.

Gays in Washington, D.C. rallied in front of the National Headquarters of the INS. The demonstration included a former Acting Commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. The protestors filed a formal complaint with the Office of Professional Responsibility, a federal agency which investigates improper activities by Civil Service agencies.

Additional demonstrations took place in Stockholm, Sweden. A massive demonstration is planned for June 23rd in Amsterdam, where the

## Gay Historic Plaque Removed

(Jamestown, VA)—The removal of a plaque saying that homosexuals helped colonize Jamestown, the first permanent English-speaking settlement in the New World in 1607, has set off a protest by the gay community.

Jay R. Ellis of Norfolk passed out leaflets at Jamestown Festival Park in July to let people know that the U.S. Park Service has ignored a "historical fact."

The plaque was part of a 1979 exhibit called 'Jamestown's Other People', on the contributions of minority groups to the colonization of Virginia. The plaque said: Gay men

and women help colonize Virginia. In fact, Jamestown was named after James I, the king of England at that time, whom historians generally recognize as being homosexual.

Richard Maedor, superintendent of Colonial National Historical Park, ordered the plaque removed because he said there was no documentation of the gay contribution.

The main reference to homosexuality during the period, he said, was the story of a ship's captain who was executed in the 1620's for raping a cabin boy. "That's pretty flimsy evidence," Maedor said.

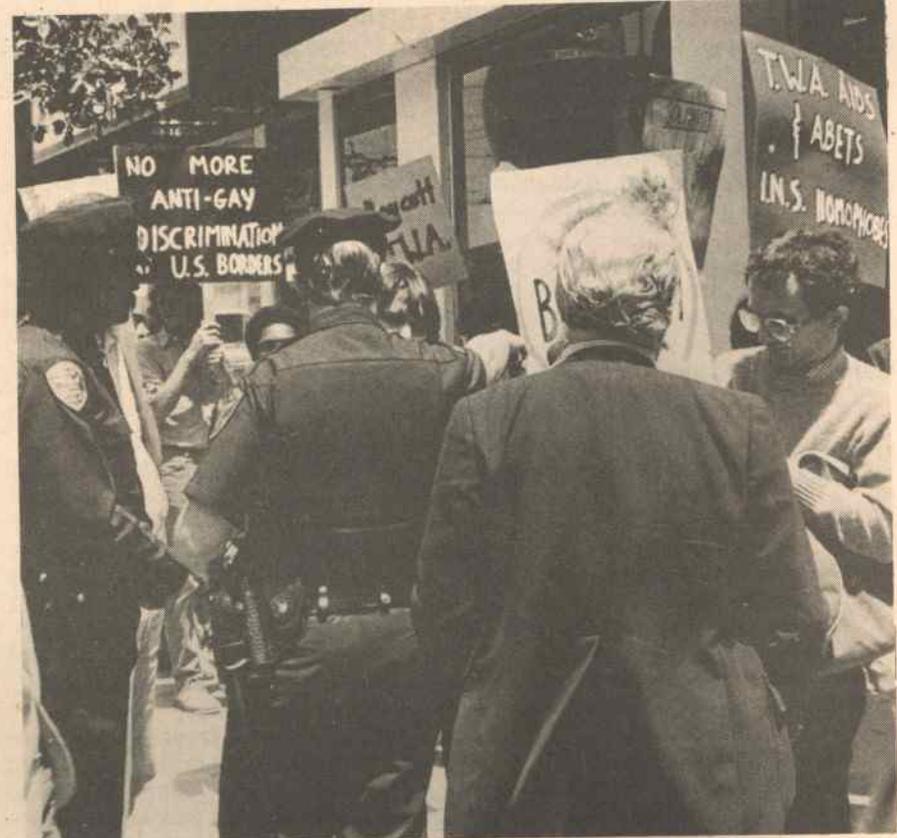


photo by Greg Day



photo by Mark Peterson/GLC Voice

Two of the international protests launched against U.S. immigration policies, in San Francisco (top) and Minneapolis-St. Paul (bottom). Tim Campbell (lower photo) talks with local reporter moments before the demonstrators, with included State Representative Karen Clark, were arrested by police.

government has itself protested the U.S. immigration laws as they affect lesbians and gay men in the past,

including a much-publicized formal complaint to the White House last year.

## Lesbian MP Publishes Memoirs

(London)—Former Member of Parliament, Maureen Colquhoun, who lost her seat in the last general election, has published her memoirs. The book, *A Woman in the House*, deals with her experience as an open lesbian in the House of Commons and her public humiliation during the last

election.

"I found a lot of support in the House, mainly from heterosexual M.P.'s, not from the homosexual ones, for the obvious reason that they felt threatened by my frankness," Ms. Colquhoun reveals in her book.

## Gay Firing Controversy

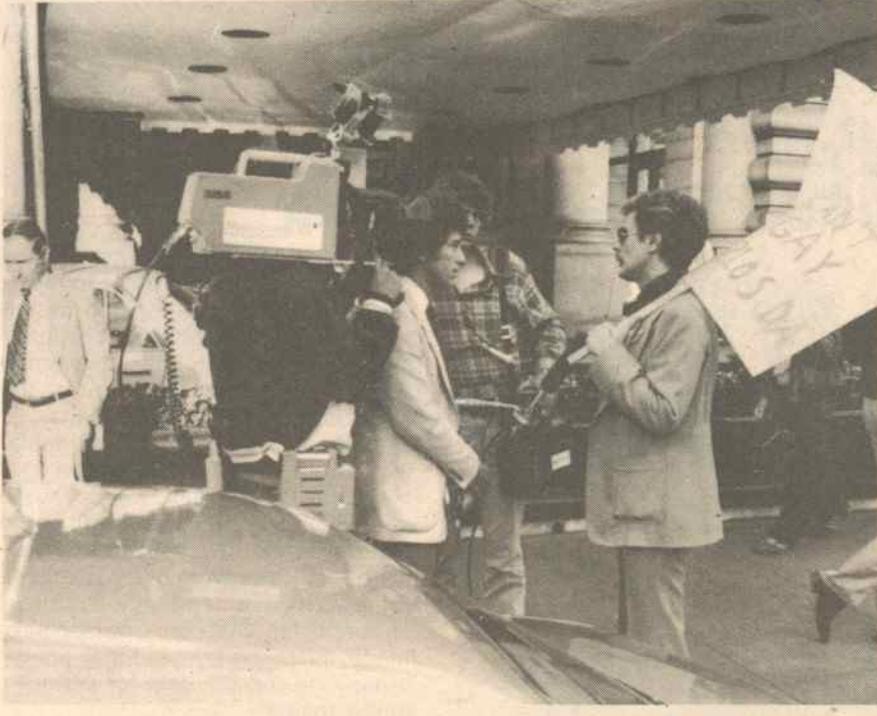


photo by Rink

Mark Johnson (above) talks with reporters during the picketing of a fund-raiser for the San Francisco District Attorney, Arlo Smith, from who's office staff Johnson was fired because of his homosexuality.

(San Francisco)—An incident over the firing of a gay employee because of an alleged prank has led to charges and counter-charges about the treatment of gay employees in the District Attorney's office in San Francisco. Arlo Smith, the District Attorney, was elected with wide-spread gay support, replacing a District Attorney who, it is widely felt, did not prosecute convicted assassin Dan White as fully as possible.

Marc Johnson, 35, a clerk-typist who began working last October in the Family Support Bureau of the D.A.'s office, charges that he was wrongly fired on April 7 of this year because another employee accused him of placing a glass eyeball in a box of candy given another employee who had had an eye operation.

Johnson says that he was really fired because of anti-gay prejudice within the D.A.'s office. He is demanding reinstatement and full back pay.

In a prepared statement, Johnson claims that the official inquiry into the case was conducted by the chief investigator for the Family Support Bureau, Robert Holmes, a man that the District Attorney admitted has, in the past, made homophobic remarks. Holmes has since been transferred to another office.

Arlo Smith's office issued a statement defending his office's employment practices as non-discriminatory. The statement included the sentence: "I will not tolerate members of my staff treating other members in a discriminatory, disrespectful, inhumane manner."

The fired employee denied perpetrating the prank on his supervisor. "I bought no candy. I bought no eye, and I didn't put it on anybody's desk," Johnson said.

Johnson has also stated that other gay employees in the D.A.'s office have complained about harassment from office management and have filed sworn statements with Johnson's attorney.

In his prepared statement, Johnson says that the official investigator questioned only gay men concerning the eyeball incident. Employees said they overheard Holmes saying: "This was a deviate act and only a homosexual would have done it." He also supposedly referred to gay men as "pretty boys who sit around filing their nails."

Johnson adds that other senior investigators have made anti-black and anti-semitic, as well as anti-gay remarks.

Johnson claims that the District Attorney has attempted to gloss over the firing and even attempted to make a deal whereby Johnson would receive a 60-day leave of absence with pay if he would drop the case and seek employment elsewhere with the city government.

Johnson and some 15 other pickets demonstrated peacefully for two hours on May 7, 1981 in front of the Fairmont Hotel on Nob Hill, where the D.A. was holding a fund-raiser. The pickets demanded the rehiring of Johnson as well as the elimination of sexism and racism from the D.A.'s office.

## New Zealand Mayor Denounced

(San Francisco)—Gays picketed and protested a dinner held in that city for visiting mayor of Wellington, New Zealand, Michael Fowler, because of his anti-lesbian and gay practices in his home town. Fowler was in San Francisco in July to discuss a "Sister City" relationship with San Francisco's Mayor Dianne Feinstein. The Chamber of Commerce-sponsored dinner, held at the World Trade Club, was picketed by lesbians and gay men from the city who were organized by Solidarity, currently the city's most active political organization.

Fowler, as mayor of Wellington, ran afowl of the New Zealand gay community when he supported a decision by the Council Transport Committee not to allow advertising placards for the Gay Centre on public buses. Fowler, in responding to complaints about the Council's refusal, said he was in support of the decision "so as not to encourage deviations from the norm." Fowler's letter to the Centre was pointedly bitter and sarcastic.

Picket signs read: *Say No to the Negotiations with Self-Proclaimed Homophobes and Go Home Fowler.*

## Canadian Police Action Continues

(Toronto)—Following the massive raids in February of four gay bathhouses and the public march against the police by 3000 gays the following night, police have continued their attacks on the Toronto gay community. Seven gay men have been indicted by Canadian police with "conspiracy to live off the proceeds of crime" and "conspiracy to commit crime".

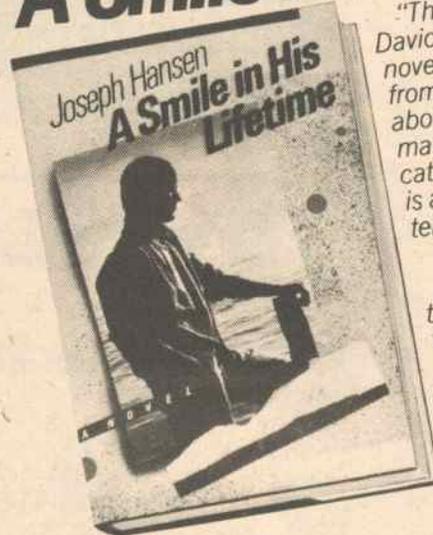
Two of the men charged are Americans. All seven are or were owners or part-owners of bathhouses in Toronto, including those bathhouses that were the target of police action earlier this year. One of the two Americans, Jack Campbell, is fighting extradition from the United States. Campbell is an owner of the Club Bath Chain, which operates gay bathhouses in the US and Canada.

The crimes they have been charged with include: "running a common bawdy house, distributing and selling obscene materials, commission of acts of buggery, and commission of acts of gross indecency".

The other men indicted by the Canadian police include George Hislop,

who holds an elected position on the City Planning Board; activist attorney Peter Maloney (who was a former shareholder of the Club Baths Toronto and against whom it is expected that charges will have to be dropped—he sold his shares six months before the police started their "investigation" of the gay bathhouse); Jerry Levy (a part owner of the Toronto Club Baths); Rick Stenhouse (also a part owner of the Toronto Club Baths); and Raymond Diermer, the other US citizen indicted, who is fighting extradition with Campbell. The seventh man arrested was Robert Montgomery, who has no association with the ownership of the bathhouses. Montgomery owns a "cottage-type business making small leather items for S&M use" reported Boston's *Gay Community News*. Besides the other charges, Montgomery has been charged with selling dangerous weapons. (For earlier reports on the entire Toronto police actions against the bathhouses in February and the subsequent civil disobediences, see *Alternate 18 and 19*).

## A Smile in His Lifetime



"The author of the acclaimed David Brandstetter mystery novels, Joseph Hansen moves from that series to offer a novel about a confused and fragile man... His story is sad, complicated and moving, and Hansen is a mature and talented storyteller and stylist."

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“There has  
been a problem  
within the  
Communist Party...”

# ANGELA DAVIS

*Angela Davis, a name that struck fear in the hearts of government leaders in America during the 1960's, has not ceased to function as a voice for Blacks, the poor, women, and other minority factions in the country since her sensational trial and acquittal.*

*Her association with the Communist Party, her personal and professional opposition to the Viet Nam War, and her highly-visible condemnation of intelligence gathering by government agencies within the country has polarized public opinion about her.*

*Never one to compromise her principles, Angela Davis spoke at *Becoming Visible: The Black Lesbian Conference* held recently in San Francisco. She has become extraordinarily vocal in her support of lesbian and gay rights.*

*This interview was conducted by Kory White soon after Ms. Davis' appearance at the Conference.*

**Kory:** In your speeches at the Conference, you referred to supporting the struggle of lesbians; what are your feelings about the lesbian/gay community?

**Angela:** First of all, I think it's important for all the people who are oppressed, no matter what the reason, to recognize that this is a very dangerous juncture in the history of this country. Particularly with the election of Ronald Reagan, things are becoming more difficult for everyone except for the small group of people who control the economy and the political machinations of the country. And I think it is therefore important to stress unity. Racism is something that has been woven into the very fabric of this country since its foundation, and I think racism historically has had a way of unleashing all kinds of other forms of oppression. Recently, the racist violence that has become more and more evident with the violence of the Ku Klux Klan had its reverberations on women, no matter what color they might be; its reverberations on the gay and lesbian community, and I think it's important for us to recognize that we have a common enemy and that we should stand together.

**Kory:** You touched on those elements at the Conference.

**Angela:** It was a very exciting conference. It was really inspiring to see black lesbians not only from Califor-

nia but from all over the western area who came together in order to plot a strategy to challenge the oppression which black people suffer, challenging the oppression that all women suffer, and for challenging the oppression suffered by lesbians.

I talked specifically about the history of black women, about the contributions that black women have made. Oftentimes, even within the history books that have been associated with the women's movement, there's been a tendency to forget about the fact that black women have made, historically, essential contributions to the struggle for women's emancipation.

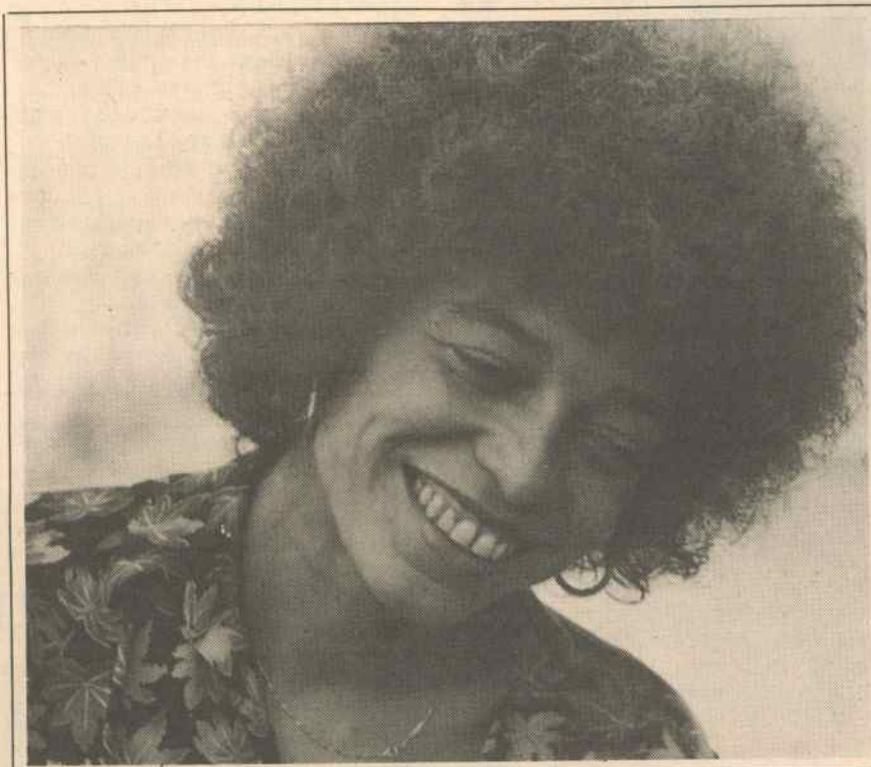
So I talked a little bit about that, and I talked about some of the problems that black women, straight and lesbian, are suffering today. The police crimes—of course, in general, it's young black men who find themselves murdered by police in city after city across the country, but black women have also succumbed to that violence. I talked about the case of Eula Love, down in Los Angeles, who was shot eight times by a policeman. Her only crime was the fact that she had failed to pay a gas bill. And I talked about some of the women who were still in prison although there isn't a great deal of publicity around political prisoners today. There are probably more people in prison, women and men alike, as a result of their political activities.

There's, of course, Dessie Woods, who is still in prison in Georgia as a result of having fought back against a rape attack.

So I gave a general appeal for unity particularly around the issues that black women confront. Economically, of course, black women are at the very bottom of the ladder. Now, with the Reagan cuts, we will be worse off than ever before.

**Kory:** I was interested in how you were chosen to be one of the speakers at the Black Lesbian Conference because there's a divided reaction among any segment of the community toward the Communist Party. The Communist Party is considered to be anti-gay. How did you react to the invitation? And how did they contact you?

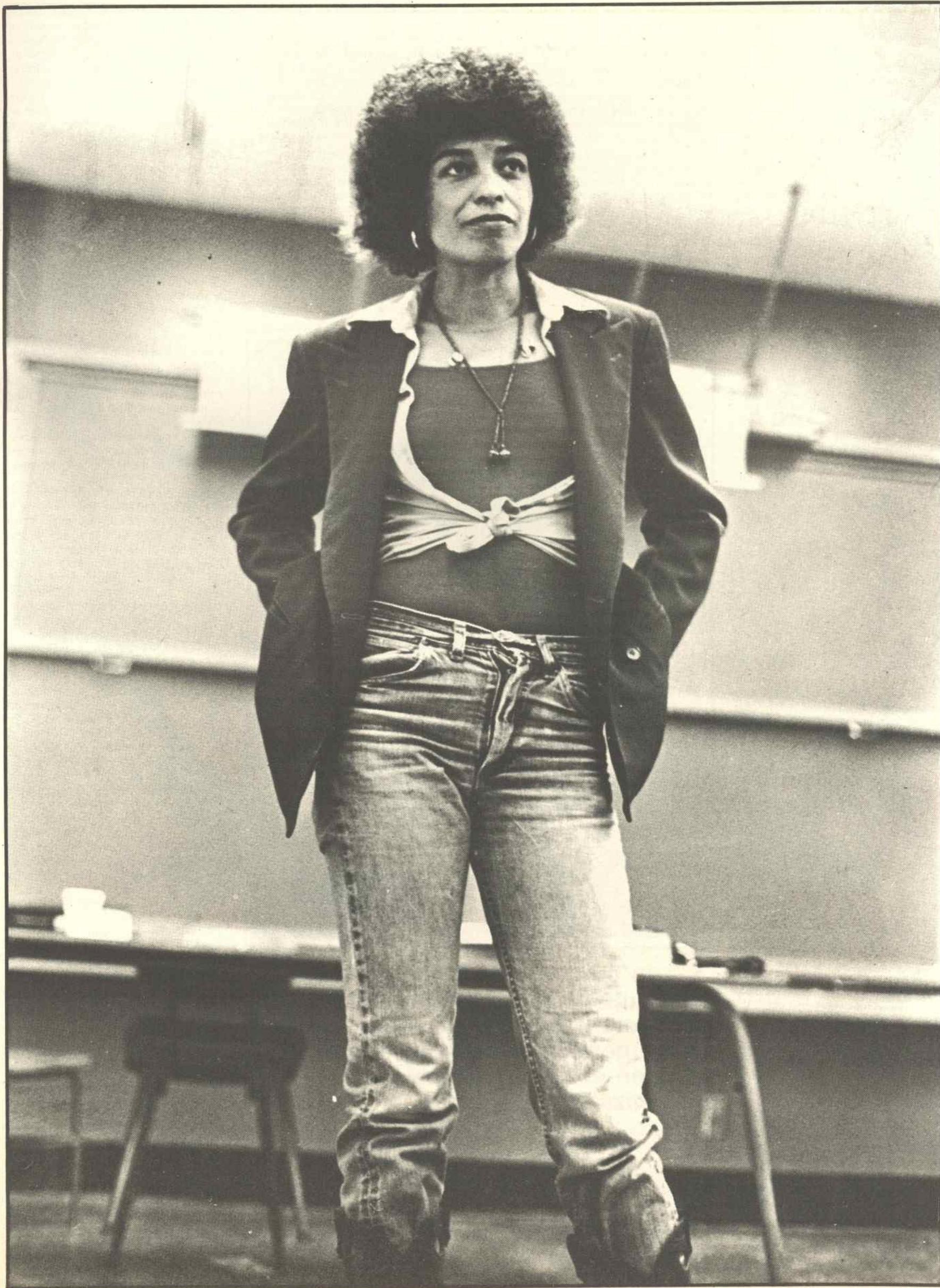
**Angela:** I know that there are these ideas that are floating around that the Communist Party is anti-gay. I mean, I wouldn't say that there isn't the kind of prejudice that exists in all circles



**by Kory White**

**photographs by Kim Corsaro**

“...the FBI attempted to use the fact that there were members of the Communist Party who were gay and lesbian against them... that historical situation doesn't exist anymore.”



directed against gay men and women, but the Communist Party, particularly here in San Francisco, where the heart of the gay movement is, has been in support at all times of the activities and movements associated with gay liberation.

Now, the other day someone was asking me about that and I pointed out one of the reasons why there has been a problem within the Communist Party—it's because of the fact that during the McCarthy era, the FBI attempted to use the fact that there were members of the Communist Party who were gay or lesbian against them. During the 1950's, of course, it was very difficult if one were gay, to come right out and acknowledge that. And so, what they used to do was to use that against people to convince them to testify against other Communists and to put them in prison. And this did happen. People feared that their careers would be destroyed, that their entire lives would be destroyed if it were discovered that they were gay. As a result of that, there's still some vestiges of that idea—that a gay man or woman can be put into a situation where they might have to be finks.

Now, of course, that historical situation doesn't exist any more. That was something that was connected specifically with the situation during the 1950's.

I should say that within the Communist Party there have been, over the last years, strenuous efforts to begin to deal with prejudices that exist. And of course, because of the nature of San Francisco, the San Francisco Party has gone further than any other Party in the country. When I was asked to give one of the speeches at the First Black Lesbian Conference, I have to admit that I was kind of surprised. But then, attending the conference, I recognize that the sisters who had gathered, they're really ready to recognize the need for unity. The situation of black lesbians is a situation involving double forms of oppression.

They asked me to give a general speech about black women and one of the things that was made clear at the conference was that black lesbians are not a homogeneous group. There are all kinds of black women who are lesbians: black women who may be working women, black women who may be professionals, black women who may be very much involved in the progressive movements, black women who are Communists, who are involved in the struggle against monopoly capitalism. So that I think they probably felt that it was important to try to establish some kind of tie and connection.

**Kory:** Reagan certainly symbolizes the fact that there's a total cut-down on the horizontal and vertical mobility of our society; that is, you can't pick up and move and just leave or go to another town. It'll cost too much to buy a car, or the gas is too high, or the bus fare's too high and you can't afford a plane ticket. Certainly the vertical mobility of the past doesn't exist anymore. What kind of cultural effect do you think this is having?

**Angela:** Well, we're in for very hard times. It used to be the case that the U.S. was considered to be an exception in terms of the laws of capitalism.

It used to be the case that, at least if you were white, you could, as a worker, expect to be able to save enough money to buy a pretty good car, to buy a house, to have enough for a comfortable retirement. That's becoming less and less the case, particularly as people all over the world rise up against the corporations based in this country, creating less and less room for the big monopolies. As a result, there's been an effort to recoup those losses by pressing even harder on working people in this country.

In California, for instance, the average cost of a house is over \$100,000. I mean, who can afford to buy a house these days? You can spend thou-

the country. Now, what does that mean? It means that if a movement for jobs, a movement to preserve and expand the services—if these do not get underway soon, in terms of the white population, the trend of groups like the Ku Klux Klan and the Moral Majority move in with their pseudo-explanations of why white people are suffering. The Ku Klux Klan argues, as do all the groups that are associated ideologically with them argue, that the reason white people see their economic situation deteriorating is because black people and people of color have taken it all. It's because we have been marching over the last decades and we're demanding affirmative action programs and it will be

I am not really reluctant to predict what's going to happen because if things continue to move in the direction they appear to be moving today, there isn't any hope.

But there are indications that more and more people recognize that we have begun to organize and we had better strengthen our movements in a hurry and we had better be ready to deal with racism within the progressive movement. We should talk about building multi-racial movements that are not rent with all the petty bickering about whose struggle is more important... we have to overcome all of that. In that context, it is really important for the progressive gay and lesbian community to come together with straight workers or people who are fighting against the possibility of moving with the ring-wing trend that has been established by the ruling class in this country. The problem is, although people have been upset, frustrated, and have recognized that things are bad, we haven't been a nuclear war. And that really is our only hope.

**Kory:** Do you see any viable movement towards combatting racism against women in the women's community?

**Angela:** Well, I think it is starting. Several years ago there wasn't nearly as profound a consciousness of the need to begin to tackle racism and more and more now you see it. For example, during Women's Week at San Francisco State there was a whole day of workshops around racism. There were some discussions about the specific problems that black women have been finding that should not just be discussed by black women themselves, but by white women as well. That's very important because, in the past, there's been an absolute division: the women's movement has been a white women's movement, and black women or women of color have had their own organizations. Now, I'm not saying that there shouldn't continue to be organizations that, for example, black women might have, or that black lesbians might have to come together as a group. Just because we come together around our own specific concerns does not mean that we can't also unite—and that has to be the trend, I think.

The organization that I work with, the National Alliance Against Racism and Political Oppression, was founded in 1973 and we have a conference every couple years. In 1973, when we came together, we insisted on the fact that the organization be a multi-racial organization, that there be consistent struggle against both racism and sexism. The organization is primarily led by women today, by women of color. But the membership, from one end of the country to the other, is very clearly multi-racial. We've had a whole lot of problems in keeping it together; we've had difficulties on top of difficulties. But there's been a real struggle on the part of those who stuck with the organization to build it and we've been successful. It can happen. It will take a lot of work, but I think that really represents the challenge for progressive women in the future. Cause if we don't, we'll only be singled out one by one and they will

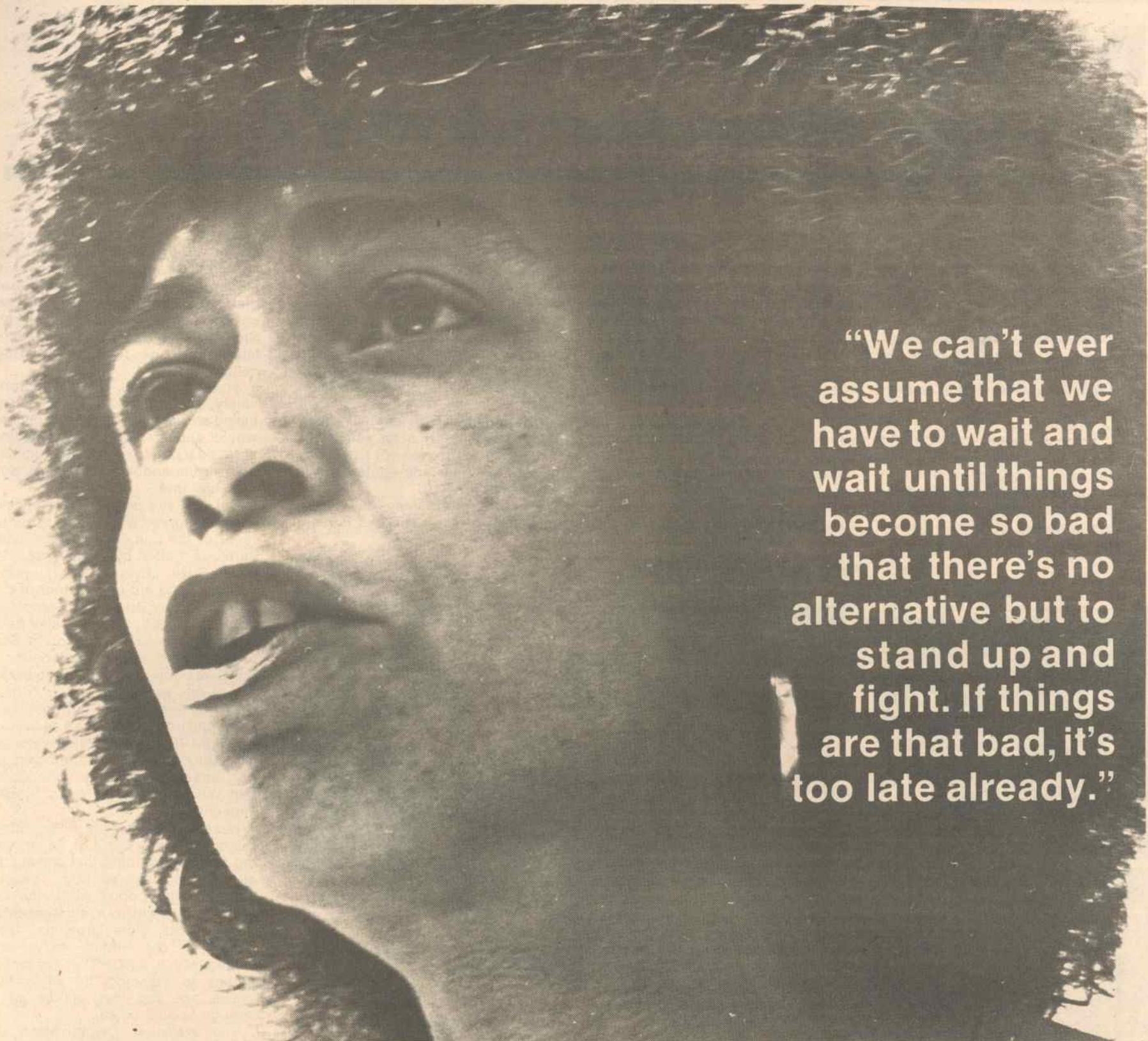


**“...in the past there has been an absolute division: the women's movement has been a white women's movement, and black women or women of color had their own organization.”**

sands of dollars on a new automobile, but then you're going to have to put more and more money in the gas tank in order to keep it running.

Young people are in a very brutal situation; not being able to find jobs, not seeing any prospect of finding jobs. Young black people are unemployed in percentages that approach 75-80% in some large cities across

claimed that we have gotten all of the good jobs and all of the good places in the universities and that, of course, has no basis whatever in reality. But people who are truly seeking the answer to what happened to their lives will seize upon an explanation like that. Unfortunately, they can be manipulated demagogically as the Klan attempts to do.



**“We can’t ever assume that we have to wait and wait until things become so bad that there’s no alternative but to stand up and fight. If things are that bad, it’s too late already.”**

absolutely destroy us.

**Kory:** It seems like things have to get to a point of desperation before people stop harping on their own problems and get together.

**Angela:** I think, basically, the problem today is that there aren't enough people doing the really unglamorous work of organizing. I don't think it took Ronald Reagan to make people realize there was something wrong in this country, a lot of people recognized that long before. The fact that only 27% of the eligible electors voted is an indication that it's really only a small fraction of the people who are organizing those people to the extent that we should have been so that their frustration doesn't become translated into a constructive movement that targets the real enemy. And I think that is the major problem today. We can't ever assume that we have to wait and wait until things become so bad that there's no other alternative

then to stand up and fight. Because if things become that bad, it's too late already.

In the newspapers every day, there are indications that things are becoming worse. The government is talking about allowing the CIA to spy on U.S. citizens now. Things should not have gotten that far. Things should not have gotten so far that the Ku Klux Klan can now claim some degree of support in every state in the country. But again, I think the real challenge is to organize more and more because I think you learn, then, the art of organizing. It's not something that comes naturally. Those of us who have those skills and abilities ought to pass them on!

If we look at what's happening in the country we find that it's working people and poor people who are really suffering the brunt of this new assault. The gay movement may have to make some distinctions in terms of

what the gay movement is all about. There are gay men who will identify with those interests that are actually objectively oppressing masses of people in this country. I think it is important for gay men, lesbians, all people who want to be on the correct side of history, to understand that they must identify with the struggle of working people and must not participate in the oppression.

That holds true for the women's movement in general. I mean, there are women who consider themselves to be for the complete emancipation of women, but there can be no complete emancipation of women if the plight of the working class woman is not dealt with. You can't talk about the emancipation of women being achieved by gaining the right for women to become directors of corporations; they must find some other ways of achieving it than perpetuating the suffering of vast numbers of

people. I think that it's important to have a clear vision of who represents the future—the future of the world—and it's certainly not the people who would use their money, their status in society to prevent the achievement of, for example, free childcare centers, free medical care, subsidized housing. I mean, that's just the way it is. That's just the way it is. It holds true not only for the gay movement but for all movements. It holds true for the black movement.

People who are so-called black middle class, have dissociated themselves from their sisters and brothers working in the factories or who are unemployed. And if they can't see the necessity to identify with them and to use whatever skills they have, whatever knowledge, to use their status to further the progress of the masses of people, then they're objectively on the other side. They've identified with the enemy.

# NOLAG: A Final Plea for Unity?

By Konstantin Berlandt

*How can there be a baby  
with no cryin'?*

—American folk song

This is hardly the time for the American lesbian and gay movement to start swinging the sword of our enemies. Yet that sword was raised and nearly split a Los Angeles conference in late April, called to form a national grassroots action-orientated lesbian and gay rights organization.

The organization *did* form, however, through much conflict and strife, and while there was little disagreement over policy relating to general issues facing the world, decisions about intra-community issues like sex were left, at best, in a wait-

Perhaps the most crucial vote of the convention, over what came to be called the "sexual freedom resolution"—put forward by the Northern California delegation of eight representatives, plus eight non-voting alternates—was defeated 36-33. Maybe if the delegate from the South had voted the other way, the fate of the movement might already be different.

But position or no position on sado-masochism, cross-dressing, cross-generational sex, etc., still a tighter national network has been set up, organizational structure adopted: the country split into 11 regions (designed by the rural caucus) that

around the world against homophobic U.S. Customs officials and an international airline that conspired with them. (See Phillip Fotheringham story in this issue.)

NOLAG has also polled its delegates by mail recently to establish whether they prefer to march on the United Nations or march again on Washington, D.C. in the fall of 1982—the other in 1983.

The formation of a national organization dedicated to mass activism is something our movement has sorely needed for some time—potentially, a major step forward.

But while form may have been achieved with some success, content

Coast Women's Music Festival and very instrumental in seeing that the conference happened at all. Osborne helped draft the structure proposal that, with little argument and a few changes, was adopted by the body. She felt that content should come later; right now form was all that mattered.

And she refused, she insisted privately, to be "saddled" with a so-called sexual freedom resolution that would appear to Midwest lesbians she'd be trying to recruit this summer as a virtual endorsement of heinous man/boy love.

Not that she personally or necessarily disagreed with the sifted sentiment of the contentious resolution, carefully drafted by Santa Cruz activists Suzie Bright and Jeremy Granger, and put on the floor of the convention by Bright and Samois (a lesbian SM club) member Janet Bellweather, who also works for the San Francisco Women's Switchboard.

The resolution called for the backing of our sexual minorities (wherever non-exploitative, non-manipulative, and non-coercive) so as to stop the Right Wing/Moral Majority wedge into our movement on the backs of our apparently still ill-understood and some would claim "fringe" elements.

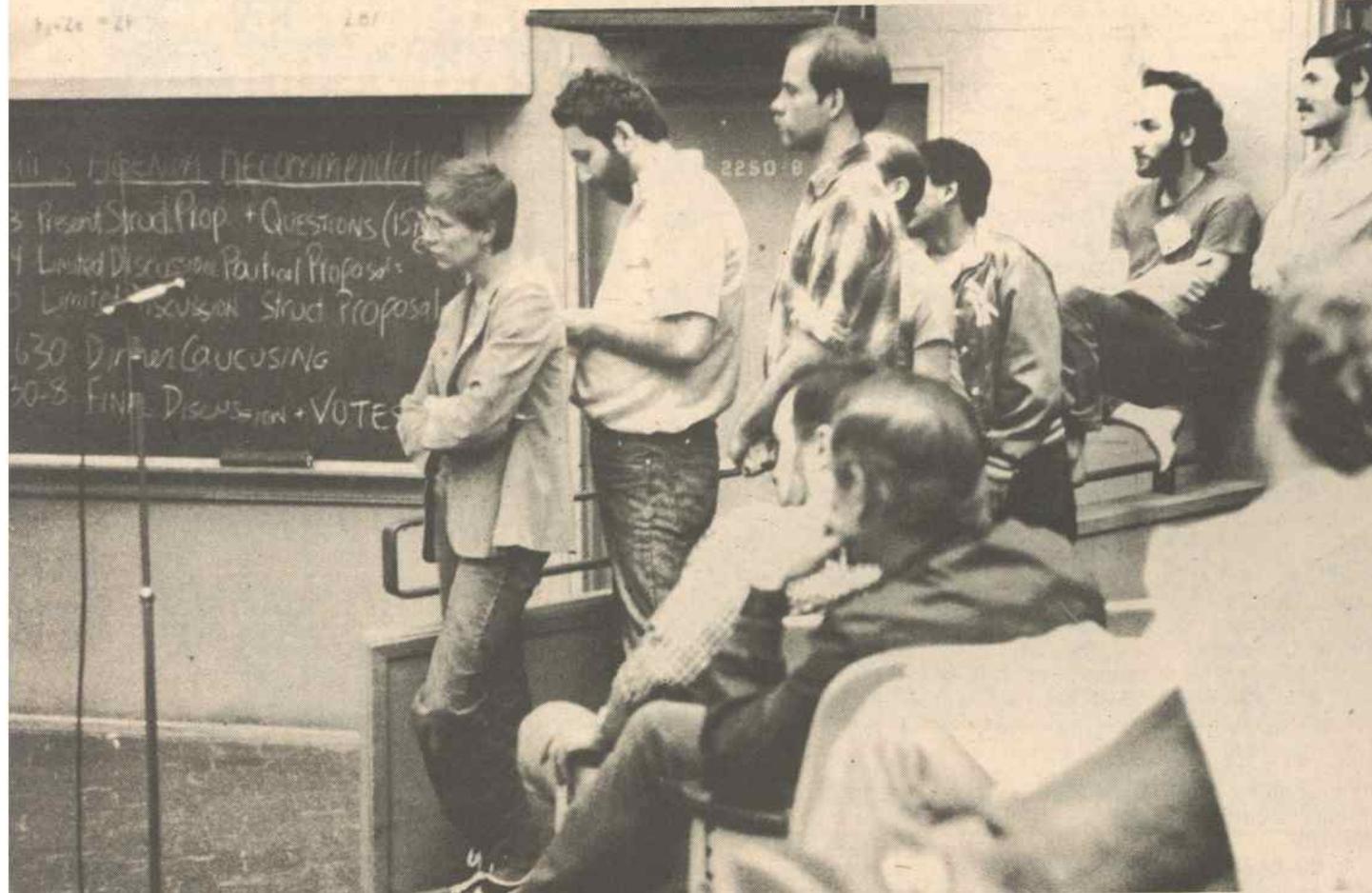
Headlines in the daily press exploit our own sexual minorities, engendering fear and loathing that smears us all. Pretend they're odd, unique, different—they don't exist, they've nothing to do with us in our 3-piece or smart pants suits projecting the image of our choice—movement leaders with a hands-off policy tantamount to standing by while the graves are dug that will be large enough to hold us all.

The National Organization of Women, a historically feminist group that has largely held the homosexual liberation movement implications of the Equal Rights Amendment in the closet whenever possible, took time out of their most recent national convention to hop on the Morality Bandwagon with a resolution condemning SM, pederasts, pornography and public sex.

Their resolution was seen not only as a slap in the crotch of gay males, who have in large part been the strongest allies of the feminist movement out of an innate understanding of that cause, but more seriously a reactionary turn generally in the feminist movement that during its last go 'round degenerated into Women's Temperance that so contributed to building the pre-World War II police-FBI American state.

First take away their sexual rights—their hearts and minds will follow.

Yet Osborne, and others allied with her strategy at the NOLAG convention, who pulled out all the stops to defeat the sexual freedom



The presentation of the "Sexual Freedom Resolution" put forward by the Northern California delegation at the NOLAG meeting was met with open support, open hostility, and a fandango of back-room politics that guaranteed it would not pass. Photo by Greg Day.

and-see position.

The now-named National Organization of Lesbians and Gays (NOLAG for short), formed partially out of the leftover network from the National March on Washington for Lesbian & Gay Rights of October 14, 1979.

A call was put out around the country to form a national organization that could orient around both local and national actions, including possibly a march on the United Nations in New York in 1982 or '83.

There were 30 states that didn't respond at all. The South was represented by one self-appointed delegate who was given two votes for his region.

gives the state of New York a region of its own and California teamed up with Hawaii in the Pacific region 3000 miles wide (hardly time in one weekend to iron out all important details and contradictions). Delegates were elected to the now National Coordinating Council of 52, including four from each region when all regions have met, and eight at-large delegates elected the last evening of the stormy convention.

The network has already been functional in sparking some demonstrations around the nation May 29 against Trans-World Airlines and federal immigration authorities, in conjunction with simultaneous protests

was heatedly debated and left rather unresolved over the third weekend in April on the University of California campus in Westwood. Many of the content/policy resolutions emanated from the Northern California delegation, of which I was a delegate.

The split between content and structure could have worked as a harmonious division of labor among the less than 100 delegates representing lesbians and gays across America who were out both to form and prioritize a new national organization in just three days. Instead of harmony, however, there was war.

Captain of the other side: Torrie Osborne, co-producer of the West

resolution—seen by its supporters as an important counter attack to the recent NOW resolution—did not argue, like some delegates, from a passionate reading that our resolution was wrong. In fact, she also confided encouragingly, "Maybe next year you'll get it passed." It was out of pure pragmatism that she fought it.

Twice on the floor she labeled the resolution an attempt by "men" to run the convention, and the women in our delegation who promoted the resolution were shunned as traitors to feminism throughout the weekend. The Women's Caucus, appropriately some 52% of convention delegates, voted in large part against the resolution, together with a handful of men.

But the women in the Northern California delegation, and a handful of others, refused to be swayed by such demagogic ploys that depicted the issue as a men vs. women question. If anything was divisive, it was insisting that the movement should once again break apart along the gender lines we were there in part to shore up.

Yet Torrie, more stongly than many of the other delegates, was devoted to establishing a successful structure for the organization, and structure indeed was adopted—a structure we can now all use, a structure we need in order to defend the right of all of us.

Without objection, covention delegates also adopted resolutions against Coors Beer and racism, the genocide of Atlanta's children and U.S. aid to El Salvador's junta, and the continuing attacks worldwide on lesbians and gays.

The mere fact that so many had come so far—from Maine to Alaska, Maui and Australia—suggested, too, that we were already united around certain principles and the strategies to achieve them.

But the pragmatists of structure-firsters defined the goal of the convention very narrowly: to form a national organization—period. It felt like a gag rule to many who had traveled great distances to discuss together a few of the issues affecting their lives.

But the structuralists asked, why muck up the conference with such potentially divisive debates as cross-generational sex, that has already proven, in another context back East, to have the potential of splitting the movement?

And how could we, when jaunting about the country to all those states that hadn't sent representatives in the first place, recruit naive and innocent rural-consciousness dykes and faggots, who care just as passionately about human rights as the rest of us, but are less sophisticated or experienced in some things than we who slosh about in the bowels of inner cities like San Francisco, and have grown up quite unabashed about all those little crevices in our minds and bodies?

Perhaps they underestimate the understandings of the mass lesbian and gay American public. Or perhaps, for all their fine intentions, the structuralists were, in the vernacular, putting cart before horse, as numerous delegates argued when fighting for more time to discuss the issues of our movement—policy/content—in a schedule weighted against such discussions in favor of structure resolutions. Agenda and parliamentary

procedure often intercede to preclude any real discussion of issues that might only *seem* to divide us, but in actuality are *crying out* for some shared synthesis of understanding we can all get behind in one movement as clear, united and dynamic as the high-tech New Right coming at us.

Too little time, too much to do—too weak an explanation. Movements are made of dreams, and dreams are made in a flash; while bad politics (re: history of Northern Ireland) only leads to more blood-letting and carnage later on. (The sins of the parents visited on their children's children—a cross-generational relationship).

Those who insisted rather upon proceeding through controversy to resolution maintained, rightly or wrongly, that policy would lead to structure, and that policy, even more, was absolutely essential before people could passionately get behind this organization, however necessary in the abstract. Policy could also determine action, that at the end of the conference was a complete toss up: whether to march on Washington or the United Nations—decided like a popularity contest not based on any politics of the movement.

And witness what happened when the Northern California delegation reassembled back in San Francisco a week after the convention to vote on whether to form a local chapter and proceed with recruiting hundreds if not thousands of members. The vote was put off a month over reluctance as to what the organization was really meant to do and be.

Few will question the need to organize nationally and internationally, but it is also increasingly recognized, as well as verbalized by writers such as Pat Califia and John Rechy, that our rights are not defended by mere bourgeois, strictly middle class morality demands.

Gay liberation started with rock-throwing and fire-setting, cross-dressing and drug-taking, and a love that didn't care that all society called us queer. We knew better, and so were regarded suspiciously by a Madison Avenue that wished to write all our dreams for us.

By the very fact that we could get off on one another without benefit of cosmetic surgery, cancer-inducing underarm sprays or sanctification of church and state, we became their enemy.

We were not a bourgeois movement in the beginning nor will we be in the end. We are a movement of passion and love, and not to be religious about it—setting that high moral tone—we developed from the gut and would, in the majority, seem to be hard-pressed to line up in any mass numbers behind any organization that is afraid of its own sexuality, yet claiming its name defending it.

The issue was indeed very central, and could not be put off, like gay rights in Congress, till next year or the year after, when things might not look quite so conservative—a line that could be repeated forever, unless you see light at the end of the tunnel.

Certainly there were those who argued from the platform against the sexual minorities resolution out of deep conviction and their own passion. While occasionally sounding like Anita Bryant listing the excesses of older faggots corrupting innocent

ingenues, still they spoke in their sincerest terms about not legitimizing implied rape and the rights of (no, not the unborn) children, who by virtue of the very class-caste-patriarchy under which we live, could be further disenfranchised by the connotations of such a resolution in the hands of those who would exploit in the name of liberation those who can't say no—for the price of a much needed meal or other clear lack of power in society.

The resolution had spoken generally to this fear in its catch-all last line disclaiming all forms of coercion, exploitation, etc., but several stronger paragraphs were subsequently amended to clarify its original intent before the motion came back to the floor for final vote and still got thumbs down—the hysteria having risen much too high, perhaps even before the resolution had been introduced.

Granted, lesbian/gay liberation and license are not the same, as homosexual capitalist patriarchies have already demonstrated. If exploitation is the socio-economic way of life, then it will invade and pervert every reform; every so-called liberation will carry a price tag.

Yet enter the contradictions in dealing with the present, the most passionate in the conference, presented by Philadelphia delegate Scott Tucker screaming out: "You can't wipe out my past!", referring to his own positive experiences at 15 with older men.

I, myself argued on behalf of the motion: "This is not a revisionist or reformist resolution. It is idealistic. It is revolutionary. Just as our movement is idealistic and revolutionary and must remain so if we are to achieve any real change, any genuine liberation."

After the negative vote, sitting in the concert that comic Robin Tyler had organized for a breather and fundraiser, I felt ripped-off the very movement in which I and so many others had worked throughout the past decade to defend our rights as sexual beings—now with nowhere to turn for defense and support.

Yet in the final circle handshake the next evening at midnight—a circle of hands held by women and men to the song, "We are Gentle Angry People" led by Tyler to adjourn the plebiscite in love and peace and at least momentary unity, I see in retrospect the merit of the structuralists, pragmatists like Torrie, who, like myself, could not get elected at large to the National Coordinating Council (Third World and rural parity partially arguing against us inner-city white folks anyway—but it was more than that).

The fact is, in their favor and in the hands of whomever, the organization now exists and is ready to coordinate both local and national protests. At last we can respond all at once to some recent injustice, instead of having to wait all year for the all-too-localized Stonewall anniversary party that generalizes all our demands.

The priorities of such an organization will ultimately be determined by the people who establish our priorities everywhere, whether they be in the streets or in city council chambers.

Given a structure we so desperately needed, it is now up to all of us to develop its policy to suit our needs.



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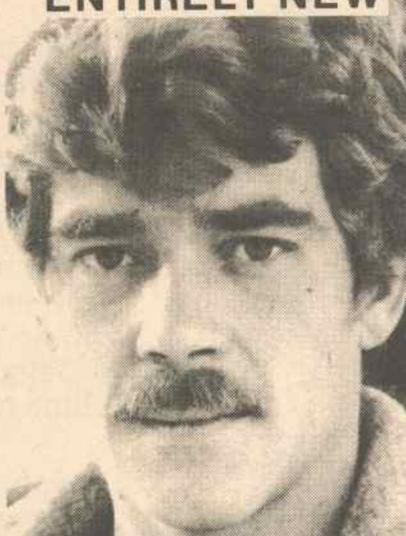


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# SOUTHERN COMFORTS

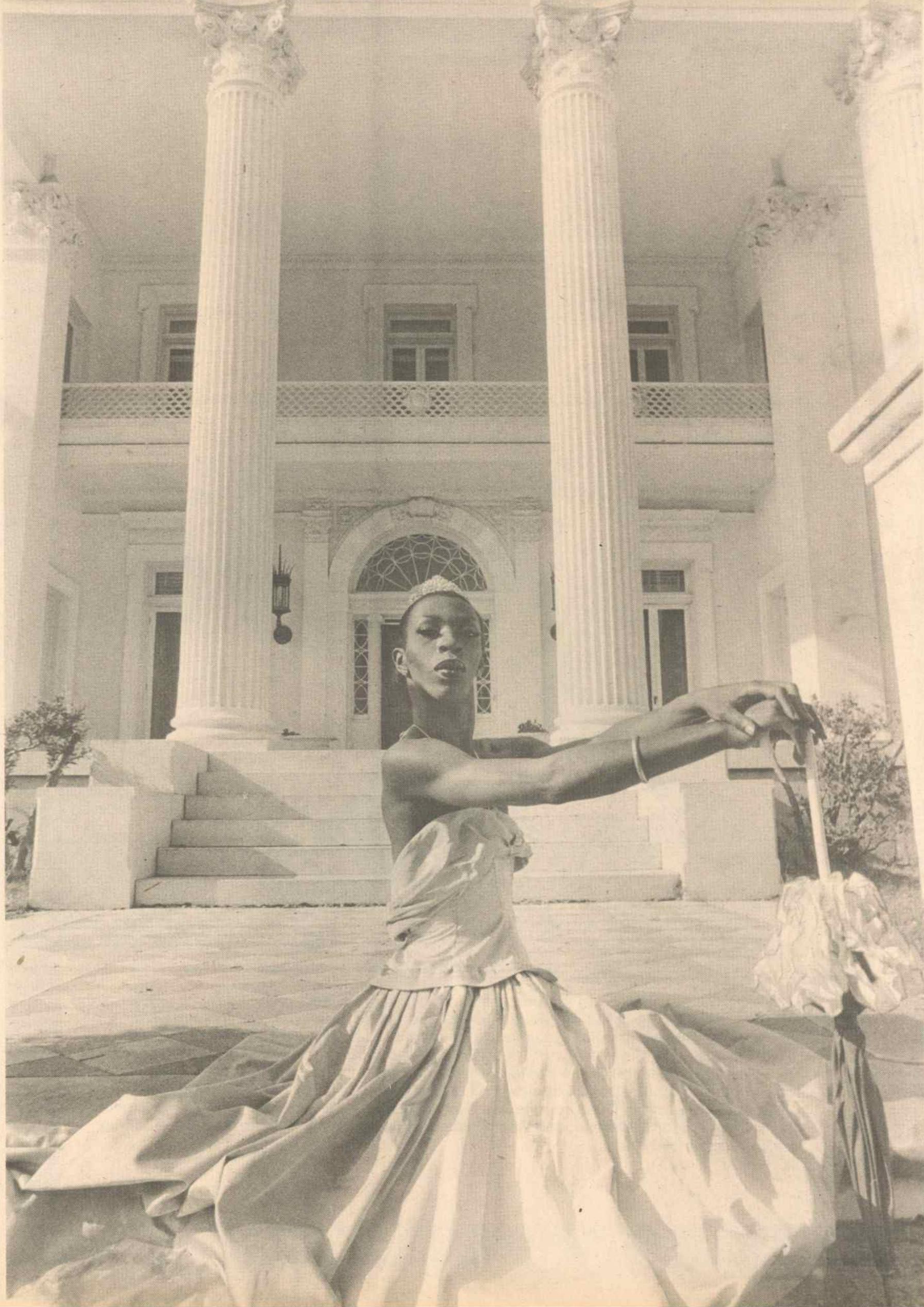


## A GREG DAY PORTFOLIO

Greg Day's photographic career starts and is firmly rooted in the South, framed with the Southern experience and developed with a Southern approach to individual images that recalls literature as much as photography. Intuitively aware of the social and historical significance of the documentary photograph,

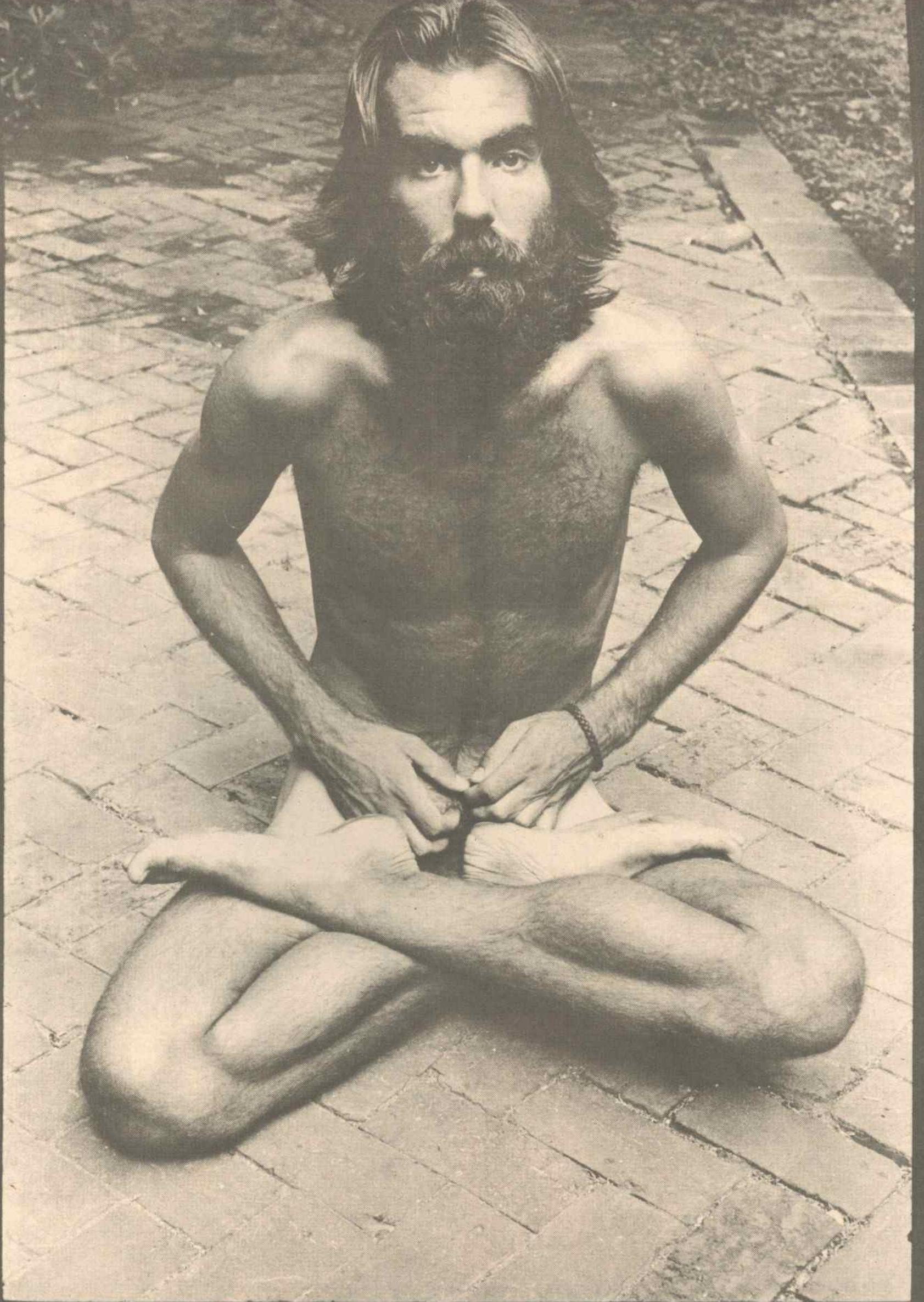
Greg Day has aimed his camera at times, places, and persons who marked specific notations in the annals of both a changing society and a changed social history. Like his photograph of Africa, the first Miss Black Charleston (opposite page), Greg Day has typified change in the body of his work. The seemingly polarized images of a black drag and a California male nude, coupled with a series of specific event-oriented news photos, all come together under the singular banner of contemporary photojournalistic reportage.

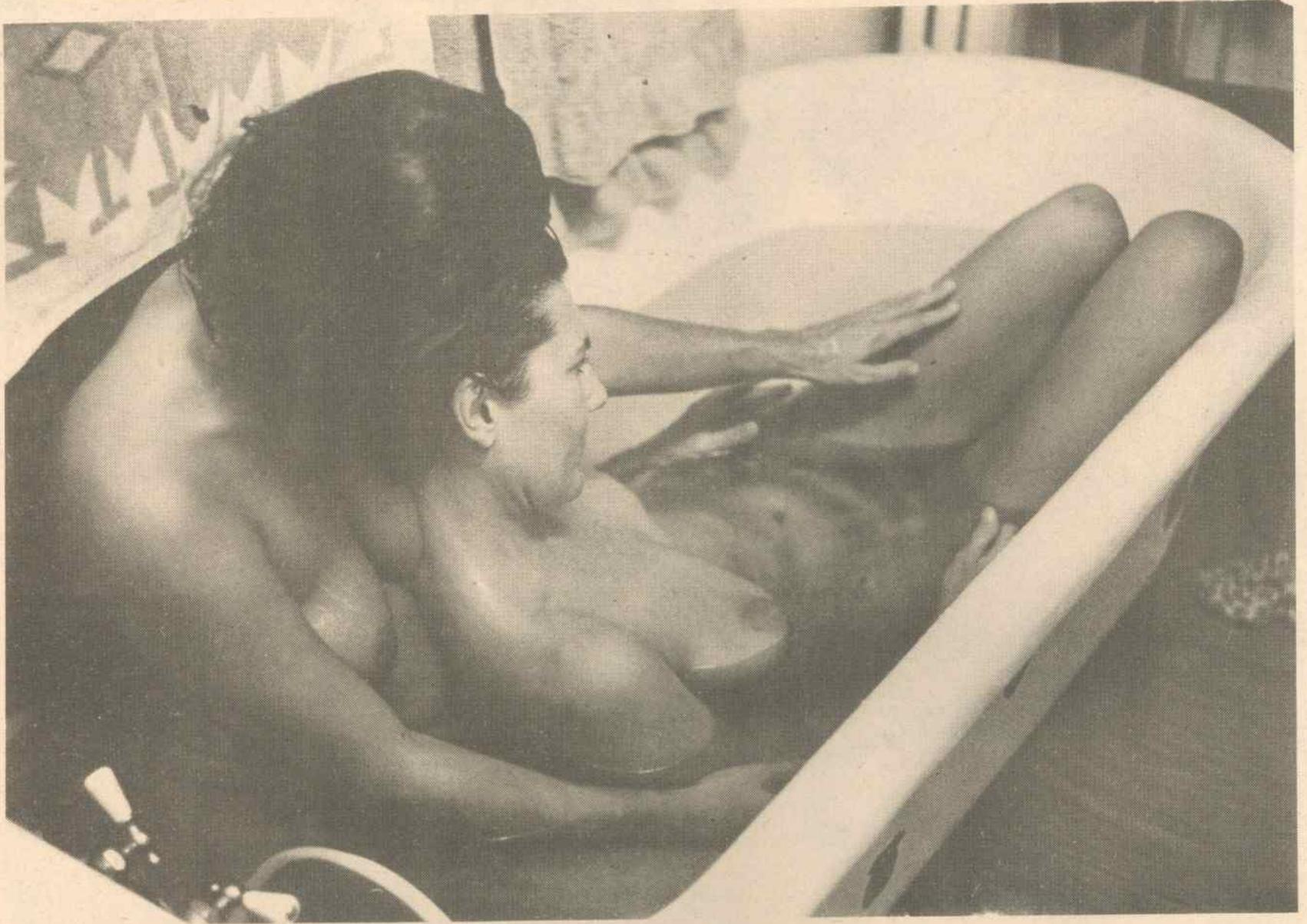
Day, following the lead of earlier pioneers like Matthew Brady and Margaret Burke White, realizes that in time the contemporary commonplace, if it follows the dictums of classic photojournalism, will become the extraordinary signposts of cultures lost or barely remembered.





Day's photographs belong to an iconoclastic school of style, each finished image reflects the criteria and necessity of the individual subject and the environment. But in each is the hallmark of the photographer, a recognizable identity that speaks to his own sensibilities. Grey Day has lived in a number of American cities, but currently makes his home in San Francisco where he works as a photojournalist and reporter, combining the elements of his art with the political responsibility he feels are dictated by the times. He recently completed a series of interviews for *The Alternate* with Robin Tyler, The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, Carl Hill, and George Dureau; and was selected by the Cable Car Awards as Outstanding Photojournalist of 1980.







Down in the depths of a veddy, veddy British bank in the heart of San Francisco's Financial District, the Assistant to the Vice-President, Loans & Collections finds himself locked in the safety-deposit box vault with everyone but a temporary typist—everyone who has a key—gone to lunch, in a meeting, out shopping for a chocolate get-well card or a queen protea for a friend coming down from a Flagyl high. He paces the cell area behind the platinum-patinaed steel lattice-work gate in a conservative three-piece suit and well-bred rage.

Twenty long silent minutes go by. Pace, pace, sharp right face, halt, at ease, and begin again.

Suddenly, he leaps for the door, clenches the top rung in both hands and spreadeagles his body against the barred gate. His eyes glaze over and he lets out a tremulous sigh. "Ah, hell," he moans, "For my third wish: let this be the Bulldog Baths."

A group of bank officers, secretaries, and a pregnant teller just returning from lunch react to the voice in the vault by a prompt collapse into helpless laughter. The VP may or may not have gotten his third wish...but he did get the rest of the afternoon off.

Dykes and faggots by the hundreds migrate to San Francisco's Bay Area every year—single escapees, paired refugees, out of courage and cowardice, with an excess of creative energy or a bewildered unconscious force. They come, come out (low or loud), establish an economic foothold and settle in. They come uprooted, fearful, foaming at the groin. But, as Roz said about New York in "Gypsy" it is not the center of everything—it's just the center of New York. So San Francisco is the center of San Francisco. It's the only place in the world and, so far as we know, in historical time, where there is a socioeconomic/cultural/political base for lesbians and gay men, not for *becoming* gay or more gay (or "too gay", whatever that means) but where, because you are gay—by birth, fate or fancy—you can get on with the rest of your life.

And so we do.

In the noontime shopping crowds next to the downtown renovation of a building soon to house a Neiman-Marcus branch, a shabby thin figure whistles a cheery tune as he fastidiously picks through the trashbasket, filling a tattered string bag with salvageable odds and ends. The moustache is a bit scraggly, brush cut, to go with multilayered t-shirts and cut-offs over two or three pairs of jeans. The clothes have rips and careful cuts in overlapping spots that must have originally been strategic showplaces. A jangle of mismatched old keys are tied into

# ONLY in San Francisco by Penni Kimmel

the rope belt dangling off his right hip.

His appearance draws a few musing comments from the passersby: So this is how a clone ends. If he wore his keys on the left, would that mean he wanted to *give away* garbage? More than one person remarked that they'd never thought to see a shopping-bag faggot.

Some proffered spare change which he refused with a clear-eyed smile as he moved on to the next basket down the street.

Meanwhile, back at the home office.

## The young man locked in the bank's iron-barred vault would, at that moment, have rather been at the Bulldog Baths. . .

In a national insurance group office, a dictaphone transcriber is startled in mid-letter by the insertion of a telephone conversation inadvertently recorded on the tape. The woman doing the dictation is informing "Betsy-darling" in no uncertain terms that they *will* have Carol over for dinner and she *will* spend the night, or else when Betsy-darling's ex arrives in June, they can *both* go stay at a hotel.

The male transcriber manages to erase the tape by accident and weathers a minor departmental reprimand on that account.

A nervous new employee in a large public relations firm sits behind her first executive desk sorting her predecessor's mail. A stack of photographs tumble out of a manila envelope (not marked *Personal*) and the desk overflows with full-color snaps of heavy male bondage scenes and a note that reads: "Now you can see how hot you look. Just remember I told you so and thanks for the party."

When the envelope is resealed and forwarded by the new exec to

the old, there's another note inside. This one apologizes for the accidental intrusion and adds that her sisters' leatherworking shop could provide a better-adjustable sling at a reasonable price...if he's interested.

At a busy marketing research office, five temporary workers are looking up zip codes and hand-writing labels for a questionnaire going out to thousands of California householders. It seems to be slanted towards racism, anti-semitism and homophobia—at least one of which affects each of the workers.

They talk it over. They all need the money badly and no one cares to risk walking out on the job. Finally, one of them phones their employment agency, explains the situation and describes the material. Half an hour later, the temp workers are put onto other chores, namely, reboxing the questionnaires for shipment back to the manufacturer from whence they came. Three weeks later the worker who phoned in the original complaint is offered a permanent position with the office in public relations. His first task is to construct a screening form to accompany the clarified company policy: they will reserve the right to refuse to handle any material judged to encourage discrimination. The response to the publication of that form is a loss of three clients...and a gain of twenty-three.

### Here There Be No Dragons

Overheard at the Chinese New Year's Parade when a little girl spectator has failed to catch the attention of several passing acts and acrobats, though they did

pause to pose for her brother's camera: "Mum, are all the dragons gay, too?" Mama giggles. Papa launches into a complicated explanation of traditional Chinese cultural attitudes towards females. The child begins to whimper.

Just then the women and men of the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band swing by with a catchy tune and synchronous step to mass smiles and applause on their way to another First Prize. It seems to the child that the Guard is stopping to dip their banners directly to her. She is entranced and delighted. From behind his camera, her brother mutters, "Not all the dragons, unh unh. But we sure are everywhere, ain't we."

The family and employee Christmas party of an old established law firm is held in a sedate, wood-paneled tavern in the heart of the West Coast's

answer to Wall Street—an old, established gay bar in San Francisco's Financial District.

A woman carrying her baby, lost in the warehouse wildness south of Market Street, runs into a bar to call a taxi and emerges a few moments later to climb on the back of a giant black motorcycle behind a giant black man in full leather-and-hardware. As they roar off down Folsom Street, he is shouting over his shoulder, "Try mashing the bananas in *with* the spinach. It always works with mine."

### Stand By Your Phoneman (or) Is Ma Bell a Lesbian?

There's nothing new about muzak on telephone answering machines (presumably geared to make the callers chew their cud all the better or lay more eggs while they're waiting for the beep) but there must be less aurally-offensive way of setting the gay ambience than in tinny, truncated renderings of: no less than three cases of *Stand By Your Man*, one Tom Robinson doing *Sing If You're Glad to Be Gay*, the chorus of Teresa Trull's rip-roaring *Woman-Lovin'-Woman* (this was a wrong number the caller tried a hundred permutations to find again), several cut cuts from Holly Near, and Bette and Barbra albums, and a tag tune that was finally identified as coming off a cassette of the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus concert at Grace Cathedral.

Then there was the private club that gave the Queer Limerick of the Week a brief run until a phone company rep had occasion to call one day and caught the one that began: "An S&M cowboy from Reno, had a sure way to beat the casino"...and that was the end of that.

A runaway favorite with politicians was a speeded-up recording of part of a Jerry Falwell sermon, a hilarious

Chipmunk-version of Levaticus. It was replaced by Vivaldi (at proper rpm) after a couple of weeks because no messages were coming through. Some wag had magicmarked the number on restroom walls all over town and people were dialing just to hear the recording.

A shy lesbian tourist dials information for the number of a women's bar whose name she couldn't recall exactly. After a few seconds to pick up the vibes the Operator ventures to ask if she wouldn't prefer a non-alcoholic social evening to start off. When the caller eagerly agrees, an entire week's itinerary is forthcoming—concerts, shows, shops, meetings and bars—courtesy of the phone company. During the next seven-day period the woman gets her dime back again and again as she searches at regular intervals for the voice that brought her happiness.

A foreign male visitor tells of calling Information from the Greyhound terminal last summer. When he asked for a...a drink place for man, only man...the Operator snapped back, "What kind, please?" "Homo," the caller said, finally, despairing of help. "Oh, I knew that, dear; we call it gay," she responded, more patiently, "what you must tell me is if you're looking for drag, essinem, leatheranlevis, just adrinkorata talkorsexerwhat." She spent the next five minutes explaining what each "orwhat" was and, when the caller made his

selections, gave him a list of addresses and directions along with the appropriate phone numbers.

He's still in town, studying English, applying for citizenship, working for Pacific Tell&Tell. Someone turned him on to Lily Tomlin and now he does a passable, if heavily accented, Ernestine. Snort-snort and all.

There's a gay young lineman running up and down poles who's got men hanging out the windows, panting up a fog of their own. Trim buns, smooth action, charmingly bowed legs, long muscles to heft the hardware, military-cropped dark hair. They usually hang around hanging out the window until they get a front close-up, but can't help returning the smile anyway, is a bit ruefully...that the lineman's not hung at all, but her lesbian lover says neither of them have ever minded that.

#### The Moving Finger Writes

"Clone Station No. 1" at the terminus of the subway (oops, pardon me, Muni: the Metro).

"Love Bank" on the door of Atlas Savings & Loan, the first gay chartered institution of its kind (scheduled to start saving and loaning this month).

"The Cook's cock and the Baker's ass" above the wet-cemented imprints of an enterprising dick and dip, down in the Mission district's Latino turf. With a heart around it.

"A night with a lesbian is like a day with Sunshine" on an upper Market Street sidewalk.

#### and, having writ, moves

on to Clone Station No. 1. At this major transfer point, the rush hour train is packed with the workweary, home- and bar-ward bound. The conductor's PA system blasts static bursts down the length of the six-car caravan as it begins its series of computerized jerks out of the tunnel: "Castro next. Next stop Castro. Closet doors opening; watch yer step. Everybody out who's comin' out."

The station walls reverberate with whistles and hoots. Only a few stand dumbstruck but they are blocking the tide. The static sounds once more: "Yeah, you heard me, sweet buns. This is the San Francisco Transit System talkin' to you. Now, mooove it!"

#### Gay Bedfellows

#### (or) How to tell if you're P.C. (Politically Correct)

Can you save your most erotic physical demonstrations for the TV cameras at the demonstrations? Can you make them convincing with the nearest same-sex stranger?

Do you make sure that your coming-out letter to your parents is published in the gay press before you send it home? Did you mail it to mom and dad postage due? Did you volunteer to hand-distribute 20,000 copies of the paper in economically depressed neighborhoods if they'd print it?

Can you, when you have been deprived of sex, chocolate and/or alcohol for ages, beyond all bearing, refuse the only available offer—a wonderfully attractive

born-again Concerned Republican with a bar of Nestles in one hand and a Coors in the other?

Is the thrill of orgasm lessened if your sex partner isn't of whatever epidermal shade you aren't, if you're white, or any color but white, if you're not?

Can you swallow your objections (without choking) to achieving parity in your commune, and agree to actively recruit for the group of purblind, ammonia-breathing, piebald, six-legged spayed Venusian?

Do you consistently give up your seat on the bus to a man rather than a woman (when given that infra-gender choice) because you're afraid you might insult the latter's feminist principles?

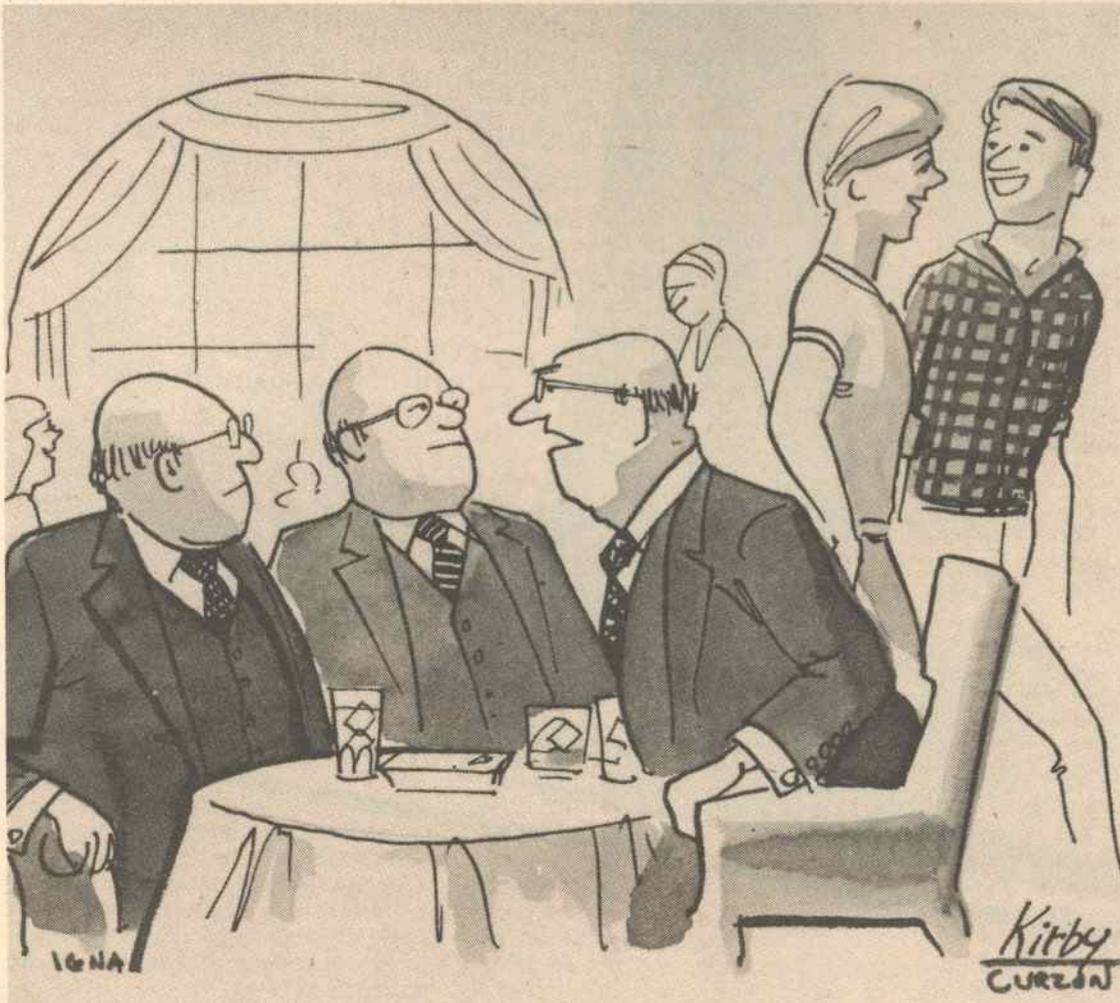
Are you willing to go to your crematorium defending Roberts Rules of Order even though the co-chairs of your committee never seem to notice your raised hand?

Can you keep your mouth shut when they vote to hold all of the twice-weekly meetings at your house so you can't duck out on any of them?

Have you wondered what was supposed to be amusing about any of the above?

(If all answers are yes—and you get 10 extra points for realizing *The Alternate* loves you anyway—welcome to San Francisco! If all answers are yes but the last, you're not taking P.C.-ness seriously enough. Go straight to Berkeley.)

Ah, well.



"What I hate most about gays is the way they all look alike."

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# SILENT PATRIOTS GAYS & LESBIANS BEFORE LIBERATION



American culture has a way of obliterating history, and of teaching it badly, if at all. Lesbian and gay social history—the daily lives of non-famous lesbians and gay men as influenced by their own communities (or lack thereof) and the changing social climates—is just beginning to be uncovered and recorded. While the women's and gay liberation movements in America are very young, lesbians and gay men have been around for a long time. And these movements would not be where they are today if it were not for those who lived and loved before them.

DRAWN FOR PH  
JOHN MAAYE

Researching lesbian and gay history involves using one's intuition and patience to dig for clues in unlikely places. Someday, you might be able to look up "lesbian" or "gay" in the library card catalog and find something meaningful, but currently this is not the case.

We of the San Francisco Lesbian & Gay History Project believe in the importance of knowing our past, and we are continually delighted in our "finds" of pre-movement lesbians and gay men. The Project is the place for about twenty of us, mostly women, to share our research and interpretations, and to support each other in our efforts. We are committed to returning our research to the lesbian and gay community, particularly the Bay Area, and have made several presentations during our two-year life as a group. We work on both individual and group projects, conduct oral histories of older lesbians and gay men, read old newspapers and articles as well as current work in the field, and take lots of slides. A few of us are historians, others are librarians, temporary office workers and computer programmers. We presently do all of our own fundraising, but are working on grant proposals.

We have some stories to tell you,

## Passing Women by Liz Stevens

*Lesbian Masquerade* is a slideshow of the history of women who passed as men in early San Francisco. Among the slides are wonderful pictures of passing women from the nineteenth century to the present day—women from all classes and races, along with previously uncovered material from our lesbian past. It is inspiring to see these women and hear about the ways they survived and lived without the benefit of a women's or gay movement; in fact, seeing this slideshow convinced some of us to begin working on the history project.



**BABE BEAN.**

(From a Photograph Taken for the Mail.)

*Lesbian Masquerade* features three women's stories: Elvira Mugarrieta (also known as Babe Bean), the daughter of the then-Mexican Consul to the United States, lived as a 'bachelor' in Stockton. Jeanne Bonnet, a French immigrant, formed women's gangs and helped prostitutes to escape their pimps in San Francisco in the 1870's, thus becoming one of our first lesbian organizers. Luisa Matson passed as businessman Milton B. Matson, and was engaged to

marry San Francisco school teacher Helen Fairweather.

The introduction places these women's lives in the historical context of the social changes taking place in the United States as a result of industrial capitalism. The differences in the lives of working class women and middle and upper class women are portrayed. For Black women and men, slavery was the reality for most of the nineteenth century, the basis of the enormous differences between them and white women and men. There were great restrictions on the ability of women to live a full life, and on their physical and social movement. Women who passed as men were automatically accorded the male privileges of being able to travel freely without harassment, smoke, drink, maintain a checking account, own property, and earn decent wages.

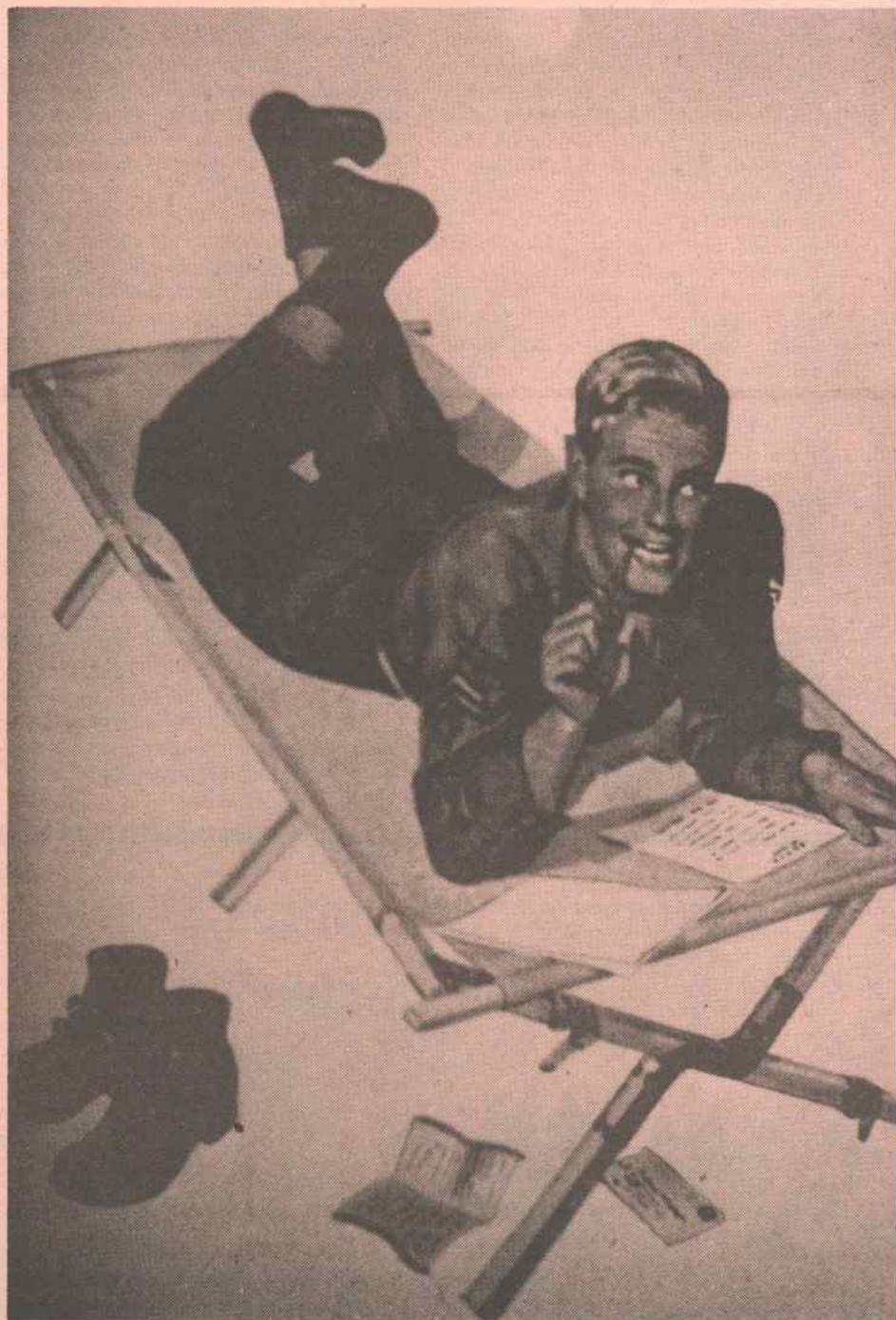
Were these women all lesbians? The word "lesbian" is not to be found in our research of these women; the phenomenon of a lesbian identity is relatively new. But in looking at these women's relationships with other women, we find that many of them were intimate friendships and some were actual marriages.

While masquerading as men had positive results for most of these women, there were definite side effects. We cannot know the psychic pain of those women who had to deny their gender for most of their lives so they could move about freely, escape the violence and unwanted attention of men, and have close relationships with other women. Some, like politician Murray Hall, avoided seeking medical help for her breast cancer until her physical well-being was in danger. Hall finally went to a doctor when her condition was advanced, only to be publicly humiliated by the doctor upon his discovery of her true gender. Such humiliation wasn't the only price to be paid for discovery; many passing women were repeatedly jailed for their crime of male impersonation, others were beaten by angry men who regularly ambushed them in alleys and on dark streets.

Despite the risks, women sometimes saw passing as the only door to freedom in a society that only granted 'special' privileges to men. "Do you blame me for wanting to be a man," wrote Cora Anderson, a Native American Woman, in 1914, "free to live life as a man in a man-made world? In the future centuries it is probable that woman will be the owner of her own body and the custodian of her own soul. The well-cared for woman (now) is a parasite, and the woman who must work is a slave. Do you blame me for hating to again resume a woman's clothes and just belong? It is any wonder that I determined to become a member of this privileged sex, if possible?" Cora Anderson, who passed as Ralph Kerwineo, twice married women—Marie White and Dorothy Klenowski.

*Lesbian Masquerade* is an important contribution to the growing body of historical information being uncovered across the country by history projects such as ours. We hope to return our history to our communities by continual presentation of our work. We also hope to introduce this material into school curriculums as vital information about a previously hidden past.

**"... Do you blame me for wanting to be a man... free to live life as a man in a man-made world? Do you blame me for hating to resume a woman's clothes?" Cora Anderson, 1914**



## Lesbian & Gay G.I.'s in World War Two by Allan Berube

In the last two years, I've been interviewing men in the 60's and 70's about what it was like to be gay before "Gay Liberation." It wasn't long before I saw a pattern emerge from the stories they told me: World War II was a major turning point in their lives as gay people. The war ended their isolation in heterosexual families and small towns and placed them in big cities, military bases and defense plants where they found new opportunities to come out and meet others like themselves. Homosexuality became a new issue for straight and gay Americans alike as the war

pushed women into "men's roles" in the WACS and heavy industry, and moved millions of men and women into close quarters with others of their own sex in barracks, camps, and emergency civilian dormitories. The more I listened to these veterans, the more I realized how crucial World War II was for lesbians and gay men in America.

I wondered what the official military policy was towards homosexuals during the war, so I wrote the Department of the Army and, using my rights under the Freedom of Information Act (now being dismantled under

the Reagan Administration), obtained hundreds of pages of secret documents concerning the treatment of lesbians and gay military personnel. The "secret" our government has kept from us all these years was that during World War II, unlike today, officers were instructed to overlook homosexual relationships as long as they didn't disrupt the morale of the unit, and to "reclaim" lesbian and gay G.I.'s whenever possible. I read psychiatric studies of hundreds of gay men detained in "mental" wards in military hospitals, and learned that the federal government used the war to get into the "business" of "identifying" homosexuals. A man who had heard about my research gave me a box of several hundred letters between gay draftees in 1944-45 that he had found in the garbage in San Francisco. These letters portrayed in great detail the daily lives of young draftees trying to accept their homosexuality, getting around Army Regulations, helping each other to survive. It made me angry that all this had been censored from the history books, and that gay accounts of the war had to be rescued from the garbage.

I wanted other gay people to know what I was finding out, so I decided to put together a slide presentation, with a focus on gay men, based on my research. I also began editing a book of lesbian and gay documents from World War II. To find photographs, I looked through wartime issues of *Life* and other magazines (many surprises there!), collections of G.I. drawings, War Department photographs, and photo albums belonging to the men I interviewed.

I completed *Marching To A Different Drummer* in the fall of 1980, and have shown it to audiences in New

York City, Boston, Toronto, and throughout California. I especially like to show it in people's living-rooms, where hosts invite their friends, collect donations to help support my research expenses, and enjoy a comfortable evening of gay history at home.

After nearly every showing of *Marching To A Different Drummer*, lesbian or gay veterans of World War II talk about their own experiences, or offer their snapshots to be re-photographed, or themselves to be interviewed. It's a satisfying experience, sharing what I have discovered, learning more after each presentation from people who tell stories their parents told them or from veterans themselves. New information is constantly being incorporated into the slide show. The more people who see it, the more rich and complete it becomes.

I would like to hear from lesbians and gay men who served in World War II or worked on the home front in defense plants or at other war work. I am interested in whatever experiences you have had, including coming out stories, how you felt isolated, attitudes of straight people you knew, anti-gay witch hunts in the military or defense plants, memories of lesbian and gay bars, copies of letters between you and your gay friends, coming out letters, diaries, or snapshots of yourself. If you are interested in sharing your experiences with other gay people, or would like to arrange a showing of *Marching To A Different Drummer*, please write to me c/o San Francisco Lesbian and Gay History Project, Box 42332, San Francisco, CA 94101. Photographs will be promptly returned, and arrangements can be made to insure confidentiality, if desired.

Getting ready for the camp show. During war time, soldiers performed musical skits and entertainments for their fellow soldiers with men taking the women's roles... all the way down to the mascara.



## Gay Science Fiction, Gay Black History by Eric Garber

My interest in lesbian/gay history began in the spring of 1974, when I was asked to team-teach an "alternative sexual lifestyles" course at the University of Colorado. Until that time I had assumed that the gay movement began with the Stonewall riots, but during the semester I found myself learning of previous generations of lesbians and gay men. They had lived, loved and persevered decades before 1969. Knowing of them changed my entire perception of myself and my community.

I brought this altered perception with me when moved to San Francisco. Here was a city with a long-established gay community, and I wondered how it had started and what it had been like. I began to use my free time for historical research. I found parts of myself reflected in the gay and lesbian literature of other eras. I listened to older members of my community and heard their tales of excitement, tragedy, humor and romance. By assisting with the editing of the film *Word is Out*, I saw the power our shared stories can have.

My involvement with the San Francisco Lesbian & Gay History Project has given me a way to synthesize and learn from these experiences. I've become friends with other men and women who share my fascination with lesbian/gay history. I've learned an amazing amount about my community's history and how history in general has shaped the self-awareness of lesbians and gay men. But most important, the Project has enabled me to help return our amazing heritage to the community it came from.

My current research involves exploring the myriad ways in which authors have used same-sex love in literature. I have co-written, with Lyn Paleo, an annotated bibliography of lesbian and gay male imagery in science fiction and fantasy literature. Entitled *Uranian Worlds* (from the 19th Century term for homosexual—"uranian") the bibliography examines over 550 pieces of speculative and imaginative literature, all of which contain homosexual characters or situations. Many of these stories were published prior to 1969, and they offer an unique look at the popular attitudes on homosexuality of their day. The book will be released soon by G.K. Hall.

This research has led indirectly to several early Twentieth Century authors who wrote on homosexual themes. It would appear that Mary MacLane, George Sylvester Viereck, Clarkson Crane, and Gale Wilhelm were writing from personal experience when they lead their fictional protagonists through the gay life of the teens, twenties, and thirties. I am learning much from reading what they have left us; they reveal a generation similar, yet far removed, from my own.

Even more exciting is the information I'm finding concerning urban Black gay life in the 1920's. If the history of the white lesbian and gay communities are hard to find, the Black gay historical experience is almost invisible. I have found that by the 1920's there was a strong and viable community existing which provided protection and support for the thousands of Black lesbians and gay



A restful moment in a San Francisco park became a photograph made famous by *Life* magazine. Who the soldiers were mattered little, their physical demonstration said it all.

men who were migrating to northern cities. There were strong connections between this community and the well-developed white gay Greenwich Village sub-culture, as shown in Blair Niles' novel *Strange Brother*, but for the most part it was exclusively Black. Black gay women and men had their own clubs, their own fraternal and sororal organizations, and their own gay "slang". Unlike their white counterparts, openly gay

Blacks, like lesbian entertainer Gladys Bentley, could expect some amount of tolerance from their larger community. This social tolerance can be seen in documents as diverse as newspaper editorials and the lyrics of blues songs.

In addition, several authors and poets, members of what is now called "The Harlem Renaissance Literary Movement", left first-hand accounts of the time. Wallace Thurman's

*Infants of the Spring*, Bruce Nugent's *Smoke, Lilies, and Jade*, and some of Angelina Weld Grimke's unpublished poetry reveal the struggles, frustrations, and sometimes joys of Black

gay life from those who lived it. This area of research is unexplored, and I am excited about what I am uncovering.

## Lesbian Pulp Novels, 1950-1969 by Roberta Yusba

Between 1950 and 1969, hundreds of drugstore paperback original novels were published about lesbians. They had titles like *Whisper Their Love*, *Women in the Shadows*, *The Third Sex*, *Twilight Lovers* and *Spring Fire*. While they may not be valuable in a literary sense, they are historically important as a reflection, however distorted at times, of the growing visibility of post-war lesbian communities. The locale is often Greenwich Village, the center of New York's bohemian life, and there is mention of Provincetown, Fire Island, and San Francisco.

Popular culture often unwittingly mirrors current social attitudes and pressures. Lesbian pulp novels (pulp meaning the cheap grade of paper they were printed on) tell us about life in mainstream lesbian bar culture of the 50's and early 60's, as well as attitudes towards lesbians by the public at large. These two threads are tortuously interwoven in the novels, since most lesbians, including the authors of the novels, could hardly help inter-

nalizing the current public attitudes toward lesbianism. While the lesbian authors I have read (e.g. Paula Christian, Ann Bannon, Valerie Taylor, Artemis Smith) took advantage of the growing interest in lesbians to present positive images of us, the insecurity and guilt produced by a closeted life is evident throughout their writings.

But the passion and love between women in the novels is a delight to read about. So is the camaraderie in the bars and the dramatic flirtations, as well as the coming out stories. And many of them have "happy" endings, in the sense that the lesbians go off together instead of being saved by some prince charming from their lesbianism.

*The Third Sex*, a 1969 novel by Artemis Smith, offers these very believable impressions of a Greenwich Village bar:

"Joan felt safe as soon as she walked in... the *Sun Dial* was noisy and smoke-filled, but with happy noise and smoke. A great feeling of



*This is no time to be  
FRAIL!*

"Break Time at the Defense Plant", an allowed exercise in female pair-bonding given the shortage of men during the war years. While many women learned to perform the jobs of men during the war, many women also learned to replace the necessity of men in their private lives.

"...officers were instructed to overlook homosexual relationships as long as they didn't disrupt the morals of the unit..."



*In the Navy  
It's CHESTERFIELD*

And wherever you go smokers will tell you it's because Chesterfields are Cooler, Milder and Definitely Better-Tasting. Because your smoking pleasure... Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobacco does it for you. Make Chesterfield your cigarette.

EVERYWHERE YOU GO *They Satisfy*

JOE NEWTON  
U.S. Navy Cadet  
Photo of a sailor in all his glory  
Available only in the U.S.A.

relief came over Joan as she looked around...there were attractive women here like herself, some very feminine, and most of them her age...all races seemed to be comfortable in this place, without any sort of segregation, black next to white, sometimes coupled and each shade attractive."

One would never guess that paragraphs such as these could be found in novels with such lurid covers.

I became interested in lesbian pulp novels a short time after joining the History Project. I visited the Lesbian Herstory Archives in New York City, which has a sizable collection of these novels. As a pre-movement lesbian who had never seen them before, I was fascinated with their imagery, authors and depiction of lesbian life. Armed with Barbara Griener's bibliography, *The Lesbian in Literature*, Jeannett Foster's *Sexual Variant Women in Literature*, and a great deal of curiosity, I have been

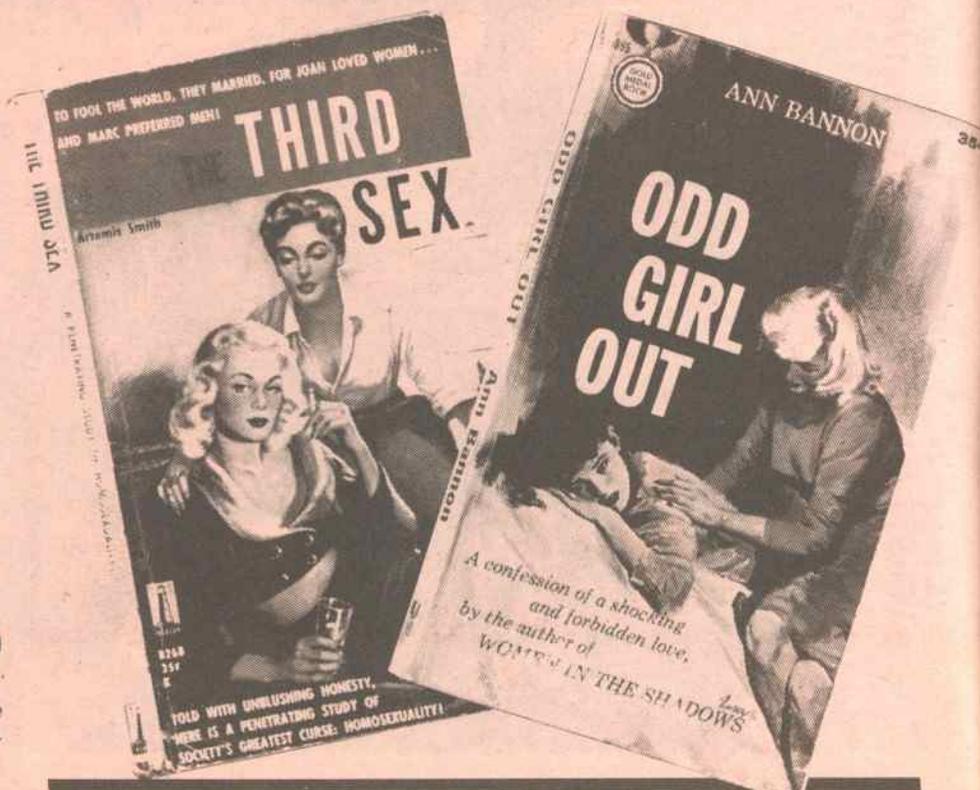
combing used bookstores for two years searching for these out-of-print treasures.

I am in the process of developing a slide/talk to be presented here on lesbian fiction, to be hopefully completed within a year. I am tracking down the authors of these books, reading magazines and newspapers of the period for mention of such literature, and looking for older lesbians who may have read them when they were current. Doing oral interviews with older lesbians, valuable for much more than just the information about these novels, continue to help place them in the historical context of the repressive 1950's and early 1960's.

Older lesbians with old collections of these books who would like to share them and their experiences with me are welcome to contact me c/o San Francisco Lesbian & Gay History Project, Box 42332, San Francisco, CA 94101.

"Everywhere you go they satisfy"...The lure and legends of Navy men increased during WW2, when sailors in foreign ports carried the homosexual mystique all over the world.

The images of gay men and women were either the sordid images of "Third Sex" and "Odd Girl Out", where the dark sexuality was intended to arouse the heterosexual male reader, or hidden images like the implication of the Chesterfield ad, where gays could read their own invitation.

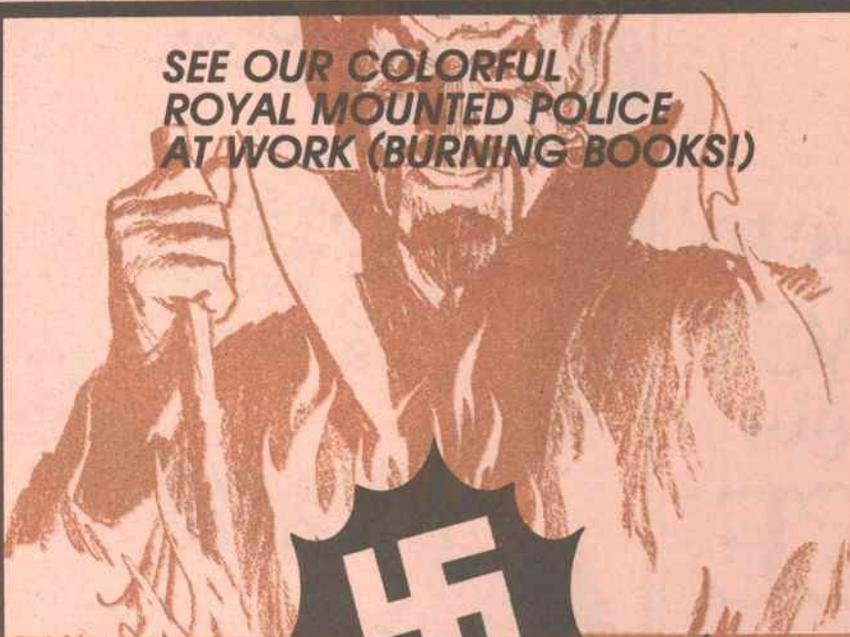


# *Manifest* AMERICA'S HOTTEST GAY TABLOID

## Where Not to Visit this Vacationtime!

*Manifest* TRAVEL GUIDE OF PLACES YOU ARE NOT WELCOME!

SEE OUR COLORFUL  
ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE  
AT WORK (BURNING BOOKS!)



# CANADA

When was the last time you  
were caught up in a police raid?

**GAY?  
KEEP  
YOUR  
BAGS  
PACKED!**



FROM THE STATE THAT GAVE US  
SENATORS McCARRON AND LAXALT...

SPEND YOUR GAY BUCKS IN  
FANTASTICALLY

# PLASTIC NEVADA



THE SAME TIRED SUPERSTARS EVERY MONTH!

ENJOY PROSTITUTION,  
GAMBLING, THE MAFIA,  
INSTANT ANY-AGE MARRIAGES  
AND QUICKIE DIVORCES,  
ANYTHING BUT BEING GAY!

Where the  
good old days  
are now.

# UTAH!



## MORE OF THE HOTTEST IN MAN-TO-MAN CLASSIFIEDS!

# Manifest TRAVEL GUIDE

We all know that Gays have more money to spend on traveling than the average citizen. Fairies take wing and go elsewhere other than just San Francisco and New York. You'll find them by the thousands at Oktoberfest in Germany, at Mardi Gras in New Orleans, Carnival in Rio de Janeiro and roaming the streets and trails of tourist delights virtually everywhere. What you won't see are the Hawaiian sports shirts, Masonic and American Legion caps, whining children and nagging wives that identify the official American view of heterosexual tourists.

And along with the armies of Gays around the world, as with most tourists, goes their money. But gays have a good reason not to spend that income in a number of places in the world; in 1923 giving Women equal rights, legally, with men. The ultra-right wing is working day and night against this belated piece of legislation, the value of which should be obvious to anyone. We strongly recommend that states which have not ratified this essential amendment not be the hosts for any group meetings, conventions, or for that matter, plain old tourism. But of those backward places, Nevada and Florida (two states dependent on the tourist industry) have other reasons to be left alone.

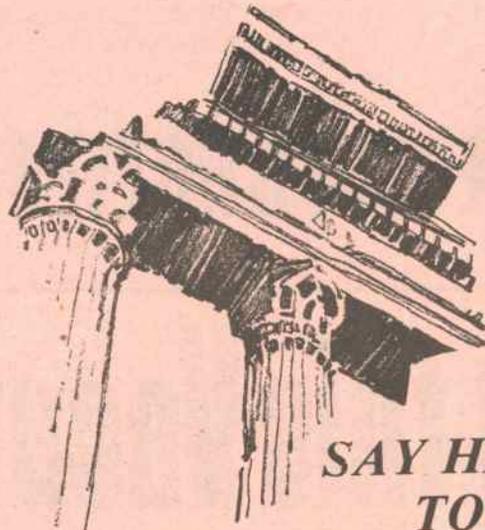
Nevada, which is run by a handful of good ol' boys, heavy in the gambling "industry", and which bankroll some of the most archaic legislators in Congress, really needs to be avoided. Utah is just as bad, but there is seldom any reason to even go to Utah. Homosexuality is very illegal in Nevada, although prostitution and just about everything else is not. The law is, if not fair, at least fast. Just deal with the one-man-rule of the Las Vegas Sheriff's Department for a real thrill in the world of swift justice. Want to work there? If you can prove to the casino bosses that you are not Gay.

Florida also has its problems. Although Anita Bryant was one of them and has left for even redderneck places, she left a legacy for not only gays, but other minorities. Florida, which has Disney World, also is reported to have elderly people eating dogfood and out of garbage cans. So even if you are not Black or Cuban, you have several reasons to avoid the Sunshine State.

And what of gays unfortunate enough to live in these woebegotten places? Should they not be supported by other gays? Our observation is that in both places, they should start supporting each other. Reno, Nevada, has a gay rodeo every year that raises money for charity, but it is never for a gay charity or even a gay-supportive charity like the ACLU, that would do gays in Nevada some good. The same for Miami, Florida. The biggest events there are always money-raisers for some Uncle Tom charity like Crippled Children—while gay charities go begging.

Moving up to our neighbor to the north, Canada, we have the opportunity to see some real gay-baiting. The

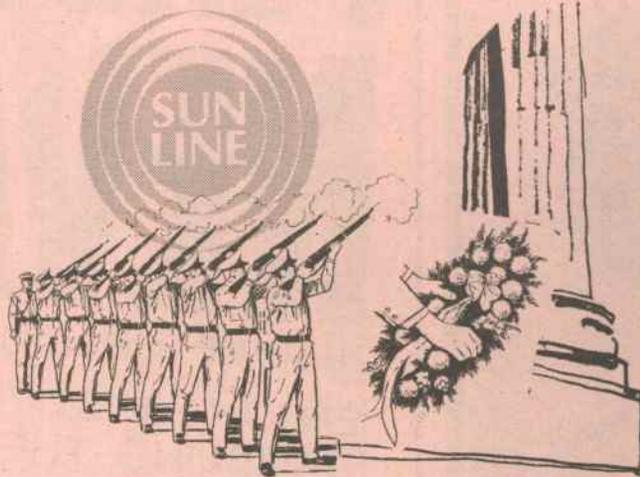
(continued on page 42)



**SAY HELLO  
TO THE  
GLORY  
THAT WAS GREECE!**



**Say Goodbye to  
DEMOCRACY  
in sunny new  
GREECE**



**YOU'RE ONLY A  
JET FLIGHT  
AWAY FROM...**

**NO RIGHTS FOR  
WOMEN! OR GAYS  
OR BLACKS  
OR CUBANS!  
FUN IN THE SUN  
FOR ALL YOU WHITE  
HETERO, ANGLO-SAXON  
PROTESTANTS**

**FLORIDA**  
As nice as its climate

*Visit your Tax Money in exciting*

**El Salvador**

**For the time of your life.**

Clip and save.

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# Manifest

**MORE OF THE HOTTEST MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 35 CENTS A WORD**

**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 25¢ in another envelope to: Manifest, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, California 94103. We'll forward it for you.

**ALABAMA**

**ANYTHING & EVERYTHING BIRMINGHAM**—Two versatile bike buddies seek others for friendship, fun, games. We are in our 30's, with good bodies. We are into anything and everything: Leather, B&D, S&M, Toys, Enemas, Water sports, Caths, etc. ... We have a fully equipped playroom, and we would enjoy sharing it with other buddies who like little talk, but lots of action. We are sincere, and we respect your limits, and expect the same. Age no barrier. Call or write Butch Brasher, P.O. Box 20453, Birmingham, AL 35216. Phone 205/979-3909

**SOUTH ALABAMA REDNECK** wants tumble in the hay—anything goes. W/M, 40, 5'8", 140 lbs., 8" Box 1416

**HOT LEATHER** gloved, cigar-smoking Leather Master, 6', 145 lbs., w/m 34, 7" cut, seeking brothers in Leather. Mutually satisfying scene and discretion assured; limits respected. You must be serious, disciplined, and unashamed of earned affection. No drugs, scat, or heavy pain. We are a rare breed. Box A85

**BODYBUILDER** ALABAMA 4 yrs. Marine Corp. Interested in and participate in wrestling, boxing, hard fucking, heavy whipping, straps—Bull Whips. Box 1456

**ARIZONA**

**MOVING TO SCOTTSDALE** Wanted ... Alive, well, 2 legged human sexual machine by: 43, 6'2", very blue eyes, lt. brn/hr. W/Trim must/bearded, 157 lbs., 7" Cut.—Hot Gdlk/Masc. Blk. Ltr/Western Ltr. Man w/complete gym/play room. Send me your most kept secrets w/photo for quick reply w/same. Box 1535A

**ARKANSAS**

**LIFE TIME RELATIONSHIP** ARKANSAS—Attractive W/M, 29, 5'6", 130 lbs., Brown Hair, Blue Eyes looking for young man for permanent relationship. Must be willing to relocate to Arkansas, Strt. appearing, sincere. No drugs, fems. Young men welcome. Want someone for quiet, loving, life time relationship. Please send photo. Box 1420

**LITTLE ROCK SLAVES** Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6', 2", 185 lbs., 8 1/2" uncut; if you are white, masculine, not overweight. Interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, fist-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 308B

**NORTHERN CALIFORNIA**

**HUNKY** SAN FRANCISCO AREA—Well put together pierced and tattooed M., new to area, 38, 6'3", 195 lbs., brown/blue; mustache, cut 6 1/2", with heavy experience looking for serious Leather Master any race 25-50. Uncut meat a real plus, C/B torture, W/S, Whips. Ass work and a lot more just for opener. This animal into damn near anything with your pleasure his central focus. Have complete Leather and toy collection waiting for you. No fats or fems. All photos get mine and immediate reply. Box 1283.

**S/M SAN FRANCISCO** Looking for biker or leatherman for permanent relationships. P.O. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101

**SANTA CRUZ** Aquarius, 52, 5'11", 190 lbs., white 6 1/2". Knowledgeable, seeks lover & exhibitionist n ude house slave. Must be obedient and eager to please with a tight ass, a good cocksucker, and rimmer. Good tit sucker, body hair will be shaved, under 50. No role switching, no one night stands, drinkers or smokers, also no dopers, hustlers, freeloaders or jailbirds. No photo no reply. Box 1298.

**SAN FRANCISCO ASS GAMES** Spread eagled, maybe tied down, enemas, butt plugs, Dildoes, Vibrators, Spreaders, Hot oil, balls balloons and other toys. Maybe even a cock or a tongue ... Your hole and/or mine ... I'm 26, 5'10", 155 lbs., Brown hair, green eyes uncut. Send a description or photo of your favorite toy & tell me how you like to use it. Box 1277

**SAN FRANCISCO 32**, white dog slave seeking to be collared/chained, caged, owned, by honcho to 40, stable together leather Master/Lover. No heavy S&M, dope, filth. Photo & phone to Ken, 540 O'Farrel St. #605, San Francisco, CA 94102

**SAN FRANCISCO MASTER SEEKS:** submissive, white slave to take torture, B&D. Master is age 42, of German-Irish descent, 200 lbs., 6'3", size 11 feet to step on slave, strong. Your limits respected. You can trust Master. Box 1332

**SAN FRANCISCO W/M, 6', 152 lbs., 34, 8 1/2"** Hard, into having my cum-/piss stained jock sucked dry. Sweaty balls, arm pits, crotch ass and all to be licked. Into pissing into jock straps while being blown. Also into showing off my dick in public places that are discrete late at night. Will exchange jocks all over U.S. Photo in Jock and Phone # a must. Box 1292.

**SAN FRANCISCO, W/M 31, 5'11", 170 lbs.,** enjoys hot times, groups. One to one. w/s, FF (top), Leather/Levi, Fantasies, phone, other., Prefer w/m 21-35, within S.F. Area. Photo & Phone gets response. Your fantasy is my challenge. Chuck Box A98

**BEARDED OR MOUSTACHED FACE-SITTERS WANTED.** I'm 39, 5'10", 140 lbs., bearded, and have no age or race restrictions. Write Horst Box. 101SF

W/M, masculine, husky hunk 49, 6'3", 235 lbs., virile, experienced, wants macho studs near my size, 30 plus only. Into tit play, body contacts. One on one possible. California bodybuilders, cowboys, leathermen, etc. reply to Box 170.

**SAN FRANCISCO—S/M, 41, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8" cut,** looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants non-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. If you're a man, work me over. S&M, B&D, new ideas. Dork, 625 Post Street, #549, San Francisco, CA 94109

**HARDASS UNRULY CANINE MUTT WANTED** with thick, uncut cockmeat, hot-boiling, low-hangin', cum-filled nuts by Black honchuo lustin' to collar-/leash, break/train as bootdog toilet slave animal. Need boot/cock-hungry, piss-thirsty maverick hunk. Submit to C/B torture, crotch shaving, humiliation. White bootdog ONLY who needs/wants to be hog-tied/roped by its slave animal nuts and ridden hard needs write. Photo-/phone for prompt reply. Box 988

**OAKLAND.** Need your cock and balls bound and tortured? I am the one who can do it for you. Write with details and photo to Box 19065, Oakland, CA 94619

**THREWAYS/GROUP SEX** San Francisco: Obedient slave and his hunky Master looking for hot levi-/leather studs into threeways and group sex. Well-equipped toy chest. No heavy drugs. Your photo gets ours. Box 876.

**S.F. BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS** Masculine S, w/m, 34, 5'11", 185 lbs., dressed in full leather, looks hot and smells good. If you are a slender w/m under 34, like good music, a firm hand, a hard cock, have a job, then get on your fucking knees and write. Don't expect a long reply from me, I want to meet you instead. Absolutely no flabs, fems, stupids or hard drugs. Box 854

**ASS-KISSING,** boot-licking sexy stud, 5'11", 170 lbs., mid 30's likes to take crap from blond beast brutes who think they are King-Shit-On. Box 1327.

**Whipping Sessions** wanted with leather/uniform men. Have experience both as bound cocksucking slave and as booted heavy whip wielder. I am uncut, thick cock for heavy sucking. Age 36, 175 lbs., 6', bearded. Box 841

**LATRINE DUTY** San Francisco bottom, 36, 6'3", 165 lbs., 8 1/2" uncut, looking for white beergut leather master for toilet initiation, use me as a latrine, piss-soaked jocks sucked dry, also into levis and leather, bondage, shaving, recycled beer from cheesy uncut cocks. Box 562.

**PIGS WANTED** San Francisco. Two hot pig farmers, both w/m. S: 37, 5'8", 140 lbs., 7" cut. M: 40, 5'11", 155 lbs., 8" cut. Have sty, toys. FFA, WS, enemas, tits, ass eating and other games. Photo gets photo. Write Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131. No scat.

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YOUR FIRST PERSONAL OR MODELS AD IS FREE WITH YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ORDER. Just send your ad copy to us with your twenty bucks and the ad will be run FREE in our next issue. We'll even include a box number for mail forwarding. If you are already a subscriber and/or just want to run an ad, include two bits for each word. That's all. If you want a box number for mail forwarding add a buck. MANIFEST is sent direct enclosed in a plain envelope. Now, get with it!

- \$20 Payment for my 12 issue subscription is enclosed. Run my FREE AD in the next issue and be snappy about it!
- Payment for my 12 issue subscription is enclosed however I do not want an ad at this time.
- Enclosed is my ad along with 35c a word.
- Enclosed is a buck for a box number.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

I'm 21 years of age, sign: \_\_\_\_\_

**Ad Form**

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( Need more space attach additional sheet.)

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_



15 HARRIET STREET / SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94103

### EXTRA-HUNG

S.F. Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you're ever been told "it's too big," and you know that it IS a whopper, if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., ex-porno actor, hunky, gdlkg, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're a young, super-hung horny dude, into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. Box 100.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** Particular Master, 32, seeks 19-22 leather, levis & barefoot type for bottom role in light S&M sex, traveling companion into outdoors activities, possible S role toward 3rd parties with masterful supervision. Box 789

### KINKY FILTHY HOT

31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B/D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** Master, W, 25, 5'11", 180 lbs., visiting Frisco next summer. Want to meet willing slave into prolonged bondage, rope, mild S&M, C&B restraint. Young, trim, goodlooking slave to show me the city by day and at night submit to bondage. NO drugs, fats, fem, scat. If too much body hair, it will have to come off. Send photo. Box 683.

**SAN FRANCISCO MASTER,** 41, 5'9", 140 lbs., experienced in bondage, FF, WS, boots, S&M. Respectful of limits, willing to experiment. Fully equipped game room. Box 239.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** Hot bearded man, 39, 5'9", 6 1/2, 160 lbs., cut, white, into bodybuilding, backpacking and disco. Enjoy leather, military and western attitude. Sexual interests include cock and body worship, oil, movies, j/jo, enemas, rimming, W/S, sweat, spit, toys, rope art, occasional FF and B&D (novice but interested). No scat and limited pain mixed equally with affection. Prefer slightly dominant, adventurous but level-headed partner(s). No fats or fems. Answer with photo for HOT reply. Box 784.

**HAYWARD, S,** 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8 1/2" cut, muscular, goodlooking, looking for attractive, well built guys who are versatile and responsive. No fats, fems, flabby, older, out of shape. Should have good build and be into leather, levis or uniforms. Box 402.

**Super-hot,** goodlooking, hung young stud seeks other S studs for challenges in top position. Travel to S.F., NYC, and Chicago often. I am a master who is into other masters. Men who can handle competition are welcome. 26, 6', 165 lbs., dark blonde, moustache, 8" cut. For the hottest, try the hottest. Box 674.

**ARIZONA STUD TRAVELS** for hot scenes, 6', blk/brn, m bearded, crew-cut, hung, w/m, 30's, 165 lbs. Seek topmen to meter out heavy, bizarre punishment, meatotomy and other C/B/T as well as other semi-ultimate trips, including deep FF and the rest of your individual desires. The best practitioner will eventually get it all. Reply with phone, please to: Boxholder, P.O. Box 26042, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

**Selective Sadist** requires muscular masochist. Object: mutual satisfaction. Me: w/m, 38, 6'1", 190#, 8" uncut, inventive. You: ready for new adventures. Photo please. Box 817.

**OROVILLE,** 34, 6', 180 lbs., brown/brown, looking for master who loves leather as I do: feel, smell, taste, sight. I need humiliation, WS, hot j/o, feel, smell of warm/hot leather, scat and piss. I need the right man. W.R. Fiedler, Rt. 2 Box 2498, Oroville, CA 95965.

**SAN FRANCISCO M,** 5'5 1/2", 140 lbs., 40, new to leather world, seeks w/m, 25-40, to show the way. Must respect limits: no scat, shaving or piercing. Box 783.

### CHAIN ME UP

For the weekend. Don't let me see your face. Shave my head before you hood me. Cover my shaved, belt-marked body with piss & hot wax. Give me nothing to eat but piss & cum (maybe even my own). I need imaginative Master who respects my limits. San Francisco, 44, 6', 170 lbs., w/m. Box 640.

**SAN FRANCISCO MASTER** to work you over. Hairy, bearded, crew-cut erotic painter into total oral/anal play. Solid 210 lb. ex-coach expects obedience, digs worship. 6 1/2" cut, blue eyes, 5'10" sexual athlete, 52, wants macho partners who know how to serve. Only mentally & emotionally stable jocks seeking total involvement need apply. Relationship, including role-switching possible with right MAN. Strong preference for hairy, red-headed, tattooed truckers and bikers looking for good hot times South of Market. Mellow scenes possible too. Enjoy men of all ages. Willing to train novice. Respects limits but am firm. Push as far as partner's experience permits. For inspection and interview, reply with frank letter and recent photo. Box 493.

**SAN FRANCISCO MASTER,** wants submissive slave to take B/D torture, C/B torture. Master is 6'3", 200 lbs., 42, German-Irish descent, Size 11 feet, strong, handsome. Can be stern father to so. Slave of Nordic or Celtic descent desired. Wrestlers, swimmers, weight-lifters desired. Master will respect all of your limits! No marks. You can trust Master. Box 1279

**SF BAY AREA—27,** white, blond/blue, new to leather scene, like to watch the action. Let me watch you make it work, make me a convert. Box A47

### RASSLIN'/FIGHTIN'

Fightin' Topman, 28, strong, very hairy, and MEAN thinks S.F. tops are cockless wimps afraid to put their asses on the line in an all-out fight! If you think you're man enough to prove me wrong, let's tangle. No-holds-barred brawl to a definitive submission finish. And after I've whipped your worthless yellow ass, I'll stuff it with my cock and/or fist. Send challenges, photos to Box 816A.

**I want a hot, no-holds-barred, rough-ass time with someone who can be my Master and live up to it! Am bored with "green horns"!** Hope the right hunk will contact me. Prefer Macho Blacks or Espanol. Box B13

### S/M, HOT,

Handsome, experienced leather master seeks together man to serve me as slave and MC buddy rider. I am W/M, 28, 5'11", 130 lbs., black hair, mustache, blue eyes, 8" cut, double LEO with insatiable sex drive. You are W/M, 24-45, goodlooking, 5'5" to 5'11", hot hungry ass for long hot sessions, willing, loyal, submissive nature, trim beard and mustache preferred. Must be employed or financially independent. The kind of slave I want I can tie down to the seat of my motorcycle and warm his ass with my belt and fill his hole with mastersjuice and then fuck the hell out of his asshole with my hot experienced, hands. Think you can serve a real Master. Then submit—a respectful letter of experience with photo and phone to Sir Calvin Martin, P.O. Box 1481, San Francisco, CA 94101. Limits respected.

### BLACK MAN

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

### SCATMAN LOADED

for sloppy pig out scene. Get stoned with hot good looking built w/m 36 who digs smooth bods with well-packed buns. Box 1695 495 Ellis St., S.F. 94102

**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, 3-ways, and have lots of fantasies. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain, Box B10.

### SAN FRANCISCO BOTTOM

Goodlooking, responsible w/m, 23, 5'10", 170 lbs., 8 1/2". Solid. Looking for tough, loving leather man, biker. I love leather, wet suits, hoods, gloves, hot rough sex. Man to Man. Light S/M. Leather bondage a must. I need friendship and a firm hand. All letters answered. Photo please. David L., P.O. Box 2544, San Francisco, CA 94126

### 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 person. No overnights, fats, fems, olds. Send pic to Box A44.

**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.

**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, Tough Customers, "Bay Area Daddy." Send photo & frank letter will get prompt reply. Kent, P.O. Box 5171, S.F. CA 94101.

### 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 guy interested in the S&M scene and like leather, too, let's get together. Send a recent picture of yourself and a small introduction. Box A51.

### 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.

### 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

### 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 area/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.

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

**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, cock and ass to their proper use. Skip the bull shit, forget the scat, tune in to the head and the body and let's explore. Photo brings photo. DRUMMER Box A56 or c/o Jay, 795 Buena Vista West, #4, S.F. CA 94117.

### WANTED!

Slave to receive mild B&D, torture, from former high school educator. Any age, any size ok. German & Swedish types desired! Wrestlers ok. Box A35.

### WHAT IS RUBBER?

Rubber shirt, rubber pants with dildo, rubber face mask, catheter. Let's rubber together and see. W/M, 37, looking for anyone interested in above. Box A42.

### SF LEATHER STUD

Big Master wants your tight ass & 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, need only respond. Must have facial hair and handsome looks (no pretties) into piss, hot wax, B&D, pain, T/T, boots & cigars. Respect limits if good. No fats, fems, novices, and must have leather. Box A57.

### TWO MUSCULAR TITMEN

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

### SAN FRANCISCO LEATHER MASTER

38, needs B&D slave 21-35, for total servitude. Must like TT, Whips, Heavy Bondage, etc. Live-in possible for right slave. Have well equipped play room—send photo and frank letter to Sir John, 742 #D Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114

**Hairy guy into raunchy jock straps,** WS, and heavy leather. Digs having his crotch licked and his boots pissed on. Am 6', 155 lbs., 8" white, 32. Photo in jock strap and leather jacket a must. Box 967.

**SAN FRANCISCO w/m,** 41, 6', 170 lbs., wants action not talk. FF (top), whipping, fucking, sucking, heavy tit work. Box 677.

### THE TOILET

\$1 Flushes an application. \$3 Flushes a Tissue Sample. \$10 Flushes a Full Roll with or without your own listing. Write: John H., 433 Douglass St., San Francisco, CA 94114

### PERMANENT MASTER NEEDED

by obedient slave, w/m, 38, well experienced in B&D, S&M, have well equipped play-room and extensive leather equipment for Master's pleasure—please Sir, send orders (with photo-thank you, Sir) to Max, 742#D Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114

### MARIN COUPLE

Hot 45 seek slave without limits. Must surrender his body completely to be chained whipped, tortured, shaved fucked, pissed on, pissed in, pierced, humiliated, degraded and then just possibly loved. Serious only, no fantasies. Will answer all replies with photo enclosed. Box 679

**SAN FRANCISCO PASSIVE W/M,** greek, 51, 5'8", Seeks active greek with place to submit my slim body clad in panties, etc. for you to tie, whip use tit clamps and teach me the joys of C&B work, being FF'd, and piercing. P.O. Box 6285, San Francisco, CA 94101

## YOU CAN NOW PLACE YOUR PHONE NUMBER IN YOUR MANIFEST AD

## JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS

There is a one-time \$2 fee for verification calls for phone numbers appearing in Manifest ads which should be added to the total cost of the ad. Please include what time is most convenient for Manifest to call you and verify your number.

### DON "MASTER OF LEATHER"

shown Drummer Rides Again offers professional services fee starting at \$75.00 per session. Very Handsome blond, hairy-chested, 6', 165 lbs., of man. Experienced/imaginative. Best equipped mirrored playroom including sling, stockade, suspension & more. Bondage, W/S, FF, C&B Torture, Wax, Shaving, Dildoes, butt plugs, Tit work, spank/paddle/flag, electricity. Fantasies & Fetishes. Super light to super heavy. Private/discreet, novices welcome. Limits respected and hopefully expanded. Call Master Don (415) 584-9341. Honest, safe, trustworthy.

**OAKLAND W/M,** 42, 5'7", 165 lbs., Army Officer looking for slave into B&D and/or S&M. Willing to consider live-in for room, board & allowance. Prefer under 25, caucasians only, clean shaven. Respect limits. No fems, Fats. Box 1342

**SAN FRANCISCO ASS EATER** W/M, 39, 5'10", 140 lbs., wants to worship moustached or bearded Topmen's cocks, balls & assholes under his toilet seat. No age, weight or race restrictions. Box 1344

**SAN FRANCISCO HANDSOME NOVICE,** 27, needs help learning the joys of S&M pleasure. Am 5'10", very hairy, husky I bearded blue-eyed, slightly effeminate, intelligent, talkative, love opera. Informative letter and frank photo appreciated. No dirty talk. Libra Box 60851, Los Angeles, CA 90060

### WANTED TO HIRE: GOOD BOTTOMS

Private club needs husky, hard-working, dedicated bottoms to work nights as towel boy, shine boy, pool boy, attendant or anything we tell you to do. Serve obediently the hottest men in town at the hottest club in town. Call respectfully to 415/864-3877 days or 415/864-7646 eves. Be humble.

**NICE YOUNG MAN** looking for open minded, creative friends. For friendship—no limits—no hang ups. Steve (213) 863-5818

**Training, Controlled Behavior.** Slippery Dick, Novice, cut/uncut, hot, used-ok. Proper request to Sir, Box 1103, Los Angeles, CA 90068

**COMING TO CALIFORNIA?** Need a place to stay and someone to show you around. Well for \$250 a day you will get a place to stay and a nice young man to show you the sights. Some meals are covered in that price. Send \$2.00 for more information to: Steven & Friends, P.O. Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650. We will send you all the info by return mail.

### KENNEL MASTER NEEDED

by dog-slave, 35, for obedience training. Turn me into your DOG. Box 1378

**SAN FRANCISCO M,** Scorpio, young 50s, bearded, looking for S, 30s, or older, experienced and interested in exploring tits, ass-stripping, C&B restraints and related action with a view to meeting regularly and seeing where we can go without living together. I am 6'2" and 190 lbs., like to be dominated by short, wiry types who like to do it to someone bigger. Technique, experienced and attitude are important, race and nationality are not. Write Box B17

**HOT, HUNG & HAIRLESS TOP**  
Young blonde looking for hairy heman into wrestling, jockstraps, j/o scenes and Hot action. Can't get enough. Box 1322

**MASTER JOHN**  
TALL 6'4", handsome aggressive soft spoken Man with S.F.'s most complete workroom looking for slender dudes into full S&M action. Must be clean, intelligent and anxious to serve a reasonable but demanding top man. For interview send description and phone number. Box 1403

**SAN LUIS OBISPO AREA**  
Leo bottom, 26 (lk 21) 5'8 1/2", 125 lbs., brn/brn, 6 1/2" cut, big balls. Need to be bound in leather & ropes. Into B&D, light S&M, C&B/Tit Work, toys, Scat, FF, Piercing or Injury. Rural setting a plus. Box 1408

**DADDY WANTED**  
San Francisco Goodlooking son looking for a daddy to use me as daddies toy. I am in Drummer #42, Page 24 as Drummer's Daddie's Boy. Write w/ picture to Box 1502

**TIT MAN**  
SAN FRANCISCO. Tit man; W/SM; 30s; experienced, with smooth muscular body and big nipples seeks same for satisfying sessions. Toys welcome. Must have good definition. Box A46

**Fuck a hot ass, piss on it, slap it, make me eat you.** Box A94

**HOT & HORNY**  
SAN FRANCISCO—Young White male looking for goodtimes and hot action. Prefer 25-45, well built man who knows how to give it and loves to take it. I'm 24, 5'10", Good build and versatile. I like hot pepole and hot times. If you want a great time, send your picture with letter. Box B57

**SAN JOSE, 54, 5'2 1/2", 110 lbs.,** uncult 6", Virgo Blond Hair, Blue eyes. I like the smell and feel of leather on my body. Not the brutal beating of S&M. No drinking or smoking. Must wear leather, Levis and boots. Write Box A82

**SAN FRANCISCO,** Heavily tattooed, trim Beard & Moustache, Levi Western Oriented, W/M, 50, 5'7", 134 lbs. firm. 7" Cut, Looking for mellow Macho dude 30 plus to ease him into S&M. Nothing heavy. Letter with Picture, detailing what you'd require appreciated SIR!!!!. Box 1381

**W/m, smooth, in search of firm hand,** guidance and training from mature, hirsute, serious Master, willing to consider inexperienced, unfulfilled but needful 31-year-old. My Master commands respect from his person, not his brutality. Bay Area only. Box A19.

**SANTA CRUZ:** Hot novice m wants to service cut blondes. B&D, TT, leather, toys, shaving. I am w/m, 30, 5'11", 150 lbs., handsome, cut, brown hair, blue eyes, horny, serious, playful and versatile. Box B75

**BODYBUILDER**  
6', 195 lbs, 30, solid, seeks similar partner. You will manage heavy-weight workout gym in No. Calif. Owned by me. Should be contest caliber or working towards same. Will help to relocate. Serious only. No bullshit. Photo required. Box 1274

**YOUNG MAN WANTED**  
CHICO—Wanted a Young man as partner in raising rabbits and exotic birds. Also another partner in raising Orchids, and exotic plants in solar green houses, and possibly a third partner in raising fish, sheep, pigs, or goats. No experience or money necessary. Room and board included. Good mountain living on the river with fishing and hunting. Ernie, 500 Nimshew Road, Chico, CA 95926

**MASCULINE S WANTED**  
SAN FRANCISCO LIBRA, M, 50, W, 5'8", 165 lbs., needs Master into Leather, Boots, Hood, Heavy into bondage, C&B Torture, Shaving, Piercing, whipping seeks masculine S, who knows what he wants and does it. Photo gets mine SIR. Box 1357

**ANY SERIOUS DISIPLE OF SATAN WANTED**  
SAN FRANCISCO, Any serious disciple of Satan wanted by evil minded w/m. Master, 49, 5'10", 175 lbs., 6 1/2" Fat, Big-headed, Cut, for ritual working out of each others needs, however unusual. Bernal, Box 4373, San Francisco, CA 94101

**STRANGE MEAT**  
SAN FRANCISCO GWM, 30, 5'10", 155 lbs., 9"—Seeks Black Leather, tough talkin, hard playin, bawdy drinkin, hardy laughin, ball stretchin, handy ropin, butt bustin, dude for rough fun. Photo required for response. Single men in San Francisco. Box 1487

**SAN FRANCISCO RUBBER FAN**  
W/M Late 40's, 6" Very Masc. into old style Police/Fire & Workmen heavy black rubber wear seeks mature minded masc. outdoor types anywhere. Free to fly or travel, Have camper, motorcycle & gear. No S&M-Drugs or weirds but nice and clean guys welcome. Box 1472

**YOUNG, SLIM, ANY RACE** 18-30. Live in good mountain seclusion River, Swimming, Fishing, Hunting, etc. Room & Board Provided, W/M 42 into most scenes. Box 1466

**NEW IN SAN FRANCISCO YOUNGISH DAD**—Smart, cigar man, BOY—Trim, Cute, Ass whipped, pushed, Fucked, if good invited to breakfast. Box 1463

**NOVICE**  
SAN FRANCISCO 27, needs help learning the joys of S&M pleasure. Am 5'10", very hairy, Husky build, 8" cut Novice. Want 25-35, experienced 5'10" or over, caring, patient! Teacher, Prefer, Blond, Brown eyes, LEAN! Box 1289

**SAN JOSE**—Looking for Leather Master into B&D, and some light S&M, I'm 30, 6'1", 160 lbs., DK Brn eyes & Slender in build. No Fats, fems, stupids or Hard drugs. Box B66

**MAN EATING SLAVE**  
SAN FRANCISCO, Hot w/m 24, Will worship your ASS, Cock, Balls, Boots, Nipples, and Arm Pits with my HOT MOUTH. Also dig B&D, W/S, Greek Passive. Photo Appreciated. Greg Box 1501

**FULL TIME HOUSE/HARD SLAVE**  
No phone phonies. State your name, telephone number, age, height and weight, and don't forget "Sir." Tell me what you think you are good for and why anyone should be interested in training you. I'll ask the rest of the questions while you keep your hands away from your crotch. I have use for a full-time dedicated houseboy. Benefits are hard work and discipline, room/board and ownership. You will have to shape up, be exhibited, used and trained including shaving, piercing and regular punishment. In a very short time you should be qualified to serve any master who knows what he is doing. Call John at (415) 864-3877

**HEAVILY SADISTIC**  
GEURNEVILLE—Applications for full-time, live-in slave now being accepted. I am a 30 year old independent contractor, BB, Dominant, Intelligent, and heavily sadistic. You are 18-30, submissive, honest, not afraid of hard work, long hours, and heavy pain when deserved. You tow the line and I'll treat you right, screw up and I'll torture you til you pass out. You must be into heavy genital pain on a regular basis. Mail your Photo, list of experience, and sincere request to 14320 Old Cazadero Road, Geurnevill, CA 95446

**ABSOLUTE TOP**  
SAN FRANCISCO—W/M, 31, 6'1", Absolute top, demands genuine motorcycle CHP for Obedience, Servitude and respect. You produce and I'll provide. Only the Genuine need respond. Send photo and brief profile. Write Box 773.

**BULLCOCK**  
ST. LOUIS—Hot top interested in making contacts with other hot men into heavy body contact, wrestling body building with plenty of sweat and piss exchanged. Am 5'11", 160 lbs., 9" cut, Fr a/p, Gr A into Leather/Levi scene with real man. Mutual respect is a must. No dopers, drunks, wimps, or members of the "Chic Set," and absolutely no scat, and plan to move to San Francisco in Spring of '81. Box 1362

**BOOTS**  
**THE TALLER THE BETTER**  
SAN FRANCISCO—This Hunky Black Leather Motorcycle riding stud looking for guys who think their good enough to serve my boots and me. Have this insatiable desire for boots and the man that wears them. Just can't get enough of them. esp. Blk. engineer and logger boots—taller the better. I'm 31, and goodlooking. Honest ... If your man enough and serious enough to get down with my boots or make me get down with yours, Drop me a line. Box 1504

**YOUR FANTASY IS:**  
SAN FRANCISCO—Do you feel your fantasy is: Leather levi, hot time, J/O, W/S, phone, jock straps, etc. Then send name, phone #, photo (if possible) to: "C" (S.F. W/M, 31, 5'11", 170 lbs.) All responses get reply. No fats or fems. Box A98

**GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR SCUMBAG SLAVE**  
WESTPORT—To have his ass WORKED (literally—Hard physical labor) Beat, and Fucked off by bad tempered W/cowboy Master 6'5", 35, and his extremely Hunky w/lover 5'10", 28. You will live on 150 acres of menidocino coast with no running water, power, or frills. The inexperienced, disobediant, full of bullshit chicken, old queen, fem, and hippie need not apply. Don't plan on bringing any past or ego with you. Don't expect any future other than being a piece of shit property that beds down with our dogs ... Send Picture and letter to Fred/Red, Box 231, Westport, CA 95488

**DADDY WANTED**  
SAN FRANCISCO—W/M, 26, 5'10", 155 lbs., slave seeks older down to earth hairy-chested stern spaking MASTER. Where are you Daddy? Jimmy, Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101

**MASTER JOHN**  
SAN FRANCISCO—Tall 6'4", handsome aggressive soft spoken Man with San Francisco's most complete workroom. Looking for slender dudes into full S&M action. Must be clean, intelligent and anxious to serve a reasonable but demanding top man. For interview send description and phone number. Box 1403.

**MUSCLE BUILDER**  
SAN FRANCISCO—Hardass S/M hunk 28, 5'7", 155 lbs., & Cut, solid, muscular stud for HOT action and limits expansion. Interests include: weightliftin, Harleys, Leathers, Levis, uniforms, boots, whips, porn art, amyl, military-SS, J/O, jocks, riding ass and fuckin face. Seek to earn attention and service with S—local (S.F.) or worldwide. M's earn right to serve. Box 1536

**YOUNG SLAVES WANTED**  
OAKLAND—Young slaves diapered, spanked, by handsome MASTER, 484 Lake Park Ae. #36, Oakland, CA 94610

**SAN LUIS OBISPO AREA**  
Leo Bottom 26, (lk 21), 5'8", 125 lbs., brn/brn, 6 1/2" Cut, Big balls. Need to be bound in Leather/Ropes. Into B&D, Light S&M, C&B/Tit Work, Toys, getting Fucked. No heavy drugs, Scat, FF, Piercing or injury. Rural setting a plus. Box 1422

**HOT SAN FRANCISCO LEATHERMASTER**  
SAN FRANCISCO—32, 6', 165 lbs., will train slave(s) incomplete subservience. Will guide right slave from bootlicking to shaving, to whipping, to piercing, to branding. Be prepared to give yourself without thought. Box 1455

**BALL BUDDIES**  
SAN FRANCISCO—W/M, 6'2", 160 lbs., Bald, trim, Light Brown Beard, Blond mustache, Hairy into Ball Play, weights, hitting, slapping, squeezing, vices, Ball presses, etc. Tit Work too. Top and Bottom, Interested in same. Box 1514

**SUPER HOT SLAVE**  
SAN FRANCISCO—5'8", 165 lbs., of handsome, Hard, body builder Seeking MASTER with Muscles, Leather, Muscles, Tattoos, Muscles, Brains & Muscles. Anywhere in U.S. letter with photo answered First: Boy, 4193 17th Street, San Francisco, CA 9414

**INTELLIGENT BUTCH BOTTOM**  
SAN FRANCISCO—Butch bottom, handsome, intelligent, Blk/M, 30, 5'11", 160 lbs., Slim Muscular, Uncult into Leather, Jocks Levis, Wants Hunky Hung Topmen for long Hot sessions. Light S&M, B&D, 25-45. Photo and phone gets mind Buddy. Box 1546

**VOLUNTEER BOTTOMS TO SERVE S.F. CLUB**  
Part-time weekend help for San Francisco's hottest club. Hardworking, disciplined, dedicated bottoms for pool cleaning, towel and locker service, shoeshine and general policing the gorunds. Good builds, willing to work in "uniform." Call Mr. Franklin at 431-4755. No answer, call John at 864-3877. Be humble.

**SLAVES AND POTENTIAL SLAVES: SAN FRANCISCO**—Are you Ready for complete servitude as a way of life, and not just a game. (Experience not necessary.) I am a retired army NCO ready to take complete control of your life with Bondage, Discipline, Daily spankings & Humiliation. I am not into Fist Fucking, Scat, Heavy S&M, or Drugs. Box 1505

**DEDICATED BOTTOMS OPPORTUNITY**  
You are over twenty-one and have a strong need for discipline in your life. You need to belong to someone and have your decisions made for you. You long for a Spartan existence with forced diet, no smoking, physical workouts, hard work and strong discipline while you are wearing only your new hardened, tanned birthday suit plus a few metal and leather ornaments. Military discipline, haircut and shave to shape you up? Your new purpose: finding out the use for which you were created. You do not have to be advanced, just dedicated. Send a couple of bucks for a detailed questionnaire and other information to the LEATHER FRATERNITY, 15 Harriet, San Francisco, CA 94103. Applicable towards membership on acceptance.

**VERY GOODLOOKING WEIGHT LIFTER**  
SAN FRANCISCO—M, 30, 6'1", 42" Chest, 30" Waist, 7". Very goodlooking, Masculine. Jogger-Weight lifter build. Needs piss, shit, spit, VA, C/B/T-Torture from other goodlooking bodybuilders. Mr. Right gets it all; fats, fems, phonies, average looks-builds. Don't waste my time. Box 1534

**SENSUAL SCENES**  
SAN FRANCISCO—W/M, Wants to hear from any one with similar interests. Nylon, Spandex, other Sensual or Transparent Fabrics. Scenes with condoms, oil, games, Fantasies, fetishes, etc. call (415) 929-1388 anytime ...

**PERMANENT MASTER WANTED: SAN FRANCISCO—AQUARIAN SLAVE**, W/M, 41, 5'10", 170 lbs. 6" Cut, Writer with shaved head, moustache. Seeks intelligent, caring Master for possible permanent relationship. Can switch roles, if necessary. Am into Leather, Domination, S/M, W/S, B&D., Limits can be expanded. Can care for a real Man. Frank, Box 14128, San Francisco, CA 94114 or call (415) 431-8586

**BIG DICKED MASTER WANTED: SAN FRANCISCO**—W/M, 28, M, Hot body seeks Big Dicked Master with Heavy balls, into shaving scenes. Into prolonged Bondage, Heavy W/S. PISS up my ASS while you shave me. Lots of Hair/service for right Master. Write w/phone to Mike Denver, 625 Post St. #865, San Francisco, CA 94109

**YOUNG MASTER**  
SAN FRANCISCO—21, 5'8", looking for live-in Slave age 30-60. If your only desire is to serve your MASTER: Write to P.O. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101

**BIG BOY**  
SAN FRANCISCO—Big Boy, 5'10", Blue eyed, 21, Blonde, Pro/Fantasy wrestler looking for a big coach/Master to fight me to submission and treat me the way men like to be treated. Box 1614

**SKANDINAVIAN KINK**  
SAN FRANCISCO—DOMINANT Kinky artist looking for bottom, patron. I am 6', 165 lbs., Lean, Muscular, Masculine. Best Face-Sitter in the Brotherhood—Needs help. Chest 42, Waist 30, Have Blond Hair, Blue Eyes, Chiseled Features, Large nipples. Very Good Looking Man into Barbaric Sex. Box 1528

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**

**LOS ANGELES AREA:** W/M, 5'6", 128 lbs., 28, Hot. Seeks patient master for training novice. Must respect limits. I desire to serve. No pain or drugs. Exchange photos, ideas. Box 1399

**SAN DIEGO,** Top, 40, 6'1", 195 lbs., into all scenes—tits, w/s, FFA. Have full equipment. Will train novices. Box A70.

**SAN DIEGO MEN!**  
Two men, 38 and 39, seek contact with other men into fucking, fisting, W/S, jack-off, jockstraps, leather, and funky wear. Couples preferred. No fats, fems. No non-smokers! Box 895.

**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.

**LOS ANGELES,** S, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., solid, muscular, masculine stud, 7" cut; looking for masculine, slender or muscular man under 55, white. Not interested in fucking anything I wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C.

**SIR!**  
W/m slave, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7" cut, trim beard and moustache seeks Master for serious training. Am obedient, respectful, quick learner, goodlooking, masculine and need to be brought to my knees in service. Bob, 256 S. Robertson, #3089, Beverly Hills CA 90211. Can travel.

**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.

**SENSATIONAL AND FREE**  
out of this world servicing for muscular top studs any race, especially orientals and blacks. Punish my red hot buns or fantastic mouth job. You'll go crazy for more, nothing like it. Absolutely discreet. Orange County, Los Angeles ... Write your thing I'll phone or reply ... Box 1366, Don't miss this super servicing.

**JAPANESE MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT**  
and Karate Teacher, M, 30, 5'7", 140 lbs., Seeks goodlooking W/M lover with same interests and lifestyle. Also into Zen, BB, Leather and Good sex. Sincere and discreet only, Write with photo. Box 1367

**LOS ANGELES,** A muscular, chubby thick/set masculine, dark, black man about 50, is beautiful erotic to me. Affectionate Greek active W/M, 39, 6'1", 175 lbs., seeks relationship. I'm bearded blue-eyed, slightly effeminate, intelligent, talkative, love opera. Informative letter and frank photo appreciated. No dirty talk ... Libra Box 60851, Los Angeles, CA 90060

**NICE YOUNG MAN** looking for open minded, creative friends. For friendship—no limits—no hang ups. Steve (213) 863-5818

**Training, Controlled Behavior.** Slippery Dick, Novice, cut/uncult, hot, used-ok. Proper request to Sir, Box 1103, Los Angeles, CA 90068

**COMING TO CALIFORNIA?** Need a place to stay and someone to show you around. Well for \$250 a day you will get a place to stay and a nice young man to show you the sights. Some meals are covered in that price. Send \$2.00 for more information to: Steven & Friends, P.O. Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650. We will send you all the info by return mail.

**LOS ANGELES AREA;** W/M, 5'6", 128 lbs., 28, Hot. Seeks patient master for training novice. Must respect limits. I desire to serve. No pain or drugs. Exchange photos, ideas. Box 1399

**SLAVE DANNY**  
LOS ANGELES AREA, I am more beautiful in bondage than in freedom, and I will submit to tortures, piercing, shaving, photography to you, Sir, or to groups. I need a Master to be pleased with and proud of me. Box 35.

### S/M CIGAR SEX

Hot, masculine w/m, 28, smokes and turns on to cigars. Gets into light B&D, TT, VA, Leather. LA area preferred, but will answer all. Box 334.

### L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimy asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Digs spitting, pissing, shitting, puking, sweating and farting. Gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294V8.

### HOLLYWOOD

M. 44, 5'6", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer S/M, 35-55 in leather, levi, jockstrap. Box 392

**LOS ANGELES**, M, w/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim, good body, 125 lbs., intelligent, goodlooking m looking for intelligent S. I NEED to serve my man and expect eventually only the limitations my Master has for me. Especially like to serve others for you. I need to be me to properly serve YOU. Box 280.

**LOS ANGELES**, M, hot young animal—w/m, 25, 6'1", 155 lbs. Wants wild leather/levis stud to take this punk to the limit in S/M, B/D, Wax, Cuffs, Collars, and Heavy GR. Come work this punk's ass. Box 997.

### LEATHER TEDDY BEAR

Clean cut, All American, blond guy available to be possessed and colored by one very special Master, who is dominant physically and psychologically and will teach his novice slave how to serve him affectionally. The bear is 33, 5'11", 180 straight-acting, intelligent and totally presentable, as much at home in Brooks Bros. as in bondage. No hard or rough stuff. Tom of Finland type a plus. San Diego area but relocation possible. To claim your bear respond to Box 998.

### LOS ANGELES AREA SOUTH

Goodlooking, 38, trim and hot. Experienced, moustached, bartender and waiter would like to work at your next party or just hear from you leather/levis fuckcuddlers. Will travel to New Orleans, D.C. and NYC in '81. Your photo gets mine. Box B61.

**LOS ANGELES** slave, 43, 6', 165 lbs., with large C/B's digs receiving C/BT work. S&M, leather/levis, etc. Box A68BORN

### TO SERVE

This w/m bottom, 31, 5'10", 160, cut and pierced, is looking for the right top, 30-45, to serve life commitment is my goal. Into Leather, S&M, B&D. Gary, Box 16104, Long Beach, CA 90806

### MASTER WANTED L.A. AREA

arrogant goodlooking guy 22, brown hair, green eyes, with hunky body, seeks training and guidance from a patient yet firm Master. You are experienced, assertive, uninhibited, indiscreet and into leather, levis, jock straps, S&M, B&D, Living orders, WS, ass eating and other hot raunchy games. Please Sir, break me in, and use me as you wish. Write with photo and letter if possible to Clay Randall, P.O. Box 594, Montebello, CA 90040. Poss Rel/ with right Master.

**HOT M.** 40, 5'10", uncut. Experienced piercer or piercee, needles, S&M, C&B, Bondage. Most far out kinky scenes in my fully equipped playroom. George Box 5641, Hunt. Bch., CA 94646

### WANTED

W/M, Hot young (18-35) Topmen into B&D, S&M, W/S, Levis, Leather, Jocks, Master/Slave Games, face-sitting, fucking, ass play (no FF), and in need of head to toe service in hot masculine encounters. I'm a good-looking w/m, 46, 6', 185 lbs., with trim beard & moustache and with brown hair and blue eyes, send photo. Box 1320.

**ITALIAN**, 26, 5'10", 170 lbs., Hairy Chest, Very Attractive inexperienced looking for a top man for FF, Dildoes. Your place, Phone. S.R., 6467 Van Nuys Blvd. #381, Van Nuys, CA 91401

**NORWALK S** looking for 18-30 who is willing to serve and can take what I dish out. I am 23, 5'6", 125 lbs. Box 706.

### HOT HORNEY HAIRY HUNKY HUNG

L.A. AREA: 46, 5'9", 179 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 8 1/2 uncut. Into light S&M, B&D, jocks, leather, WS, TT, FF, JO, fantasy trips. Open to most new scenes. Will answer with phone and photo. Box 349

### HOT & READY IN L.A.

Scandinavian man, 33, versatile (very), good body, good looking. Enjoy 3-ways and groups also. Levis, leather, jocks, grease, outdoor scenes. Good men and good sex get same. Box 853

### WANTED! BIG MATURE TITS!

P.O. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs CA 92240.

**AM 6'4"**, Brown hair, Blue eyes, Moustached, 190 lbs., I've modeled, looking for warm contact, Brain and Body. Box 1413.

**Hollywood**, goodlooking uncut stud. Seeks dominant butch uniformed law man, cycle cop, leatherman SS or Gestapo types for head trips, discipline, submission, mad doctor C&B, Witchcraft and a few other outrageous farout things that we will talk about. Aroma, etc. No one who doesn't know where his head is. Please, Sir. Box 167

### ATHLETIC BLOND

L.A., 6'3", 180 lbs., 38, masculine, hot rear seeks slim/skinny buddy 18-28, no beard. Box 60851-M, L.A., CA 90060

### WHITE SCANDINAVIAN

HUNTINGTON BEACH, Male, Muscular, surfer 36, Blonde/blue eyes, looking for permanent relationship with very heavy top into leather, piercing, whipping, wax, FF, W/S, Dildoes, etc., Will consider all tops but prefer someone with smarts and a sense of humor who is a romantic and likes desert and surf as well as smoke and aroma. Ray (714) 842-6843 or write with picture to Box 1427

### HOTTEST ASS IN L.A.

Hot adventurous bottom 30, Hairy, Horny, & high, Into Leather/Levis & toys. Gets it on with smooth Hot guys, Needs Topmen with class to plug this tight little ASS. Box 1252

**ORANGE COUNTY/LONG BEACH**, W/M, 38, 6'2", 187 lbs, 7". Bearded, Hairy Novice seeks to correspond and/or meet someone to play with. Inexperienced but willing to try most anything. Prefer Hot, Horny, uninhibited dudes into sucking, fucking, verbal abuse, variety and Prolonged sessions. Frank letters and photo gets mine. box 1435

**ORANGE COUNTY**, Hot Hung Leather Studs who want to bring Hot blond, blue eyed cowboy to his knees send Photo, Details. Box 1264

**LOS ANGELES**: White Male Animal slave to be trained and broken as work-horse, needs demanding male Master or Masters with facilities to use him as such on occasional week-ends leading to permanency. To be Stabled, Bitted, Harnessed and worked under Reins and whip. Mature Submissive to all Demands. Box 1263

**PALM SPRINGS, S&M, B&D, WS**, with w/m, 30, 6', 150 lbs., Blonde Top with good body, will switch roles for right man. Will Travel S. Cal. Phone a must, Photo Appreciated. Box 1262

**LOS ANGELES**, Hot, Hunky Cowboy, blue eyes, Beard wants to start a Dildo-Club. Interested dudes drop me a line and state sizes and interests. Box 1270

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

### BIG WIDE OPEN ASSHOLES WANTED

L.A. W/M, 31, 5'11", 165 lbs., wants men with hot assholes into FF, huge dildoes, punch fucking, able to withstand several hours of heavy ass play. Serious men only, no J/O. Box 811.

**LOS ANGELES**, M, goodlooking, 25, 5'11", 147 lbs., enjoys giving pleasure being totally dominated by intelligent, strong stern topman familiar with positive character forming side of leather sex. Don't write unless you're able to gain control and keep it. In return receive my respect, devotion hero worship and full rights to my body. Box 1272.

### LOVE TO EAT BUTT

**LOS ANGELES** W/M, 30, love to eat butt. Seek Enema Instructor. You are 27-45. Maybe dark complexion. Box 1498

### ORANGE COUNTY

Hot hung leather studs who want to bring hot blond blue-eyed cowboy to his knees send photo, details to Box B85.

### TOTAL SLAVE

**BURBANK**—Slave Danny will submit to bondage, whipping piercing, armpits and tits, shaving, photography for parties, groups or one Master. Phone (213) 846-9486, DANNY PAYNE, 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91502

### NOVICE BOXER

**ORANGE, CA**—NOVICE BOXER into body punches, seeks guys to live out boxing and other fight fantasies. White, 29, 5'11", 145 lbs., Write: Occupant, 180 City Blvd., West Apt. #303, Orange, CA 92668

**IF HE'S WORTH FINDING  
YOU'LL FIND HIM IN  
MANIFEST**

### OLD MUG SHOP LONG BEACH CA

specializing in customized and personalized mugs and ashtrays. Club names, individual names, cartoons, dates, any sports, motorcycles, boats, cars, you name it, we can put it on a mug for your drinking enjoyment. \$4.00 and up. 826 Redondo Ave., Long Beach, CA 90804 or call (213) 439-3085

### THREE WAYS—GROUP SEX

**LOS ANGELES** obedient slave and his MASTER looking for hot Leather/Levi and Uniform Studs into three ways and group sex. S&M, B&D, Dildoes, Fist Fucking and other interests. We have the place. Explicit letter gets immediate response. Box 1469

**HOLLYWOOD BOTTOM**, 24, 6', 135 lbs., White, Seeks knowledgeable partner 25-40 into B&D, Light S&M, Toys, etc., Want to try everything once, some more than once. Letters with photos answered first. Box 1462.

**CAPRICORN**, 48, 5'9", 145 lbs., 6". Eager to learn from one who will teach and train in Piercing. Box 1458

### SLAVE DOG

**LOS ANGELES**—Hot hungry slave dog wants serious and heavy top, 30-40, into Leather, uniforms, Heavy Bondage, Confinement, physical/mental discipline, wax, w/s, Fist Fucking, and total servicing. Seek Hot evening or weekend of servitude and obedience. Send photo. Box 1572

### TORTURE FANTASIES

**LOS ANGELES—RAUNCH HUNGRY** pig/slave/Master 30, 5'7", 150 lbs., wants to explore intelligent filth and torture fantasies with hairy assed scuzmongers, top and bottoms. HOT men 18-50 into C&B Torture W/S, scat and natural Fist Fucking. Write Box 1339

### FIGHTER

**LOS ANGELES**—Hot white 23 year old: 6', 180 lbs., brown and blue. Gets into no holds or blows barred. Fighting with boxing gloves, feet and knees. Into S&M and other. Top unless beaten. C&B, Tit, etc., serious only. 21-28 only. Box 1566

**FROM CANADA**—38 yr., 6'3", 190 lbs., W/M, looking for key to get out of the closet. Will be in San Diego, CA for summer of 1981. Any ideas? Box 1605

### HOT ASS WANTED

**LOS ANGELES**—W/M, 29, 5'9", 155 lbs., Leather/Levis Top seeks W/M, into FFA, B&D, Belt Worship. Have playroom, all that's missing is your hot ass hanging in my sling. Photo and phone #. No fats or fems. Box 1564

### HOT MUSCULAR BLOND

**LOS ANGELES**—6'3", 185 lbs., 38, seeks trim Gr/Act Buddy 18-28. Photo gets mine. Aries, Box 60851, Los Angeles, CA 90060

### SPANKINGS GIVEN BY

**LOS ANGELES**—White Dad 44, 6'3", to youthful trim guys, who need a lot of attention prefer non Jocks thin-inexperienced OK. Box 1565

### SHORT TOP FFA MEN

**LOS ANGELES**—W/M, 31, 6'4", 165 lbs., Wants Short men with hot experienced hands to plow ASSHOLE into ecstasy. Box 1539

### LEATHER, UNIFORMS AND BONDAGE

**VAN NUYS**—Looking for Leather Master to bound me with leather, rope, and affection. Light S&M. Your photo will get mine. Paul, 6375 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys, CA 91401

### FIGHTS WANTED

**SAN BERNARDINO**—No Holds barred. Winner takes all. I'm 23, 5'9", 155 lbs., Muscular and always ready. Your photo and phone gets mine. All replies answered. John, Box 6154, San Bernardino, CA 92412

### OLDER IS BETTER

**LOS ANGELES**—This is MIKE who ran the S&M, Club in L.A. and worked you over so fine. More fun ahead for those who discovered older is better. Write MIKE, 4577 Melrose, Los Angeles, CA 90029

### L.A. WATER

**LOS ANGELES**—Stud fuckee wants Hot Stud Fuckee Meat between his cheeks or for a "Warm Ocean" Fuck, shoot some Hot Water in first, before you hit it with your best shot. 6'1", 165 lbs., 34. Photo exchange. Box 1562

### WIDE OPEN ASSHOLE

**LOS ANGELES**—W/M, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., Goodlooking, has hoit asshole into long heavy FF scenes. Seeks liberal-minded men into long lasting heavy ass trips. Box 1617

### TAKE IT LIKE A MAN GIVE IT THE SAME WAY

**LOS ANGELES**—Clean, non-smokers who can whip ass, twist tits, suck, fuck and rim like experts, and can take the same are sought by stocky, hot man in 40's, with a hairy body and shaved head who wants to take it and dish it out with versatility and affection. Willing to experiment and expand limits. Box 709

### NOVICE BOXER

**ORANGE, CA**—Novice Boxer into body punches, seeks guys to live out boxing and other fight fantasies. White, 29, 5'11", 145 lbs. Write: Occupant, 180 City Blvd., Apt. #303, Orange, CA 92668

### WEST HOLLYWOOD SLAVE

**WEST HOLLYWOOD**—W/M, 24, 5'6", 130 lbs., br/blu, intelligent/relationship oriented seeks muscular clean shaven training master for light S&M, Gr/Act, Belting, Titwork, Fantasy, uniforms. Photo/photo (returned): P.O. Box 251 Encino, CA 91426

### MUSCLE STUD

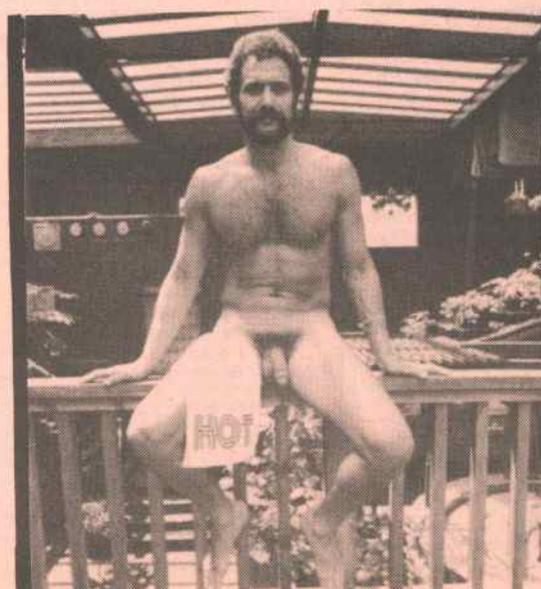
**NORTH HOLLYWOOD**—6', 195 lbs., muscle stud digs built dudes; B&D, J/O, T/C/B Work. Lots of cum, piss, sweat. Big hairy pex & balls at. Photo/phone: P.O. Box 4246, North Hollywood, CA 91607

### WANT REAL MASTER

**NORTH HOLLYWOOD**—Wanted white male 25-40, into motorcycles, camping, backpacking, S&M, Bondage, discipline, am White, 130 lbs., Slave in search of a REAL MASTER to obey entirely and worship completely. Box 1515

### DEMANDING MASTER;

**SAN DIEGO**—Slave wanted by HOT HUNG San Diego Master, demanding but loving if earned. For more information write. Photo a must. Box 1542



Outrageous!  
**OUTRAGEOUS!**

**TUESDAY**

**BISEXUAL  
BOOGIE**

NO MEMBERSHIP FEE REQUIRED  
6 PM to 8 AM



**WEDNESDAY**

**COUPLES  
ONLY!**

(AND SINGLE WOMEN)  
NO SINGLE MEN ALLOWED!  
MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED

6 PM to 12 PM

**THURSDAY**

**WOMEN  
ADMITTED  
FREE**

MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED  
6 PM to 8 AM

**FRIDAY**

**HOT  
AND  
NASTY!**

NO MEMBERSHIP FEE REQUIRED

6 PM to 8 AM

**SATURDAY**

**COUPLES  
ONLY!**

(AND SINGLE WOMEN)  
NO SINGLE MEN ALLOWED!  
NO MEMBERSHIP FEE REQUIRED

# CONSENTING ADULTS



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**SUTRO BATH HOUSE**  
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**RAPE A YOUNG MAN**  
**NORWALK**—Rip his clothing off, bind him, I'm willing 5'6", 130 lbs., Brownish hair, Blue gray eyes, but can't afford replacing the clothing. If you can afford (\$100.00) Write your demands to: Willing, Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650

**"REAL HOT YOUNG WHITE MALE"**  
**NORWALK**—Seeks other "Real" people. Will be personal aid, guide, friend or ? I'm respectable, Bondable, and sharp. I will travel. Planning to return to school, or go remuneration respectfully requested. Forward letter with full details of need to: Hopping, P.O. Box 59526, Norwalk, CA 90650. All letters will be answered.

**RIDE A COWBOY**  
**RIVERSIDE AREA**—Urban Cowboy, 27, wants 2+ Hung stallions to ride him; saddle, harness as you like—wants limits tested but with respect. Seek wild colts with from mane, moustache over 30. Must travel to you stable. Will arrive in leather, torn levis, on motorcycle. Your photo gets same. Box 1559

**COLORADO**  
**DENVER COWBOY**  
needs Leather/Levi Master. P.O. Box 18595, Denver, CO 80218

**DENVER COWBOY**  
**DENVER**, Cowboy, 30, 5'9", Brown, Hazel, Hairy, Irish, Capricorn, Actor about to move (JULY) to Seattle, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta (You might be a major factor in decision.) Seeks magnificent (employed) Animal for live in pet-Young HS Grad, BB or generous older man. No scat, FF, Tattoos, Piercing, Tobacco, atheist or body hair (Eventually). No photo no reply. Red hair or arts professionals a plus. Bill, Box 1547

**DENVER AREA**  
Loves to be bottom. 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, COLORADO** W/M, 45, 6', 175 lbs., Submissive Male seeks meetings with other males who enjoy Bondage. Race and age unimportant. I have a desire to please. No drugs or pain, will answer all who send picture and phone number. Box 1409

**Colorado Cowboy**  
Goodlooking, athletic, 25, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks macho cigar smoker. I've got a hairy butt that needs you. Box 542

**CONNECTICUT**  
**NEW HAVEN**  
26, 6', 170 lbs, br/br beard seeks introduction, guidance to rubber scenes. Prefer older bearded, paunchy, avuncular. Correspondents only, okay complete discretion. Box 1310

**HOT LOOKING**  
**NEW HAVEN**, Hot looking, masculine Black Hunk, 25, 6', 190 lbs. Solid. Seeks Goodlooking Guys-any race, can travel, send photo. Box 397-R, New Haven, CT 06510

**WEEKEND SLAVES WANTED**  
**HARTFORD**, From Friday through weekend you will be Property: Fetching, Licking, Sucking, Cleansing, Obeying, Begging, and any etcetera in 1 Order. Your Fantasy of being owned, Controlled, Mastered will be a reality. Apply Phone, Photo. Pud 5'8", Blond 30's. Apply to Box 1843, Hartford, CT 06114

**SERIOUS LEATHER SEX**  
**HARTFORD**, Four men who walk on the wild side seeking hot guys for serious leather sex. Rural workshed, discipline. City sewer dungeon. MAN ENOUGH????? Photo, phone Box 1550

**MOTORCYCLE LEATHER MASTER**  
**GREENWICH**, Experienced Seeks partners who want and need, S&M, B&D, C&B/T, T/T, Gr/Fr, W/S, Domination and other Leather actions including Leather toys. Send me your applications. Limits respected. Leather Tops & cowboys welcome to share. Box 1531

**RUBBER SCENE**  
**NEW HAVEN**, 26, 6', br/br, beard seeks introduction, guidance to rubber scenes. Prefer older, bearded, paunchy, muscular. Correspondents only, okay. Complete discretion. Box 1310

**SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, well-used ass; looking for tall, well built, well hung studs. Box 965**

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

**EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER**  
Looking for Leather/Levi, S&M slaves. Those who want a dominant Master into Leather, Bondage and many other interesting sexual scenes. Send me your application. Acceptable applicants will be trained to explore new adventures. If you are experienced send me your application also. Box 437.

**STAMFORD S with bull whip** requires total obedience. Have 9 1/2" to force feed your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Box 579.

**MUSCLEMEN ONLY**  
**HANDSOME**, broad shouldered, hairy men with large biceps and hard pecs up for wrestling, massage and friendship with goodlooking bright young man with slim semi-muscular, tight body. Write: Larry, 504 Orange St., New Haven, CT 06511

**HARTFORD GWM, 6'1", 165 lbs., mid 30's**, moustached is into sucking cum crusted jeans, hairy armpits, tits, fleshy navels and cut cocks. Can travel. Big, beefy guys a plus. No S&M, drugs or weirdos. Box 1412.

**S, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs., husky, hairy, 6" cut, masculine, firm; seeks cleancut slave, 18-35, white, slim or muscular, into bondage and discipline, toys, willing to serve and obey. Box 257**

**SOUTHERN CONN. MASCULINE HOT AND HORNY W/M, Aries, 42, 5'10"**, Good body, 162 lbs., with 7" UNCUT. Into motorcycles, boots and really hot sessions. Mostly MASTER but can switch with right person. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 1477

**HARTFORD, 35, W/M, 5'6", 135 lbs.**, seeks w/m, any age for father/son type discipline. Make me submit to bare-assed spankings across your knee with strap or paddle. Box 1417

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**  
**NEED TO BE CONTROLLED?**  
S, 6', 51, 185 lbs., will train slave any age with good body, firm buns. Masculine looks a must. Box 704.

**WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 160 lbs., 30" w., white 6", runner/weightlifter. Well-built, lean, muscular. Interested in similar S for erotic S&M, B&D. Box 215.**

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

**WASHINGTON DC AREA W/M, 40, 5'11", 175 lbs., bl/bl, seeks w/m partner 25-40 with facility for D&D, enemas. Can travel Wash.—NY. No fats, drugs, scat. photo requested P.O. Box 23867, Wash DC 20024**

**LOVE SLAVE SEEKS RIGHT MAN WASHINGTON D.C. AREA, 5'10", 200 lbs., Retired Military. Straight appearance and actions. Requires Much affection. Enjoys Kissing, Hickies, Tit Work By Mouth, Ass Fucking by Medium Dick, & Smoking Joints. Seeking male under 25. No S&M, or B&D, but enjoys being dominated. Right man will find slave who treats him well financially and other ways. Can relocate & will answer all. No fem. Photo with first letter please. Box 1604**

**NON-STOP BLOW JOBS**  
**DC, Non-Stop B/J's, to large group clean-cut, young preppies/bureaucrats. Khaki/Corduroy only. B&D, G/S, Electroshock OK. Box 1527**

**FLORIDA**  
**SM, Pisces**  
36, 5'8", 165 lbs., well built, white, 6", knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well built, big, no fats, fems. Box 009

**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 5260 N.E. 6th Avenue #B, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334.

**Daytona, Wanted Permanent House Slave. Box 2266, Daytona, FL 32015**

**SLAVES WANTED**  
**ORLANDO/DISNEY, W/M, 33, Top seeks w/m Slaves (18-30). One/more meetings, also possible live-in. Photo, phone gets fastest reply. Limits respected. No fats, fems. Box 1603**

**LATINS-BLACKS-ORIENTALS**  
**FT. LAUDERDALE, ALL RACES**, but especially above, Let's wrestle, box, cockfight for the top asshole. Got the balls to bang with a lean, musc, 5'10", 7 1/2", 162 lbs., BB, Handsome, blind/brown, other tops only...None over 30. Go against a stallion & I'll fry your ass. Box 11624, Coral Ridge, Ft. Lauderdale 33308

**SLAVE TRAINING AVAILABLE**  
**SUNRISE**, Masculine, goodlooking top with firm but gentle style seeks candidates for training. Applicant shall include photo with written or recorded (cassette) application. Box 1449

**NARCISSIST WANTED...**  
**MIAMI, 40, 5'11", 170 lbs.**, Seeking love of self for total body worship. Lie back and relax or sit in front of a mirror and watch my hot tongue idolize you from your armpits to your toes. I'm a cocksucker who's also into W/S, Titwork and other activities with the right Macho Man. Box 1569

**HOUSEMAN WANTED**  
**BRADENTON, Hot Studs, 37 & 21, Seek slave any age for permanent relationship as houseman on their rambling tropical estate. Duties rewarded by room, board, small salary and wild ties in fully equipped game room with slings, whipping horse. Pool table, mirrors, numerous dildoes & Toys for those into various Leather scenes, B&D, FF, W/S, etc. Limits respected. Your fantasies or ours. Applicant must be mature, hardworking, serious, reliable. Excellent opportunity for retiring person or those who want to escape the cold north. Send long detailed letter with background information, likes and dislikes, phone (if possible) for fast return contact, and snapshot. Same will be sent to you with full details, responsibilities, etc. Applicants welcome from any state. Possible to help finance trial week visit for right person. Write today to Jimmy Moore, P.O. Box 10084, Bradenton, FL 33507**

**STALLION VS STALLION**  
**FT. LAUDERDALE, WRST., COCK-FIGHT, Spank, verb. Leather, piss, just fine. You us, me the Fuck. Goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs., 5'10 1/2", 7 1/2" Cock, BB wants ridin the hole of another proud beatin Stallion. E'Spanol, arrogant young dudes at...Box 11624, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. Bang Balls and I'll show you what a girl you are.**

**Want to eat from your dog bowl and feel your riding crop. If you have uncut thick cock, hanging balls, a hairy ass for me to eat from, and you are very strict in your demands, please contact me. I am 39, 5'10", 184 lbs., 9" uncut. Box 735.**

**TRAVELING TO ST. PETE & WEST COAST AREA W/M, 30s, Hairy body, clipped beard, 155 lbs., 5'9", would like to contact kinky men into WS, Tit worship, FF, and or mild S&M or B&D. Am an imaginative person. Will be in area late March and April. Write now so I will have enough time to reply. Your photo gets mine. Box 840**

**MIAMI, Two SM Men want to meet others seriously interested in the idea of mental, physical and spiritual self improvement through Bondage, Discipline and various acts of humiliation. Only those who honestly wish to explore this idea need reply. P.O. Box 651038, Miami, FL 33165**

**MOTORCYCLE COPS**  
Muscular hairy stud, 6', 165 lbs., wants to correspond with motorcycle cops and other MEN into same. Only boot/breech/uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured. Box 111F.

**WEST PALM, W/M, 33, 5'8", 8 1/2", 200 lbs., Seeks handsome, Masculine and Muscular guys 22-31 for sex, friends, workouts. Possible roommate. Photo & Phone appreciated. Box 1313.**

**Ft. Walton Beach W/M, 26, 5'10", 135 lbs., Seeks other guys 18-23. Am looking for friends and possibly more, possible permanent relationship, not into S&M, B&D, fems or fats. Phone and Photo helpful. Box 1375**

**FT. LAUDERDALE: Masculine, imaginative, dominant Master seeks together studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline but no permanent damage or Scat. Demanding but considerate. Am 45, 165 lbs., 7 cut with big balls and big hands. Box 258**

**SW FLA, S, Top, leather biker stud, 39, 5'7", 140 lbs., crew-cut, construction worker, heavy-hung, digs masculine only humpy service buddies for long hot leather sessions. No fats, old men, etc. You get my attention if you are into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Am dominant and aggressive, sane and sensible. Respect limits. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.**

**HOT ADVENTURES IN PARADISE**  
Uncut 8 Sm, transplanted San Franciscan, offers hot Key West action of qualified visitors. Hard-bodied, hard-headed, hard-playing 35-year-old welcomes other adventurous studs into exploring and actualizing our mutual fantasies. I'm attractive, intelligent, responsible, muscular and moustached; it takes the same to turn me on. Blondes, big tits, interest in bondage, S&M, CB and tit torture, FF are pluses, but less important than a hot body and sense of adventure. Planning a visit to paradise? Reply (with photo if possible) to Box 792.

**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. No fats, fems, phonies. Send detailed, honest letter with photo and phone number to Box 881.**

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

**MIAMI, w/m, 42, 5'10", 160 lbs., blind/blu. Show off your tough hard body, with this goodlooking raunch Man. Into workout mates, mirror JO, Piss worship, Sweat. Heavy dildo and Enema action sought and given. Tender young guys expertly taught how to be men. Write w/photo Box #47**

**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.

**Attractive, stable, intelligent man, mid 20s, white, has been exploring sado-masochism several years; wants similar man to mid 30s for honest continuing weekend explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual exploration, support, respect, and care are requisite to building the trust and love central to any real sado-masochistic encounter. Not looking for one fantasy fuck. Honest only with a sense of humor should reply. Confidential and expects the same. Central/South-Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man. Box A37**

**SUBMISSIVE**  
**FT. LAUDERDALE, SEEKING HOT MUSCULAR, 20's, loving, but dominant Master. Permanent possible. Am 21, med. built, attractive & Ready. Box 1491**

**FACE-SITTER NEEDED**  
by blonde dog slave. No scat/Prefer dominant guys with hairy asses. Please, Master, please. Box B87

**Masochist/slave, 6'2", 160 lbs., into cock, ball, and tit torture, humiliation, bondage, hot wax, piss, discipline (verbal) and other abuse, force-feeding my mouth and asshole, seeks usage by two Miami cigar-smoking Top Men between the ages of 35 and 45. Box B86**

**MASOCHIST/SLAVE**  
6'2", 160 lbs., into cock & Ball and Tit Torture, Humiliation, bondage, hot wax, piss discipline, verbal and other abuse Force feeding my mouth and asshole, Seeks usage by two Miami cigar smoking Top Member between the ages of 35-45. Box 1265

**Nothing brings in results like a MANIFEST ad!**

**GEORGIA**  
**ATLANTA SUBMISSIVE M, 5'8", 180 lbs., 45, Seeks experienced tattooed and pierced masculine bossman 40 to 60 yrs. old. Light S&M, Dildoes, C&B, Toys, Nipple stretching & enlargement, piercing. No Freaks, Fems, Skinnies, or Drugs. Shaved heads preferred. Letter with photo gets mine. Box 1475**

**GEORGIA, GWM, Cancer, 29, 155 lbs., 5'11", Blue eyes, hairy, moustache, goodlooking, active/passive, fr/gr, FF, Dildoes, three ways, versatile. Seeks like minded. Robbie, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093**

**M, 26, white, 5', 10", 147 lbs., into rough fucking and fist fucking, piss, S&M, B&D, verbal abuse, leather, levis, boots. Seeks meetings or correspondence with aggressive Tops in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. No fems, scat, scars, or blood. Box 288**

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

**HAWAII**  
**ORIENTALS WANTED**  
**HONOLULU, S&M, anywhere, wanted by handsome white male, 32, 7", Well built, masculine. Photos answered first, but not required. Write to Sam, P.O. Box 88455, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815, USA**

**ILLINOIS**  
**BOOKLICHER**  
**CHICAGO, RINGED M, 31, 6'1", 175 lbs., Needs Humiliation and abuse from strong willed cocky Master. Into suspension, bondage, tits, piss, rubber. Write: Wolf, 6636 Newgard St., Chicago, IL 60626**

**CHICAGO-ST. LOUIS, W/M, 42, Tall, Slender, Tattooed and Kinky, Looking for C/L-W/BLT Jocks and Leather Studs who have what it takes to fuck my ass int total submission, then and only the will I kiss your feet and call you Master. It can be done but it takes a MAN. Box 1608**

**DUNGEON-PLAYROOM**  
**CHICAGO, Dungeon, Playroom Available for your private sessions or parties. 1,000 sq. ft., Fully equipped, cell, tub, slings, suspension and B&D Area, rack, toys, posts, etc. Private, Reasonable. Top Supervision Optional. Traynor (312) 525-3341**

**NOVICE:**  
**CHICAGO, W/M, M, 35, 170 lbs., 7" Cut cock, handsome bodybuilder Seeks clean dominant Master who wants to be served. I have hottest mouth in Chicago. Am Fr A/P, Gr/P. Not into scat or heavy pain. Photo exchanged and returned. Jack, P.O. Box 10222, Chicago IL 60610**

**SLAVE BOY SOUGHT**  
**CHICAGO, W/M, 44, 6'2", 165 lbs., Hairy, wnts small, slender slave/houseboy. Must be 20 to 30, under 140 lbs., with small, firm buns and insatiable desire to be fucked. Prefer gentle, somewhat fem, pretty boy (a type not now fashionable) who needs permanent, secure relationship, and who enjoys sex and "belonging to a man." No drugs. Box 1567**

**LICK A DIRTY BODY**  
**CHICAGO, Pig sex of any kind (cruddy crotch, armpits, and ass, piss or shit, toilets, face sitting, mud sweat grease) in or out of clothes (uniforms, Leather, levis, jocks, gym shorts, etc) with or without bondage. Hot goodlooking man 35, 6', 165 lbs., Seeks guys into any of the above to serve me or do mutual trade-off. Fantasy, dildoes, pain, role playing—anything different or bizarre turns me on. We can do it all. Travel U.S. Send photo and dirty letter. Box B64**

**STUD SEEKING:**  
**CHICAGO, Stud seeking generous Sugar Daddy in Chicago. You support me and I'll Service you. I'll keep you more than satisfied. GWM 28, 5'8", 9" Thin Cock. Straight appearing, trade. S/M or any scene OK, Rodney. Box 14, Chicago IL 60614**

**CHICAGO SLAVE**  
W/M, 27, 5'8", 165 lbs., will serve TV or Master. Take piss, cum in mouth, face sitting toe sucking any kink. Eat ass, suck cock. Swallow all. Box 1326

**WANTED:** Writer needs input for story tellin'. Der Fiedermaus says my fiction lacks authenticity—so tell me the S&M "do's" and "don't's". Brian O'Hara, 4321 W. 95th St., Oak Lawn, IL 60453

**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.**

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., Carbon-dale, IL 62901

**CHICAGO-FANTASY**  
W/M, 28, 5'11", 150 lbs., Horny and Hot. Looking for some to 28. Poppers, smoke, suck, fuck, J/O, FF, W/s, act/passive. Single or couples. Letter and photo to: Brown, 3423 W. Drummond Ave., Chicago, IL 60647

**HOT AS A PISTOL**  
Chicago, hot as a pistol law student very handsome, 22 year old, black BB, 5'4", 125 lbs., I'm right & tough. Tired of the bar? Bath games? I'm into hot, athletic, white guys who know how to fuck and or be fucked. Into most scenes. Love worshipping a nice body and love my body worshipped as well. If you're into hot body, a liberal and want to fuck with a man as it's supposed to be done, write me at 6214 N. Winthrop, #510, Chicago, IL 60660. Thanks Buddy

**NEED HAIRY-CHESTED SADIST**  
CHICAGO: to work me over in heavy scenes for mutual pleasure. Cigar smoker a plus. Cock, balls, tit piercings: Fisting, Ball Busting, etc., I am 6'1", 190 lbs., 37 years, with 8 1/2" cock. In good shape. Box 1371

**CHICAGO SOUTH WEST SUB.**  
W/M, 32, 190 lbs., 6'1", Likes to receive rim jobs and have my cock sucked. I like to fill your ass with my cock. Send photo. No fats. Fem OK. Write John, P.O. Box 607, Tinley Park, IL 60477

**CHICAGO-COUPLE** into FF, B&D, seek like-minded men for three ways, group action. Top-34, 5'4", 120 lbs., 7", Bottom-27, 6', 140 lbs., 6", Reply with photo gets ours. Only serious minded MEN need reply. box 1340.

**SLAVE FOR SALE AND/OR RENT**  
5'10", 195 lbs., Brown hair, Blue Eyes, 3-1-46. Extra strong body and spirit, S&M, B&D, W/S, etc. Not used often. Strong Master could train Right. Send your requirements. Box 1426

**CHICAGO—White, 34, 5'6", 140 lbs., 7" Cock, Top wants other tops or aggressive bottoms for extended, multi-scene Action sucking, fucking, rimming, Jocks, J/O, W/S, Fist Fucking, and Ball Work. More body HAIR the better. Letters with photos gets same—pronto. Box 1460**

**FOX RIVER GROVE—THE GAS HOUSE SALOON,** it's where I go til 4:00 am, Wild on Week-ends ... Send photo I'll find you and then we'll talk. P.S. this is a somewhat straight bar, but even the president needs passion. Box 1500

**W/M, 31, 5'11",** seeks men into B&D and humiliation. Men in underwear especially and longjohns. JWH, 450 Briar Place #8K, Chicago, IL 60657

Discreet young slim bi. Neophyte wanted for gentle anal dildoes or enemas. Also will photo only the most stunning: tattoo, pierce, FF, W/S shave, dog, & outdoor scenes—for your use. Eric & Beth, P.O. Box A-3248, Chicago, IL 60690

**HANDSOME Black Male, 44, 5'11", 165 lbs., 8 1/2" Uncut,** desires to service well hung guys who are good-looking, clean and preferably, not not necessary. Shoot a large LOAD. Box 1457

**Chicago, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S,** dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome body-builder 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.

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 slaves endurance. Must be clean. Box 382

**FANTASIES FULFILLED**  
CHICAGO MASTER, White Male, 41, 6'3", 195 lbs., will fulfill your fantasies, Military Discipline, S&M-Fraternity Initiations, Prisoner, Humiliation, Bondage, Etc. Send photo if possible. All replies answered. Chicago Metropolitan Area only. P.O. Box 2630, CHicago, IL 60690SPRINGFIELD.

**INDIANA**  
**REAL MASTER WANTED**  
INDIANAPOLIS, W/M, 23, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7". Hot Slave seeks real master to put me in my place. Make me beg to serve your boots and cock. Fill my mouth with your piss and my ass with your manhood. Into all fetishes, verbal abuse, bondage. Can travel. If you're man enough to tame me please write. Box 1570

**INDIANAPOLIS, M, 26, 6', 180 lbs., 6 1/2" Cut,** into B&D, Heavy S&M, Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is heavy Ball Work. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-45. No fats, fems, drugs, w/s, or scat. Box 1549

**MASTER WANTS SLAVES:**  
**FORT WAYNE,** Novice or experienced. Light or Heavy S&M, Must Have Good Body. Master is Masculine, 42, Lean, Muscular, 5'11", 160 lbs. Write P.O. Box 12302 Fort Wayne, IN 46863

**EVANSVILLE, W/M 30, 5'11", 175 lbs., Bearded and Hairy.** Seeking big-muscled men into flexing, Body Massage and body contact. Box 1254

**INDIANAPOLIS, M, 49, 5'10", 170 lbs., 6 1/2", white, inexperienced.** Will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no scat. Photo please. Box 833

**GENERAL MAN WANTED**  
Black male, 22, 5'11", 138 smooth body bright nice looking, sincere guy seeks generous man capable of compassionate carrying and in a position to offer help to a special person, school future, will travel, discreet, age-color not important please submit letter and photo (retd) S.H.C. P.O. Box 44775 Indianapolis, IN 46204

**SLAVE TRAINING**  
Manly, experienced MASTER, 40, 5'11", 160 lbs., lean, muscular, will train YOung novice slave(s). I administer discipline in form but caring way. Reply only if you are serious and can come here. Box 15524, Fort Wayne, IN 76885

**IOWA**  
**IOWA MASTER, 6', lean, white,** seeks permanent slave for complete physical & mental training, naked bondage & submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless in body and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo, application, & phone to Box 979.

**DES MOINES—TWO MEN,** Mid 30's Seeking three-ways and group. Willing to try anything once. State interests. Photo preferred. Write J.J., P.O. Box 4675, Des Moines, Iowa 50306

**IOWA SLAVE AVAILABLE**  
Young slave 21, 6', 155 lbs., considered good looking. In need of training from dominant man any age. B&D, S&M, W/S. Am receptive and obedient. Box 1485

**KANSAS**  
**BLACK MASTER WANTED**  
**WICHITA,** White slave 47, 6'2", 190 lbs., needs discipline and bondage from Leather-Levi Master. Would consider white police officer, prison guard, farmer, rancher or construction worker. No scat or FF. Available for trade or sale at auction by present Master. Box 1568

**STOCKING FOOT FETISH**  
KANSAS CITY, MO AREA, GWM, 42, 155 lbs., Brn/Brn, Wants to worship your feet. Into mutual J/O Box 1482

**FOOT WORSHIPPING**  
KANSAS—LEATHER AROMA of a guy's STOCKING FEET, K.C., MO., GWM, 42, 155 lbs., Brn/Brn, Wants to worship your feet. Into mutual J/O. Box 1481

**NOTICE!**  
You can place your phone number in your MANIFEST ad if you follow the instructions at the beginning of this section.

**KENTUCKY**  
**OUTDOOR TYPE**  
**CALHOUN,** Outdoor type into Horses, Hunting, Motorcycles with lots of loving, age 43, 5'8", 170 lbs., Will answer all that sends photo. Archie Keown, RT 2, Calhoun, KY 42327MASTER

**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**  
**LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS**  
**NEW ORLEANS, W/M, 35, Leather,** Police Uniforms, Boots, B&D, S&M, Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather, High black boots, Full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1599

**FATHER-SON**  
**MONROE, W/M, 34, 6', 175 lbs.,** into father/son, reform school type discipline-Both roles. Would like to hear about fantasies and possibly meet. Box 1576

**AND/OR**  
**NEW ORLEANS, W/M, 33, 5'8", 130 lbs., 7" cut.** Bearded, Hairy, good-looking, well-built TAIL member with small, firm, round ass wants trim or well built, HUNG, experienced W male(s), top or mutual preferred. 30-40's for Fr, Gr, FF, Bondage, C&B play, WS, moderate S&M. Permanent possible. No scat, marks, fems or fats. Reply with photo to Box 1555

**OBEDIENT M WANTED:**  
**NEW ORLEANS, S, 32, 5'10", 155 lbs.,** Seeks Obedient, willing masculine M, 21-40, For mutual satisfaction. Firm, any scene, but will respect limits. Send qualifications with photo. Reply SIR. Box 1525

**NEW ORLEANS MASTER:**  
**NEW ORLEANS, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., 6" into B&D, Dildoes, C&BB, T/T, Straps, Belts, FF, W/S, Seeks** summer trainees 18-30. Must be together and Sincere. Send Honest Letter with Photo. Box 1541

**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

**LOVE TO MAKE LOVE**  
**HAMMOND, W/M College Student,** 21, 6', 175 lbs., Can travel to New Orleans or Baton Rouge on Weekends. Love to make love. I'm your man, would like also to explore S&M, with experienced personnel. If you are sincere, honest and a human being, write me, including photo. No fats, fems, or blacks, Bob, Box 3086; SLU, Hammond, LA 70402. Response promised.

**MAINE**  
**Have a fantasy?**  
Want it to come true? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine woods into all scenes: groups, FF, WS, J/O, tit and ball torture, bondage, voyeurism, smokes and aroma; ready for hot, kinky action. Come visit, write or call. Your photo gets ours. Les Quebecois sont surtout les bienvenus. Box 796

**PORTLAND, SM couple** seeks third or other couple in Portland ME. Master is 6'1", slim, uncut and demanding. Slave is 5'10", cut and pierced. Box 1329

**MARYLAND**  
**WANTED:**  
**BALTIMORE, CLEAN, WELL HUNG,** HOT ASSED, HARD DICK, BUTT FUCKIN, ASS EATEN, DICK SUCKEN, TOE SUCKEN. WHITE, BLACK OR LATINO, PIG 25-35. Able to work 8 hours, sleep 8 hours and fuck 8 hours a day every day. To service, two hot tattooed, pierced, shaved, self supporting white 35 and 40. Into total mind and body ownership, shaving, piercing, C&B, TT Torture. Toys, W/S, FF, and much more. Two fully equipped playrooms. Tattoos and piercing a plus, but not presently required. Objective: Permanent full time, three way relationship, possible business partnership. Only serious apply with photo and stats., Ed and Richard, C/O LEATHER UNDERGROUND, 208 READ STREET, BALTIMORE, MD 21201

**THREE WAYS POSSIBLE**  
**RIVERDALE, W/M, 25, 5'10", 152 lbs.,** Brown Hair, Brown Eyes, Seeks 18-30, I'm Hot & Horny, Lick your ass, Etc. 3-ways possible. No S&M. Write Boxholder, P.O. Box 571, Riverdale MD 20840

**MASTER**  
**LUTHERVILLE, Master** seeks respect and service from 2 legged stud with tail. Will consider novice trainee. Send photo & Full information. Box 1602

**TURNED ON BY LEATHER**  
**GAITHER-GERMANTOWN, Lackey,** turned on by sight, touch, taste of Leather. Would like to be top, willing to start at bottom. Send name and phone only to Pat, Box 100, Germantown, MD 20767

**MAN TO MAN**  
**BALTIMORE, Bearded w/m, 29, 6'2", 170 lbs.,** future porn star seeks hot BB to put me through the paces. Tit torture/piercing, total ass work, B&D, C&B, Aroma & Drugs. No fems ofats. Real men. No games, just pleasure-seeking action. R.P. Box 4774, Baltimore, MD 21211

**INITIATION**  
**BALTIMORE, East coast B&D** beginner, 30, wants to hire pair of very physical bodybuilder bullies who could dig double teaming a rookie for a weekend of muscle and mind games out in the wilds. Forced workouts, endurance tests, boxing, and bondage. Reply together with descriptive letter, photo and fee. Box 1561BALTIMORE-ANNAPOLIS

**AREA, S, 38, 5'10", 170 lbs.,** Bearded, hung, goodlooking, firm but understanding. Seeks slaves for long sexual sessions in equipped den. All scenes, other tops welcome to share slaves. Letters with photo gets answered. Box 1410

White male, 45, 5'5", 160 lbs., Bottom looking for top. No scat, FF, or dope. All else ok. Blacks or whites. Max Gertson, 9 Manchester Place, Silver Spring, MD 20901

**BALTIMORE** or Washington DC area. SM (either role), into L/L, WS, CBT/T, B&D, strap, FFA, no scat. Apply with picture stating desires. Frequent visitor to Chicago, L.A., S.F. Box 855

**NOVICE**  
**BALTIMORE AREA, M, 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.

**HAGERSTOWN, W/M, 35, 6'1", 170 lbs.,** bodybuilder looking for other masculine well-built bodies. Must be totally male. Box 36

**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.

**RUNNER/BODY BUILDER**  
DC-MD-VA, 37, 5'11", 160, 30" waist. Rugged, well-built, lean, muscular, defined, together, feeling, human. Interested in similar physical masculine type only. S/M if erotic. Photo exchanged. J.W., Box 55029, Ft. Wash. P.O. Oxon HILL, MD 20022

**MASSCHUSETTS**  
**SLAVE SEEKS MASTER**  
**BOSTON, GWM 40, Seeks Master,** w/s, B&D, golden showers, most scenes. P.O. Box 8862 JFK Station, Boston, MA 02114

**BI-WHITE SLAVE**  
31, will serve all. Dig poppers, jocks, groups. No FF or scat. Write Boxholder, Box 683, Methuen, MA 01844

**APPLICATIONS FOR SLAVES**  
**BOSTON, Slave applications** Accepted by MASTER wanting nothing but the best in service. Age, Color, Looks not important. Must be willing to give all and must enter stable of other slaves to learn MASTERS WAYS and be trained by senior slave. P.O. Box 341, Worcester, MA 01613

**HOT JACK OFF SCENES**  
**BOSTON, Wanted** by hat attractive brown complexion guy visiting San Francisco and Los Angeles soon. Body oils, aroma, vibrators, OK. No S&M, B&D, or FF. Your recent photo is a must and returned promptly at your request. Let's get it on. Box 1537

**"A FEW GOOD MEN"**  
**DORCHESTER, 2 ex-USMC's** interested in finding service men in uniforms, esp. spit polished low quarters and military jump boots. Exchange photos, correspondence with possible future meetings. Box 1552

**HIDE TANNING: NEW ENGLAND/NY**  
W/M, 5'9", 34, 150 lbs., seeks to hear from you if you need to have your hide tanned and attended to. Disciplined and understanding. Also seek contact with other tanners in search of new hide. Box 1407

**CAPE CODE, S, 52, 6', Taurus, 200#,** well muscled, tough, uncut, into B&D, W/S, shaving, FF, and all kinds of anal entry, enemas and other sports. Seeks white slave, 18-40, totally submissive, for prolonged long-term service. No drugs, fats, or fems. Must be able to endure moderate to heavy pain, ball torture, tit piercing, prolonged immobilization, butt abuse, body whipping. No crybabies, softies, or thrill-seekers need apply. I am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, abuse, humiliation, and expects nothing but pain, torment, and discomfort in return. Box 790.

**BOSTON & N.E. AREA—M, 33, 5'8",** brown hair & eyes. SIR, I wish to serve erotic Leather Man as his slave in Leather Bondage with toys collars, hoods, C&B, W/S, serving your needs, desires & expanding my limits. No heavy S&M, FF, Shaving, Piercing, scat. Sir, thank you for your consideration. Box 1431

**YOUNG ATTRACTIVE, REASONABLY SANE GAY MAN,** Would like to meet other versatile man who has enough confidence in himself, not to need toys all the time. However since we can't always get what we want I'll settle for Hot one nighters. P.O. Box 426 Back Bay Annex, Boston, Mass. 02116

**NOVICE, Voyeur** looking for involvement, w/m, 40, 6'1", 180 lbs., needs well-built Master to train my yearnings to serve and be freed of inhibitions. Must be tough and gentle, into Leather or tight levis. Need titwork, Bondage. I'm a challenge, but sure to be worth it. Picture appreciated. Box 1476

**BOSTON PISS FREAKS WANTED BY:**  
**BEARDED W/M, 30 6'2", 185 lbs., 7 1/2" Cut.** Full of warm beer for mutual flow. Box 1489

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

**BOSTON; Bearded w/m, mid-30s,** versatile and imaginative, 5'9", 155 lbs., uncut, hairy body; turned on by tit work, w/s, ass work, and foot licking. Seeks men of same interests. Willing to expand. Box 840

**REAL SLAVE**  
M, 29, GOODLOOKING, needs serious Handsome MASTER desiring to own a slave/dog as his property and for his pleasure. Box 1256

**G, W/M, 55, 6', 175 lbs.,** Full head of Grey hair loves to both give and receive large three to four over time enemas. Also greek passive and like to have a Fist up my ass. I want to meet like minded men over 40 any race o.k. Box 1415

**MICHIGAN**  
**HAIRY AND HUNG THICK**  
**DETROIT, W/M, 34, 5'6", 135 lbs.** Good body, hairy and hung (especially thick) needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive rears with good tight bodies to age 40. Vanilla, FF, Bondage, Toys and good times. "Reciprocation." No fats or fems. Salt and Pepper hair a plus. Photo preferred. Here or there. Box 351, Farmington, MI 48024

**MUSCULAR LEATHERMAN**  
**DETROIT AREA ONLY, Muscular** Leatherman into soft side of leather. Enjoy Leather, boots, jockstraps, cuddling, kissing, J/O. Photo a Must. Box 1506

**CIGAR SMOKING MASTER WANTED**  
**DETROIT, M, 23, 6'3", 180 lbs.,** Brown/Blue, Seeks Horny, Cigar smoking MASTER 25-35 in Leather or Levis. Big Cock a plus. Write with photo. Box 1533

**LEATHER, Bondage, Boots, Uniform.** Lower needs a Dominant Man. Box 1255

**BEARDED LEATHER MASTER**  
DETROIT, 33, 5'10", 140 lbs., 9" Cock, Looking for submissive slave, 21-35. Am into S&M, B&D, W/S, TT. Write with photo. Box 1532

**DETROIT W/M**, 47, 5'8", 175 lbs., SM, B&D, Solid and very hairy all over. Bottom/passive for lots of bondage/disc. Particularly enjoy dungeons, jails, cells and barns in bondage. Like grass, poppers, etc., enemas, dildoes, greek a/p, french a/p...All kinds of fetishes. No scat, and sometimes piss. No smokers and light drinkers. I have lots of toys and can entertain and welcome visitors especially from out of state. All races please, Sirs. Chain me up and rape my ass or gang bang me. Box 1290

**DETROIT** White, hard-muscled topman, 33, 5'9", 155 lbs., looking for stud under 40, top/bottom, to serve as right hand man in discipline sessions with butch slave, 22. Let's belt his tight buns, ride him at both ends, soak him in piss, and enjoy a beer as he worships our bodies in gratitude. Have sling, also video equipment for voyeuristic cameraman. Photos, exchanged/returned. Box 899

**ROCHESTER, S**, 6, 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, W/S, and more. Write: Robert, 1030 Adams Road South, Rochester, MI 48063

**BARN BOY NEEDS FARM KEEP**  
ADONIS, 6'2", 190 lbs., white, smooth muscular body seeks keep from handsome farmer or rancher in exchange for labor. Some farm experience. Will go anywhere. Discipline, restraints, hard dirty work, ragged clothes, gruel, filthy quarters sought. Box 1377

**METRO DETROIT** Hot bearded top wants equally hot bottom for "DRUMMER" type scenes. I'm 31, 5'10", 155 lbs., 6 1/2" cut, Experienced. You must be masculine, and ready to please and serve me. Role switching possible for right stud. Box 1402

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

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

**SOUTHFIELD**, 46, 6', 160 lbs., German S, muscular, 7" uncult; 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

**MT. CLEMENS AREA**, w/m, 58, 6'5", 180 lbs., looking for M 18-28 for Father/Son relationship. I want to worship, spank when necessary. Prefer Live-In. Have nice apartment. Box 1316

**ANN ARBOR**, W/M, 33, goodlooking, seeks real Masters who can handle a hot, horny slave. 6', 160 lbs., Need discipline, bondage, suspension and anything else to please. Will serve as only the best can. Dig FF, W/S, B/D, TT, anything else imaginative—especially in game room. Photo appreciated. Charles, 2786 Glenbridge, Ann Arbor, MI 48104

**WAYNE COUNTY AREA**, white slave, 21, needs Master, any race, any age. Into anything and everything. No limits. You call all the shots. Ready and willing, Sir. Box 826

**TAYLOR, MS, Capricorn**, 24, 5'10", 165 lbs., white, 6 1/2", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

**DETROIT W/M** 38, 5'6", 140 lbs., Good body, Hairy and hung (especially thick) Needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive ASSES with good tight bodies to age 40. FF, Bondage, toys, tits, fun and good times. No fats or fems. Here or there. Photo preferred. Box 351, Farmington, MI 48024

**DETROIT AREA, HOT MUSCULAR BODYBUILDER**, 47, 5'9", 180 lbs., Fr a/p, Gr a/p, Wants Well built, Muscular Hunks (including Lovers for three-ways), 25-45. Into Jocks, Levis, Hot Scenes, Tit work (yours), Mutual exploration. Your Muscles turn me on, mine turn you on. No dirt, Scat. Include Phone, Photo (if possible). Box 1468

**HUNG MEN SOUGHT:**  
DETROIT—30, 6', 175 lbs., 7", Attractive, seeks similar Hung men 18-43. Hot Photo Gets Mine, But not necessary. Explicit Letter please. Box 1495.

**HOT NOVICE**  
DETROIT—Hot novice bottom, W/M, 33, 6'0", 170 lbs., wants to exchange hot correspondences. Share experiences fantasies with other M's and serve Masterful Studs by mail. Can meet interesting sane local people. Box 21413, Detroit, MI 48221.

## MINNESOTA

**TWIN CITIES**  
**MINNEAPOLIS**, Attractive GWM, 29, Nice Body seeks versatile smooth-skinned GWM (over 30) for weekend escapes, friendship, maybe more. Into prolonged mutual J/O, TIT Stimulation, Front/Rear French, Bondage. Photo ? Box 1619

**DOMINANT TRUCKERS AND MORE:**  
**MINNEAPOLIS**, Submissive male would like to meet Dominant truckers, cowboys, linemen, construction workers int bondage, fucking, tit work. Totally masculine and no fats please. Box 1554

**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

**WANTED:**  
**UNCUT WHITE TOP MAN**  
40-70. Grizzled, masculine white cocksucker must live with, worship and suck; one tough, straight, non-reciprocating, obscene fuckin' son of a bitch. Full time, cowboys, farmers, lawmen, hard hats, others welcome, like boots levis, Leather, piss, THICK peckers, clean assholes. Will relocate. Photo/Phone. Box 1261

**MASTER WANTED**  
Minneapolis: White, 25-yr., handsome, masculine slave, 5'11", 150 lbs., light brown hair, green eyes, dark beard—hot & horny, 7 1/2", Leo. I am ready to serve—white—28 to 40 years stud. I would prefer only tall, dark hairy muscular masters. Beards, moustaches, & big manly tool a plus. Let me serve you and worship you, obey you and love you. I dig all leather (gear & scenes) and am into body worship, j/o, dirty talk, posing, oil, cockrings, jocks, all boots & gym gear. I beg you—Please, Sir, help this hot, wanting slave find an owner. Letters to Box 560

**MPLS.** Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all Men who are well hung and know what they want. No Fats. Box 825

**WELL BUILT MASTER WANTED...**  
**MINNEAPOLIS** SUBMISSIVE MALE would like to meet all Masculine and well built MASTERS int Bondage and discipline. Please respect limits but with a firm and strong hand. Please write to this obedient slave. Box 1484

**W/Male**, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs., seeks slave or prisoner who needs tit, cock, & balltorture. Box 356

## MISSOURI

**ST. LOUIS W/M**, 6'2", 175 lbs., needs Hairy studs. Can go either way, rough and hard or otherwise. This tongue is wild and will clean out everything from assholes to armpits. Tit work a specialty. My hungry ass will take anything you have. Your photo gets mine. Box 1479

## 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 shaved. 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.

**KANSAS CITY MASTER**, Affectionate Scorpio uncut 8", 5'8", 145, solid, prefer small slim white 20-40, Greek passive, Fr a/p, Live in lover/slave who needs to be owned, possessed for permanent relationship—with no hang ups—Respect limits. Box 1318

**ST. LOUIS** w/m, 6'1", 165 lbs., 8" uncult; very hairy all over, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive yet quiet, straight-acting and appearing, seeks other hairy masculine dudes into mutual give and take working over cock, tits, balls, assholes with uniforms, jocks. No scat or shaving. Any age, eager to explore. Box 886

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

**ST. LOUIS** W/M, 40, 6', 158 lbs., Uncult, Cancerian Versatile, Hot, Goodlooking Macho Dude. Into most scenes except scat, FF and heavy pain. Enjoy worshipping a beautiful body and cock, servicing a cock completely, and I mean completely. Looking for oversexed hot dude 21-45 who likes his cock royally taken care of. Your photo gets mine. Box 64

**ERIE JOHN:** I know you're out there. Please contact your Kerovac in Missouri, and make the summer Hot. Box 1474

## NEBRASKA

**HI BOOTED RANCHER**  
52, 6', 190 lbs., Digs Leather, Travel, Photographs, wants leather booted Master to use me for this please. No Scat or FF. Will answer all. Del Johnson, RR Box 15, McLeon, NE 68747

**Cornhusker Maverick**  
needs tamin', 5'4", leather-levi, hornier than hell, like my sex rough and hard, need a good Master. If you think you're man enough to break me. Box 496

**Master 56**, 5'8", 150 lbs., Seeks slave 18-26, slim to learn and expand limits. Have toys for Cock and Balls. Box 1373

Age from 21 to 60, some leather, some verbal abuse, modeling scene. Box B30

**SOUTH EAST NEBR—W/M**, 40, 6'1", 180 lbs., Uncult, Looking for hot sex, enclosed photo 18-45. Box 1459

## NEVADA

**WILLING TO LEARN**  
**RENO**, I'm completely inexperienced in the Leather World, but am willing to learn the way from an understanding experienced Leatherman. I'm muscular so want a very muscular, hairy man. I like tit work, rimming, sucking, fucking, and would like to get into w/s, at this time I'm not interested in scat, FF, or heavy pair trips or heavy drug scenes. It isn't important that every man I desire be hairy, but must be muscular. Box 869

**JEFF TANNA IN VEGAS**  
I'm Dan's younger brother, and I won't disappoint you. Believe it. (702) 798-7643

## NEW JERSEY

**PAX et CARITATI**  
Are you tired of the bar scene and the shallowness of cruising? If you would like a real friendship based on more than just sex, let's get to know each other by letter first. I am 34, 5'11", 178 lbs. You wouldn't find me in Blueboy, but I'm not precisely a troll either. Interests: religion, theater, movies. Write and just be real! If we don't start treating each other better we make the Moral Majority look right. You may send a photo if you wish, but your letters is the first step. Write: Boxholder, Box 6582 Bridgewater, N.J. 08807

## TATTOOED BIKER

**BLACKWOOD**, Full heavy Leathered, dirty levis, big booted, tattooed biker seeks similar local bikers interested in wild prolonged j/o sessions, W/S, and riding together. Digs exchanging piss and cum on each other's boots and levis. P.O. Box 284, Blackwood New Jersey, 08012 (Send letter & Photo)

**CENTRAL PART OF STATE**  
**PRINCETON**, You are very passive and you love bondage, paddling, W/S, etc. Only sincere inquiries considered. All action at my place. Write a full description of your needs and enclose a photo. Box 1540

**SLAVE NEEDS MASTER**  
NJ Only. Novice, 32, 5'10", 135, smooth, clean-shaven, needs tall lean Master. I'll try to please. No scat, heavy pain, scars, FF. Box A28

**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 type of Master but one who understands the value of TLC. Seeks the services of a good slave, especially oral, 20s to 30s, for weekends of possible permanent 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 520.

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

## NEW YORK

**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 performing total oral service for my black cock regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset his head, in service, allegiance. Love and communion. Box 510

**WORK MY BALLS OVER**  
anyway direction Larry Townsend's ultimate scene. Am experienced W/M, 40, 5'11", 150 lbs., Moustached also into nipples and FF. Mutual scenes with real man animals possible. Box 1368

**NEW YORK CITY** W/M, 28, 5'7", 140 lbs., Clean shaven, Imaginative, seeks to be controlled by a Dominant top. I have a lot to learn and would like to meet someone with teaching ability 25-40. Box 1370

**YES SIR—NEW YORK SLAVE**  
Danish Leather Stud 40—Masculine well built, visit New York in May 81. Seeks Real Hot Action Leather Master for discipline and Leather-Rubbers sex. I have a strong sex drive, into Leather, rubbers, masks, chains, titwork, piss, smoking, poppers and trips. Like to be worshipped in your leather, and the aroma of leather and rubbers turn me on, let's find out how far this can take us. Like all kinds of sex and like to learn more. My master must be over 35. I am waiting for a hot letter. Box 1372

**SEX-agenarian!**  
Libra, M, 6'3", 170 lbs., mid-60's, white-haired, blue-eyed man of distinction type, would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race, who enjoys imaginative games with older man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X

**MANHATTAN, S**, 35, 6'4", blonde. Have 6'3" muscular slave, 30. Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M, B&D and video taping. If you are young, muscular, and attractive, send photo with qualifications at once. Box 673.

**PIGGY RAUNCH**  
Versatile NYC Chelsea w/m, Scorpian, 33, 5'7", 130#, 7" cut, for uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF), L/L, W/S, scat, jocks, sweat, oil, shaving tits, c/b torture, boots, and socks with real creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweights or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene. Box 703

## PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG

Hot Italian, 28, 5'9", 175 solid lbs., 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 P.O., NYC, NY 10008.

## NEED DISCIPLINE???????

**EASTERN LONG ISLAND**, Need Discipline? Restrained in Ropes, chains, stripped naked, you will experience Tit Torture, Ass play, Ball Torment, wax, enemas or whatever...Experienced Master will accommodate in long sessions. Am firm but respect limits. Experienced to novice slaves acceptable. Begging letter with bare chested photo gets reply. Box 1612

## EXTREMELY HANDSOME

**NEW HAVEN**, 26, Masculine 41" Hairy Chest, 30" Waist, 6', 170 lbs., Muscular, defined, built. Seek same-age race. Photo a must. Travel NY & CA. Occupant, Box 397, New Haven, CT 06510

**ATTENTION NEW YORK SLAVES**  
**NEW YORK**, You are muscular, youthful and hot with a genuine need to belong to a 6'4", Blond 35 year old muscular Leather Master. You will be second Slave and learn to love pain and torture and will submit to heavy and creative S&M, B&D, Etc. You generally don't answer ads but not wanting to miss the opportunity to serve this Master you will send your detailed application and photo. Box 673

## RAUNCHY FIST PIG

**NEW YORK CITY**, Takes arms up the ass, piss down the throat from arrogant kinky studs. Exhibitionistic, trim animals, 34, craves rough abuse in his sling. Detailed letter/pix: Box 565, Downstairs, 132 West 24th Street, New York City, NY 10011

## NAKED SLAVE WANTED

**NEW YORK CITY**, Naked slave wanted for S&M Bondage by experienced Master. Send photo & Personal Data to Master Mel, P.O. Box 338 Auduban Sta., New York City, NY 10032

## ORGYS

**HUDSON VALLEY-WESTERN CONN.**, all guys in the area into hot kinky sex (FF, W/S, J/O, Tit and ball Torture, piercing, bondage, voyeurism, smoke and aroma). Let's see if we can get some orgys going. Write Shoales, P.O. Box 24, Amenia, NY 12501

## 3SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

**NEW YORK**, W/M, 29, 5'8", 140 lbs., Goodlooking, enjoy water sports, leather, solitary confinement, bondage, military uniforms. Box 1574

## BOOT SEX

**NEW YORK**, Boot sex-Hot, hunky stud wants others for all kinds of foot gear sex. S&M, B&D, W/S, poppers. Exchanges. Box 1573

## FOR EXPERTS ONLY

**NEW YORK CITY VILLAGE**, W/M, 5'8", 130 lbs., The best piece of ass on the East Coast. For experts only. Voluptuary, not porcine. World's most perfectly functioning tube, can be stuffed at both ends. Not a submissive, but a participant. Long term chemical fuck prefer to avoid scat scenes, fats, opera queens in black Leather and whole someness in general. Bored by blueprints. I salivated over the Joycy A.K. amputee ad in I ssue 42 vol 5. P.O. Box 478 NYC, NY 10011. Pics answered first.

## MARRIED ????

**NEW YORK, PASSIVE** W/M, eagerly awaits to serve mature married men & or commanding officer types., not opposed to using either verbal & or physical abuse. Out-of-towners especially welcomed. Does not talkers...(212) 672-1010.

## MARLBORO MAN

**NEW YORK**, Hot Stallion looking for Body builders, weight lifters, hunky men with very hairy bodies. Lusty Western rancher TOPMAN, W, 6', 175 lbs., all man with 9" Steel rod needs heavy sucking & Fucking tight macho asshole. This dude's into everything, and I guarantee you won't quickly forget HOT session with this sexual Stud. Travel US, Europe, Japan to work over right man. Send photo of pumped up body and hot letter. Nothing turns this man off. Write now—Your body may be next—I get very horny on the ranch. Box 100, Downstairs, 132 W. 24th Street, NY, NY 10011

### SLAVE TRADE

**NEW YORK.** Master interested in hearing from same through out US & Europe—For temporary slave loan while I'm in town. Guest disciplinarian. Have slave stable all over US. Particularly intrigued by men with dungeon facilities etc. Limits respected and expanded. Send letter with phone no., let's talk. Box 100, Downstairs, 132 W. 24th Street, New York, NY 10011

**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.

**BUFFALO,** w/m, 27, 5'9", 185 lbs., 7" uncut, SM, Aquarian, seeks knowledgeable master into L/L, who is respectful of limits. Am into S&M, B&D, etc. Master in tight leather, tall polished boots and into bikes are sure turn on. Are you ready to train me? Send photo and phone for prompt reply. Box 404BNY.

**BUFFALO,** w/m, 42, 6'1½", 174 lbs., uniforms, leather, levis, Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all, travel. Box 715.

**NYC, W/M,** 30, well built muscular guy with hard dick sticking out, hairy chest, full beard, sweaty jock and good body wants to hump up against a stout guy. Esp. fat, bald, swarthy guys in tight pants and over hanging belly. I want to smell your crotch, feel up your ass, and hump my hard dick against your gut. Box 1330

### NEW YORK CITY MASTER WANTED

by M 30, Generous call guy into boots, uniform, NZ, SS, SM, B&B, Leather, way out verbal trips, have good earnings want to share with big Husky man any age over 190 lbs., Must be mean and street wise, cops-construction ok. Box 1324

### NOVICE BLOND MASTER

N.Y.C., tall, slim, Good looking, Hung, Mid 20's requires totally submissive slave(s) for experimental bondage and training as dog slave. You will strip perform, beg to serve and obey in or out of bondage. No heavy pain trips, limits respected, just Humiliation, degradation and servitude. Especially like Latin or Italian types but all goodlooking young slaves considered. Also like to hear from other Masters. Box 1321

**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.

### UNIFORMED CIGAR SMOKER

N.Y.C. Hot stud in uniform or full leather, 37, 6", 175 lbs., thick 8" cut. Short blonde hair, beard. Heavy cigar smoker, 1" nipples, tattoo, into fantasy scenes with well-hung men interested in boots, uniforms, motorcycle cops, S.S., toilet, FF, dildoes. Write with photos. Box 984

### WRESTLERS

#### STREET FIGHTERS

28, 6'2", 190, w/m; Topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred, L/L, jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same. Box 804A

#### HOUSEBOY FOR SALE:

Will take care of your home. Need owner with a strap who will keep me naked, chained, and shaved. Use me for Hard labor, abuse, total toilet and body service. Only serious minded over 35. NY, CT, NJ, Box 1312

**CAPITOL DISTRICT:** W/M, 34, 5'8½", 170 lbs, beard thick, masculine, muscular and into rough leather sex. Have slave who will be used in sessions. Write with photo Box B55

**NEW YORK W/M,** 28, 155 lbs., 6', Needs B.B. to 35 years to take orders and train my young Italian slave. Send photo/phone. box 1334

**NEW YORK W/M,** 35, 5'8", 160 lbs., 6" cut, medium build, seeks help to reach fulfillment as slave. Need strict but understanding Master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind. Not into scat or injury. Box 80

**BALLS, 43, 5'8", w, 155 lbs.,** Hot, out-of-doors type, together and creative. My sack hangs heavy with full hot nuts. If you re into giving/getting sensual pain to balls; let's let it on. Lots of equipment. A photo of your sack gets mine. Box 1286.

**SYRACUSE S&M COUPLE LOOKING** for real levi and leathermen in the Syracuse and N.Y.C. Area for medium to heavy sessions. I'm 34, 5'11", 150 lbs., Blond, mustache, top. He's 23, 5'11", 155 lbs., dark hair, beard, moustache, top & bottom. Our interests are Bondage, Piercing, Nailing, FF, Wax, Shaving, T/T, C&B Torture, Whipping, W/S, Scat, Etc. Limits within Reason Respected. Letter & Photo to Box 2874, Syracuse, NY 13220

#### HOT SCAT

Hung hot dude looking for hungry mouth to eat hot scat from my asshole. Macho topman—into everything—your tits and ass—FF, Leather, WS, etc. See earlier ad "Marlboro Man" Drummer No. 34. I need your bearded mouth sucking my dirty hole clean. Write graphic letter. Letters with photo answered. Travel USA and overseas often. Box B76

**NEW YORK CITY,** goodlooking, stable guy, 33, Leo, 5'11", 150 lbs., wants to meet men wearing high, soft leather cavalier boots, lace up moccasins, or pro wrestling boots. Will also buy your sweaty socks. Am sensual, exotic, and passive. Box B81.NYC.

**NYC. FF RECEIVER,** W/M, 28, 5'4", 110 lbs., 7", needs scenes with 30's Leather FFA Master into calibrated pain, B&D, Shaving, toys, Drugs, Photos, groups. Throw my ass in your sling. Box 1269

**NEW YORK CITY,** Goodlooking, stable guy, 33, Leo, 5'11", 150 lbs., wants to meet men wearing high soft leather cavalier boots, lace up moccasins, or pro wrestler boots. Will also buy your sweaty socks. Am sensual, exotic and passive. Box 1271.SUPER

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.

#### WRESTLERS-LEVI'S-S/M

Mean, tough, vicious, ruthless stud, w/m, 6'2", wants to hear from same type dudes, all ages. Into no-holds-barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc. Exchange info, ideas, or meet. Box 804

#### TATTOOED & PIERCED

43, 6'3", 165 lbs., interestd in open, masculine w/m, 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452

**S&M CLUB FORMING:** New York City Area only. All ages welcome, write for free questionnaire and information. Occupant, 167 West 80th Street, Apt. 4D, New York, NY 10024

#### 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, 147 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036.

#### NEW YORK CITY MASTER:

**NEW YORK CITY Master,** 45, 8" cut, hairy, bearded, masculine, intelligent—Seeks permanent slave with large uncut cock, long overhang, big loose balls, large nipples, hot ass, smooth body. Any age, race. Obedience with affection. Box 1497.

#### MASCULINE, HUNG & DOMINANT

**BROOKLYN,** Attractive w/m, 30's, Masculine, Hung, Dominant, Stable & Nice—Wants GWM, who enjoys being Gr/Pass, good buns (enough to hold on to) dominated, very affectionate devoted for perm. relationship. Photo/phone if possible. Will send mine. Box 5177, New York, NY 10163

#### OBEDIENT BODY SLAVE AVAILABLE:

**NEW YORK CITY Serious** Body-builder, 5'9", 185 lbs., 28, goodlooking Seeks strict supervision, piercing military regimentation, dog discipline, body and mind ownership, by a Master who wants to be proud of his obedient body slave. Photo requested, SIR. Box 1493

**NEW YORK CITY AREA, S&M WANT TO MEET OTHERS** into mutual satisfaction. Interest in Leather/Levi, Rubber, Jockstraps, Boots, Cock and Ball work, Tit work. Can top or bottom but prefer BOTTOM. Love J/O, W/S, Sucking, Fucking. Box 1383

**GREENWICH VILLAGE, M, 43, 5'6", 145 lbs., 5½" Cut,** White, warm, intelligent, level headed bottom seeks imaginative, experienced, caring Macho Leather/Levi partner to help me discover and expand my limits. Your service, my pleasure. No Fats, Fems or fakes. Sensuality a plus. Box 1392

**NEW YORK W/M,** 36, 160 lbs., Novice Wishes Training as slave. Will consider permanent slavery. Need help Sir to learn to serve and obey without question and accept treatment gratefully. Prefer tall & strict no nonsense Master. Box 1421

### HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

#### 25 YEARS OLD

**NEW YORK CITY,** 25, 5'10", 150 lbs., Black Hair, Very Goodlooking and Hung wants New York City Slaves (18-26) with ahrd ass and hot mouth to be used for B&D, Toys, and ass play. Photo required/returned. Box 1486. Beginners considered.

#### ATTRACTIVE EXPERIENCED SLAVE

**NEW YORK—W/M,** 31, 6'1", 185 lbs., athletic body, intelligent and friendly needs young (18plus), Goodlooking, punkish and uninhibited Master to experience imaginative & heavy S&M and total submission. Photo appreciated. Please write Tom, Box 2001, Response answering service, 316 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10001 for prompt reply.

**NEW YORK—W/M,** 5'11", 145 lbs., Wants to meet young, Horny Studs who dig wearing and fucking in high boots. Photo appreciated. Write to P.O.Box 1061, New York, NY 10028

#### RUBBER LOVER

**DRY SUITS,** Hip boots, Helmets, gas masks, Catheters. Would like to hear from others. Box 1470

#### ROUGH-HOUSE & RAUNCH

Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty Jocks. Especially UNCUTS. Send Photo: P.O.Box 1328, Grand Central Station; New York City, NY 10017

#### NEW YORK SLAVE

W/M, 27, 5'9", 140 lbs., Solid body needs forceful Men to work on my BARE-ASS paddles, crops, whips. LB #37, 470-2nd Ave., New York City, NY 10016

**NEW YORK CITY, HOT LOOKING W/M,** 36. Seeks goodlooking men under 40 who like there Balls worked over. Have interesting toys for our enjoyment. Reply only if you like the real thing. Box 1465

**NEW YORK CITY—28, 5'8", 150 lbs., 42" Chest, 30" Waist,** Looking for a Dominant Masculine rugged sex partner. 30 years or older. Box 1464

#### CREATIVE S&M WRESTLING

**HOT, BUILT, HUNG ITALIAN,** 34, 5'8", 155 lbs., Ex-Prep Grappler, wants long imaginative free-style, developing dominating holds, moving into cleaver gear, oil, toys, C&B and Tit Torture. No hangups. Travel USA. Photo a must. Box 6186, Albany, New York 12206

#### TIGHT 501 LEVIS & SCAT

GWM, 35, Seeks Young, 18-30, well built guys who wear tight raunchy levis and will give scat. I service with a super hot rim job, B/J, tongue bath, and body worship. Serious only please. Syracuse, New York Area. JIM (315) 638-0980

**EXPAND MY LIMITS,** Tattooed and ringed M, 35, seeks Sadist into belts, paddles, whips, cats, MARKS cheerfully accepted. Write—Occupant, 100 Bank St. #5A, New York, NY 101

#### TOTAL ASS & LEVIS FREAK

GWM, 35, Seeks Young, 18-30, Muscular Guys who will tease me in their tight Raunchy levis in preparation for a super hot rim job, B/J, and tongue bath and to feed me scat. A Levi covered ass is pure heaven. Serious only. Syracuse, New York Area. JIM (315) 638-0980

**NEW YORK—WELL USED WHITE MALE URINAL, TOILET AVAILABLE** to singles, groups. Public, private. Box 863, D.M.S. 132 West 24, New York, NY 10011

### DISCIPLINE

**NEW YORK CITY,** Very hand-some muscular, masculine BB, Topman/Master, W/M, 28, 6'1", 180 lbs., uncut Hot...Requires submissive slaves (young Athletic types to 30) For obedience training, B&D, domination, degradation, spanking, body worship, servitude. Send respectful letter detailing your description experience & phone no., Picture preferred. To: P.O. Box 53, Kew Gardens Sta., NY 11415

### WANTED

**NEW YORK CITY,** Hot young muscular stud (18-35) Topman, with big fat uncut cocks and Balls (Hung like a horse). Also guys with balls the size of oranges; that are into jocks, levis, Master/slave games. Fucking, ass play, FF, and need good HOT SERVICE. I'm super goodlooking W/M, 38, 5'9", 165 lbs., short blond hair, blue eyes. Masculine. Send photo. Box 1560

### HOT & HUMPY

**NEW YORK,** Hot and Humpy? 18-30-wants best head in town? Privacy in east side pad. Man to Man. No fags. Photo and phone gets action. Box A29, New York, NY 10272

### TOTAL SLAVES WANTED:

**GREENWICH VILLAGE:** Experienced S. W/M, Taurus, 47, 5'9", 172 lbs., Cut, shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks total from slaves for long, hot sessions. Must have endurance, crave slow torture-/punishment in chains. Medium to heavy S&M, B&D, W/S, etc., No Scat. If you're a real MAN/slave, write submissive; grovelling letter now...No fems, fats, fakes. Box 185 R

### MUSCULAR TORTURE SLAVE WANTED:

**NEW YORK,** Master 35, 6'4", Blonde with 6'3" Slave, 31, will train additional attractive, muscular torture slave. Send detailed application with photo. Box 673

### 10 INCH COCK

**CHICAGO,** black male, 6', 175 lbs., 10 inch Dick into Leather boots, chains, scat, piss, Hot candle wax, Veg Fucking, European exp. for weekend trip to New York. Possible relationship. New York replies Only. Box 1530

### SPANKINGS

**NEW YORK CITY,** Spankings Given or Received by (w/m, 25) Student with strap or paddle. Send descriptive letter and photo if possible. Box 1526

### NORTH CAROLINA

**GOLDSBORD, NC- 1-95 TRAVELERS.** And hunky Leather and boot wearing dudes notice. Two Leather loving, boot worshipping men, looking for friends, and want to help others. Both Versatile W/M's, 190 lbs., and 180 lbs., 5'11" and 5'10", Harley riders. Looking for a pet under 30 over 21 to take care of. Phone/photo—replies answered first. Traveling soon—write now. Rick/Larry Rt. 2, Box 137, La Grange, NC 28551

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**ALBANY NEW YORK LEATHER**  
ALBANY AREA, Leather and Levi club. Write Bob Reed, Box 1125, Schenectady, NY 12301

## OHIO

### SLIM NOVICE

23, Columbus desires manhandling, ws, boots, handcuffs, verbal, etc., from understanding big brother. Write with picture and telephone Box 1331

### BEAR

**CLEVELAND**, Bear Seeks vers. Kinky cubs, under 35 for possible relationship. Photo/phone. Box 1613

### SEEK LOCAL FRIENDS

**COLUMBUS**, SM, 33, 6', 180 lbs., 7", aries, experienced. Seeks local friends under 30. I'm into bondage, tit and C&B Pain. Have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo to Box 20422, Columbus, Ohio 43220

### CLEVELAND MACHO MEN

**CLEVELAND**, Hot and Horny W/M, 31, 6', 175 lbs., Seeks Cleveland area hunks who are into cock sucking (A/P), Fucking, Light S&M, and B&D, some W/S, J/O, MS and/or shaving. Real turn-on when a HOT STUD works on my Tits. Prefer aggressive and Dominant partners with muscular or slender bodies. Will REVERSE roles for submissive partners. No fats please. Reply with photo and phone to Boxholder, P.O. Box 29293, Cleveland, Ohio 44129

**COLUMBUS**, SM, 32, 6', 180 lbs., 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

### CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

Hot young white Master, 23, new to Cleveland, 6', 165 lbs., 8, exceptional mind, meat, looks, body, would like to meet hot, USDA prime slaves and/or other masters in Cleveland area. Write with photo and phone and limits to SIR, P.O. Box 16416, Cleveland, Ohio 44116.

**MASTER WANTED**—Age 30-45, by Novice in Dayton, Ohio. Should have average or nice body. Am Greek passive, French active, heavy into piss-drinking. Willing to accept fist from right person. I am 34, white male, professional. Travel to Chicago and New York often. Box 1405

**AKRON AREA, GWM**, 55, 6'1", 190 lbs., Trim, muscular, hairy desires relationship with similar Macho type. Enjoy sports, music, travel, active/P-assive, French or Greek. Affectionate & loving. Frank Rose, 4272 Leewood Rd. Stow, Ohio 44224 or call 688-8164 6-10 p.m. or weekends till 11 p.m. Help right guy relocate. Over 40 please.

**CINCINNATI, MS/SM**, Pisces, 28, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", novice. Intelligent, seeks mutual satisfaction with friend/brother/lover 18-40 into light S&M, no fats, fems. Box A79

**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.

**COLUMBUS, SM**, Virgo, 40, 5'9", 183 lbs., white, 6 1/2"; biker, leather/levis, 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 151.

### HOT HORNY MASTER

Goodlooking, heavy set Master 30, seeks slaves under 35, for training and punishment limits respected and expanded. Box 1311.

**COLUMBUS M** wants to learn to be a suitable slave; seeks a master who is discreet, white, cut, respects limits in a novice, into Bondage light S&M, Humiliation, camping/fishing, I'm white, 36, 5'11", 190 lbs., cut and strong willed. Willing to travel in state. Not into scat, FF, Drugs. Box 1323

**CINCINNATI W/M**, 33, 160 lbs., br hair, bl eyes, beard, would like to meet guys 18-34, straight acting, I like music, bowling, walking in the woods, movies, nudity, action NO B&D, S&M: Mick, 11388 LeBanon Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45241 (Box 17)

## BOOT FETISHISTS

Would like to meet and/or correspond with men into BOOT WORSHIP. Box 1478

**SIRI W/M** slave, 33, 5'11", 175 lbs., 7" cut, new to scene, seeks experienced Master for training. Box B24

## OKLAHOMA

**STILLWATER**, 38, 5'9", 190 lbs., uncut, ex-police looking for other officers and ex-officers into policing, police leathers, uniforms, hop-whoopers and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No fakes, overly fat, fems, or drugs. Discreet. Box 885

### MOUTH JOCK

A unique trip. Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my sensuous mouth pouch! Hunky cowboy, 33, 6'2", solid body, 7 1/2, loose balls, into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with similar interests. Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154.

**OKLA 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 teach. Prefer top but can be willing bottom. Beginners welcome. Discreet. No fats, reply with photo. Box A53

## OREGON

**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, discrete and affectionate. If you lust for life, I lust for you. Box A24.

### NO NONSENSE LEATHER STUDMASTERS

**PORTLAND**, W/M, 39, 6'4", 190 lbs., Blonde/Blue, Bearded grants permission to all short/dark bearded W/M Suck Slaves to submit applications for full time, live-in permanent partner position of voluntary Board & Room Servitude. You will be stripped, Shaved, Ringed, Collared and branded. Terms are mine. Training of body, brain and balls. Used as I desire, abused if you deserve. Lots of discipline. Some affection, BB, B&D, W/S, TT,CBT, V/A, explore S&M. Only shock proof dudes 21-35 need apply. Photo and frankness demanded. Box 1609

### LEATHER DUDE

**PORTLAND**, W/M, 39, 6'4", 190 lbs. Leather dude grants permission to all slaves to submit application for training, facts and photo demanded. Likes considered, limits respected but expanded. Contact by Masters welcome for info. Write N.B., P.O. Box 3241, Portland, OR 97208

### HOT COP

Wanted by handsome, unruly fugitive, 31, 150 lbs., 5'7", Dave, Box 998, Beaverton, OR 97007

**Portland bottom** seeks dominant, aggressive top. Dig ass beating, humiliation, piss, rimming, toys, tit-work, kinky scenes. Am 31, 6'2", 185 lbs., goodlooking. Box 624.

**SALEM**, 48, 6', 190 lbs., Seeks younger submissive slim Salem area male for obedience training, spread eagled ass warming, tit/cock ball work. Prefer novice. Box 1325.

### PORTLAND PIG

Hairy M, 22, 5'10", 170 lbs., wants aggressive top to help expand my limits. Into W/S, FF, Toys and want to learn more. Box 1336.

### PORTLAND HARLEY OWNER

w/m, 40, into boots, breeches, leather, rubber, wants to meet other big bikers within 600 miles of Portland. Box 1328

**W/M, 24, NEED MY ASS** warmed up real good. Turn me over your knee and spank me with your hand or bend me over a chair or on the bed and let me have it with a paddle. Box 1253

**W/M, 5'10", 140 lbs.**, Goodlooking, 7". Wants body contact, mental domination from hunky, aggressive top who will expand my limits. Box 1471

**PORTLAND BOTTOM**, slender, bearded, cuddler, 37, seeks artistic topman, sensualist, creative, into knots, oil, many trips. Box B77

**PORTLAND BOTTOM**, Slender, Bearded, Cuddler, 37, seeks artistic Topman, Sensualist, Creative, Into knots, Oil, Many Trips. Box 1259

W/M, 40, 6'0", 180 lbs., 8", into bondage, cock/ball/tit torture. Box A58

## PENNSYLVANIA

**ANYONE WHO HAS WRITTEN TO BOX 802**, and has not received an answer, is ordered to re-submit to Master's Company, Box 1448, Scranton, PA 18510

### MUSCULAR & MASCULINE S

30, 6'1", 200 lbs., 8" cut, seeks instrument of suffering and service. You are a muscular straight-appearing M who needs to submit to the abusive control of an understanding but strict and imaginative Master. Send your letter of submission with Photo to: Masters Company, Box 1448, Scranton, PA 18510

### PHILADELPHIA LEATHER MASTER

40s, W/M, 5'9", 165 lbs., masculine & hung requires w/m slave 21-35 into S&M, B&D, WS., Novices acceptable. Limits respected/expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone number. P.O. Box 11095, Phila., PA 19141

**PHILADELPHIA, M, Cancer**, 43, 6'2", 210 lbs., white, 7"; learning fast. Masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist. Bondage (steel and leather) and other experiences with clean masculine S desired. Box 023.

**PHILADELPHIA, S. Virgo/Scorpio** 42, 5'7", 160 lbs., White, 7", knowledgeable. Italian stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas, Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his boots, Leather and chains, will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, WS, chainsbike and western, Leather, toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 052

**HARRISBURG, M**, 160 lbs., 28, white slave looking for master, 21-45, no fakes, fats, fems, uglies. Into WS, B&D, jock straps, 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.

**PITTSBURGH, S**, 44, w/m, 6', 185 lbs., hairy chest, 7" uncut, 8 year USMC. Into B&D, leather, levis. Wants masculine stud who understands submission and service, willing to give his body for my pleasure. Box 83.

### PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER

45, 5'8", 155 lbs., cigar smoker, full leather, requires submissive slaves under 6'. Fully equipped dungeon. Hot, heavy scenes. Want real submissive men, no phonies, fats, fems. Young novices considered for permanent servitude training. You are ordered to send photo and letter of submission to Master Boots, Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068

**Imitate me into the ritual of your fantasies.** String me up in bondage, pierce me, flog me, torture me, torture my tits/cock/balls, fill my ass, piss in my face, let me suck your sweaty pits and worship your body—your cock, balls, tits, ass, feet. I am 6'1", 160 lbs., lean, with trimmed beard and moustache. Respect my limits while you expand them. Not into scat. Box A72

**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

**PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius**, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable Master requires white slave under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, VA, enemas, tit work. Novice acceptable. Limits respected/expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo, & phone to P.O. Box 11095, Philadelphia, PA 19141, or DRUMMER Box 209.

### ITALIAN FUCKMASTER WANTED BY:

Handsome, Hunky W/M, Dk. Blond, 31, 5'11", 170 lbs., with tight muscular Ass needs super built, super HUNG Italian Stallion to 50, Phila, or S. Jersey, B.H. C/O Box 137, 2039 Walnut Street, Phila, PA 19103

### ATTENTION: TRUCKERS ON STOPOVERS

Attr., slim w/m, 24, 5'9", 140 lbs., Will give complete french to masculine men with 8" plus cock(s). Will travel S.E. PA to meet. Appreciate photo, description and details. Photos returned. Write P.O. Box 362, Reading, PA 19603. Ages 18-35

**WILKES BARRE, S, Cancer**, 43, 6', 170 lbs., White, Military/Penal discipline, over 20 years military experience. Seeks prisoners for steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise, hard labor in chains, interrogation. Scene is of primary importance. Limits observed, beginners trained. No fems, fats. Box 055

### FOOT SERVICE

I know how to please. 5'6", 32, 140 lbs., w/m, will worship your feet/boots. Moustache a plus, beards O.K. Box 705.

**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.

### A SECRET SPOT

**YORK**, A secret spot, a scorching summer sun. You and your buddy: Sinister, surly, sturdy, strapping, shirtless studs. Me: Staked down and strung up, stripped and stretched spread eagled. From you a snicker, from your sidekick a sneer. Serious stuff. Box 1618

### MASCULINE BLACKS WANTED

**BRYN MAWR**, Two guys, 36, 6', 175 lbs., and 46, 5'10", 140 would like to correspond, meet masculine Blacks who are interested in hot, uncomplicated encounters. Into most scenes. No restrictions except fems, heavy drugs, scat or hustlers. Your nude photo gets ours. Box 24, Wayne PA 19087

### "SLAVE SOUGHT"

**PHILADELPHIA**, Goodlooking, 30, 6'4", 230 lbs., Muscular, masculine, S, You are Hunky, Hung, M, Who needs creative abusive Master to control Mind and Body. Photo with letter of submission will be offered to Master's Co. II, P.O. Box 3953, Philadelphia, PA 19146

### "STRAIGHT RAZOR SHAVING"

**PHILADELPHIA AREA**, Master shaver's straight razor is available to make you a hairless as a baby from the top of your head (if possible) down to your nuts and asshole. A respectful request for a possible appointment including S.A.S.E. and frontal nude will be considered. Box 1553

### SENSITIVE MASTER

**PHILADELPHIA**, I do not hesitate to tell you I am a sensitive Master. Men come to me for many reasons: love, friendship, guidance, training. Some come and go. The knowing men return for my grasp, my mastery. I stress complete psychological discipline and devotion. Warning: Strict as I am sensitive. 35, bearded, 5'10", trim, handsome. Openings only for serious slaves and novices to age 40. Photo and respects to: D'Ortenzio, P.O. Box 2202, Philadelphia, PA 19103 MASCULINE

### WEIGHT LIFTER

**PHILADELPHIA, M/S, Cancer**, 43, 6'2", 210 lbs., White, 7" Cock. Masculine weightlifter with 43" Chest, 34" Waist, Leather/Levi Motorcyclist. Bondage and other good times with masculine partners desired. Box 023

## RHODE ISLAND

### OBEDIENT SLAVE

**PROVIDENCE**, American Indian and black male, 30, 5'8", 160 lbs., Weight lifter, Muscular Body, Black Leather Master who'll relocate in August wants a Slave(s), any part of the country, Especially California, any race, under 50 but most important all young guys under 25 who realize they were born slaves and need a Master to show them what a slave is and how to serve and obey his MASTER. If my slave disobeys me in any way, he'll know punishment and torture and what a slave is. If you have no desire to serve a MASTER, Don't write. No fems, phonies. Photo of you and if you're worthy, will get one of me. Box 1548

**NEW ENGLAND LEATHER MASTER**, Late twenties, 5'8 1/2", 145 lbs., 6", Weight lifter, hot looks and body, seeks TRUE Leather Clad Slave into all (or most) scenes, no scat. Send letter of submission, photo exchange necessary. Box 5294, S. Attleboro, Mass. 02703

### IF HE'S WORTH FINDING YOU'LL FIND HIM IN MANIFEST

## WET

**Providence**—Attractive man, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., with tight body seeks others to age 35 for mutual W/S, like hairy legs, moustaches, beards. Also would like to correspond with others into water sports nationwide. Photo if possible. Box 1492

## SOUTH CAROLINA

### SUGGESTIONS, SIR?

28, 6', 170 lbs., Brn/Grn, 6". Inexp. but eager to learn. Have fantasies for 1001 nights. Box 1406

**M, 25**, white, 5'10", 145 lbs., into fucking and fist-fucking (receive ing), piss, S&M (whipping, tit & ball torture), bondage (spread-eagling, gags), domination, verbal abuse, leather, levis, boots. Seeks meet ings/correspondence with aggressive Tops/Masters in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. Box 288

## TENNESSEE

**TENNESSEE**, Long, lean bi-sex stud digs other shit-together men who know what they like and have balls enough to ask for it. Am tired of quick sex and bull shit. Dig old fashioned hands-on-man to man sex. When two men respect, trust, and are comfortable with each other, anything goes. A man should give me what a woman cannot: man smells, Man tastes, and good deep man sounds. Like it long and slow with an honest buddy who knows he needs his mind and soul fucked more than his body. It's plain good to proudly share what you have with a man worthy of it. Prefer uncut, like me, with low hanging balls. If 41 years, 6 feet, 155 lbs., 7 1/2", greying black hair, beard/Moustache sounds good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of 1981. Box 61

## TEXAS

### MACHO MASTER WANTED

**CHICAGO**, Busy Houston executive late 30's Seeks live in g/w/m, Master 20-40, Must be mature, masculine, well hung, good body, experienced in S&M and other kinky scenes and available to travel USA and abroad. All expenses paid, non-smoker preferred. Aggressive topman can share exciting life at the top. Send detailed self-description and nude photo to ALLEN ROBERTS, Box R-122, 323 Franklin Bldg. South, Suite 804, Chicago, IL 60606

### SLAVE-HOUSEBOY WANTED

**HOUSTON, YOUNG**, Attractive slave/houseboy wanted, to serve every need, desire of two MASTERS. Must be totally submissive, able to care for house and vocation retreat, employable and able to relocate in Houston. Send recent, clear photograph with application. For consideration/information. Must be filled promptly—do not delay. Box 1529

### VERSITILE IN S&M ROLES

**LUBBOCK**, W/M, 25, 6', 160 lbs., br/hair, bl. eyes, athletic build, double Aquarian, into FF, W/S, B&D, L/L, T/T, Enemas, photos. Versatile in S&M roles. Enjoy pain but not necessary. Respect and will explore limits. Open to relationships. Can and do travel. Good drill instructor. Custom make all my leather toys and will do same for others. Knowledgeable in the occult and parapsychology with 12 years experience in meditation. Box 1600

### DIG J/O

Hard, lean, long haired blonde, 6'0", 155 lbs., 24, digs hot j/o and body licking. Digs cum shot all over ass. 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.

**HOUSTON, EAGER PUPIL OF S&M, B/D, W/S**, leather, Body Shaving, Am 5'7", 140 lbs., 42, Seeks firm, gentle knowledgeable Teachers and Masters. Small endowment but large desire an capacity to Learn, Service, Pleasure and obedience. Box 1396

**EL PASO**—Looking for versatile partner for prolonged bondage, medium to heavy S&M, shaving, water sports. Should be masculine in both attitude and appearance. Will assume either role for the right partner. Box 256

**DALLAS/FT. WORTH**, Spannings vien or Received by UTA student w/m, 27, with strap paddle or cane. Send descriptive letter & Photo if possible. Box 1257

**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.

**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.

**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.

**DALLAS**, 5'8", 150 lbs., 27 years old, likes to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total tight prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734.

**HOUSTON MASTER**, 45, w/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., gentle but firm, accepting applications. Slave, you must be masculine, well-proportioned, obedient, willing to serve. Inexperience OK, you will be trained. Reasonable limits respected. Write sincere, confidential letter. Ask what questions you have NOW. Include photo. Permanent live-in possible. I can travel. Box 633.

**AUSTIN**, W/M, 36, 5'8", 145 lbs., bearded. Into cut/uncut, light S&M, L/L, jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball fucking, dildoes, total ass involvement. Will try uniforms, W/S, B&D, slave role. No fats, fems, scat, blood, torture, or marks. Can be Top, bottom, mutual. Photo/phone gets immediate reply. Box 751

**DALLAS**, 41 and out for kinky fun. Top guy 5'8", 130 lbs., nice looking. No scat, no fems, but lots of c/b, tit, and ass play; spankings; bondage; and w/s. Enclose photo. 18 to 45 white only. Box 987

**COWBOY MASTER**  
W/M, 24, 170 lbs., looking for slaves into heavy B&D, WS, C/B, boot worship or anything else I order. Application with photo will be considered. Box A17.

**HUNKY ORIENTAL**, 27, seeks a slave or Master into piercing, bondage, shaving, ball play and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box 864

**FT. WORTH**, SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots, and leather. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D

**BEEVILLE**. Good top looking for good bottom. Maculine S, w/m 36, 5'10", 150 lbs., Bearded, hairy, muscular. Be my week-end slave. I enjoy remote weekend camping trips. I have 4 wheel drive & boat. You must be 18-40, submissive, slender. Lets find out what turns your lights on. Box 1317

**CHAIN GANG**  
Need a rough and raunchy dude to make me work chain gang fantasy. Force hard labor, rough treatment, dirt, strict discipline. Like to hear real experiences of work gangs, etc. Details and photo gets mine. Can travel. Box 1314

**DALLAS—SUBMISSIVE**, hot, Thirsty guy seeks men into piss, j/o, spit, verbal abuse, dogs, and dirty fantasies. Enclose phone number. Box 1376

**DALLAS W/M**, 5'11", 165 lbs., 8" cock, mid 40s, Seeking dudes into mutual give and take working over cock, tits, balls, assholes, with Leather, chains, jocks. Need hot cowboys and truckers. No fats, fems. Eager to explore. Box 1374

**NEED A SHAVE & A HAIR CUT?**  
25, 6', 165 lbs., W/M looking for a furry male animal that needs shearing from top to bottom. You will be tied down (if necess.) and worked over with scissors, clippers, & a razor, to be followed with an oil rub-down. Long haired and or bearded studs preferred. If interested write P.O. Box 12874, San Antonio, Texas 78212

**"TURNED OUT"**  
TEXAS, DESIRE TO CORRESPOND WITH YOUNG INMATES WHO were turned out in jail or prison and who are willing to write about their sexual experiences during the "turn out" event and events following the turn out. Will answer all letters promptly. Box 1494.

**MASTER STUD WANTED**  
HOUSTON Slave needs a kind, loving, tall, well Hung Mr. BENSON Type. Am willing to serve the right one (25-40) can do much. Enjoy life. Please allow me to suck, fuck, drink piss, serve and just be beautiful. Box 1499

**TEXAS CENTAUR**, W/M 34, 197 lbs., 5'11", wants very much to hear from mounted Police and Motorcycle Police. Also would like to hear from other uniformed city Police and State Troopers. Also other men, who love Horses, Tall boots and uniforms. Steve, P.O. Box 2683, Fort Worth, Texas 76113

**GRAHAM**—28, 5'9", 140 lbs., Bottom needs playmate(s) or Pen Pal(s). Interests; W/S, FF, C/B, B/D, and Toys. One Good Picture deserves another ... Box 1440

**UTAH**  
**2 HOT LEATHER BOTTOMS**  
**SALT LAKE CITY**, Two Hot Leather/Levis Bottoms, Mid 40's, S&M Novices, need careful S&M instruction by Hot Top Any age is experienced and creative teacher. Use Bottoms for hard fucking, W/S, FF, Rimming, Enemas, Any intense Long Lasting Scene except Heavy Pain, Drugs, scat. Box 1610

**VIRGINIA**  
**MY FANTASY**  
**ARLINGTON**, The sticky heat of the night hangs in the air. As my car tops the hill, a blurred figure can be seen in the distance. Hips thrust forward, his thumb is extended. Then I notice, he is completely NUDE...Could this be you. Box 1601

**VIRGINIA MASTER**  
**MASTER**, 33, 6', 115, seeks partner into weekend B&D, S&M, sessions. Limits respected. Confidentiality expected and assured. Apply with photo. Those with phone answered first. Travel East Coast often. Box 1575W/M.

**45, 6'2", 190 lbs., looking for Black Master, I am French a/p, Greek p, Want B&D, WS, and the chance to spread for you and your Black buddies. Box 1404**

**LEO**—6', 48, 165 lbs., Dk. Blonde, Dk blue eyes Ruddy, tough beer drinking cigar smoker, ex-cycle cop, into tall boots, cycle cop uni forms—breaches, motorcycles (harleys), Horses, Leather Levis, Western and English riding gear. Barn and outdoor scenes, Kinky wild fun. Get off with oil, cigar, mud, axle grease, wax, chains, spurn, tires, spitting, drinking piss from boots and helmets. Turned out to truckers licking cum from 18 wheeler gas tanks and wheels, sad dles and boots, J/O on boots, dig riding crops, ropes, Tattoos, jack room and stall scenes, amy, smoke 7" cut, SS types. Travel U.S.A., photo and phone gets first answers. Write boxholder, P.O. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220

**ALEXANDRIA W/M**, 27, 5'8", 150 lbs., Hung, seeks Marine, DI type to strip, tie, gag, blindfold, torture my tits, C&B, and whatever else turns him on. Travel NY, CA. Box

**MAKE ME BEG FOR IT...**  
**NORTHERN VIRGINIA**—Young cocksucker needs verbal abuse from young, Hung men. Tease me, Make me beg for it.

**WASHINGTON**  
**CIGAR SMOKERS**  
Hot muscular leatherman, 32, who smokes and gets turned on to cigars wants contact with men of same interest. Will be starting an organization for cigar smokers soon. P.O. Box 20604, Seattle, WA 98102

**GOODLOOKING WHITE BEGINNER:**  
**SEATTLE**, 6', 145 lbs., 29 in, Looking for Trainer. Like Bikers, Leathermen, and Loggers. Big Boots and Lotsa Leather a plus. Willing to try anything once. Age and looks not important but prefer big and Hairy. Your photo gets mine. All letters answered Box 1544

**NEED WORKOUT**  
**SEATTLE**, B&D, No S&M, into chaps, speedo, jocks, harness, Need work out partner for weight lifting. White, 50, 190 lbs., looking for similar. Box 861

**MACABRE**  
**SEATTLE**, SADISTIC, Brutal Satanic, Young Master Wanted to enforce perm. slavery. Absolutely no limits. Relocate anywhere. Misfit slave not into Leather life-style-Social scene, butch drag, etc. Drugs, smoke, long hair O.K. Box 1538

**RASSLIN'**  
6'2", 188 lbs., lookin' for some athletic competition in Seattle. Col legiate, pro, submission, no-holds-barred; I'll take ya on. Only serious, sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a few rounds and get down! Box 815

**SEATTLE AREA**, FF top and/or bot tom 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.

**YAKIMA**, leather & boot loving macho man, seeks like-minded muscular stud for permanent relationship. I'm 36, Handsome, bearded a plus. Please send photo. Box 1268

**SEATTLE AREA—FF TOP OR BOTTOM** looking for good times. Have a sweet Ass that's been 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, 165 lbs., With 9" of hot Hard Meat. Box 1442

**WEST VIRGINIA**  
**HARPERS FERRY**, 32, 6', 160 lbs., 10" cut. Looking for w/m, 18-35, muscular and hairless preferred, nice ass, who wants his tits worked over. Box 736.

**21, 5'11", 165 lbs.**, blue eyes, blond hair. Looking for w/m, 18-35, nice ass, muscular. Box 1337

**WISCONSIN**  
**LEATHER GROUP TO TRAIN**  
**MILWAUKEE**, Leather group to train or turn Hot young punk into slave Captured, Manhandled, felt up. Wrestled, forced to submit to your cock's need. Need tight buns, lips fucked by gang bang rape. Eager to learn but respect my limits. No FF, B&D, Scat, Piss. I'm 32, 150 lbs., 6". Send letter of what you like to do with me with photo. Prefer 40 to 60 year olds. Will answer all letters. Box 1616

**WANTED:**  
**SOUTHEASTERN WISCONSIN**, Houseboy, Young w/m (18-21), smooth, hot, tight, hung, cut, into light bondage, cock/ball and tit work. I am in 20's, muscular, tight. Room/board furnished plus small salary. Swimming pool available, beach within blocks. Extreme Southeastern Wisconsin location. Photo and phone, in reply. Box 1563

**KINKY**  
Submissive GWM 22, 5'9", 125 lbs., slim, brown hair and eyes, very attractive, intelligent and sensitive, orally inclined. Seeks dominant young GWM (20-30) cute, clean and sincere to experiment with and teach me B&D and light S&M who is also able to give and receive affection and appreciate a caring and loyal friendship. Am also into fantasy scenes. Fake fantasy wrestling, etc, into clean socks and feet, licking sucking them, etc. Into all except Grk, W/S, Scat, FF and drugs. Letter with photo gets mine. R.P.G. C/O P.O. Box 2017, Pawtucket, R.I. 02681

**MILWAUKEE W/M**, 28, 6'1", 170 lbs., 10", seeking Master/Lover relationship with w/m 18-29 yrs. Must be patient and understanding as I am new to this scene. Will answer all with frank letter. State your demands and send with photo to Box 973.

**GOOD TIMES WANTED**  
**SOUTHERN WIS, NO ILL.** Please write. W/M Mid 30's, 5'10", 170 lbs., wishes to meet and correspond with male friend. For good times. Discreet 18-32. Good looks, very friendly, love french, some greek action. No drugs or rough stuff. Enjoy movies, good food, conversation, travel, & out door activities among others. Send photo, phone. Bob w. P.O. Box 332, Stoughton, WI 53589

**MASTER WANTED BY:**  
W/M 27, 6'3", 175 lbs., 7 1/2" Cut. Seeks experienced Master to take my body and USE IT THE WAY HE WANTS. B&D, S&M, W/S, Fist Fucking, C&B Torture, Tit Work. No Fats or Scat. Can Travel for right Master. Answer with Photo Please SIR. Box 1467

**WYOMING**  
Looking for macho partner with 9 to 12" who wants to retire to the country. Spend a week or a lifetime riding, fishing, camping and screwing. Will take care of all needs. Send photo and frank letter to Box A43.

**MILWAUKEE**, M, 5'9", 145 lbs., white, hairy chest, novice needs instruction in B&D, WS, S&M, etc. from Master who will show me my limits and respect them and teach me my role. No heavy drugs, fats, fems, scat. Photo greatly appreciated. Box 837.

**CANADA**  
**ALWAYS EAGER TO LEARN**  
**MONTREAL**, 5'10", 175 lbs., can perform as either Master or slave, semi expertly and still as always learning about both roles. Into all forms of Leather and kinky activities. Love raunchy, filthy scenes. Always eager to learn more and willing to participate in anything. Will be in S.F. and Portland in June '81, so get in touch now. Anyone needing a place to stay in Montreal are welcome also. Write now and all answered, photo appreciated but not a necessity. Box 1438

**MONTREAL Oral slave**, 48, white, 5'9", 165 lbs., gives complete mouth and tongue service to macho under 35. Also into worshipping, WS, face-sitting, feet, V.A., humiliations, punishments, exposure. Robert. Box 974.

**TORONTO**, m, Pisces, 5'10", 155 lbs., 40, blue eyes, uncut, wishes to meet dominant S, 25-55, who is ver satile, respectful of limits, sense of humour. M has moderate experience, versatile, and into leather, toys, boots, greek a/p, WS, bondage, discipline. Have some experience as S. No fats, fems, drugs, scat. Box B19

**ONTARIO**, 26, 140 lbs., 5'8", 6 1/2" cut, semi-muscular M looks for muscular, or well built masculine men under 40, well-hung, white or Black. Have real desire to serve, have my asshole used. Box 473.

**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" prefer 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.

**SLAVE REQUIRED**  
Put your body and mind in my experienced hands and I will make all the decisions regarding both for your period of servitude. I insist on complete surrender in bondage to my will. You provide me with humble service and I will give you the respect that service deserves. Learn what true freedom is by losing it to me for our mutual satisfaction. All applications will be considered on the basis of information supplied in first letter. Master is 5'9"b 35, 140 lbs., Bearded and short hair. Box 1281

**VANCOUVER ARTIST 34**, seeks Hunky Men 18-35 to Submit to creatively posed photo sessions in exchange for photos & or Possible pay. Send Photo & Particulars to Jim. Box 1397

**BOOT LOVER**  
Boot Lover would like to hear from men with big well worn dirty boots. Also well worn dirty levis, socks, Jockstraps, and leather Jackets. Very thirsty for HOT GOLDEN PISS. Also need a HUGE FIST for rear pleasure. All answered. Box 1461

**VANCOUVER—WITCHCRAFT, BODY/SHAVED WARLOCK.**  
SLAVE BOX 3072, Vancouver, Canada, 65B-3X6 Write

**NOVA SCOTIA—HIP RUBBER BOOTS, FIREMEN, Fishermen**, Boot-licking, Leather, Titwork, toilet, animals, toys, HUNG hermit needs buddy/Penpal. Am 35, Hairy, Horny, Mature. Photo Required. Write Occupant, P.O. Box 13, Reserve Mines, N.S. BOA 1Vo Canada

**EXPERIENCED MASTER WANTED**  
MONTREAL, White, 5'5", 135 lbs., 30, Looking for experienced Master for tit play, ball work, torture, Can Travel. Box 1488

**COP WANTED**  
MONTREAL M wants to serve big cop. Likes jail, Dildoes, Handcuffs, Bare-ass spankings, Flogging, Bondage, Fucking, Sucking. Box 1364.

**FOREIGN MAIL**  
When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per 1/2 ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

**PROVIDING TORTURE**  
**PARIS**, SM Virgo, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., White body builder. Masculine Biker, Short hairs, moustache. Into Leather and Levis and Boots. Experienced with play room, well equipped, toys, mirrors, sling. Seeks partner(s) SM. No fems, fats. To 50 or Master into W/S, B&D, FF, Whip, Tit Works, Boots or working shoes, Chains providing some torture or pain. Must be masculine into Leather. Respectful of Limits. Box 884. Travel USA yearly.

**AUSTRALIA**  
**MELBOURNE**. White submissive. Adventurous Bottom, 43, 6'3", 190 lbs., 7" cut. Seeks kinky times with Raunchy, Maco topmen in Levis. Leather, Jockstraps, for Bondage, W/S, Tit, Ass and C/B Play. Am willing to experiment and expand however my limits must be respected. Box 268

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA**. M, 46, 180 lbs., 7 1/2" uncut, extremely obedient. May I serve you? Box 720

**ENGLAND**  
**BOOT/COCK HUNGRY**  
**LONDON**, Piss thirsty dude offers his body for your use and abuse. Train me as your obedient Dog Slave. 30, 5'11", 154 lbs., visits USA twice a year. Needs Leather Master, Uniformed Officer, Construction Worker, Trucker, Cowboy—Photo appreciated. Ken, Box 1517

**WELL HUNG**  
**TOPMAN WANTED:**  
**LONDON**, 28, 6'1", 168 lbs., wants his Arse and Mouth Fucked by well hung Hunky anyone or group. S&M and Bondage Topmen. If you are under 55, goodlooking, well-built and can satisfy me, write in detail with photo to: Box 1507

**Filth-Loving Slave**  
39, 5'9", 140 lbs., looking for Master to make him gravel in oil, grease, mud, filth, etc. in chains. Box A95

**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 BEGINNER**  
W/m, 32, 6'0", 165 lbs., looking for partner inleather or denim. Willing to try almost anything. Box 716.

**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.

**OXFORD**, Knowledgeable M, 37, 5'10", 160 lbs., into leather, rubber, denim. Has good tongue ready to please a master. Box 723.

**SM**, 45, 5'11", 6" cut; imaginative, wide range of interests, willingness. Box 359

**WANT CALIFORNIA SLAVES**  
**LONDON MASTER**, 31, 6'2", 160 lbs., Bearded, Hung, Seeks Hot southern California Slaves During vacation, Sept.-Oct. 1981. You are 18-40, smooth skinned, with hungry asshole, into Fist Fucking, C&B Torture, TT, W/S, and being Whipped. Those offering overnight accommodations can reply on same in London. Box 1496

**LONDON AND YORKSHIRE.** S. 5'9 1/2", 50, 180 lbs., would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 557.

**W/M,** 35, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond, slim built, into Mild S&M, B&D, wish to meet with 18-25 Yr. olds, small or medium built. Living in London Ontario area. Phone and photo answer. Pete, P.O. Box 1962 STN A London, Ont. N6A5J4

## GERMANY

**MILITARY JAIL TROOPER**  
**WEST GERMANY,** German cop, military jail trooper, 40's, 176cm, 78kg, well built, trim body. An ultra masculine dynamic, experienced stud likes to give it and get it in the end. Have large toys and know how to use them. Will dominate you. What hardcore should be? Very skilled as FF Top and taking deep as FF wide receiver. My big bull balls crave heavy duty scenes. Are you man enough to try??? Let's get it on in my well equipped play room. Write to Jail, Walter, P.O. Box 860114, D-5000 Cologne 86, West Germany

## TRAVELING U.S.A.

**BERLIN, GERMAN MAN,** 34, warm hearted, goodlooking, traveling USA soon, seeks buddies into refined, prolonged, artful bare bottom-discipline, spanking, paddlings, birching, etc.—either role. No brutalities, Father/Son fantasies, Mutual ecstasy, love, understanding, cuddling. I am slim (130 lbs.), you don't have to be. Write soon to: B. Lehmann, Mehringdamm 60, 1000 Berlin-61 (West), Germany.

**COLOGNE, SM,** 45, 6', white, 7" uncut, into either role, experienced and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather naturally. Should be my age or younger, no fats or fems. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 112.

**LUXEMBOURG** Novice needs training. W/M, 33, 183 cm., 75 kg., prefers beards, moustaches, country life. Box 629.

**GERMAN MASTER,** 29, 6'4", 7 1/2" uncut, into leather and boots; S&M, heavy TW and piss action, FF, boot-wood needs bearded slaves and masters to contact with, travellers welcome: Henning Grote, Humboldtstr 7, D 3300 Braunschweig, West Germany.

**GERMANY—White** devoted boots-lave wants contact and correspondence with macho muscular high-booted Black master or motorcycle cops and other uniformed studs for licking and sucking service. Box A63

**COLOGNE,** 36, 78cm, 64 kg, uncut, Hairy, Leather guy and biker, seeks 18-35 for Leather-Sex, Piss-Sex. Visiting San Francisco in Aug. 81. Write Box 1285.

**WEST GERMANY, FRANKFURT,** two LEATHER guys, Black & White, 27, Wants to meet Hot Leather Studs to 45. Prefer UNCUT and versatile. Be our guest for Hot Kinky Times, Letters with photo answered first. Box 1480

## NEW ZEALAND

**BUTCH BODYBUILDER FROM NEW ZEALAND**  
**LEAN STRONG HUNGRY ROUGH TOP OR BOTTOM,** 45, Smooth skinned, Visiting Hawaii, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Starting May 24th, 1981. Will try anything. Keen to explore my limits & yours. Dungeons, spreads eagling, Tit clamps and tit torture, whip and whatever else?? Box 1483

## SWEDEN

**YOUNG SCOTSMAN,** 25, m, 6'1", 175 lbs., 8", handsome, muscular, athletic needs to be dominated and trained by another similar stud (leather, levi, cowboy, etc.). Write for future contact. Photo, please. Box A78

**Malmo, S,** 41, 6'1", 70 kg, 7 1/2" uncut, hard and demanding top seeks slaves: who want to be completely controlled. No games, the real thing only. No fats, fems, limitations. Box 477

**STOCKHOLM BEGINNER** wants muscular trainer. Am 23, 5'10", blond, 200 lbs, 6" uncut. Box 556

## SWITZERLAND

**GENEVA: YOU ARE A HOT TOP,** or better a MASTER? Then you are entitled to my hospitality and my service: I am 39, Tall, slim, bearded, hairy, and happy to serve well. I'm also looking for a Total OWNER anywhere in the world. TEL: 31.91.76 Name Chris. or write Box 1473

**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

## SERVICES

**COMING TO FLORIDA**  
**ORLANDO/DISNEY,** STAY at my house and save on motel fees. I'm W/M, 33, Top. Bring your Master/S-lave. Box 1603

**SERVICES**  
**COUNSELING, MID-COUNTIES** HELP CENTER, (213) 863-5817

**FRIENDS OF THE CENTER**  
Signal Your Commitment to the future growth of the Los Angeles, Gay & Lesbian Community Services Center by becoming a member of "FRIENDS OF THE CENTER". For membership information call (213) 464-7400 ext. 251, or Write: Friends of the Center, P.O. Box 38777, Hollywood, CA 90038. Do it today, it's important. DUNGEON

**FOR RENT**  
Chicago: 1000 Sq. Ft. of fully equipped playroom for private sessions or small groups. Models available OPTIONALLY. (312) 525-3341

## ORGANIZATIONS

**TRAVELING OR MOVING TO THE NORTH WEST**  
Information on Bike Club Runs, Bars, Events in Seattle, Portland, Vancouver, B.C. Write to Border Riders Motorcycle Club, P.O. Box 21152, Seattle, WA 98111

**CLOTHESMAN**  
**THE CLUB FOR THE CLOTHED** (Or partially clothed) Male who enjoys getting it off with all or some of his clothes on. For more information write: CM, P.O. Box 851-D New York City, NY 10274. State over 21

**RAINMAKERS**  
THE W/S Club for men who like it WET...Send Name, Age to RM, P.O. Box 253-D, New York, NY 10268

**MASTER—SLAVES**  
The world of Masters and slaves are governed by many unspoken laws. If you wish to join an order of like believing men bound to the enforcement of S&M Laws and contracts by their own system of courts, enforcers, and etc. Then send \$5.00 for an application for an interview to: Information, P.O. Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650. This ad is not a JOKE. Letters from known S&M Hierarchy answered without charge.

**ATTENTION: DADDIES & DADDY'S BOYS**  
Forming a correspondence club for Daddies & Daddy's Boys. Free 50 word ad. Write for application and send in your 50 word ad w/photo, so you can start meeting your Daddy's or Daddies Boys in your area. Mail Forwarding is also available for your ad. Write to: Daddies & Daddy's Boys, 3622 16th St., #B, San Francisco, CA 94114

**WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY**  
Gay Switchboard of New York (212) 777-1800—3pm/Midnight Information/Rap

**FOOT FRATERNITY**  
A fraternity for men who dig bare feet, boots, shoes, socks, sneakers, leather, levis and other clothing, who wish to contact others with the same interests. For information write: Foot Fraternity, Box 3385, San Francisco, CA 94119

**CIGAR SMOKERS**  
Cigar studs is for men who smoke and/or get turned on to cigars and want contacts with other men with a cigar fetish. P.O. Box 20604, Seattle, WA 98102

**BLACK AND WHITE MEN TOGETHER**  
At last, a nationwide group—Write BWMT-AC, 279 Collingwood, San Francisco, CA 94114

## GAY S&M SUPPORT ORG.

forming in NYC. Contacts, socials, forums, more for men into domination & submission, fantasies, etc. Brian (212) 243-3332 after 6:00 p.m.

## CONTACTS

**GAY/LESBIAN LITERATURE CATALOGUE, 60 PP ANNOTATED FICTION, BIOGRAPHY, POLITICS, CLASSICS, SELF-HELP, ETC., \$1.50 to: A DIFFERENT LIGHT, BOX DR 4014, SANTA MONICA BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CA 90029**

## HAIR LOVERS

**HAIRY MEN/Hair Lovers....**Correspondence/action club dedicated to body fur. Rosters, news letters, photos. Send \$2.00/SASE: Hair, 256 Robertson Blvd., BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90211

**CAVELO'S DRAWINGS**  
**FT. LAUDERDALE,** I am turned on by Cavelo's Drawings. Would like to hear from others who enjoy them. Box 1545

**CIGAR SMOKERS**  
Cigar studs is the international organization for men with a cigar fetish. If you smoke or get turned on to a man smoking a cigar write: P.O. Box 20604, Seattle, WA 98102

**BLACK AND WHITE MEN TOGETHER**  
At last a Nation-wide group. Write BWMT—AA, 279 Collingwood, San Francisco, CA 94114. Dial (415) 431-0458—24 Hours.

**JOBS OVERSEAS**  
Big money fast. \$20,000-\$50,000 plus per year. Call 1-716-842-6000 Ext. 5160

**EMPLOYMENT**  
**WEBSTER DICTIONARY**  
\$180.00 PER WEEK PART-TIME AT HOME. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages, experience unnecessary. Call 1-716-845-5670, Ext. 4070

**MODELS GAY PHOTO MAG., FILM COMPANY,** \$50.00 AN HOUR CALL (415) 864-8597

**MODELS/CALIF.**  
**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MASSEUR:** Athlete; Films, Low Rate; Call Skip, 213-769-9427

**PHOTOS**  
Photos, Slim Young 21 Year Old in DIAPERS, 6/\$4.50, 484 Lake Park Ave. No. 36, Oakland, CA 94610

**HOT ACTION**  
**SANTA ANA,** W/M, at your service. All scenes explored. Brn/Blu., 5'10", 155 lbs., Days, late eve, weekends. out only. John (714) 541-8068

## MODELS/ILLINOIS

**CHICAGO MODEL**  
**CHICAGO,** S&M Model with Playroom. Rod, Box 14, Chicago, IL 60614CHICAGO:

**SLAVE TRAINING, S&M, B&D, C/B & TIT work, GRK, discipline, FF, 1000 SQ. FT. of fully equipped playroom. Limits respected. private. Glen: 30, 5'7", 130 lbs., 8 1/2" call (312) 525-3341**

**MAN FOR HIRE**  
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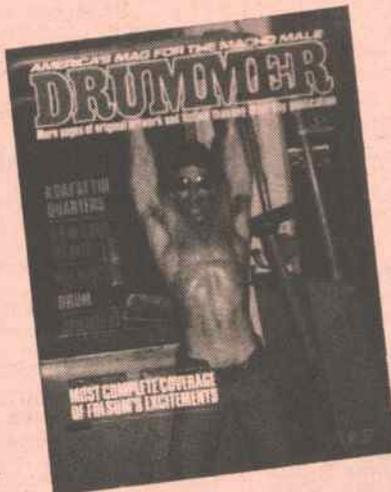
(Continued from page 30)

*Body Politic*, Canada's gay newspaper, can give you some horror stories that should keep you awake nights for a long time. Police raids on their offices, police raids on gay bath houses, even police raids on a gay leather good manufacturer in Toronto! And don't forget that before the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal the police closed every gay bar in the city! Books and periodicals that the Censors (the Canadian version of U.S. Customs) ban are seized and burned. Almost every gay magazine from the United States has met this fate at one time or another, from *Drummer* to *Christopher Street*. And the newest ploy of the Canadian fascists is to force citizens to sign waivers allowing the postal censors to open all mail addressed to the individual, regardless of postal class. A clear violation of the Universal Postal Union guidelines.

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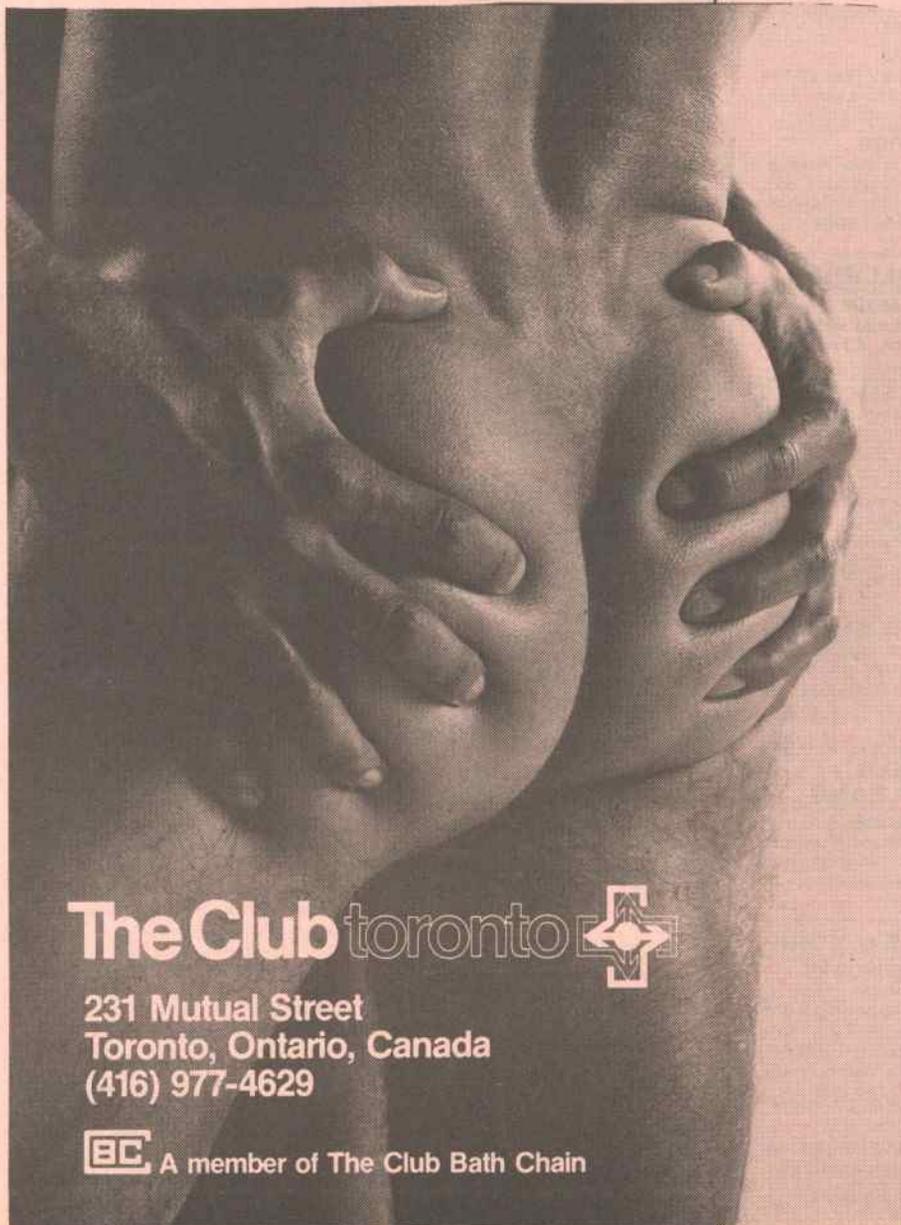
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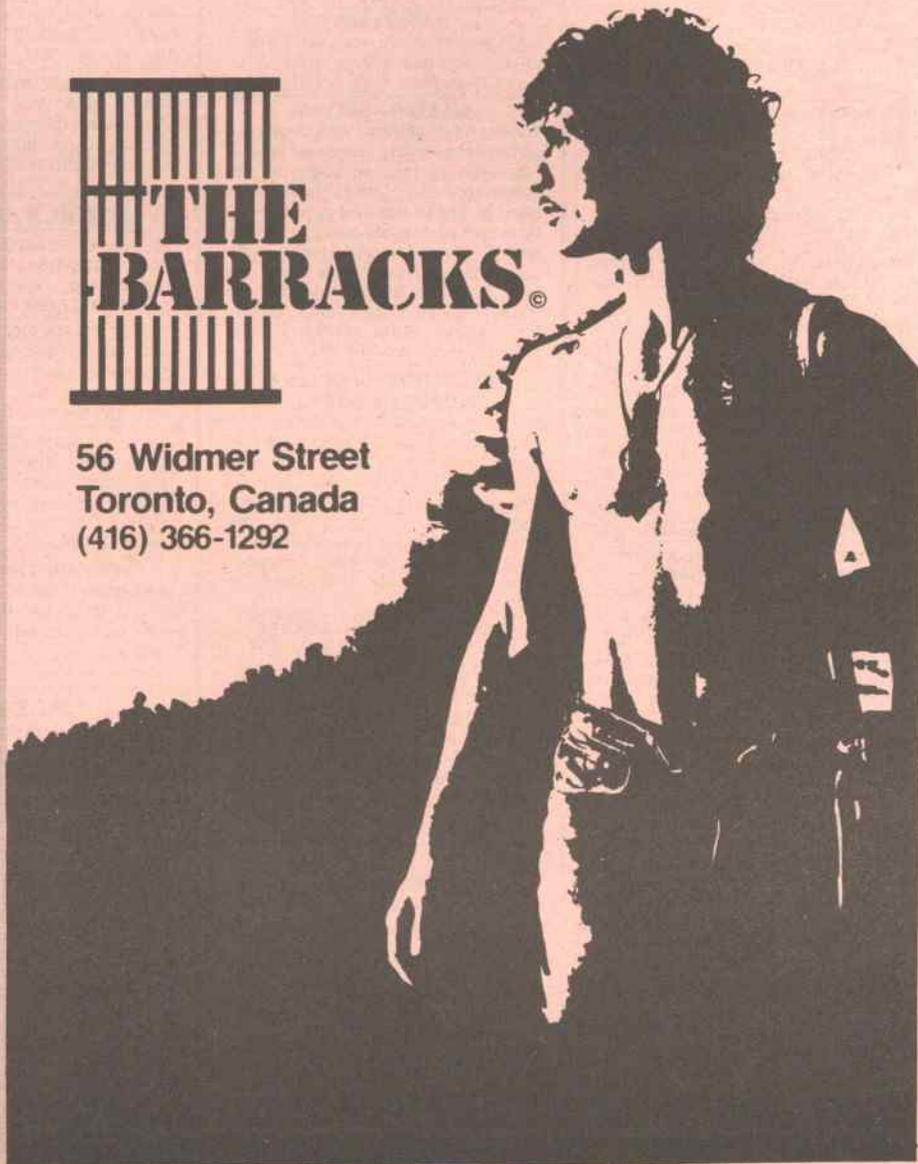
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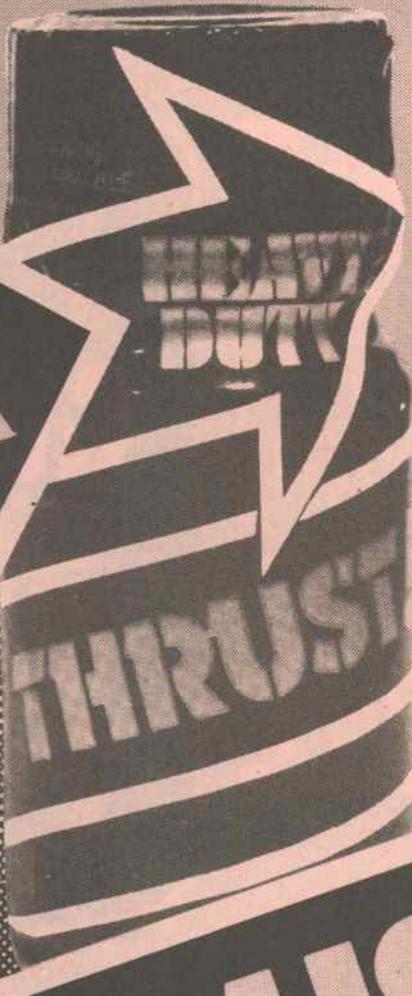
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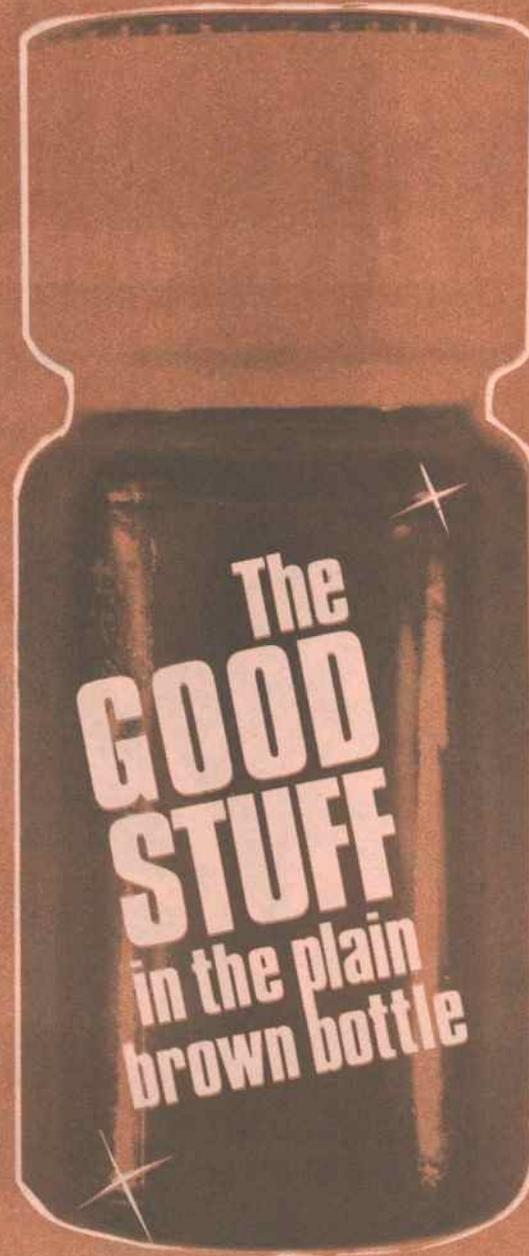
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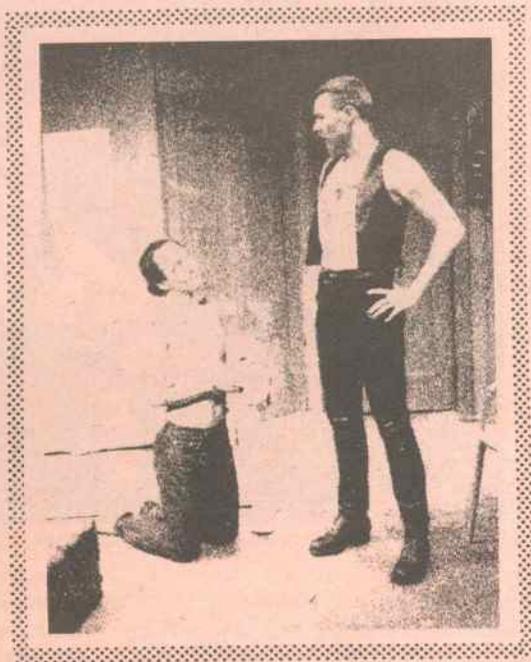


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# KITCHEN DUTY



by  
**Victor Bumbalo**

A Greenwich Village Apartment. Late Saturday Evening. As the curtain rises, two men enter the apartment. The bigger man, who is in his mid-thirties, is dressed in full leather. He is wearing jeans, chaps, a leather vest, a white T-shirt, and a motorcycle hat. The smaller man, who is in his early thirties, is dressed in jeans, a Chorus Line T-shirt, and an old Korean jacket. They enter in silence. Michael the leather man, stands near the door. Bob, Michael's guest for the evening, nervously looks around the apartment.

**Michael:** (Giving an order) Take that jacket off.  
**Bob:** Yes, sir.

(Bob removes his jacket and places it neatly on the sofa which is in the center of the room.)  
**Michael:** Now turn around.  
**Bob:** What?  
**Michael:** I said turn around.  
**Bob:** How far?  
**Michael:** All the way around. I want to take a good look at you.  
 (Bob begins to slowly turn around.)

**Michael:** (Sharply) What did you say?  
**Bob:** Nothing sir.  
**Michael:** That's right.  
**Bob:** What?  
**Michael:** I gave you an order and you said nothing.  
**Bob:** (Confused) Oh, sorry sir.....What should I have said?  
**Michael:** You were supposed to say, "yes, sir."

**Bob:** Oh. Yes, sir.  
**Michael:** Listen fuckface, don't gobble the word sir. Say it with pride.  
**Bob:** YES, SIR.  
**Michael:** That's better. You know, you've got an awful lot to learn, slave.  
**Bob:** I know, sir.  
**Michael:** You want me to be your teacher, lowlife?  
**Bob:** Yes, sir.  
**Michael:** I don't believe you.  
**Bob:** (With great enthusiasm) OH YES, SIR!  
**Michael:** Better. Now take off your T-shirt. Slowly. (Bob removes his T-shirt) Not bad. You'll do for tonight. Well? What do you say?  
**Bob:** To what sir?  
**Michael:** I said "you'll do for tonight." Now, what do you say?  
**Bob:** Oh....thank you sir.

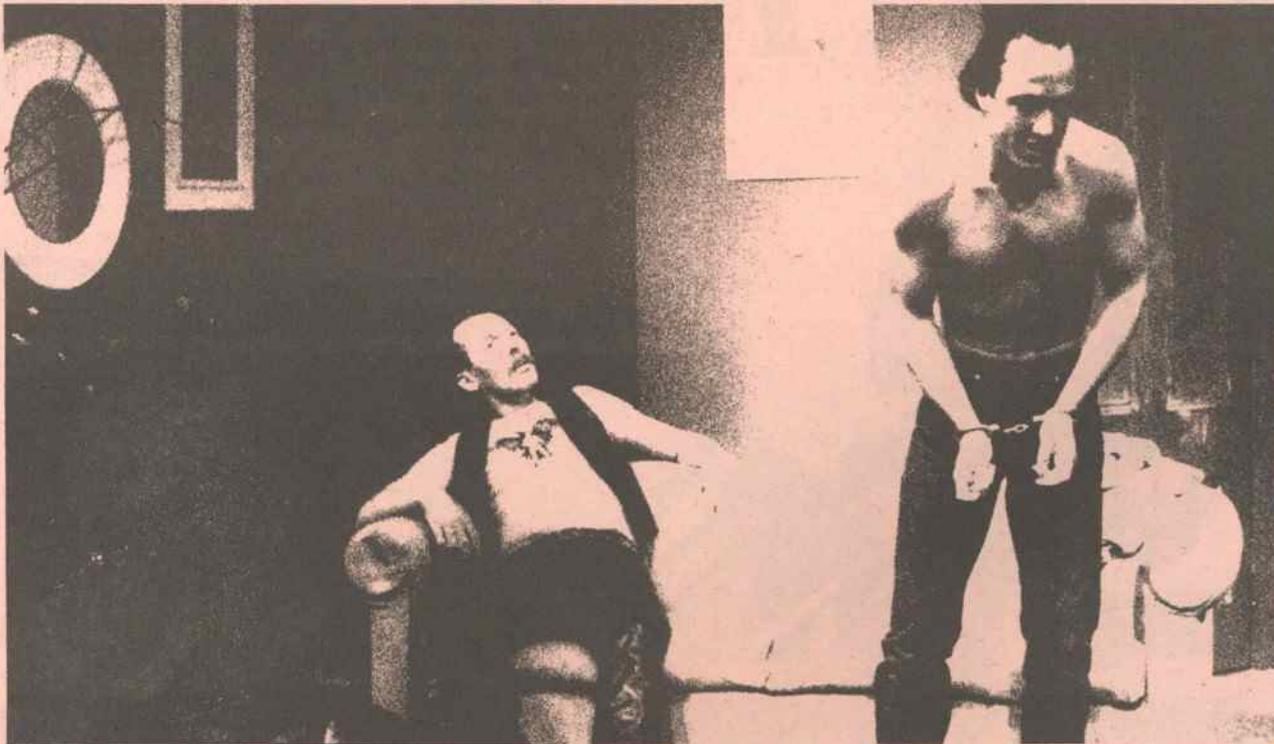
**Michael:** Good. Off with those shoes and socks. *(Bob heads for a chair) Did I give you permission to move?*  
**Bob:** No, sir. But I was just going to....  
**Michael:** Did I say you could talk?  
**Bob:** No, sir. Sorry sir.  
**Michael:** Listen, if you've got to fart, you better ask me permission first.  
**Bob:** Yes, sir.  
**Michael:** Now, get those shoes and socks off.  
*(Bob carries out Michael's orders.)*

**Michael:** All right little stud, kneel down.  
**Bob:** Yes, sir. *(He kneels down.)*  
**Michael:** Hey flake, you going to be my little doggie?  
**Bob:** Yes, sir.  
**Michael:** Then crawl over here and lick my boots.  
*(Bob begins mumbling.)*  
**Michael:** Fairy boy, are you talking again?  
**Bob:** *(Softly)* I'm not into boots.

**Michael:** Sure. If that's all right with you.  
**Bob:** It's fine.  
**Michael:** Good. From now on if you don't like what we're doing just say, "No, Michael," and I'll quickly go on to something else. This way we don't have to break the scene.  
**Bob:** I broke the scene, I'm sorry. I should have crawled over even though....  
**Michael:** Stop it. Look...uh...Bob? Your name is Bob, isn't it?  
**Bob:** Yes.  
**Michael:** If you're not turned on, then I'm not turned on.  
**Bob:** I'm glad you feel that way.  
**Michael:** Of course I do. I'm no freak.  
**Bob:** I know that.  
**Michael:** Well...*(They both stare at each other.)* Hey scum, you ready to serve me.  
**Bob:** Yes, sir.  
**Michael:** You want to be my pet, don't you? My little mutt?

*ping, crosses the room, and goes into the kitchen for a glass.)*  
**Michael:** You don't live in this building anymore, do you?  
**Bob:** No. I moved out a few weeks ago.  
**Michael:** I thought so. I haven't seen you around here for awhile. Where's your new place?  
**Bob:** I don't have one yet. I'm staying uptown with a couple of friends.  
**Michael:** *(Handing Bob the drink)* Here we go. Sorry there's no ice, but I'm defrosting the refrigerator.  
**Bob:** Aren't you going to have a drink?  
**Michael:** Not now. I'm too anxious to get started.  
*(Michael pinches Bob's right nipple. Bob downs his drink.)*  
**Bob:** Do you think I could have another?  
**Michael:** Of course.  
**Bob:** Thanks.  
*(Michael takes Bob's glass and refills*

**Michael:** We'll leave them on for five minutes.  
**Bob:** No. I want them off now.  
**Michael:** What's the matter. Don't you trust me?  
**Bob:** I trust you.  
**Michael:** If I don't have you loving them in five minutes, I'll whip them right off.  
**Bob:** Take them off now....please.  
**Michael:** In five minutes. *(He steps away from Bob and stares at him a moment.)*  
**Bob:** What are you thinking about? You look like you're getting ready to do something.  
**Michael:** I'm going to kiss you.  
**Bob:** What else?  
**Michael:** Just kiss you. *(He goes to kiss Bob.)*  
**Bob:** Get these things off me.  
**Michael:** Bob, will you relax. I'm not going to kill you.  
**Bob:** Do you promise you'll take them off in five minutes?  
**Michael:** Didn't I say I would?  
*(Michael moves to Bob and kisses him delicately on the mouth.)*  
**Michael:** Relax. Come on, relax.  
*(Michael starts caressing Bob and gently covering his face and neck with kisses.)*  
**Michael:** That's it baby. Just relax and enjoy. Daddy's going to show you a real good time. Jesus, you are cute. Feeling better? *(Bob nods.)* Good. Nothings going to happen to my boy that he doesn't want to happen. You believe me, don't you?  
**Bob:** Yes.  
**Michael:** Oh, I think my friend is still a little afraid. I don't think he trusts me yet.  
**Bob:** I do. *(He is beginning to return Michael's kisses.)*  
**Michael:** *(Still kissing Bob)* Would you be willing to prove it?  
**Bob:** *(Returning Michael's kisses)* Of course...sir.  
**Michael:** Then let me blindfold you.  
**Bob:** *(Pulling away)* Like hell I will.  
*(Michael moves away from Bob.)*  
**Bob:** *(Frightened)* Where are you going? What are you going to do now?  
**Michael:** I'm getting the keys to the handcuffs so you can go.  
**Bob:** Why do I have to go? Can't we do something else?  
**Michael:** What else do you want to do, play charades? I told you I was into a scene tonight. You're not. So let's forget it.  
**Bob:** You're pissed off, aren't you?  
**Michael:** Not at all. If you're not into a scene, you're not into it.  
**Bob:** But I am.  
**Michael:** No, you're not.  
**Bob:** Give me another chance.  
**Michael:** Look, let's call it quits.  
**Bob:** Blindfold me.  
**Michael:** No. It won't work.  
**Bob:** Come on. Blindfold me. I trust you.  
**Michael:** You don't.  
**Bob:** Yes I do.  
**Michael:** Really?  
**Bob:** Absolutely.  
**Michael:** Are you sure?  
**Bob:** Positive.  
**Michael:** Okay.  
**Bob:** Should I kneel down?  
**Michael:** No. Stand up.  
**Bob:** *(Very obediently)* Yes, sir.  
**Michael:** Are you really sure?  
**Bob:** Would you please blindfold me?  
**Michael:** I don't have a real one, but this will do.



**Michael:** What?  
**Bob:** I said I'm not into boots.  
**Michael:** *(Breaking out of his role)* Oh, how about feet? Do you want me to take my boots off?  
**Bob:** No.  
**Michael:** Socks? I'm wearing a pair of athletic socks, but if you're into argyles, I have a dirty pair lying around.  
**Bob:** I'm sorry....  
**Michael:** *(Interrupting)* How about a clean pair?  
**Bob:** Nothing down there turns me on.  
**Michael:** Oh that's all right. It's okay. No problem. I understand.  
**Bob:** Sorry.  
**Michael:** Look, if my feet don't turn you on, they don't turn you on. There's nothing much we can do about it.  
**Bob:** Don't take this personally. It's not your feet that turn me off. It's everybody's. I mean, they don't really turn me off. It's not that I'm afraid of them or anything. They just don't do a thing for me.  
**Michael:** It's okay. There's plenty else we can do.  
**Bob:** I know. *(Pause)* You want me to keep kneeling.

**Bob:** Yes, sir.  
**Michael:** Then down on all fours.  
**Bob:** Yes, sir.  
**Michael:** I've got to give my new puppy a name. I think I'll call you Rex. Here Rex. Here Rex. I said, here Rex.  
**Bob:** *(Quietly)* No, Michael.  
**Michael:** What's the matter?  
**Bob:** I don't like being a dog. It doesn't do anything for me.  
**Michael:** That's okay. I'm versatile.  
**Bob:** Could I have a drink before we begin?  
**Michael:** Of course. *(Very apologetically)* I'm sorry. I should have offered you a drink. Jesus, where the hell is my head?!
**Bob:** It's all right.  
**Michael:** No, it's not. It's rude. What will you have?  
**Bob:** Something strong. I need to loosen up.  
**Michael:** Scotch?  
**Bob:** Sure.  
*(Michael goes to his living room closet, opens it, and searches for his bottle of Scotch. On the inside of the door are hung hats (cowboy, construction, etc.), jackets (army, baseball, etc.) and belts (leather, studded, etc.). He finds the bottle, which is still in its Christmas wrap-*

*it.)*  
**Michael:** I cruised you a few times in the lobby. Do you remember?  
**Bob:** No. I'm sorry. I don't.  
**Michael:** That's because I wasn't in full leather. If I were, you would have remembered me. Leather is something, isn't it?  
**Bob:** It sure is.  
**Michael:** You're into it, aren't you?  
**Bob:** Oh sure.  
**Michael:** You want to do a scene tonight, don't you?  
**Bob:** Oh yes. Definitely. It just takes me a few minutes before I let loose. Before I can get real wild.  
**Michael:** Wild, hey. How wild do you get?  
**Bob:** Very.  
**Michael:** This wild?  
*(Michael removes the glass of Scotch out of Bob's hand and kisses him. While he is kissing Bob, he suddenly grabs both of Bob's wrists and handcuffs them.)*  
**Bob:** *(Frightened)* What the hell are you doing?  
**Michael:** Relax. I can take them off if you don't like them.  
**Bob:** I don't like them.  
**Michael:** Give them a chance.  
**Bob:** Take them off.

(He pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket, turns it into a make-shift blindfold, and places it around Bob's eyes.)

**Bob:** Thank you, sir.

**Michael:** (Lowering his voice) Bob, did those names I called you turn you on?

**Bob:** No. Not at all.

**Michael:** You didn't think they were hot?

**Bob:** Not really.

**Michael:** Oh, that's too bad.

**Bob:** Why?

**Michael:** They're fun. They're usually part of the scene.

**Bob:** Why don't you just call me slave?

**Michael:** Sure. I can do that.

**Bob:** Good. (Pause) Shall we begin?

**Michael:** Are you ready slave?

**Bob:** Yes, sir.

(Michael goes to a bureau that's in the room, opens a drawer, and pulls out a pair of legcuffs.)

**Michael:** We're going to have a good time.

(Michael kneels before Bob and quickly places the legcuffs around Bob's ankles and locks them.)

**Michael:** Oh, you look so vulnerable. Like a young Roman slave.

**Bob:** (Worried) What are you doing?

**Michael:** (Suddenly real tough) None of your business.

(Bob raises his handcuffed hands and pulls off the blindfold.)

**Bob:** Get that off me! Get that off me now!

**Michael:** You said you trusted me.

**Bob:** I want everything off. I've got to leave right now.

**Michael:** Jesus Christ!

**Bob:** (Whining) Please, set me free! Set me free! Please! I want to be free!

**Michael:** All right. God damn it.

(Michael starts looking around the room.)

**Bob:** What are you doing? What are you looking for?

**Michael:** My leather jacket.

**Bob:** (Frightened) Why? What are you going to do with it?

**Michael:** I'm going to throw it over your head and push you out the window.

**Bob:** (Getting hysterical) Oh no... Oh no...

**Michael:** Shut up! (Bob is terrified. Michael talks to him as if Bob were a child.) I am looking for my leather jacket, because in the top right pocket are the keys to the leg and handcuffs.

**Bob:** So you're setting me free?

**Michael:** In a moment you'll be totally emancipated, my dear, and on your merry way. Did you see where I put my jacket?

**Bob:** You weren't wearing one.

**Michael:** Yes, I was. (He stops and thinks for a moment.) You're right. I'm wearing my vest. And I never wear my vest and jacket at the same time. (He starts heading for the closet, but suddenly stops.) Oh, no.

**Bob:** What's the matter?

**Michael:** My jacket. It's not here. My friend Marty borrowed it.

**Bob:** You don't have the keys?!?!?

**Michael:** They're in the jacket.

**Bob:** You're lying to me.

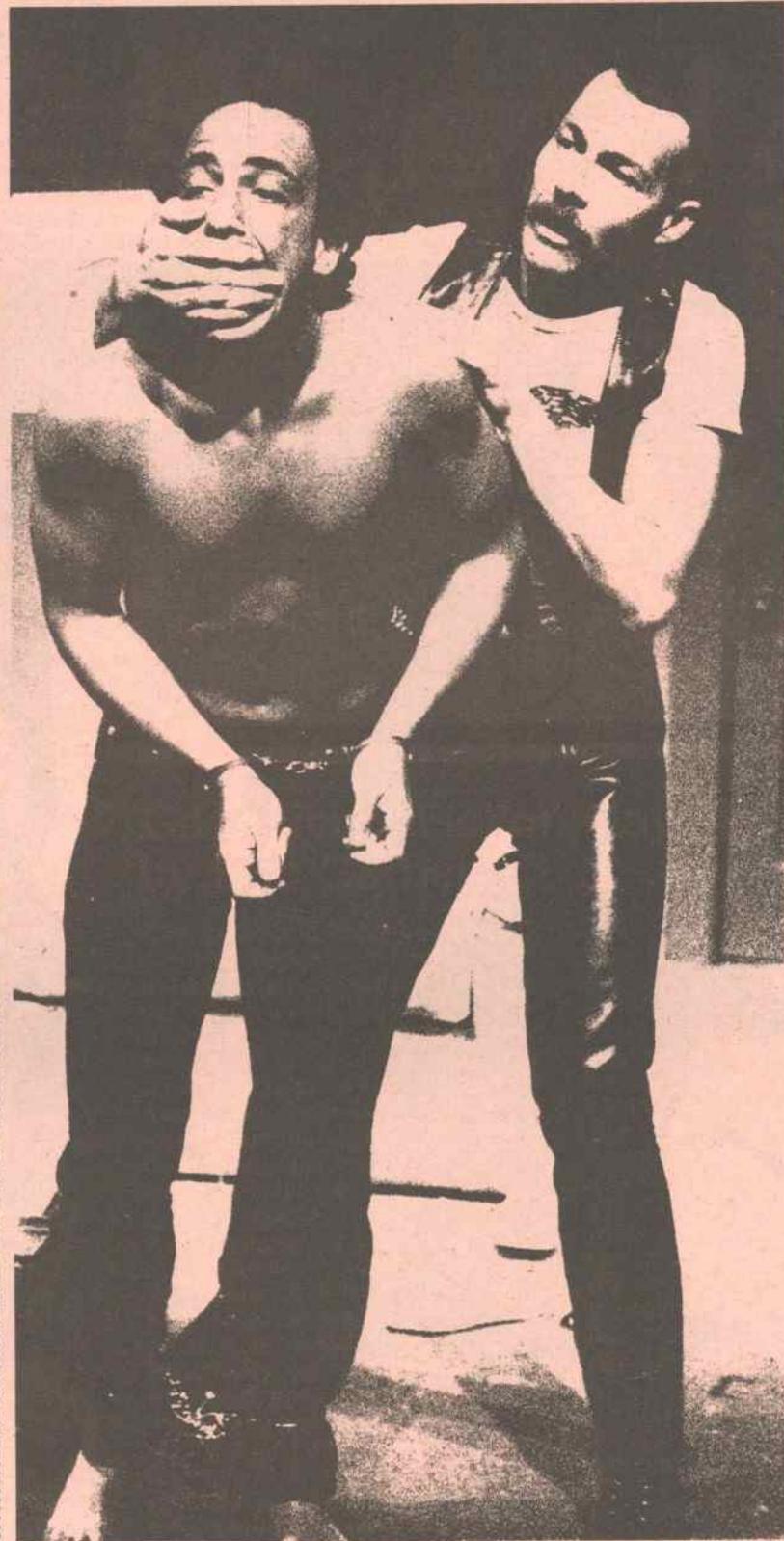
**Michael:** No, I swear I'm not. Marty needed the jacket for tonight. He's at a leather dance somewhere in Kew Gardens.

**Bob:** You're going to kill me!

**Michael:** I'm harmless. (Trying to

calm Bob down) Believe me, this has never happened before. Never. Oh, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. Look, I'll stay up all night and keep calling Marty and as soon as he gets home I'll...

**Bob:** You're deranged aren't you? Now that I'm helpless you're going to



beat me to death. With what? A whip? (Michael takes a step towards Bob. Bob starts hopping backwards in the direction of the window.) Don't move! If you take one step towards me, I'll start screaming and fling myself out your window.

**Michael:** Don't move!

**Bob:** Don't you move!

**Michael:** (Trying to be rational) Why don't you sit down over there? I'll sit down over here, and we'll have a nice little talk.

**Bob:** (Getting more hysterical) Perfect. This is a perfect finish to my life. I'm going to end my days as a bloo-

died corpse in a lunatic's apartment. Oh my God... my God... my God... (He begins wheezing and struggling for breath.)

**Michael:** What's the matter?

**Bob:**

**Bob:** I'm having an attack. I can't breathe.

**Bob:** (Exhaling) Oh, that's better.

**Michael:** You sure? You all right?

**Bob:** Call 982-3468 and tell the man who answer the phone that Bob is having an asthma attack. Tell him I need my medicine right away.

**Michael:** Where does he live?

**Bob:** Upstairs. In my old apartment. He's my ex-lover. Tell him the medicine's in my trunk.

**Michael:** You're okay now, aren't you?

**Bob:** I'm breathing a little easier. But these damn attacks come in cycles. I need that medicine. Hurry up, call him!

(Michael goes to the phone. Bob hops over to the sofa to lie down.)

**Michael:** What should I say?

**Bob:** Tell him I'm down in your apartment and I'm having a very bad asthma attack and I need my medicine. That's all. And you better make it sound like an emergency or he'll never bring it. He's not the most compassionate of souls.

**Michael:** What's his name?

**Bob:** What the hell are you going to do. invite him to tea? (He begins gasping for air again.)

**Michael:** Take it easy. I'm calling. Can you give me the number again?

**Bob:** (Slowly) 982...

**Michael:** And his name please?

**Bob:** Gary.

**Michael:** (He's dialing) 982...

**Bob:** 3468.

**Michael:** 3468. It's ringing. I hope he's home.

**Bob:** He's home.

**Michael:** How do you... (Very nervous) Hello. Is this Gary? Hi. My name is Michael. How you doing?

**Bob:** Oh for Chrissakes!

**Michael:** Ah... I live in the building. Yes, you're right. it is quite late. Well, the reason I'm calling is... a... Bob is here with me now and... Bob? Your... a... friend Bob. Your ex-friend Bob. Well anyway, he's here and seems to be having an asthma attack, and he needs his medicine. He says there's some in his trunk. Can you bop down with it? (Covering the receiver so Gary won't hear) He says you must have some medicine uptown.

**Bob:** Tell him I'm too sick to move.

**Michael:** (Immediately into the phone) He's too sick to move. 4-g. We'll be waiting. Thanks. Thanks alot Gary. (Putting down the phone) He's not very friendly, is he?

**Bob:** He's moody. He thinks it ma him look deep.

**Michael:** Is he the blond with the nice pecks?

**Bob:** That's him.

**Michael:** Very humpy. You feeling better?

**Bob:** Yes, thank you. I'm so embarrassed. I feel like such a jerk. I didn't mean to get so unhinged. Asthma is caused by nerves. (Trying to laugh) And I got very frightened there for a minute. For a second, no more than that I swear, I thought you were really going to kill me. But that was stupid, right? People don't kill other people in their own apartments, do they? It's too messy. I mean if they did, then they would have to clean up after it. wouldn't they? And they'd be left with a hell of a lot of problems. Where to put the body. How to get it out of the building. It's far too complicated, isn't it? I wasn't thinking. Sorry.

**Michael:** Let me help you into the

bedroom.

**Bob:** No, thank you. I'm fine here.

**Michael:** Don't you want to hide?

**Bob:** No. We've got to have a sense of humor about this. We shouldn't be embarrassed.

**Michael:** Let me at least cover you up. I'll throw a nice afghan over you. I'll say "hello," you'll say "hello, how are you doing," we'll get the medicine, and send him home.

**Bob:** What are you afraid of? Gary's not going to belt you or anything. He doesn't give an orangutan's tit what I do. The most he'll do is smirk a little.

**Michael:** I don't like being smirked at.

**Bob:** *(In a super macho voice)* Then beat the bitch. *(In his own voice)* Oh come on, you've got to stand up for what you believe in. Open those closet doors, sweetheart, and give your kinky tastes some air.

**Michael:** What I do in bed is my own business. I don't like it advertised thank you.

**Bob:** Then I'd change my outfit if I were you.

**Michael:** Come on, why don't you go in the bedroom?

**Bob:** I've got to talk to Gary.

**Michael:** Chat with him tomorrow. What are you going to tell him when he sees you in this half-baked slave drag?

**Bob:** The truth.

**Michael:** Damn it. He'll think I'm a roaring asshole.

**Bob:** What difference will it make?

**Michael:** He's cute, and I don't like attractive guys thinking I'm a ditz.

**Bob:** What are you planning to do? Make a pass at him?

**Michael:** We look like a couple of dingalings. Now get in the bedroom.

**Bob:** *(Getting nervous again)* You better not touch me.

**Michael:** If you were the last piece of ass at the baths, I wouldn't get near you. Now move it!

**Bob:** You know, this is all your fault. I wouldn't be pussyfooting around here like Madame Butterfly if you weren't such a piss poor master.

*(The doorbell rings. Bob attempts moving towards the door. He is having a difficult time.)*

**Bob:** Michael, please open the door.

**Michael:** No. Not unless you hide. *(He plops himself down on the sofa.)*

**Bob:** Gary, just a minute! I'm coming! Michael, please.

**Michael:** Not until you get in the bedroom.

**Bob:** Fine. *(He continues hobbling to the door. Talking to himself.)* Doesn't have the key. I finally decide to be au courant and do something a little bizarre and look what happens. I land the dizziest S in all New York. The next time I go home with a man he better be wearing bass weejuns. *(To Michael)* Get the door! When I move these stupid chains cut into my legs. Oooh, are they uncomfortable.

**Michael:** *(Not budging)* Tough.

**Bob:** You asked for it. I'm going to start screaming. One, two, three..... *(Michael gets up and heads for the door.)*

**Michael:** And for this I left Wappingers Falls. *(He quickly checks himself out in a mirror near the door. He takes a deep breath and then opens the door only a crack.)* Hi, I'm Michael. How do you do? I hope this wasn't too much of an inconvenience. Do you have the medicine?

**Bob:** *(Shouting out the door)* Hello

Gary. Come on in. Michael, let Gary in.

*(Michael reluctantly opens the door. Gary, a very handsome blond, enters.)*

**Gary:** *(Spotting Bob)* What the hell is that?

**Bob:** *(Modeling his handcuffs)* The latest this season. Inspired by LeVar Burton. It also comes in gold, brass, and sterling. Do you like it?

**Gary:** What are you two on?

**Michael:** *(Defensively)* Nothing.

**Gary:** All right, what's going on?

**Bob:** Actually, it's very funny. Michael, could you get me a glass of water?

**Michael:** Sure.

**Bob:** Thank you. Oh, Gary, you should have seen how I freaked when I found out the equipment wasn't coming off. *(Michael place a pill in Bob's mouth, and Bob washes it down. HE hands the glass back to Michael.)*

**Bob:** I'm sorry, Michael.

**Gary:** You're both sick. Good night.

**Michael:** Now wait a minute. That's a stupid thing to say, isn't it? I mean, you don't even know me.

**Gary:** Excuse me.

**Michael:** You're excused.

*(Gary heads for the door.)*

**Bob:** Wait for me.

upstairs.

**Michael:** Do you want a blanket or not?

**Bob:** What do you think I'm going to do up there, start begging you to take me back?

**Gary:** It's not a good idea.

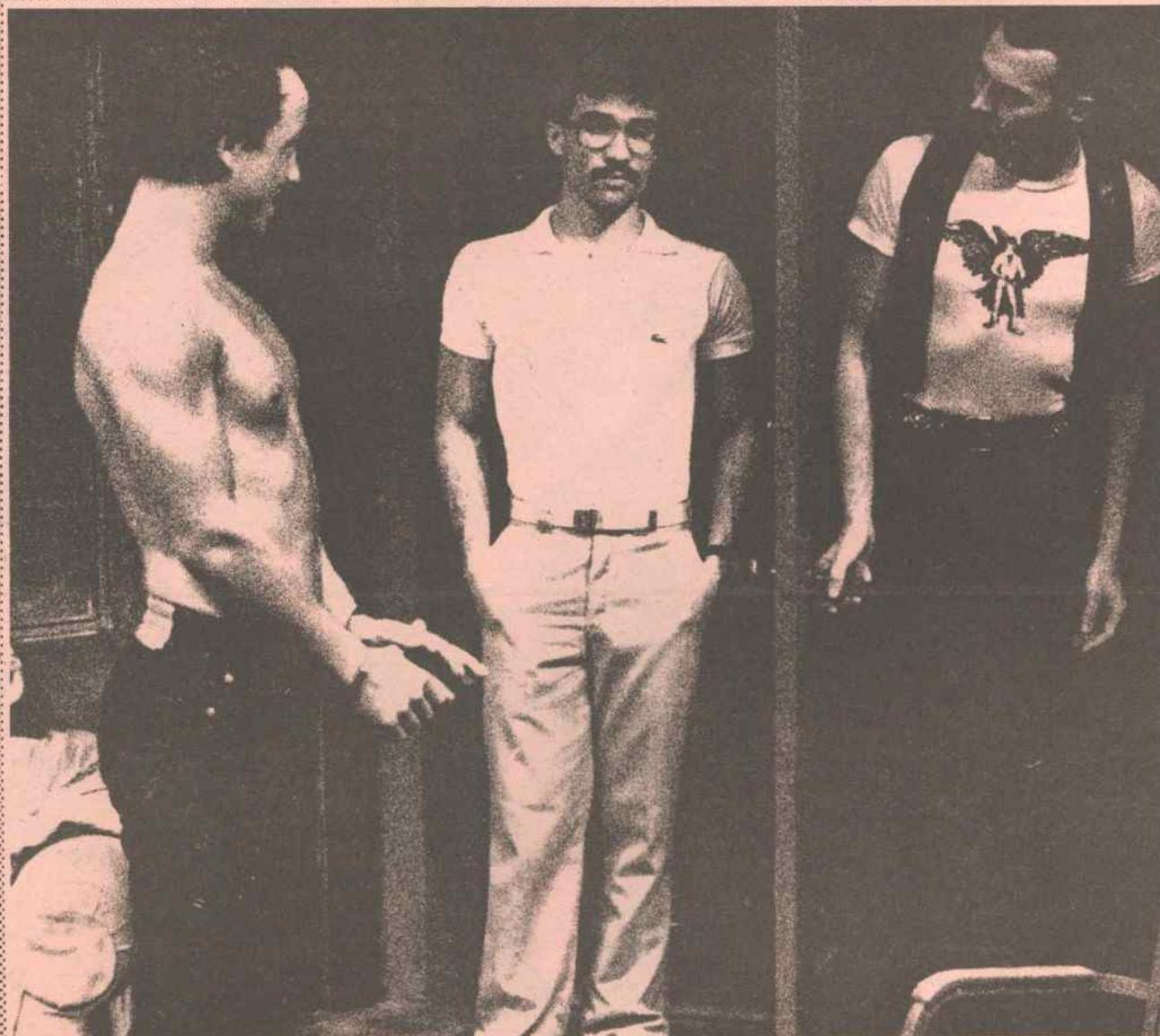
**Bob:** *(Holding up his handcuffed hands)* Don't worry, your little pecker will be safe from me tonight.

**Michael:** *(To Bob)* Why don't you stay here?

**Bob:** *(To Michael)* No thank you. I'm spending one more night in my old apartment. It won't kill him.

**Gary:** I've got someone up there.

**Bob:** You're lying.



**Michael:** *(Relieved to have something to do)* Sure.

**Bob:** *(To Gary)* It's good to see you. You're looking great. How's everything?

**Gary:** Am I about to be the butt of some perverse joke?

**Bob:** *(Trying to make his explanation sound normal)* Oh, no. I'm stuck like this until Michael's friend gets back from Kew Gardens. You see, Michael's friend, what was his name?

**Michael:** Marty.

**Bob:** Marty....had to borrow Michael's leather jacket to go to a fancy party. And guess what? The keys, you won't believe this, to the leg and handcuffs, are in the leather jacket. So I'm stuck like this for the night. Isn't that one for the books? *(Michael hands Bob the glass of water. Bob holds the glass with his two handcuffed hands.)* Could someone put one of my pills in my mouth?

**Gary:** Where do you think you're going?

**Bob:** Upstairs with you. *(To Michael)* Now, as soon as you get in touch with your friend, please run over and get those keys, and then come right up to 8E.

**Michael:** 8E. Right. See you in a while.

**Gary:** You can't come upstairs with me.

**Bob:** Why not?

**Gary:** Are you planning to hobble into the elevator like that?

**Bob:** You're right. *(After a moment)* I know what we can do. Why don't we wrap me up in a blanket, and you can carry me. If we run into anyone in the hall, you can tell them I'm in electric shock.

**Michael:** I'll get the blanket.

**Gary:** It won't work.

**Bob:** Why not. You can carry me. You're strong enough.

**Gary:** Bob, I don't want you to come

**Gary:** Bob, there's someone upstairs.

**Bob:** I don't believe you.

**Gary:** Bill Gleason is spending the night with me.

**Bob:** You're kidding.

**Gary:** No, Bob.

**Bob:** Bill?!? Now the whole apartment is going to stink of Aramis. What are you doing screwing him? He's nothing. He's a piece of white bread.

**Gary:** Maybe I don't have your esoteric tastes.

**Michael:** Was that a crack?

**Bob:** I'm getting tired. Let's go upstairs.

**Gary:** No.

**Michael:** Nobody puts me down. Not in my own apartment, they don't.

**Bob:** *(Almost in a whisper)* Look Gary, we have to talk. I'm sure Bill won't mind.

**Michael:** I want an apology.

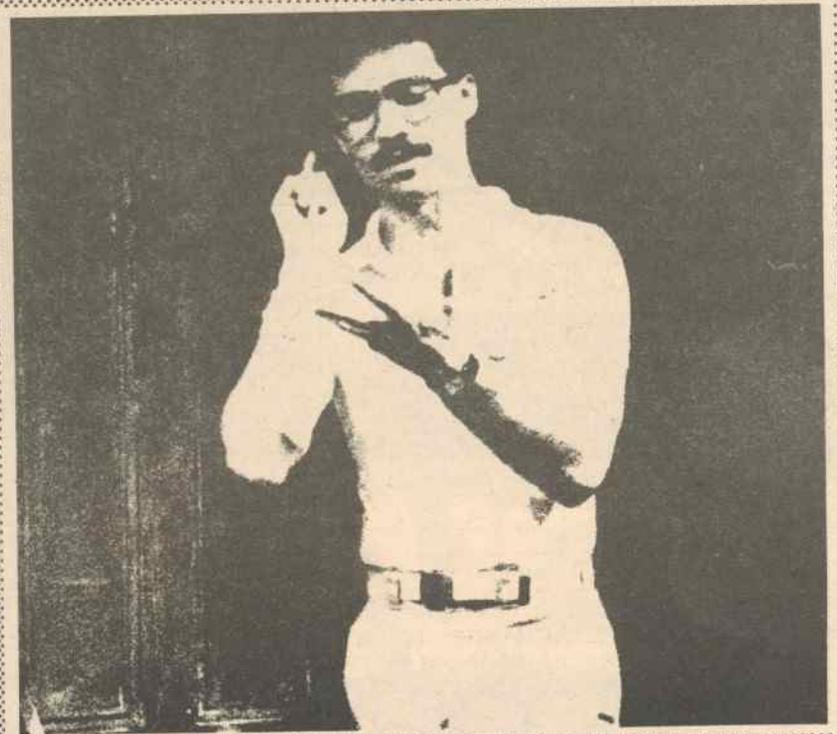
**Gary:** *(To Bob)* We'll talk in a week or so. And I'll call you.

**Michael:** I said I want an apology.  
**Gary:** For what?  
**Michael:** You were making fun of me. That's what you were doing. I could tell.  
**Gary:** (Condescendingly) Oh, I'm sorry.  
**Bob:** I've got to get upstairs. I need some things from my trunk.  
**Gary:** Every two minutes you need something from that damned trunk. I want it out of my apartment. I'm shipping it up to Tony and Dave's on Monday.  
**Bob:** You can't. There's no room for it up there. They only have a studio. We're cramped as it is.  
**Gary:** Then put it in storage. Good night.  
**Bob:** Take me upstairs, please.  
**Michael:** I think I've had it with the both of you. (To Gary) Take him upstairs.  
**Gary:** No. I'm leaving him here.  
**Bob:** Gary, please.  
**Michael:** Why are you being so nasty?  
**Gary:** This is none of your business.  
**Michael:** The guy wants to go upstairs. Take him.  
**Gary:** I don't want him up there.  
**Bob:** Oh Gary.  
**Michael:** God, are you mean.  
**Gary:** Would you lay off me. You don't know what you're talking about. You don't know the guy.  
**Michael:** What's wrong with him. Does he have bugs?  
**Bob:** Yeah. What's wrong with me? Tell me. I'd like to know.  
**Gary:** Don't be ridiculous.  
**Bob:** You were asked a question, and I think it's only polite to answer.  
**Gary:** Since when is the West Street Mouth worried about manners?  
**Bob:** You threw me out because of Lady Astor, didn't you?  
**Gary:** His name is Eliot Baker, Professor Eliot Baker.  
**Bob:** But I swear it was him.  
**Gary:** I don't care anymore.  
**Bob:** I'll call him up. I'll apologize. I'll tell him I'm going blind. I've got glaucoma, cataracts. I'll tell him I was wrong.  
**Michael:** Don't you think you boys should finish this upstairs?  
**Bob:** Wait a minute. I'd like an objective opinion. Michael, let me explain what happened.  
**Gary:** He doesn't care.  
**Bob:** Of course he does.  
**Gary:** Why should he?  
**Michael:** Look I don't want to.....  
**Bob:** (To Gary) He's a nice guy. He takes an interest in people.  
**Michael:** I think.....  
**Bob:** I want you to hear this Michael. Sit down. A few weeks ago I happened to be at the Mineshaft.  
**Gary:** You're shameless.  
**Bob:** Gary and I had an understanding about places like that. Well anyway, I was downstairs in the backroom off the little bar and I happened to spot someone crawling around the floor. I didn't exactly spot him. I tripped over him. Nearly sprained my ankle. I go to apologize and the guy slithers away like a garden snake. The next night Gary's friend, Professor Eliot Baker, alias Lady Astor, happened to be coming to dinner. I made a gorgeous lasagna from scratch. When Gary brought the Professor into the kitchen, I immediately recognized him. It was the little reptile. I said, "hi," and casually asked if he had a good time at the

Mine Shaft. Now this simple inquiry has somehow ruined my whole fucking life.  
**Gary:** You said, "hi?!?" (To Michael) He said, (Imitating Bob), "Mary, you must be all dicked out today."  
**Bob:** So I made a bad joke. I said I was sorry.  
**Gary:** He told you he had never been to the Mine Shaft. Why did you insist it was him?  
**Bob:** I did not insist.  
**Gary:** Then why wouldn't you drop it? Why did you have to tell us in vivid detail, how every time you glanced at this double of Eliot's, he had a different cock stuffed in his mouth? How he gagged and coughed when he tried to take the ruler.  
**Michael:** What's the Ruler?  
**Bob:** The dick of death. Raymond Scotti. A perfect 12 inches.  
**Michael:** Really? And he hangs out at the Mine Shaft?  
**Gary:** (To Michael) What do you do for a living?  
**Michael:** I work for Junior Scholastic Magazine. You probably got them when you were a small kid. (To Bob) What's this Raymond look like?  
**Bob:** He's kind of thin, about 5 feet 10, 5 feet 11. He always wears a lavender Con Ed hat with a tiny ruler painted on it.  
**Gary:** What do you do for them?  
**Michael:** I'm head of circulation. (To Bob) Is he good looking?  
**Bob:** I think so. In a kind of emaciated way.  
**Gary:** Good. You have a nice professional job.  
**Michael:** I do all right.  
**Gary:** Imagine this. An important colleague of yours is coming to dinner. A very reserved man. A man whose life is mostly in the closet. A man who went out of his way to help you your first year on the job.  
**Michael:** Yeah. I get the idea.  
**Bob:** (To Gary) Tell him who did all the cooking for this soiree.  
**Gary:** You wanted an objective opinion, right? Then let Michael listen to my side.  
**Bob:** All I remember you doing was arranging a bouquet of daisies. Oh yes, you also dimmed the lights.  
**Michael:** Bob, let Gary finish please.  
**Gary:** Thank you. All right. Your lover decides to start off the evening by totally humiliating your colleague. By suggesting that this nice man spent the previous evening working on every cock in a backroom sewer.  
**Bob:** I thought I was breaking the ice.  
**Gary:** (to Michael) If your lover had decided to break the ice in that way, what would you have done?  
**Michael:** I would have been furious.  
**Gary and Bob:** There!!!  
**Gary:** (To Bob) What do you mean "there?"  
**Bob:** A normal person would have been furious. Maybe even driven to violence. But not you. Not a true sadist. You just sulked and two weeks later threw me out.  
**Gary:** You know damn well that wasn't the reason.  
**Bob:** (Getting hysterical again) Then what was the reason? Did I do peepee on the toilet seat? One morning, after I give this fucker his morning coffee, not too light with a half a teaspoon of sugar, he announces that he thinks its all over. And I, like a simp, ask him what he thinks is all over, the bad weather, his dandruff problem, and

he nonchalantly tells me us. And mind you, this is after four years of telling me that I was a riot, that I was loads of fun!  
**Gary:** Fun?! Do you know what he calls fun? Hauling that ass of his up and down Christopher Street. (To Bob) You're pathetic.  
**Bob:** I am not. I'm a load of laughs. Everyone says so.  
**Gary:** You've got no ambition. You flit from job to job. You eat like you just got off the boat. You don't have a decent resume. You.....  
**Bob:** (Interrupting to Michael) Everyone envied Gary. They said I bet Bob keeps that man in stitches.  
**Michael:** (Trying to calm Bob down) I'm sure you were very exciting to live with.  
**Gary:** Then why don't you keep him.  
**Michael:** He doesn't belong to me.  
**Bob:** Why doesn't anyone want me anymore?  
**Michael:** I wanted you.  
**Bob:** For sex. Big deal. I'm talking about something more permanent than twenty minutes.  
**Michael:** I'm not exactly ready to settle down with you. We just met.  
**Gary:** Where did you pick him up?  
**Michael:** In front of the building.  
**Gary:** (To Bob) What were you doing there?  
**Bob:** Waiting for you to come out. I had to see you. There are a few things we've got to clear up. I thought I'd catch you when you went out to get the Times.  
**Gary:** That is really perverse.  
**Bob:** I waited and waited, but you never came out, I got chilly and met Michael. He had a nice smile, and I didn't feel like being alone so.....  
**Gary:** Waiting outside. Come on Bob, tell us what movie you were acting out? *Stella Dallas*. It's sick.  
**Michael:** Oh come on. It's kind of cute.  
**Bob:** What am I supposed to do? You won't see me anymore.  
**Gary:** (To Michael, sarcastically) Oh he's so irresistible and cute and nice and sweet and thoughtful.  
**Bob:** I am thoughtful.  
**Gary:** (Sarcastically) I know you are. Let me tell Michael what you got me for our anniversary. (To Michael) I

got a singing telegram and a dozen roses.  
**Michael:** Would you believe it... Nobody's ever brought me any flowers.  
**Bob:** That's sad.  
**Gary:** (To Michael) Would you listen! These gifts weren't showered on me in the privacy of my own home. Oh, no. They were sent directly to my office. My colleagues loved it. After all, it was something I always dream of—a surprise coming out party in the English office of Fordham University.  
**Bob:** I thought they'd call with the telegram. I had no idea that a fairy trio would come to your office and sing it to you live.  
**Michael:** I bet there are alot of faggots in New York that would love that kind of attention.  
**Gary:** Well, I am not a faggot.  
**Michael:** Excuse me.  
**Bob:** Oh shit, Elaine's going to get on her high horse.  
**Gary:** (Using a very effeminate voice) She this. Mary that. What the hell are you, a throw back? Your Super Fag act bores me. Aren't you tired of being a fruit?  
**Bob:** You son of a bitch. (He attempts to swing at Gary, but his leg and handcuffs prevent him. To Michael) Hit him. Hit him for me!  
**Michael:** Watch it or you'll have another attack.  
**Bob:** You like scenes, don't you? Let's do a real one! Let's mop the floor with Mucho Macho over there!  
**Gary:** If either of you touch me, I swear I'll call the police.  
**Michael:** Nobody's going to get near you. Bob calm down.  
**Bob:** Shall we use whips?!!  
**Michael:** He's kidding. I don't have any. Really. Not a one. You better go.  
**Gary:** The world isn't Christopher Street, Bob. It's very straight. And if you're going to survive, you better learn to fit in.  
**Bob:** Some of us can't pass.  
**Gary:** You never wanted to.  
**Bob:** Why should I. Tell me why I should?  
**Gary:** We could have been happy if you didn't have to be queer twenty-four hours a day.



**Bob:** I'm not like you sweetheart, I could never dabble.  
**Gary:** That's too bad.  
**Michael:** If you guys want to talk, I can go in the bedroom.  
**Bob:** No Michael, Gary's got to go.  
**Gary:** I'm sorry Bobby. Really I am.  
**Bob:** I'll have Tony and Dave pick up my things tomorrow.  
**Gary:** You can leave them with me until you find a place.  
**Bob:** No. I should get out of your way.  
**Michael:** (Opening the door for Gary) Good night. And thank you for coming down.  
**Bob:** Good-bye Gary.  
*(Gary stares at Bob for a moment and then heads for the door.)*  
**Gary:** Caio. *(He exits.)*  
*(Bob stares at the door for a few seconds.)*  
**Bob:** He took Italian once.  
**Michael:** Are you all right?  
**Bob:** I bet you wonder what I ever saw in him?  
**Michael:** His bounce?  
**Bob:** You should have seen me when we moved in together. I was real happy. I couldn't believe my luck. My lover was smart, handsome, opinionated, conservative, and so tight assed. I thought I had landed myself a real man.  
**Michael:** Let me check on Marty.  
**Bob:** Real men. Lordy, lordy. They should inoculate us against them at birth. I should have never left the kitchen.  
**Michael:** What?  
**Bob:** The kitchen. I should have stayed there. When you were a kid and your folks had company, did the

women sit in the kitchen and the men in another room?  
**Michael:** Yeah. The men never left the game room.  
**Bob:** Our men barricaded themselves in the parlor. It never dawned on me that I belonged with them. My place was definitely in the kitchen.  
**Michael:** (Putting down the phone) Marty's not home yet. If he lands a trick tonight, I sure as hell hope he takes the fellow to his place.  
**Bob:** You know how they justified my staying in the kitchen. They said I was a big help to my mother. Some big help. I passed out cake. They also said I was the artistic type. It didn't matter that I didn't have any talent, because what they meant was that I'd rather be talking about drapes than car insurance. You know, I never loved any group of people like I loved those women. They made me feel comfortable. We'd gossip about movies and dresses and make-up. But most of the time those ladies would just sit around that table and talk about themselves. As far as I could tell, the men never talked about anything I considered real. They talked about football, the cost of everything, the news and "the plant." I thought all that stuff was real boring. One of my problems is I still do.  
**Michael:** Well, when I was a little kid, I loved men. I always thought they were magical.  
**Bob:** I didn't. I had no interest in them until my cousin Florence married Jack Tucci. With his arrival I instantly graduated from the kitchen to the parlor. My father was relieved. Oh,

the conversation still bored me, but it didn't matter. I was in love. And I couldn't go back to the kitchen again. I resented those women too much. They all had a Jack Tucci, and I thought I'd never have one.  
**Michael:** See you got your wish. You had one.  
**Bob:** Oh, Gary's definitely a parlor man. Who'd you sit with? The men or the women?  
**Michael:** I played outside with the kids.  
**Bob:** Oh Jesus, another normal faggot. I must be the only cliché left.  
**Michael:** Don't be so hard on yourself kid.  
**Bob:** I'm not a kid.  
**Michael:** Sorry.  
**Bob:** It's okay.  
**Michael:** (Pause) Hey, we've got to cheer you up. How about a nice stiff drink?  
**Bob:** No thanks.  
**Michael:** Why don't we play some games?  
**Bob:** Are you kidding?  
**Michael:** No, not sex games. *(He goes to the living room closet and takes from the top shelf a stack of games.)* Cards, Monopoly, checkers ... you know, Scrabble, games.  
**Bob:** I'd lose and then feel worse.  
**Michael:** (Putting the games back) How about some TV? I'll bring the set out here.  
**Bob:** I couldn't concentrate. If you want to watch it go ahead.  
**Michael:** No. We could talk.  
**Bob:** We could.  
**Michael:** Or we could just sit here and hang out.  
**Bob:** Right.  
**Michael:** (Pause) It's funny, but whenever I'm upset, the only thing that distracts me is sex. A good lay always puts me out of my misery. Now, I'm not suggesting anything. I'm just talking.  
**Bob:** Oh, I know. I understand. *(Pause)* You're right though. A little human contact can be very reassuring. Especially during a bad time.  
**Michael:** And it's relaxing too. *(Pause)* You wouldn't want to ... a ... relax a bit ... would you?  
**Bob:** I don't know. *(Pause)* Oh, why not. But what can we do with me like this?  
**Michael:** We can do anything you like. We can have regular sex, dirty sex, S/M, or we can get into some kind of weird head trip. A light one of course.  
**Bob:** I've had enough head trips for a while. And nothing personal, but I don't feel like servicing anybody right now.  
**Michael:** Who said you'd have to do the servicing?  
**Bob:** What do you mean?  
**Michael:** Your wish could be my command.  
**Bob:** With me like this. You've got to be kidding.  
**Michael:** Try me.  
**Bob:** But I never did anything like this before. It's ridiculous.  
**Michael:** You might enjoy it. Come on. Give me an order.  
**Bob:** Like what?  
**Michael:** Anything. I'll do anything you want ... sir.  
**Bob:** All right. Make me a cup of coffee.  
**Michael:** Oh, you can do better than that.  
**Bob:** But I want a cup of coffee.

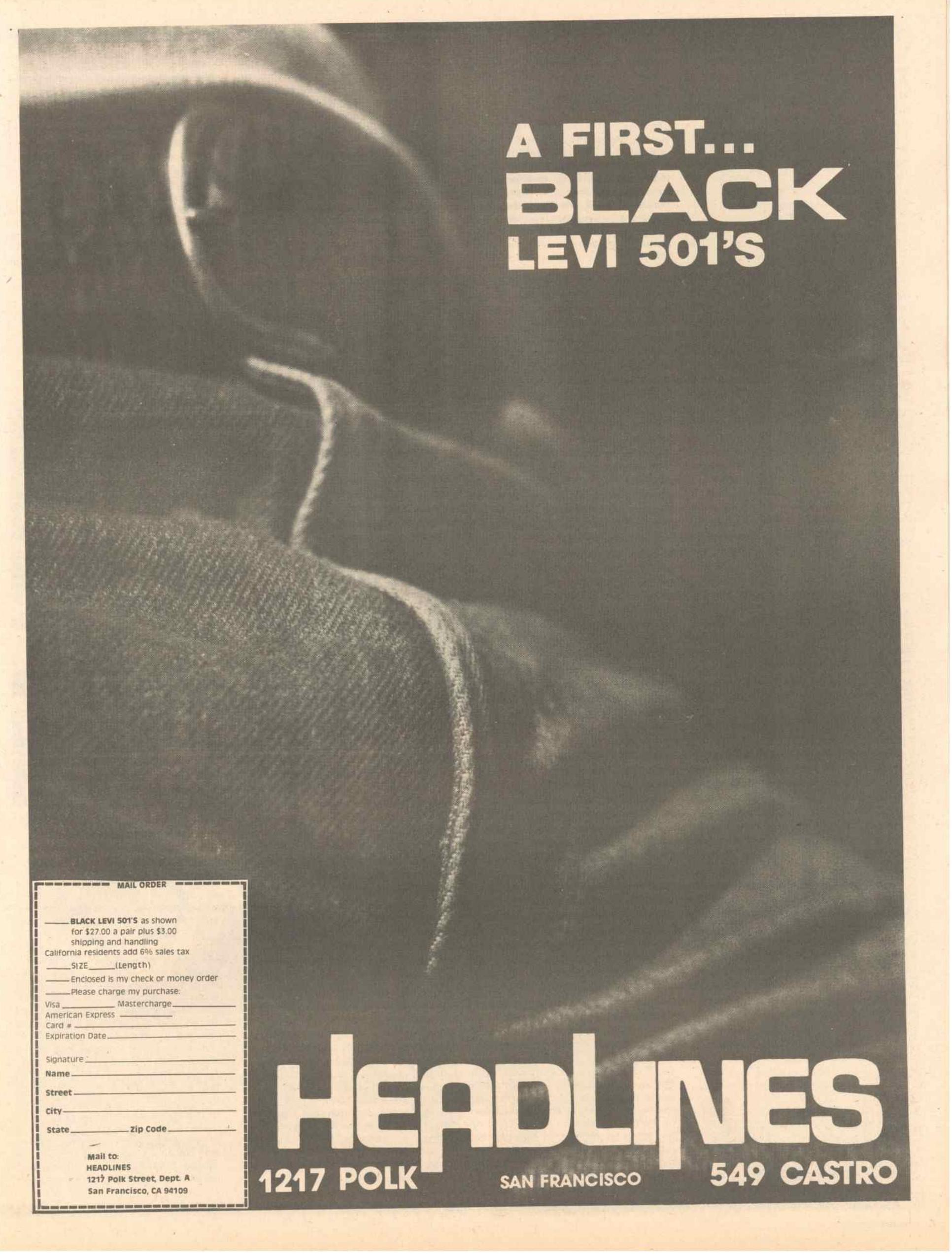
**Michael:** I'll put the pot on later. After our scene.  
**Bob:** Do you have any instant?  
**Michael:** Come on. Give this a try. Order me around. I told you I'd do anything. So, take advantage of me.  
**Bob:** I don't think I can.  
**Michael:** Fine. Don't. I don't know what the hell is wrong with me tonight. I usually don't have to force myself on my tricks. Look, if you're not into me, you're not into me. It's all right.  
**Bob:** I'm into you, but I'm embarrassed. Nobody ever asked me to abuse them before.  
**Michael:** You're putting me down, aren't you?  
**Bob:** No, it's just ...  
**Michael:** You are. You think I'm too freaky for your scrubbed up American taste.  
**Bob:** What are you talking about?  
**Michael:** Gary. I'm sure he doesn't have a kink in him.  
**Bob:** Let's forget about him. Get down on your knees. Come on, I gave you an order. Now kneel.  
**Michael:** You're not into it. You're just being polite.  
**Bob:** Son of a bitch. Kneel!  
**Michael:** Are you sure you want to do this?  
**Bob:** Shut up, slave.  
**Michael:** I'm telling you a scene doesn't work if the two people ...  
**Bob:** Shut up and kneel!  
**Michael:** Are you sure? Because ...  
**Bob:** KNEEL!  
**Michael:** Yes, sir.  
*(Michael obeys)*  
**Bob:** I don't like that. Stand up.  
**Michael:** (Getting up) I knew you wouldn't be able to get into it.  
**Bob:** Would you close that mouth.  
**Michael:** Yes, sir.  
**Bob:** Take off that vest and T-shirt.  
**Michael:** Yes, sir.  
*(Michael obeys)*  
**Bob:** That's some chest. Do you work out?  
**Michael:** (Proudly) Does it show? I've been going to the gym for about six months, but I didn't think anything was happening.  
**Bob:** Sir.  
**Michael:** What?  
**Bob:** You forgot to call me sir.  
**Michael:** Oh yes, sir. *(Whispering)* You're getting into it. I can tell.  
**Bob:** Now, I want you to pick me up and carry me into the bedroom.  
**Michael:** I can't.  
**Bob:** Why not?  
**Michael:** (Whispering) My back. It'll go out.  
**Bob:** Oh. *(Pause)* All right, then we'll do it here.  
**Michael:** Yes, sir.  
**Bob:** Now I want you to take down my pants...  
**Michael:** Yes, sir.  
**Bob:** ... and then I want you to undress ...  
**Michael:** Yes, sir.  
**Bob:** ... and then make love to me nice and slow. Casual almost.  
**Michael:** Very good, sir.  
**Bob:** Well, slave?  
*(Michael falls to his knees and reaches for Bob's belt. Bob taps Michael on the shoulders.)*  
**Bob:** (Whispering) How am I doing?  
**Michael:** (Whispering back) Just fine ... Sir.

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...Once more, into the streets, my friends. On Sunday, June 28, the 1981 version of the San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration will rise out of its ashes, a phoenix-like phenomenon consumed almost annually in the flames of its own political discontent. Of the hundreds of thousands who will form the breath and body of this universally diverse creature, only a few handfuls will know what went into making it fly. Fewer still will care. The spectacle has the power to consume participants, witnesses and its creators alike.

publicized demonstrations of righteous faggotry and (in smaller proportion) dykehood. Like it or not, those days are gone, probably forever, though the establishment media distortions still and will continue.

The last few years have seen the Parade become an institution of such breadth (involving a third to a half million individuals) that to treat it as anything other than a formal, businesslike structure would be to court disaster on a large-crowd scale. The kind of organization required to set it up legally, raise the money, publicize

Neither the 1980 Board nor the dissenters among its membership would actually make the changes; the turning point was to devolve on the Parade juggernaut, itself, with its component cadres coming from all over North America, banners high with protest, proclaiming identity, affinity, camaraderie. San Francisco had been taken hostage to that opportunity, whatever its hosts desired.

The last battle was fought, quite literally and surprisingly invisible, upon the Celebration stage on the City Hall steps when the "no speakers" commandment was broken once

# We Are Not Here To Celebrate We're Here To Demonstrate: The 1981 Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade And How It Got That Way

by Penni Kimmel



*The rodeo scheduled for California this fall had been cancelled by the time the Parade rolled down the street, but the large number of horse-and-riders, and the Nevada Gay Rodeo contingent, kept the urban cowboys happy. Also marching were groups opposed to rodeos of any kind because of the mistreatment of animals by the sport. Photo by Wolfgang.*

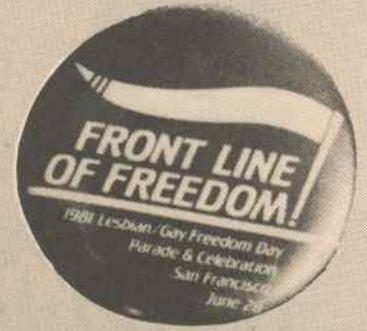
Back in the (good?) old days you could still get a gay parade together with a just cause. The memorial of the 1969 Stonewall Riots in the Big Apple would do; the first San Francisco marches were tenuous extensions of that anniversary, very much grassroots, organized as Christopher Street West. Given the cause, you needed just the date, word-of-mouth and a mimeograph machine, homemade placards and a permit. Barring the permit, it helped to have a patron in the background to pay the bail or the hospital bill if you planned on marching the traffic lanes. San Francisco has seen its share of those, the near-spontaneous, cruelly mis-

it, contend with the disunited elements within and without the lesbian and gay communities, and somehow still preserve the philosophical and political traditions was the kind of organization only a mother could love. By June, 1980, the original motivations, the street-people base and the activist politics had all but disappeared, in the organizing if not in the realization of the Parade, buried in the files of a solemn corporate board. The general membership had been excluded from the decision-making process. "Losangelization" as some call it, referring to that city's annual gay almost-profit-making extravaganza, was on the way.

and for all. Backstage, Parade Co-chair, Bruce Goranson made a last loud stand for playing ostrich, for showing a pretty, homogeneous mask rather than homosexual faces to the world. The active lesbian and gay media were barred from the premises. They and the monitors settled the argument by physically thrusting Robin Tyler, the unwitting center of the speaker controversy, overhead and hand to hand to the microphone of the speakers platform.

On stage with Robin Tyler and other unscheduled speakers that day was Barbara Cameron, a co-founder of the Gay AMERICAN Indians and member of the Third World Lesbian

# PARADE '81



Caucus. Behind one of the gay cameras, taking award-winning pictures of the event, was photo-journalist Greg Day. Barbara and Greg were to spearhead the clean-up and reconstruction of the Parade organization; seven grueling months later they would be elected Co-chairs of the newly-named, re-incorporated Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration Committee. The dissenters among the disenfranchised general membership were to have their chance under the slogan "Take Back Our Parade!"

The new leadership responds more to the chaotic democratic process of an early-American Constitutional convention than an industrial corporate board system but they contend that the revitalization of old principles and new forces is worth the temporary loss of efficiency.

The addition of the word "Lesbian" to the Committee title turned out to be only the first of many changes in the struggle to open the 1981 Parade organization to people and ideas that had not previously been credited, that had been excluded, denied access or gone unrecognized as legitimate members/powers in what was

once again to become a "movement". The rewriting of by-laws—a burn-out, tedious job if ever there was one—saw in its final form the inclusion of full co-sexuality and parity on sub-committee levels for racial minorities, the handicapped and youth. In essence, those by-laws now direct that the membership in conjunction with a chosen steering committee reflect who, rather than what, lesbians and gay men are, in the broadest spectrum. The parity will take more years of work but the fundamental bridges are laid.

The international focus of the 1981

The world's largest gay parade took place on June 28th in San Francisco. Blessed by good weather and a renewed sense of activism following two lesser parades in 1980 and 1979, this year's parade attracted a huge turnout. Approximately 300,000, give or take a dozen, turned out to participate or watch.

"Front Line of Freedom" was the theme of this year's parade. Contingents from all around the Bay Area as well as from other states and foreign countries marched, rode, or rollerskated their way up Market Street, San Francisco's main artery, from the waterfront to the Civic Center.

This year's parade was well organized and spirited, with some 50 floats and 160 different marching contingents.

Some of the groups included the following: Solidarity, a group supportive of gay unions, Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights, Dykes on Bikes (who opened the parade), Gay Fathers, and The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, an order of male nuns devoted to the expiation of guilt.

There were also dogs, monkeys, and at least one horse and one llama.

Booths at the fair afterwards included a Dishing Booth by Theatre Rhinoceros, where people could pay a dollar to get "dished" by a group of actors. Other booths were full of gay Christians, gay athletes, gay socialists, and gay republicans handing out flyers and pamphlets to passersby.

This year there were no carnival rides, but a second stage was set up on the opposite side of the square to accommodate other voices in the gay community. A skit about VD was presented. It was mindful of the medieval pagents in which the groundlings learned the fundamentals of dogma by watching easily understood dramatic demonstrations.

A man in an evening gown and blonde wig sang a torch song.

On the main stage speakers and entertainers boomed their various messages across the Civic Center. Supervisor Harry Britt got in a double knock at Mayor Dianne Feinstein, by asking if anyone in the crowd believed that the police could objectively evaluate charges of police brutality, as the police department is currently claiming. When no one replied, Britt said, "Well, that must mean that the Mayor has failed to show up for yet another Gay Parade!"

Handicapped spokespersons; socially committed singers, such as Chris Tanner, and Tom Robinson; representatives of Third World minorities; a business spokesperson, (but precious few representatives of the arts) spoke or sang until the late afternoon fog rolled in, signalling an end to the official festivities.

—Daniel Curzon



The New York parade, emerging from a year of transition not unlike San Francisco's, boasted a parade of 50,000 and twice that many spectators. Photo by Sandy Graham.



Hankerciefed, booted, square-dancing cowboys were a common sight during the parade. C&W music and dress has become the trademark of the new gay clone. Photo by Wolfgang.

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Parade, under its "Front Line of Freedom" banner is an example of a drive that has always been present but lost in the crowd. This year's speakers platform will welcome words of gay liberation, information, hope and protest from a number of other countries—the countries and speakers' names being withheld pending their arrival in the U.S. beyond the Immigration barriers.

The Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee has reached out beyond the parade anniversary date to affect

other areas of the community at other times. With the April issue of ... *On Parade*, the first newspaper ever put out by a gay group aiming at an annual event, the liberalized nature of the new structure became evident. Freedom Day in San Francisco had become Freedom Week, and the upcoming happenings—social, recreational, cultural and political—would rise in the yeast of principles-in-action to fill further spaces in the calendar. Beginning on May 21st, Lesbian/Gay History Month (a five-

week month: the calendar is a flexible as its makers) is open for business, education and pleasure.

Whatever battles there are still to be fought, the orientation of the 1981 Parade committee and membership is to preserve, protect and project all diverse lesbian and gay identities into the future to guard against further encroachments on our freedoms. Sounds like a big order. All it takes is a lot of little people to fill it. Well, once more into the streets, friends!

## After dreams by Penny Kimmel

Closing in on midnight at San Francisco's Civic Center Plaza. Detritus. Debris. Gar-baj. The dregs and dragscapes of the great gay behemoth out for an annual Sunday trundle. Tote that float. Lift that voice.

—Would you mind telling me how you could possibly mislay a twenty-five foot flatbed? Never mind.

Only the media tried for a body-count: a network cameraman rides up on the cherry-picker going "ten-twenty-thirty times density minus fountain plus ..." You could feel it but not really take it in. You could only see the faces coming toward you, the shoulders passing on either side, the sounds of strides and shuffles behind. Some came in vertical pairs.

—Your turn, Jeannie. Upsy-daisy.

—It's great from up here. But, god, when I came over from the East Bay this morning, standing on the MacArthur platform and the Concord train came in and unloaded cars and cars of gays from the suburbs... nothing surprises me anymore, but—

—Excuse me, lady. Would you kindly remove your lover.

The Tenderlion winos wait in the wings in the distant shadow of the larger Parade flags still locked to the poletops. The flags, rainbow and particolored, are part of the tradition now, part of internecine committee struggles, their politics long since fluttered off in the bay breezes the night before, leaving only color and pride waving behind.

—I told you they didn't deliver enough toilets. Looka that. And only one lousy roll of paper per portapotty.

—Uh, could you repeat that last phrase?

—It is not funny.

A weary womancrew strikes the last of the main stage scaffolding. The barriers on the far end come down and City Hall is more or less open for business again. For different, more mundane sort of backstage affairs. Its cement steps now bear the warm imprint of lesbian ass, gay ass and an assortment of homophile elbows: here sat Robin Tyler chatting with Tom Robinson. The sounds of Swingshift's jazz, the exhortations of Nicaragua, Mexico, Australia, the angry, the disabled, the poets, the politician, the punk, the Rainbow Deaf Society mix in their echoes under the rumble of a giant forklift.



—I never thought it would be so difficult to become a nun. Three whole vacation days shot to hell sewing up a habit. Do you think Sister Pious Peak is a good name? Will it work? There went my veil flying off in the street; it was my very first motorcycle ride.

—Are you sure Colorado's ready for a Perpetual Indulgence order?

—Oh, shut up and sell postcards.

The grassy stretches of the plaza are black under the trees, spotted at

Write that down.

—I mean, it's one thing to light the lambda lamp of liberty for the gay masses of the world but only the really wretched would work for a bologna sandwich.

There are traces of extravaganza still imbedded in the streets and sidewalks. Wheelchair tracks, bare babyfeet, sandal scuffs, marks of the much-slandered Adidas, and the occasional imprint of a Gucci-go-to-gay-day loafer. Everything overlapped: the three-hour parade from various vantage points, six hours of speechifying and entertainment from two stages and multiple sound systems, a medieval maze of booths, gaps of queer quiet on the lawns or in the densest depths of the crowd.

—I'm telling you, it's easy. Just put on your best basso profundo, walk up to him and growl sweetly: Your gym or mine?

—And there I was munching on a knish and it was my math teacher, I swear. From Cincinnati. In leather drag. In this weather.

—Does anyone know where all these beautiful women go after the parade? Berkeley? Are you sure? Oooh, hot child in the city, I guess!

At one unscheduled point, a beaming Mary Dunlap made a pitch to the Celebration audience. The cream of confidence, direct from her star courtroom appearance winning an injunction to protect foreign gay visitors from the Immigration hassles, the lesbian lawyer persuades the thousands before her to, each and every one, pick up a piece of trash nearby and raise it in their hands. The municipal ediface looms behind her and a horrified, tantalized whisper runs through the crowd: "Oh, m'gawd, she's gonna tell us to throw it at City Hall." Fat chance. It all goes in the nearest wastebasket, but there for a moment...

—There's a little boy lost, folks. A little boy lost. Look for a youngster alone with "I love my gay daddy" on his tee-shirt.

Everyone's found, gone out, gone home. Light fog coming in and the street barricades are the last to go. The sawhorses mounted with amber flashers are hauled off by twos and threes into the portapotties to be picked up in the morning.

—The Press table urgently requires a Swedish interpreter. Anyone speak Swedish?

—Why don't they ask in the Chorus?

—Don't be silly. They've just been to Lincoln and New York and Dallas and Seattle and places like that.

—Oh, Well, maybe they'll play Europe next year.

—You're no help.

The last truck is lumbering out of the plaza, leaving only palpable visions behind, one of a late-night derelict, reeling on the dregs of Dos Equis beer, stumbling into one of the toilets to be confronted by flashing amber lights in the air that illuminate a fading pink triangle pasted to the back of the latrine: DT's. Sweet dreams for the rest of us. Except for the policeman who got the milk shake thrown in his face.

—Is this in keeping with the Parade Committee philosophy?

—It was a beer, the cops said.

—Oh, Well, that's all right then, as long as it wasn't Coors.

—Next year?

—Are you fucking kidding?



Left top, Majorettes with a real 50s attitude strutted while a real live Hell's Angel (left bottom) roared, Supervisor Richard Hongisto (right top) smiled, and Supervisor Harry Britt (right bottom) waved at the crowd. Photos by Wolfgang.



the edges with hyperultrasuper-thick plastic trash bags, too much for the city's dumpster. The scavengers have already been at the spoils. An unofficial salvage crew, one still in his giraffe coat, picks up here and there.

—Save the sticks. Save the sticks! We can use them again.

—Okay. Okay. Some of the placards, too, huh?

—Leave 'em. They're biodegradable.

—How come the monitors only got bologna sandwiches?

—No more beer in glass bottles.

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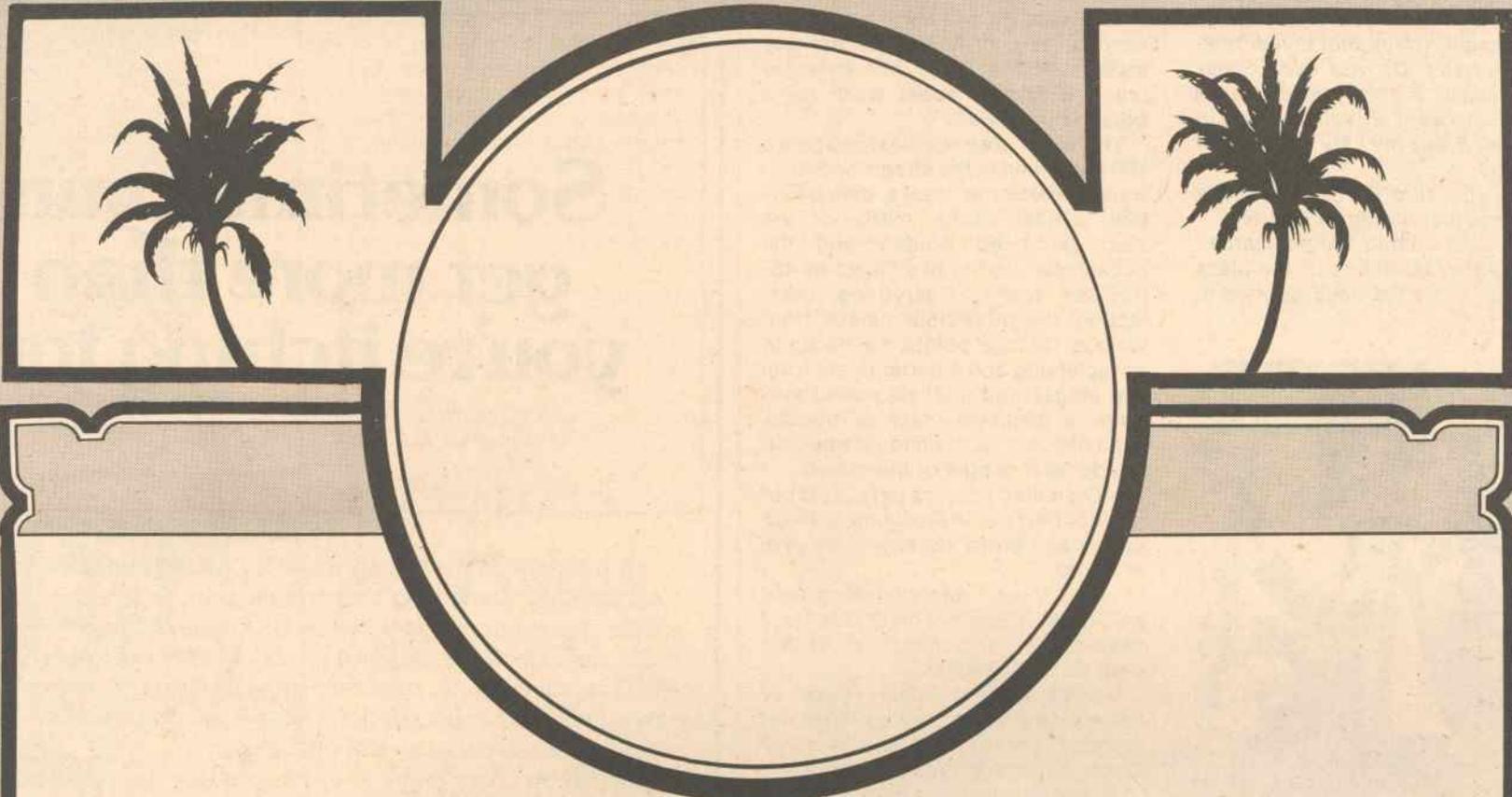


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## Answers to The Numbers Gayme

2	0	69	10
0	69	10	2
69	10	2	0
10	2	0	69

- A. Six - Three = Two
- B. Twenty-seven - twenty-seven = Zero
- C. Sixty + Nine = Sixty-nine
- D. One Hundred Twenty - (Midnight) Twelve = Ten
- E. Nineteen Eighty-four - Nineteen Eighty-four = Zero
- F. Sixty-nine × (I) One = Sixty-nine
- G. Seventh + Third = Ten
- H. Twice - One = Two
- I. Sixty-three + Six = Sixty-nine
- J. Four + Three + Three = Ten
- K. One (-eyed man) × Two = Two
- L. \_\_\_\_\_ × zero = Zero
- M. Ninety - Nine = Ten
- N. One + One = Two
- O. Third - Three = Zero
- P. Sixty-nine × One = Sixty-nine

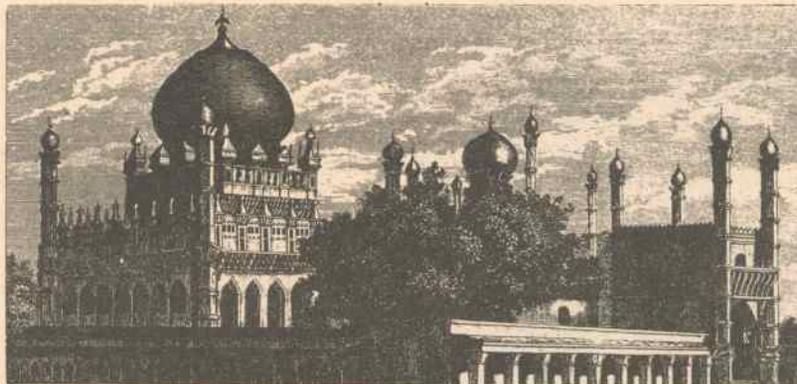


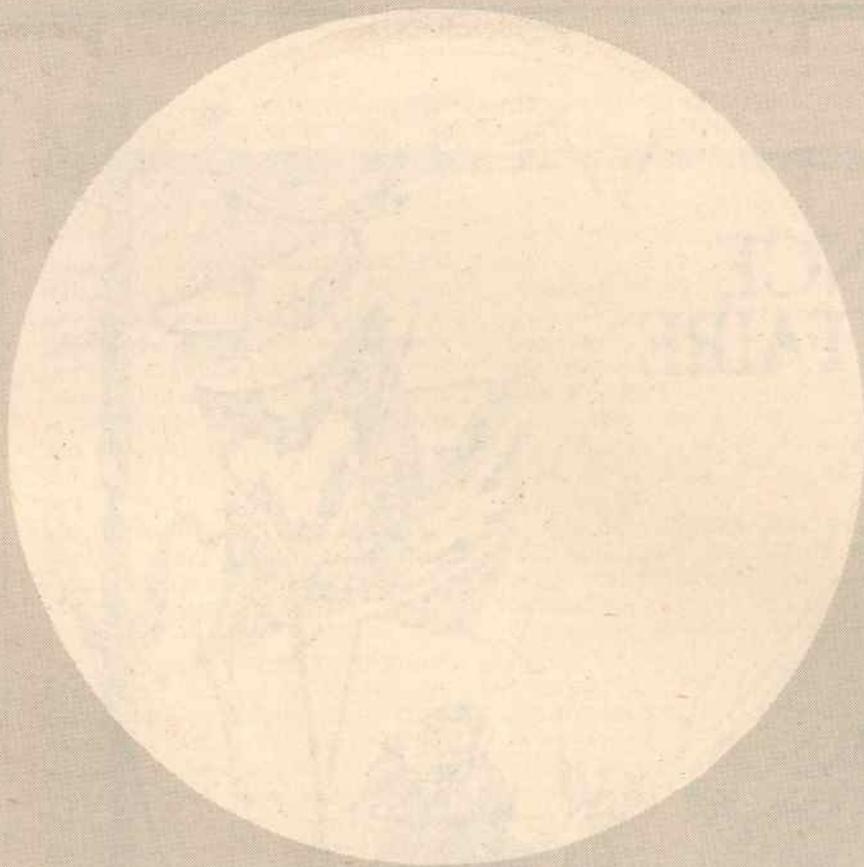
Three Poems  
for an  
Istanbul Midnight  
by Lyle Glazier

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About two o'clock in the foggy morning it must have been when I got back to the pension on Cumhuriyet Caddesi. I had to wake the boy to let me in. As always when I come in late, I carried a 2½ lira coin for him, slipping it into his hand when he opened the great slab of the pension door.

I suppose I drank too much raki at dinner with Ozcan and Lisa and other members of the department who were invited on my return. I am sure I talked too much. I was weaving when I slammed the car door to close in Leyla in the back seat, with Ihsan and Tuge in front for their ride over the new bridge across the Bosphorus to Kadikoy and Moda. The new bridge made the entire city different. Lovely from a distance when its lacy arch is seen from one of the Galata ferries, on close contact it seems to break up into a conglomerate of roadbed, pedestrian walk, and the ruinous approaches that have devastated Sisli on the west bank, and in Asia totally demolished the quiet little hamlet of Fistigaci where our family lived in 1961. On this brief return I had not time to revisit Asia, but I could look across at the destruction, and the whole area of the east bank above Uskudar ferry landing seemed like ruined paradise.





There were great changes even on Kalipci Street where I was standing watching the red tail lights retreat. Ozcan and Lisa lived in Tesvikiye on the top floor of a new apartment house at exactly the same address where I lived in 1962 in Villa Rest, a charming wall-enclosed one-story pension set well back from the street. Not only had the villa been erased, the whole neighborhood was improved, with soaring glass and concrete apartment houses replacing the rickety but picturesque wooden houses. Modernity and convenience replaced dignity and charm. When I lived there, I had never seen the inside of any of the neighboring houses, and I suppose I would have shuddered to live in one, but now that they were gone, their ghosts gave a squeeze to my heart. Standing in the trafficless street, I looked up the canyon walls at Ozcan's bright windows and felt like crying for the old city of only fifteen years ago. I had lived in it without fully knowing it, a visitor from the outside who could love it without ever being a part of it. Lonely then, I was desperately lonely now. It was as if a modular unit from the Bronx had been set down in Istanbul. As an American, I ought to have felt at home inside the American capsule; instead I felt miserably forsaken.

It was useless to stand at eleven-thirty there in that no man's land mourning a violated suburb. On liquorish legs, I walked the well-known route to the bus stop on the slope downhill from Nisantas, weaving there in the fog that had settled so thick that it printed my raincoat with beads of water like a fine rain. I intended to walk back to Taksim, but it was as if I flew there. Not until the next morning, with the greatest effort, was I able to reconstruct the means for my transportation. The revelation struck so vividly, so astonishingly recreating a lost moment, that I memorialized the event in my prosy verse diary:

*I wake up this morning  
thinking I can't remember  
at all the long walk  
from Tesvikiye,  
suddenly I remember  
a bus coming along  
and I took it.*

Like the capsular past that took possession of my mind the evening before, now a brief capsule history of my bus ride hurtled into my consciousness from wherever it had been stored. I recalled my surprised pleasure that I should arrive at the bus stop at the very instant a bus lurched in, so that unhesitatingly, as if by appointment, I staggered aboard, paid my 50 kurus, and sank down on one of the long vertical seats at the front for the quick ride through the night to Taksim. I had just enough wit not to climb out at the stop in front of the Hitit Pension, but continued on to the Square, so that I could have the luxury of a stroll back through the park, raised like a shield on its granite ledge above the streets of the city.

Climbing the wide flight of stairs from the Taksim arrival and departure area, I could see ahead of me through the mist a shadowy figure that wavered and disappeared as I neared the top. I turned left on the sidewalk around the sunken oval of playground, reluctant to wet my

pants by sitting on one of the benches under the dripping trees. The shadowy wraith at the top of the stairs had dissipated into the heavy night air. I wished I would meet somebody. A tourist now, a stranger, I was released from the stringent ethic of abstention that governed me back twelve years on my second year in Istanbul, alone then, for Sally and the girls had returned to Buffalo. If in prospect when they left, I had thought I would have a year of liberation, I was dreadfully mistaken. After a couple of misadventures caused by carelessness and indiscretion, I became rigorously ascetic, tossing aside the illusion of a year on the town. Without Sally as a protective screen, I could do nothing. Hanging over me was the danger that I would relax into promiscuity, misbehave and be caught and exposed. It was as if I had to be flagrantly straight in order to be gay.

Tonight was different. I had no obligations at Istanbul University, no colleagues whose goodwill I might forfeit, no students whose derision would be painful. As a tourist I was anonymous and free, unapt to run into anybody with the foggiest notion who or what I was. In this thick swirl of vapor, ambulating through the shroud of near-midnight and near-storm, I might have been a queer from another planet.

As if responding to my wish, from behind one of the trees stepped forward—small, indistinct, propitiatory in the dim glow of an aureoled arc-light—a stunted, deceptively ordinary mortal, a disarming grin on his swarthy but convivial face.

"Tunaydin, efendim."  
"Tunaydin, efendim." The familiar words flowed automatically in an echo of his "Good evening."

"Cok iyi, efendim."  
Yes, yes! I agreed! If the night was "good", it could be *cok iyi*—very good. A workman, with hands in his pockets, he was sharply observing my eyes. I put one hand in my trouser pocket.

"Cok iyi, efendim." So very, very good.

When he stepped out of the light

into deep shadow at the base of a tree, I followed, brushing against him.

"Cok iyi." He was whispering now, and reached to draw me into an embrace. We kissed in the dark, his hands busy over my buttocks and thighs, the buttocks again. He twirled me around, drawing me close back-to. I could feel his hands on my chest. Our bear-hug was not at all sordid, not vicious, but warm and friendly like his voice. I knew when his exploring fingers entered and emptied my breast pocket, but I really didn't mind. I had prepared for such an invasion. He deftly loosened his trousers, and I felt the familiar, intimate pressure at the base of my spine. He continued hugging me, but when I reched back to touch him, he drew away laughing. I laughed, too, dismissing our abortive event.

He bowed low, "Allaha ismarladik, efendim."

"Gule gule, efendim."

He was gone, swallowed up in the chiaroscuro of the rainwet night.

I continued on my way, my head clearing fuzzily from the liquor, but still buzzing with good feeling. I felt tip-top, glowing with health, absolutely incandescent from the encounter.

Staggering a bit, caught off guard on the downgrade at the north end of the quadrangle, I felt myself betrayed into an uneven jog, then a stiff-legged lunge that could easily collapse, tipping me onto the wet ground. I caught my balance in time. Very carefully I climbed the short stiff ascent to the small blacktopped apron of promenade overlooking the construction for the shaft of the great new Sheraton Hotel. Cradling my testicles on the iron railing, I gazed up at the towering pillar, so solid when I saw it yesterday by daylight, but now seeming to shimmer in the luminous, nebulous, densely-saturated atmosphere. The rugged barrels of the shaft simply disappeared up there somewhere as if lost in a trapdoor in the ceiling. I gawped and leaned, happy to have the support of the railing. When nobody came, I waited a bit longer, for luck, then continued my

circuit on the other side of the park, heading back toward the stairs. Halfway along, I steered toward a dark bench under the trees and sat down, dismissing my earlier precaution. I sat there in the gloom, suspended between reason and dream, happily taking leave of my senses. I have no idea how much time may have elapsed when I was jarred out of limbo by a football and a soft voice.

"Tunaydin, efendim."

Standing abruptly, I reached for him and quickly embraced him again, taking him by surprise, for I was far ahead of his game. Laughing, I pulled him close, guided his fingers to my empty shirt pocket, then laughingly pulled away.

"Bes tane bes lire, efendim," I said laughing so hard he was infected and burst a gut with me. Splitting our sides, we clung together, kneading each other's groin.

"You've got my five five-lira notes, my friend," I translated into English he could not understand.

Cautiously hushing our voices, we giggled hysterically, rubbing our cocks together, inflating elation for the poem I would write later, safely housed, still roused and unable to sleep:

*He knew quite well  
when the pickpocket  
got the five folded  
five lira notes  
out of his breast  
pocket; when they met  
again, and the Turk still  
laughed and told him,  
"Bes tane bes lira,  
efendim." There  
in the rain they laughed  
at their silly joke  
together.*

We did stand there in the rain at least five minutes, pawing each other, enjoying each other, neither expecting anything much. He already had his pay, and I had no intention of pressing him to the point of embarrassment with his own lust. Since I had no more banknotes on me, it would be unkind to test his manhood against my desires. But for a few moments at least, we declared a moratorium on common sense. He was skilled at the skin game, knew well how to capture attention, how to chloroform caution, one hand busy with tricks to conceal the deft expeditions of the five other nimble fingers. I let him practice his skill.

We broke away laughing, happy in each other, understanding that this time our farewells were final.

"Allaha ismarladik, efendim."

"Gule gule, efendim."

He was gone.

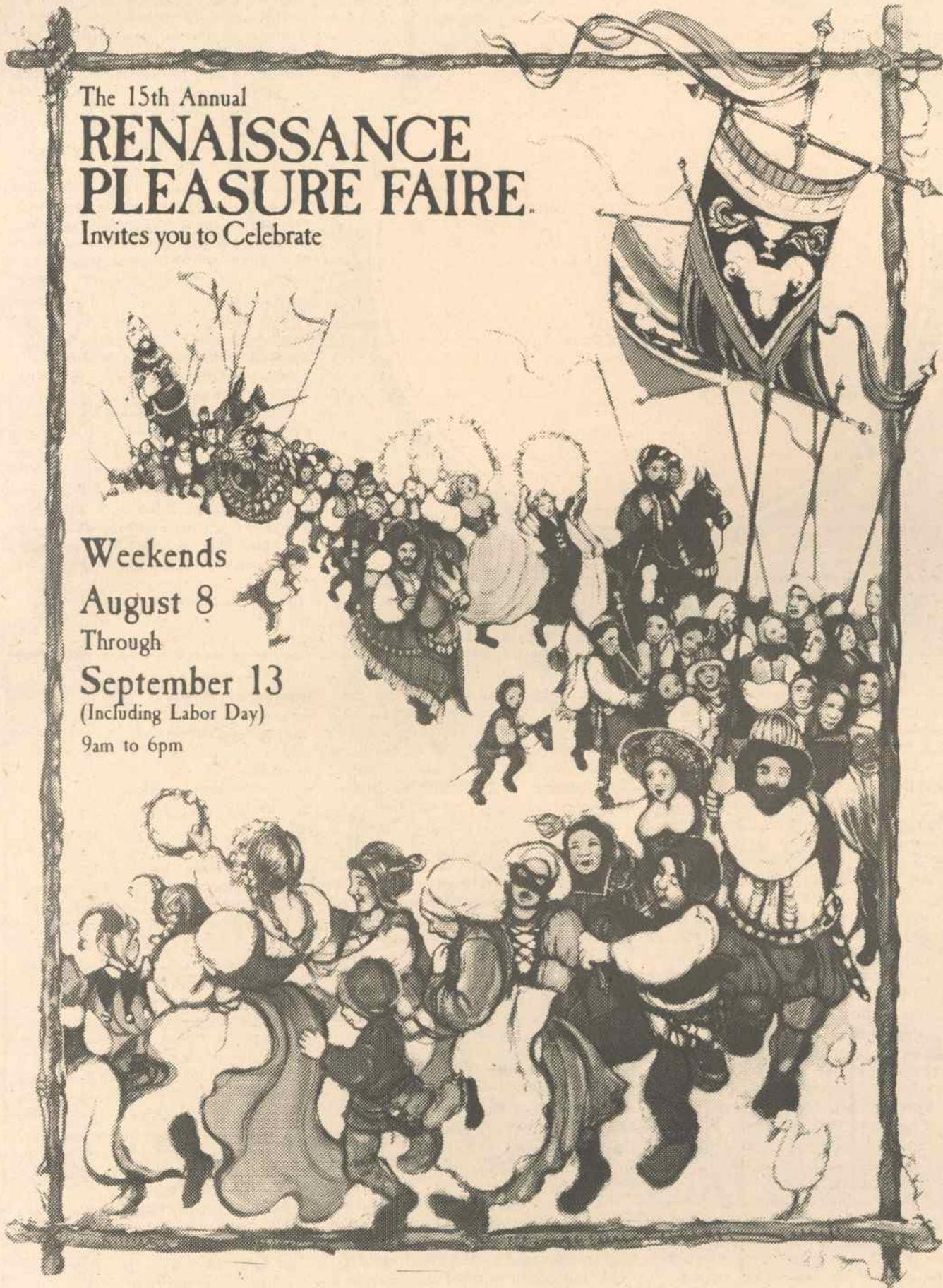
It was high time for me to be back at the Hitit. I turned back toward the Sheraton construction, this time not pausing on the observation apron, but tooling happily downhill toward the mini-park across from the Divan Hotel.

To my utter astonishment, having fully relinquished all thought of fulfillment, though riding the crest of excitement, exactly when I was not expecting anything further, I was hailed again. Out of the absolute black at the base of the new construction, a dark figure suddenly stepped. His voice was grave and exaggeratedly solicitous. From the direction of his speech, he was tall.

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"Aksamlar, efendim."  
"Aksamlar, efendim," I repeated his  
"Goodnight sir."  
"Nasilsiniz, efendim?"  
"Iyyim, efendim. Nasilsiniz?"  
"Tesekkur ederim, efendim, cok  
iyyim."

"Buyurun, efendim."  
He was inviting me into the gloom.  
Backing, bowing, imploring, he  
disappeared after his voice. I fol-  
lowed him into the small house of the  
night-watchman, where a lantern was  
burning softly. I could see now an  
imposing, slim-hipped man, hand-  
some, mustached, elegantly dressed.  
He might be a member of parliament.  
"Buyurun, efendim. Buyurun."

He bowed me into a chair, then  
quickly stooped to turn up the gas  
under a portable burner on which a  
samovar was already bubbling and  
steaming. His fingers trembled with  
eagerness.

"Cay, efendim."  
Deftly, he poured rich tea into  
squat-bellied glasses, slapping two  
saucers on top, and like a prince bes-  
towing the Topkapi emerald, placed a  
cube of sugar on each saucer.

"Cay, efendim, cok iyi."  
He brought me my glass, bowing  
low like a court dignitary. I put the  
sugar in my mouth, placed the saucer  
under the glass, and gratefully sipped  
the hot tea through nectar, lifting the  
thin glass by the very edge of the rim,  
for my fingers had learned that les-  
son. Facing me, beaming, the gentle-  
man sipped also, his eyes as brimful  
as his glass. He looked over the top of  
the rim with devoted, beseeching  
gaze, alert for my merest whim. With-  
out more words, he managed to imply  
that if I asked, he would stretch out  
for a rug under my feet, all his elege-  
ance prostrate.

"Alman, efendim?"  
"Hayir, efendim. Franciz."  
Automatically, I resorted to my  
usual subterfuge, pretending to be  
French, not German as he inquired,  
and certainly not American, guarding  
from later exposure. I hoped that he  
wouldn't press me, for such an exqui-  
site fashion-plate might, in this multi-  
lingual country, have a command of  
French far beyond my mere smatter.

He pressed me, but not on the  
score of tongues. When I finished my  
tea, he put down his glass on the  
brazier, came to me for mine, and  
placed it with his. He came back  
directly, drew me up from my chair,  
and without further parley, tipped me  
face up over a sturdy table, my feet  
hardly touching the floor. Feverishly,  
he loosened my belt and fly and  
dropped my trousers, and then  
dropped his own. He made a ridicu-  
lous appearance (matching my own,  
no doubt), his cock thrust stiff  
between the drape of starched shirt-  
flaps. Still in jacket and vest and tie,  
he was drawingroom modish above,  
and bedroom ideal below. From his  
feverish pitch, I judged that he had  
notions of committing a rape. Still  
swayed by onridding good humor, I  
was in a transcendent mood. Spread-  
legged, scut-tilted, ready, I enter-  
tained the word 'ravis', which  
popped naturally into my mind from  
my years-ago-cramming for Ph.D.  
orals. Searching the by-ways of liter-  
ature, I read a seventeenth-century  
masque, where an impassioned  
ingenue leaps to her suitor's advan-

ces, crying, "It is impossible to ravish me I am so willing."

He was quick, able and thorough. Service never went better, though hardly enough prolonged. He plunged all the way in one motion like a barnyard bull servicing a cow. Then he held, swelling at the root until my muscles pounded. Too soon I could feel his violent, imprisoned thrashings. He never once touched my erection, however visibly I must have projected. He drew out, disdainful now, and dried himself on a linen towel, then pulled up his pants in a hurry.

Nearly exhausted, unsatisfied, but on cue, I started to rise.

"Bir dakika, efendim," he said, genuflecting, and immediate departing—"for only a moment, dear sir."

Very tired, I managed to sit up and slide my feet to the floor. I hardly realized that between us we had consummated what would be the midnight's third lyric:

*He simply cannot believe that after dinner with Ozan and Lisa reeling with raki he found his way to Taksim and got fucked by the mustached eminently respectable nightwatchman guarding the Sheraton construction*

There out to have been a fourth poem. The next incident, developing on my host's return, never got poeticized.

Before I could fasten my clothes, he was back, bringing with him a tremendous companion. The man was like an enormous tree-trunk, seven feet tall, beer barrel-chested, Atlas-armed, Goliath-legged. He might once have been a harem-keeper, a eunuch in the employ of a Sultan, but turned now into the nightwatchman's bodyguard. Aside from his gigantic girth, what struck me was his smouldering gaze, which blazed with deliberate hostility, as if a lifetime's hatred was congealed in the obsidian centers of his eyes. I was hypnotized into terror. At the same time, I couldn't ignore the antics of my importunate host, who was rubbing together his extended index fingers like a cricker twiddling his feelers.

"Biribiri," he said, "biribiri." He stepped in front of the giant and continued to twiddle his fingers. Some hidden protective instinct turned me glacial. Though trembling inside, my voice and behavior were under perfect control. My instant impulse was to throw my two hosts into the track of the ancient Turkish tradition of exquisite hospitality. If I could assume they were in thrall to good manners, perhaps I could pull off my salvation.

Bowing nearly to the floor, I intoned, "Allaha ismarladik, efendim," for my champion. Without a pause, I executed the same maneuver for the grand champion national wrestler, "Allaha ismarladik, efendim."

Like puppets, they both reacted automatically, outdoing my prostrations with a deep obeisance of their own.

"Gule gule, efendim." Clutching my half-open trousers, I made as hurried an exit as impeccable manners permitted, retreating with a fixed smile, always face-to-face with my co-conspirators. Caught by surprise, in the grip of decorum too ingrained to veto, they had to let me go.

Once outside the shack, I shuffled with rapid pace, trusting the fog to engulf me. When I thought I was out of hearing, I broke into a run all the way to the street. I crossed to the opposite sidewalk and scurried three blocks to the Hitit. There, huddled on the top step, I had to endure the strain of waiting while the nightboy woke, I suppose, yawned, stretched, scratched his head, and stumbled into his trousers before flinging open the door. I gave him his 2½ lira coin, and turned upstairs, safe now, not too scatterbrained to pay tiptoe respect to the sleepers bedded around me. In my room, cold sober, I wrote a

poem almost at once as a way of unwinding. Undressed, I turned out the light, only to switch it back on to write the poetic tribute to my elegant prime minister.

Not till I was dressing the next morning I discovered my belt was missing. The thin leather strap was not looped through my beltband, nor flung over the chair, nor fallen onto the floor. My paramour must have slipped it free when he undid my trousers. With a mind to the consequences, I recalled the smouldering hate in those black-centered eyes and the knotty strength of the great hands. If I had bent to the servitor's service, not only would I have been breeched (I am positive) by an instrument as large as a horse's, but sometime during the engagement the belt would have come into play. Perhaps I would have been whipped with it within an inch of my life, perhaps garroted and tossed into the wooden moulds of the rising edifice, to be layered tomorrow by cement and made intrinsic with the Sheraton construction.

To be sure, I had no evidence. Evidence would have had to be fatal. It wasn't uncomic, really, the way I had drawn them on, bending them to my will, astonished as both of them were, seduced and trapped by their native grace beyond their wit to control. □

# The Numbers Gayme

First solve as many of the Problems as you can (they're all simple arithmetic but not all simplistic!), then transfer the answers to their lettered boxes. The total of all the boxes in a row (across or down, but *not* diagonal) will be the same for each row. Once you've got the total number for *any* row, you have a clue to help you fill in the other boxes.

A	B	C	D
E	F	G	H
I	J	K	L
M	N	O	P

## Problems

- Jolly, jolly pence - gay Gustavus \_\_\_\_ of Sweden ( )
- Tennessee Williams' *Wagons Full of Cotton* - November's grievous anniversary of Harvey Milk's assassination ( )
- Three score + The Muses ( )
- Passolini's "\_\_\_\_ Days of Sodom" - the hour of DiLaurentis' cowboy ( )
- Next leap year - Orwell's novel ( )
- Myriagrams in a quintal × Article protecting freedom of the press ( )
- Uranus' position from the Sun + position of John Rechy's \_\_\_\_ *Angel* ( )
- Hawthorne told his tales - "the lonliest number" in song ( )
- James Purdy's \_\_\_\_: *Dream Palace* + Rita Mae Brown's \_\_\_\_ of *One* ( )
- The Saints and Acts of Thompson's opera for which Gertrude Stein did the libretto + the latter's \_\_\_\_ *Lives* ( )
- Proverbial king in the land of the blind × the queens Alice met in Wonderland ( )
- Number of this page × number of gay bars in Vatican City ( )
- The 18\_\_\_\_ 's, gay decade - a cat's last life ( )
- Gay educational and service organization, Inc., founded 1952 in L.A. + its magazine ( )
- The infamous Reich (never again!) - Pythagoras' perfect number ( )
- 19\_\_\_\_, Stonewall "uprising" × number representing unity ( )

(Answers on page 55)

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# Filmex: Pseudogays Play the Festival

by Harold Fairbanks

"Why was there such a large number of borderline pornographic and homosexual subjects?" That question was posed to executive director Gary Essert by a churlish woman reporter during the wrap-up press conference at the close of Filmex, the Los Angeles International Film Exhibition. Or, more simply, L.A.'s annual film festival.

This year's event, the tenth, was also the longest, running from April 2 through 23rd. The 155 programs, including 217 short subjects and 90 new features from 38 nations, were shown in nine Hollywood theatres. Even Essert had to admit that finally Filmex had grown too large, both to administer effectively and to maintain a substantial level of patronage. Next year he promised a cutback to 110-120 programs.

Attendance was up, with 118,000 tickets sold versus 113,000 in 1979 and 116,000 in 1978, but so were prices. New features and certain special programs were pegged at \$5 or more this year, so naturally grosses rose too. \$247,418 came in from regular programs and another \$160,000 on opening and closing night festivities, but it was still a deficit operation. It always is. Films will cut the losses with fundraisers during the rest of the year but, like the national debt, there's more red ink on their ledger pages than black. The arts always seem to be in a financial blue.

In the 1981 festival, more than any other, Filmex seemed to be hedging its bets, not to mention over-justifying the selections, by mixing benevolence and exploitation. Some films, especially the usually ponderous entries from emerging nations, deserve at least one exposure



Ernesto: What price social/sexual farce?

because that's all they can hope for. Five hundred attendees for one showing would constitute a good house, as they certainly can't expect commercial theatrical distribution. But other choices, particularly features with homosexual characters or blatantly erotic themes, were exploited with teasing schedule notes bordering on sensationalism. Many did not live up to the billing. There were several instances when predominantly gay audiences turned rowdy as the picture did not live up to expectations.

The reporter's question about homosexual and pornographic subjects was valid but exposed the fact she had seen few if any of the programs. Because of Filmex's overstated publicity, it would certainly appear that the festival had been a libertine's delight. As usual, there was quite a bit of nudity, both male and female, on display, but no more than you would find in any contemporary Hollywood film. And as far as homosexual content, the entries proved to be a mixed bag.

Only fourteen out of the ninety new films (hardly a "large number"), dwelled on homosexuality to any extent, and of that number at least six were peripherally gay. Breaking that down even further, one had an upfront gay performer, four had extremely minor gay characters and the other had a man who was not quite sure of his orientation.

*The Secret Policeman's Ball* from Great Britain was a filmed concert, a charity fundraiser for Amnesty International. Its only claim to gay content was a three minute appearance by Tom Robinson doing a reprise of his "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay." To attract gay ticket buyers, Filmex had given him top billing in their publicity. The movie was entertaining but gays were enticed to the showing under false pretenses. A delightful mystery-comedy from Britain, *Dangerous Davies*, had a minor gay character—a shop attendant; and the French film *Trouble at Night* featured the gay husband of the lead female. He had two minutes of screen time at most. In *Asphalt Nights* from Germany and *Stir* from Australia, homosexuality

was a side issue. It was treated mostly by implication, though in the latter case gay activity in prison, in *Stir*, would seem to have deserved further exploration. In *Germany: Private*, a hilarious collection of Super 8mm home movies, gay amateur filmmakers submitted examples that ranged from muscle flexing to jackoff sessions.

Three Filmex selections were heavily promoted as gay and they were, but homosexuality was not the overriding force in telling the stories. *Two Lions in the Sun*, from France, had two gay middle-aged blue collar workers turning to extortion and petty crime in an effort to improve their deteriorating lot in life. But the fact that they were gay provoked a "so what" reaction, just as though the filmmakers had decided to burden the leads with one more facet that made them unsympathetic. Both men were shown in residual heterosexual liaisons, they were not especially devoted to each other—it was more a relationship of convenience—and neither exhibited personal traits that glorified gays. This was one more example of a movie being promoted by Filmex to attract a gay audience that only came away from the showing disappointed.

Chicken hawks probably appreciated *Ernesto*, the Italian film about a 15-year-old shop clerk introduced to the delights of anal penetration by a handsomely scruffy dockworker ten years his senior. But Ernesto soon discovered it was more fun to give than receive and recruited a sensitive lad more his own age to be the receptacle, then found himself in a three-way romance that included the boy's twin sister.

This movie received a mixed reception from a mostly gay audience. What was, at best, a gentle comedy about sexual ambiguity had been hyped by Filmex notes so it couldn't possibly have lived up to audience expectations. Also, the fact that Ernesto was a rather craven opportunist did not set the character up as a perfect gay role model if, indeed, he was even gay. The jury is still out on that allegation.

In *Hide and Seek* from Israel, the tutor of a male student is exposed as a closeted gay. An interesting drama, the homosexual angle seemed more of a device than a necessary character development. What defeated this movie, in addition to the Filmex exploitation of the homosexuality, was the scheduling. It was shown on Easter Sunday afternoon, back to back with *The Greatest Story Ever Told* (talk about running the gamut!) and filmgoers were more in the mood for Jewish traditional than the Israeli-Arab conflict laced with queer-bashing.

The worst homosexual-themed films in the festival, and we can't stress the word "worst" too strongly, were *Immacolata and Concetta* from Italy and *Simone Barbes (or) Virtue* from France. Both concerned lesbians. If either picture should find an American distributor and get undeserved theatrical bookings, women should get out their picket signs and hit the bricks.

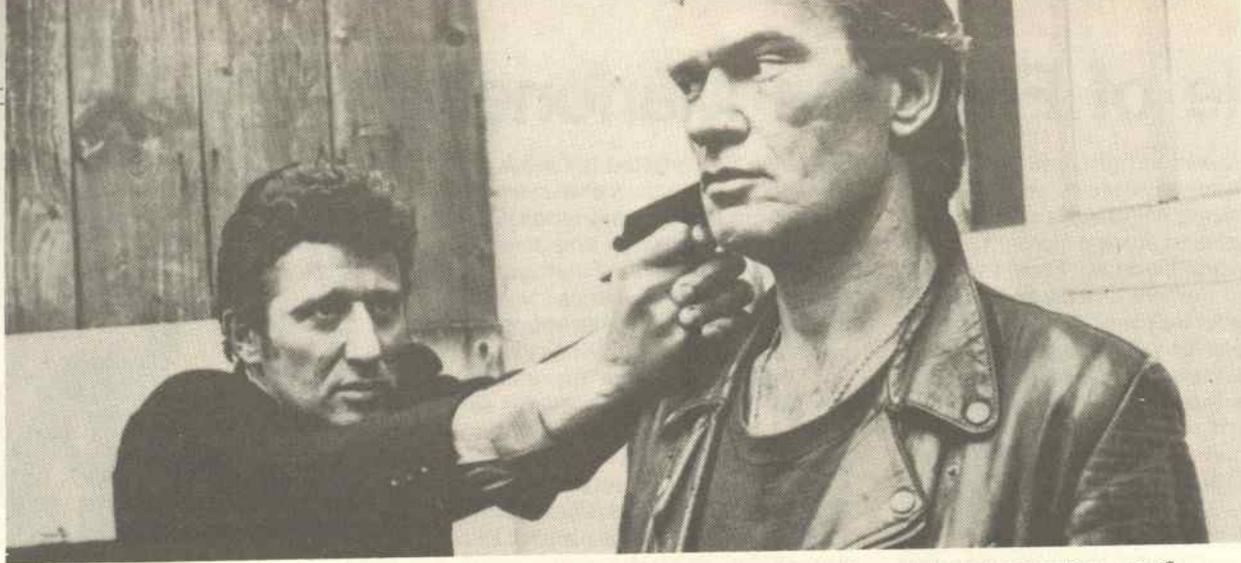
*Immacolata and Concetta* was anti-feminist as well as anti-lesbian. The



La Banquiere: Romy triumphs!



Two Lions in the Sun: Making hay over people who aren't really gay.



*Slow Attack: New gay hero, new anti-social cult figure, new German superstar—who could ask for anything more?*

title pair were criminals who became lovers in prison and, when released, continued to prey on family and friends who had helped them. A more depressing film you can't imagine, especially for gay men and women watching an obviously heterosexual interpretation of what lesbians were like. And more than that, the knowledge of uninformed straight audiences buying this viewpoint as an accurate depiction. Horrible!

*Simone Barbès (or) Virtue* was just a bad movie in addition to being a bad representation of lesbians. With any luck the static scenes and redundant dialogue sent the audience from the theatre long before they reached the gratuitous lesbian scene, when the heroine stops off for a nightcap in a lesbian bar. This picture was enough to make any film buff question the credentials of Filmex's selection committee.

Saving the best for last, the three best gay-themed films in the festival were *La Banquiere* from France, *Goodbye Flickmania* from Japan and *Slow Attack* from West Germany. Though Filmex had again stressed their homosexual content, the movies themselves were excellent productions that would please the most demanding filmgoer for quality alone, regardless of how the gay content was handled, which fortunately was realistic and accurate.

*La Banquiere* is the most commercial film with international star Romy Schneider as a powerful banker in Paris of the 1920's. Supposedly based on a true story, Schneider plays Emma Eckert, who devastated the French financial community by manipulating politicians and stock market investors until her career was smashed by sex scandals. It's a dazzling, stylish movie and gives Schneider that "once in a lifetime" role any actress would kill for. Her Emma is a combination of Auntie Mame outrageousness, Margo Channing selfishness and a "screw the world" ruthlessness that is utterly fascinating to watch. Her zest for life and the zeal with which she pursues and ruins her enemies is absolutely breathtaking!

Emma is called "the he-woman" by her rivals and she even calls herself a dyke on occasion, but the fact that an outspoken lesbian could rise to such power (in the 1920's yet!) is itself astonishing, considering the times. This is a highly polished production, handsomely mounted to represent the elegant period, with glamorous costumes, evocative music (by Ennio Morricone) and sensational acting by

Schneider and male lead John Louis Trintignant. The combination of compelling drama and vivacious characters would make this movie a hit in any country, in any language. It's a perfect candidate for long runs at theatres booking quality foreign films.

*Goodbye Flickmania* was written and directed by Masato Harada, a former Los Angeles-based film critic for Japanese newspapers. During his time in America Harada obviously studied all our filmmaking styles and has incorporated them in his script for this movie. The lead character is a gay film buff obsessed with anti-heroes played by Cagney, Brando and Widmark, the plot is hard-edged melodrama in the Howard Hawks vein, and the style is loosely observed vignettes reminiscent of *American Graffiti*. Put it all together and it's a lot

detailed script has more on its mind than mere robbery. Essentially it is the portrait of a loner, his complex personality and what drives him to this compulsion for constantly giving society the finger.

The highly original screenplay is by Burkhard Driest, who stars, and a better marriage of actor and material would be hard to find. Driest, a charismatic, craggy-faced man in his mid-30's, has such smouldering sex appeal he could become an international superstar. With a tightly muscled body that would turn heads even at Hibernia Beach, he's not at all bashful doing full frontal nude scenes (in fact, he seems to delight in showing off his body. All of it.) and the screen sizzles with his sexuality.

Driest's character is a sexual opportunist, playing rough trade to a man picked up at a gay bar, but he



*Immacolata and Concetta: Anti-feminist as well as anti-lesbian.*

of bits of the best American pictures and their stars during the 1940-70 period. In one of the movie's delightful highlights, the fan stumbles out of a theatre at midnight after an all-night viewing binge, finds it raining and recreates Gene Kelly's *Singin' in the Rain* title production number. The whole number, with original orchestrations and choreography. Everything! This is another Filmex entry that has great commercial potential on the art house circuit if some far-sighted distributor picks it up.

*Slow Attack* from West Germany is the riveting study of a bank robber who is released from prison, then plans another heist while writing a novel about the proposed crime to be published concurrent with the deed. Bizarre? Perhaps, but the extremely

also frequents a gay disco for what appears to be more than curiosity's sake. We're never quite able to pin a label on him or his motives but the whole effect is, to say the least, tantalizing.

If Filmex contributed anything to the gay community this year, apart from leading gays on with expectations that were disappointments on delivery, at least three unqualified hits emerged that might not otherwise have attracted attention. Let's hope the pictures get the wide theatrical exposure they deserve, while the rest of those cans-ful of tarnished gay images slink back to the countries that spawned them. Is it too much to expect more enlightened products from them next year?

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# A Day in the Life of Freudian Marionettes

Igmar Bergman is not a director to be taken lightly, even from casual filmgoers and movie-chat journalists. This Swedish film institution has done more to alter contemporary social drama than most other directors (and given his longevity and prolific outpouring—altered it completely). A new film by Igmar Bergman, even in today's film market of soft-porn horror thrillers and exploitation films (exploiting racial minorities, women, gays and dumb animals)—demands some attention.

Bergman is a director's director. So controlled is his framing and use of narrative, so advanced is his editing technique; others learn from him often more than they are entertained by him. The public is equally enlightened, because regardless of the subject matter, Bergman can be counted on to exhaust its possibilities within the space of a few hours.

Bergman created much of what is admired in visual close-up imagery, from fabulous faces to the texture and geography of a hand. His use of overexposed light (and his earlier use of dark, moody interiors) has affected contemporary film theory as much as his dynamic sense of character analysis through studied observation.

*From The Life of the Marionettes* is a film that both delights and infuriates, attracts and repels at the same time. But that might be because I respect Bergman (and I can't tolerate Woody Allen), and because *Marionettes* is his first major look at homosexuality.

Given Bergman's proclivity for investigating the underlying causes of social and anti-social interaction, I'm surprised he waited so long to broach the subject and secretly I have always wondered how he would do it.

Peter and Katarina Egerman are two characters that appeared briefly in *Scenes From a Marriage*. They were a troubled pair then, and their malaise was never allowed to surface completely. Here, in their own film, they can run the gamut.

*Marionettes* has two color sections, one at the beginning and another at the end. They represent the fulcrum of the narrative and the immediate consequence. Everything else is in black and white, a medium Bergman and his cameraman, Sven Nykvist, exploit to its fullest capabilities.

In the first color section, Peter visits a prostitute, can't become aroused,

there is a brief fight, and as she runs from him he attacks and kills her, sodomizing her afterward. It is a brief, tight, almost surreal incident, devoid of any real meaning. From then until the end the film is in black and white, set-piece followed by set-piece, as we discover what happened the day before, the week before, the moments before the crime. Discovery comes through conversations between characters, interviews by the investigating detective of Peter's friends, family and psychiatrist; through Peter's dreams.

The crime becomes less important as the film progresses in its carefully constructed flashbacks. Rather, we are taken with the people around Peter, and Peter himself in the unreliable narrator accounts of who Peter is, and why he is the way he is which is obsessed with the idea of killing his wife.

Katarina (the wife, because ironically the prostitute is also named Katarina) is successful, energetic, intelligent—the kind of wife a contemporary German man would, one assumes from the evidence in the film, treasure. While as a couple they have an "open" relationship, meaning equal sexual freedom, Katarina obviously adores Peter. She says about him that he is her child, then corrects herself: They are each other's child. She explains to Mogens Jensen, their psychiatrist, that Peter is a part of her, in a physical-metaphysical sense. This attitude is reiterated later in the film when Katarina and Cordelia (Peter's mother) face-off in a rare (for them) conversation. The sentiments of a mother and the sentiments of a wife become analogies for the same sense of possession. Never do we hear either woman speak of *their* being a part of Peter.

The possessive mother, the possessive wife—the sense of ownership over Peter, coupled with his inability to have sex with the prostitute and his subsequently killing her, then having sex with the corpse: all this should have brought the viewer to the final assumption. It doesn't come, it isn't stated in any but the most obscure terms, until the very end of the film.

Tim, or Mr. Tim, known throughout Europe for his high-fashion women's clothes, is Kararina's business partner. They have known each other for 15 years, been in business together for over a decade. With Tim,

Bergman has created his most moving and powerful film character. This aging homosexual, plain-looking and romantic, successful and lonely, is given a situation and dialogue that speaks absolute brilliance. No other character in the film even approaches his stature. And while nearly every line that issues from his mouth is painful and nihilistic—every sentence, every movement is choreographed towards an absolute crystallization. Tim is the attendant lord, one that Eliot defined as: "No Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be, but will do to start a scene, swell a progress or two...."

What we find out about Tim, through his interview with the investigating detective, is that he also knew Katarina, the prostitute; that he arranged for Peter and she to meet, "Because Peter said he had never been with a prostitute—and it amused me to be his co-conspirator." Tim, whose life is filled with young men looking for a few dollars, aspired to drive a wedge between Peter and his wife, and replace her as Peter's object of affection. Tim felt he could give Peter the love (and loyalty—because Tim is a moralist) that Katarina couldn't or wouldn't.

Tim speaks from their 15-year association, from the myth about the Egerman's that he, or they, have created—not from a pragmatic view of their individual and collective lives. The gay man who falls "in love" with the non-gay man is perhaps one the most legitimate themes in homosexual literature, certainly one of the most original.

After we have viewed these scenes from the life of these selected people, Bergman brings us back to the crime, and shows us the entire incident—we realize there was more than we witnessed in the opening segment. This time, armed with first, second and third-hand knowledge about Peter's motivation, we can, Bergman is suggesting, evaluate for ourselves the cause of Peter's madness. We watch the ritual unfold in a new light, to be sure. Words, gestures, even the crime itself takes on a new meaning.

Finally, we reach the end. Peter is in jail. We hear Mogens Jensen's voice: it is the summation of his analysis of Peter's crime. Peter is a latent homosexual. His upbringing, his environment, his relationships with those around him have been dictated by a



social order based on posed facades. Because he tried to break new ground (sleeping with the prostitute) he unleashed the furies that had been so carefully locked inside him all these years.

It is an exhausting conclusion, because we have suffered the humility of seeing Peter stripped, layer by layer, like an onion, to reveal some final absolute core of personality. And obviously, you have to accept the Freudian principle that dominating mothers make homosexual sons, etc, etc, etc.

There comes a point when you wonder where Bergman's sentiments are in regard to the whole question of homosexuality in society. With the character of Tim, Bergman paints a portrait that, even though it is personally a painful one, must be admired for its accuracy and power. With Peter's latent homosexuality—and the device of the prostitute's death—you can not be completely sure that it is not the homosexuality Bergman blames. Clearly he says that the repression of sexuality is evil, and the assumption is made that the repression of homosexuality is likewise evil. At times it seems the social sterility Bergman decries is child to sexual repression. Yet, lodged in the back of the mind is the doubt, the question unanswered by *Marionettes*.

Robert Atzorn's Peter, Christine Buchegger's Katarina and Walter Schmidinger's Tim are character realization that will no doubt become models for actors and actresses for years to come. And even if you can't stomach Freud, these machinations of the Viennese symbolism are astonishing. On the whole, *From the Life of the Marionettes* is a brilliant effort polished to a diamond finish. Still, the doubt persists.

—John W. Rowberry

# DRUMMASTER COMPOUND

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# The Unlearning of America

Howard Petrick's documentary film, *The Case of the Legless Veteran*, is only 58 minutes long, is in black and white, and centers itself around the firing of a WW2 veteran from his civil service job because of his socialist political affiliations. But beyond that, Petrick's film is one of the most damning indictments ever made of an era in American history that the current administration would rather the public forget.

Set in the time frame of the end of the Second World War and moving through the early 1950's, Petrick weaves an intricate and subtle tapestry of what American policy was during the McCarthy years and how it affected ordinary people.

While the film's central character, James Kutcher, wasn't the only casualty of a government that spoke out of both sides of its mouth, his example is a brilliant one. As Kutcher himself says, no one asked him his political affiliations when he went off to fight,

and the enemy sure didn't ask when he was hit with a mortar, and the surgeon didn't inquire when his legs were amputated. Only after he landed a job in the Veteran's Administration as a clerk (hardly the sort of position where he might pose any kind of security risk) did the government take notice.

Kutcher had been a member of Frank Dobb's socialist party since before WW2. The age of McCarthyism and loyalty oaths brought Kutcher's job under the witchhunter's eyes, and they went after him with a vengeance. He was fired, denied his pension, and finally, thrown out of his apartment (landlords, too, were encouraged to have tenants sign oaths proclaiming their allegiance to the then-American way and denouncing any number of political leanings). Kutcher was repeatedly advised that if he would renounce his socialist ideologies, that he could have his job back, and his pension,

and his apartment. Although the \$39,000 a week he made at the VA was a decent income for the times, he chose to stick by his principles. He remained on trial, or on appeal, for a decade. During this time America went through the most devastating series of internal purges and public condemnation it has ever suffered. Kutcher's era is the era of the Rosenbergs, the Hollywood Ten, the House on UnAmerican Activities, and the skyrocketing thrust of the CIA into internal intelligence gathering.

In the end, Kutcher is vindicated. McCarthy's death brought an end to the anti-communist, anti-socialist, anti-gay madness that was ruling the country; the spectre of McCarthyism lingered years after his death, and resurfaces in modern times.

Petrick's film illustrates the period using the finest collection of archival film footage combined with present-day interviews with Kutcher, Dobbs, and the people that surrounded the

incident. *The Case of the Legless Veteran* transcends a portrait documentary. In telling Kutcher's story, it illuminates an entire political mindset, and does it with ease.

The film, which had its world premiere at the San Francisco Bay Area Filmmakers Showcase, was completed after three years by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, an agency that the Reagan administration has dealt a death blow in the new budget cuts. And that, perhaps, is the ultimate irony. This was a courageous project for the NEH to fund.

In the film you'll see a filmed message from a much younger RR, asking the public to support the alleged vital and non-partisan efforts of Radio Free Europe, an organization that would later be stained with CIA affiliations. Ironic, but only one of the many ironies in *The Case of the Legless Veteran*.

—John W. Rowberry

## 'One Man' Almost Wasn't

*We Were One Man* is a film deserving more than the shabby treatment it received by the major American film distributing companies. After winning the 1980 Silver Hugo at the Chicago Film Festival, and being presented as a featured film at the 1981 San Francisco International Gay Film Festival—chances are that Philippe Vallois' superb film will probably not be seen in many more cities.

And that's a shame, because Vallois has managed a film treatment of coming out that is both eloquent and powerful. In fact, *We Were One Man* is just the sort of film gay audiences have been expecting from American mainstream filmmakers for decades. Why it hasn't happened, and why when it does happen that such a film surfaces it isn't distributed, speaks to the truth of the American film community.

No one knows if non-gay audiences will flock to *We Were One Man*. Major film distributors don't think so. *La Cage Aux Folles*, yes—because farce, especially the stereotypical gay-as-fool farce, plays well to middle class audiences. *La Cage*, for all its tenderness, is basically a peep show that allows non-gays to laugh at 'queens' and not feel the social stigma of attending a KKK meeting. Funny people, these tender human gays of *La Cage*, but basic reinforcements of historic non-gay stereotypes. That's what makes a film like *La Cage Aux Folles* a safe bet for American film distributors and that's why it played in the West all through 1980 and is still playing, or replaying in 1981.

*We Were One Man*, on the other hand, doesn't have a single stereotype in it. The lead characters are a French farmer on the verge of heterosexual marriage and a German soldier who has been wounded in an anti-occupation action.

Both these men are typically invisible gays. There is nothing about them to suggest otherwise until half way through the film. By that time the audience has decided their own loyalties and are well on the way to a

personal catharsis. By the time the film is over, the audience has learned tremendous, if shattering, lessons about love and survival.

Although *We Were One Man* is also a film that has moments of great humor, basically it is a stark and honest look at the homosexual relations between heterosexual men. And that is the fulcrum of the American distribution dilemma. Who would go and see a film in which there are no drag queens, there are no anti-gay messages, and there is no condemnation from either (a) the girlfriend, (b) the church, or (c) the parents and relatives? The distribution companies don't think anyone would. And that's why this prize-winning film is not playing American theatres.

This is not a facile argument. If you consider that films like *Cruising*, *Windows*, and the latest Charlie Chan film, all of which had budgets that dwarf that used on *We Were One Man*, were distributed despite the marches, protests and actual violence that ran tandem with their engagements—and that only one of those films brought in its costs, then there must be something at work other than pure economics. A film like *We Were One Man* with a small budget, and therefore a lower distribution cost, and an easier return on theatrical engagements, should fare well if it *only* played to gays in the large cities. But there is no evidence, to the distribution companies, that the gay audience is large enough to warrant taking on a film with mainly gay appeal. At least that's going to be the best argument you get.

Meanwhile, a superb film by a talented director waits gathering dust. It is up to events like the San Francisco International Gay Film Festival and the more creative mainstream film festivals to see to it that such worthy cinema is seen, if only by a handful. Someday the distribution deadlock will be broken. Hopefully before directors like Vallois have to abandon filmmaking for more lucrative and rewarding endeavors.

—John W. Rowberry

## McDowell's 'Loads' Delivers



*Loads*: Documenting more than tatoos.

Non-establishment filmmaker Curt McDowell has relentlessly pushed at the edges of acceptability in films like *Nudes: A Sketchbook*, *Ronnie*, and *True Confessions*. With *Loads*, his newest film, he leaps well into the realm of the psychosexual and offers up a film that sets new boundaries even for himself.

*Loads* is a visual paen to the filmmakers sexual obsession with heterosexual males. It is also very close, almost uncomfortably close, to a documentary. For the filming, McDowell recruited heterosexual men from San Francisco's Mission District, a last bastion of Latino machismo and the battle ground of anti-gay conflicts over the past several years.

There is a political statement, in both sexual and social tones, made by the explicit sexuality and the true-to-life narrative of McDowell's film. While each of the men the filmmaker exploits are decidedly heterosexual, there is in each of them the moment of truth about inherent homosexuality in all men.

We are not shown a selected few, but the totality of the filmmakers experience in making *Loads*. And each man knows that his sexuality and the sex acts he is a part of in the film are permanent historic artifacts.

Structurally, McDowell is one of the most original and exciting non-establishment filmmakers currently making films. In *Loads* equal amount of obsession to camera work and sound exist. The narrative line is as well considered as the framing and cutting. It can't be said that because *Loads* is a personal film about an intimate part of the filmmakers psyche that the ultimate attention has been lavished on it. The intelligent understanding of the components of filmmaking that worked for *Thundercrack* and *True Confessions* works as well here, but explored in new and intriguing ways.

I have watched a variety of audiences watch *Loads* and I can not pin point any universal reaction. Some gay men are uncomfortable with the imagery of a suppressed gay fantasy brought to brilliant light. Some non-gay men have been offended by the film and others have been aroused by it.

And while it may seem like a cliché, unquestionably *Loads* is a film before its time. But that's what makes it all the more exciting—seeing how it clearly points itself in a new, untried direction.

—John W. Rowberry



## Imogen de mortuis...

*Imogen Cunningham: A Portrait* by Judy Dater. New York Graphic Society, 1980, 126 pages, 60 plates, \$19.95

Judy Dater's *Portrait* of the redoubtable Imogen Cunningham has an aesthetic integrity of its own that very nearly transcends its subject. It is a stimulating montage of over three dozen interviews with family, friends, associates and critics of a woman who grabbed hold of life and pulled herself up by her camera-case strap, an acerbic tongue and indefatigable energy.

The effectiveness of this collective work of words and pictures lies as much in the eccentric flaws of Imogen Cunningham's volatile personality as in its brilliant facets. In eschewing the fatuous *de mortuis*...style of biography, Judy Dater has recreated one subject and created another Cunningham who is as fully integrated into her world five years after her death as honest memories can conceive. No one has to go

around scratching "Imogen Lives!" Her life and work are there for new generations to see; what she managed to hide will remain hidden.

Ansel Adams, Jack Welpott, Yao Shen, Brett Weston, Ann Hershey, her husband Roi Partridge, sons Padraic, Rondal and Gryffyd—75 years of being a photographer first and everything second left her mark on them and theirs, one sees finally, on her. The disclosures are mutual. The interviewees are mini-portraits themselves, trenchantly photographed by Dater and others, revealing in a smoothly edited narrative style a whole portfolio of personalities.

The front and back cover photographs are worth the cover price. *Imogen Cunningham: A Portrait* is not a coffeetable book, unless you would rather have your guests immerse themselves in it for the evening. Let them buy their own—Imogen would have.

—Penni Kimmel

## Hansen 'Smiles' on Vulnerability

*A Smile in His Lifetime* by Joseph Hansen, Holt Rinehard & Winston, 1981, 292 pages, \$13.95

Joseph Hansen has not done it again. This is not yet another long-awaited Brandstetter-the-insurance-investigator story. If that's all you're waiting for, it serves you right if Hansen never writes another 'tec book. *A Smile in His Lifetime* is one superbly crafted novel of a man's vulnerability to relationships.

Whit Miller's search for a way out of his solitary soul leads him from a tentative gay youth into a long-term, mutually misunderstood marriage-of-convenience, through the intervening homosexual encounters, then to conscious efforts at structuring and refining friendships, loves, other professional and social affinities. He is gay, receptive. He is a poet, capable of self-deceit. He is in the kind of pain that takes so many forms that conventional remedies—smashing success, fame and fortune—serve to decrease rather than enhance his ability to survive and retain control.

*A Smile in His Lifetime* is a jagged slice of Whit Miller's adult life that flows in bald, broad language strokes in time slippages from present to past to other heres and nows, thens and theres, that are knit into an intricate narrative fabric with not a hole or an unravelled stitch. It is sheer craftsmanship that guides such a complex pattern around what in a lesser writer's hands would be facile flashbacks. It is a pattern difficult to see until you've stood away from it (something Whit cannot do—it is *his* life) but one that catches the reader up in a vortex of emotional vertigo.

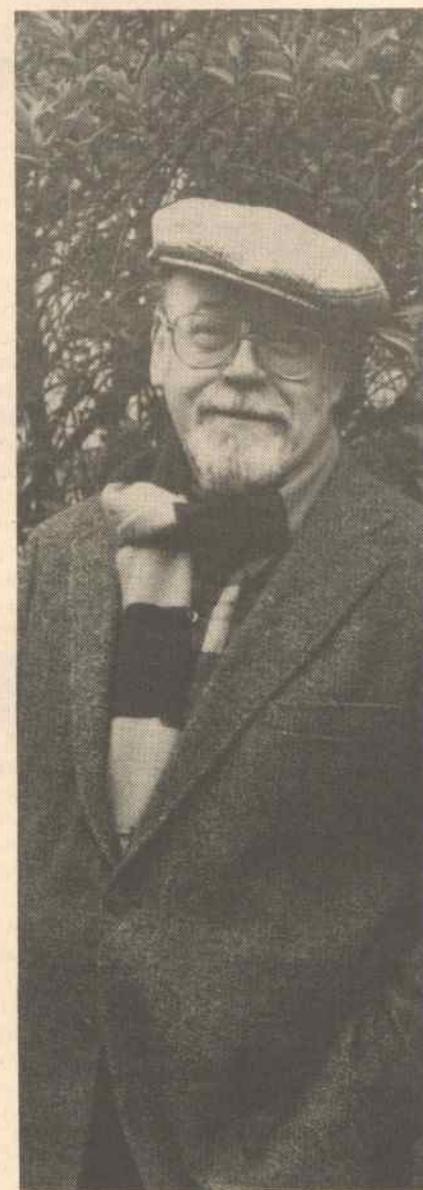
Those who people Whit's life, from his radical/feminist spouse, Dell, to the cat, Polk, are polarized in relation to Whit; they exist wholly and only to the extent of his self-awareness. They, too, have vulnerabilities. Unlike Whit, their wounds can be cauterized, they can remove themselves, have their hurts kissed and healed. Or so he believes—and Whit's belief is all that counts.

Thus the young drifter, Kenny, plunges in and out of the life of a man clinging to shreds of stability. The quientessential commune leader, Jamie, drives a gentle, caring human being to extreme violence. The perfidy of lovers, Chang and Burr, betray Whit's dreams to protect their own—lovers, friends, close neighbors, overnight stranger all. Whit is a man detached from the usual psychologi-

cal anesthetics and often blind to the mirror that shows us ourselves as other see us. He is, nevertheless, attached to brave hopes and open to new strengths even as he withdraws from the painful realities.

Circumstances (plot, unobtrusive as it is) in *A Smile in His Lifetime*, have the capriciousness of "real" life without the intrusive manipulations of most "fiction"; the catchy, superficial resolutions will not appear as requested by reader, required by Whit himself nor, one suspects, by the author. The story exists in time and place, of and for itself—one of the several differences of this book between a generic (gay) novel and a choice, enduring piece of literature.

—Penni Kimmel



# THE BLUE PARROT

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# Nightmare of the 'Red Night'

*Cities Of The Red Night* by William S. Burroughs, Holt Rinehart & Winston, 1981, 332 pages, \$14.95

From a restless sleep you awake with the sudden shock of an electrical charge entering your fingertips spread on the pillow beside your head. You bolt upright. Your eyes are wide open, you feel as if you haven't slept in days, and there is a peculiar droning somewhere in the near distance, perhaps in the next room. You can't be certain what room you're in, because time and place have ceased to exist.

You realize that you can't move, can't lay back down, can't close your eyes, and can't look at your fingers for burn scars, radiation wounds, blisters, oozing puss, shattered fingernails. You can only sit and stare at nothing, knowing nothing, feeling nothing save for an overriding fear.

William S. Burroughs spent the better part of ten years writing *Cities of the Red Night*. During that time he issued two smaller volumes that were indications of the apocalypse to come: *The Book of Breething* and *Port of Saints*. But neither, nor anything he has published before, can come close to the scope and devastating impact of this major piece of writing.

*Cities* is a novel, to be sure. Perhaps it is one of the most ingenious novels to appear in our age. Perhaps it is the ultimate scream of agony from a madman fallen into the abyss. Whichever, it is hardly a work that can be ignored or taken lightly. If for no other reason than it is the most superb horror-thriller to appear since Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*.

*Cities* begins in 1923, when a minor government official named Farnsworth, a totally expendable character, goes about his rounds checking new cases of cholera—which are treated with doses of

opium and rice water. Farnsworth is Pizzaro (because no one is who they seem) in search of El Dorado. Here it is called Waghdas. He never finds it. Instead, he is seduced and sexually assaulted by Ali, a jungle guide. This incident, quickly forgotten in the rush of time and place that follows, is like a access key to what will come; simplistic but fatalistic. The same themes will be reiterated time after time after time—until the point makes it home.

*Cities* is divided into even halves: reality A and reality B. In the former, there are three time frames: the mid-1600's, the 1920's and the present day. In the latter there are three more: before time itself, the 1700's, and the future. These frames exist side by side, in both parallel and perpendicular formation.

The first reality is Snide's (Clem Williamson Snide, Private Asshole—a former Burroughs creation), and here the story is a superbly crafted murder mystery that leads to mysterious figures of nobility, equally mysterious government leaders, and a conspiracy.

A young man's body been found, decapitated, covered with what appears to be scarlet fever sores. Snide is hired by the dead youth's parents to uncover the cause of the murder. The search leads to another murder, equally grotesque, itself surrounded with hints of religious ritual assassination. The second murder leads to a third, and a fourth, then a conspiracy, and finally a shift in the loyalties of the characters. Suddenly Snide is looking for a set of books, mysterious links in a chain that stretches back ten centuries. The books are the histories of the cities of the Red Night, five pre-history desert capitals where every form of murder and suicide was celebrated and revered.

Somewhere along the way this time frame and the second reality overlap. Enter Captian Mission, circa 1663, a pirate-of-sorts who abandons the world and founds a new country, Libertatia—where the law of the land



is complete equality, the abolition of slavery, torture and the death penalty, an end to tyranny, and complete religious freedom. This perfect state is achieved by murder, sacking and occupation. Either this seaside utopia on the coast of Madagascar is a reincarnation of Waghdas—or it is not.

Equally, in the alternative reality, five young men sign on the freighter *Great White* to serve under Captian Jones in the year 1702. Jones is known as Opium Jones, because that's the nature of his cargo. Later, Jones becomes Skip Nordenholz—who, in an earlier time, launches an attack against one of the cities of the Red Night.

Captian Mission is a real character who existed in the original time frame Burroughs places him. He indeed founded the legendary democracy a full century before the American Revolution. He and his followers were slaughtered by local natives before his utopia could catch hold. Part of what Burroughs has done is to extend the lifetime of Libertatia, allowing it to exist and flourish, in essence rewriting recorded history. Another part is a futurist postulation—conceiving the consequences of a pure democracy on the present (Mission's future) and the future (the present's future). Clearly Burroughs sees the failure of heterosexual

civilization (Captian Mission and his followers are procreatively heterosexual only), and theorizes that democracy does not and can not exist in modern times.

When it comes to solutions for the inadequacies of psuedo-democracy, Burroughs has game plans filled to overflowing. One of the devices he uses in re-establishing the history of Libertatia is to allow one of the characters to invent a weapon more powerful than any then-current device. It is clear that Burroughs sees weapons as the lever for people who would change society. At the same time, it is also clear that Burroughs does not see random violence and social anarchy, as a viable solutions to contemporary social evils.

The final third of *Cities* takes place in the future/alterd future of America, affected by the existence of the Cities of pre-history and the nation-states of Libertatia. Here there is a clear distinction between the good guys and the bad guys. The bad guys are all heterosexual. The final battle is undecided. Time and places slip in and out of dreams. In parts the novel resembles film—ran at regular speed, reversed, speeded up, and ripped from the sprockets so that all that is clear is the blinding light of the projection bulb.

*Cities of the Red Night* is Burrough's most far-reaching, most creative, and most difficult work. It can be read as a hundred set-pieces, then contemplated for lifetimes. The reader can try and hold on to the narrative line (*Cities* has a much more formal plot—or plots—than Burrough's other books) and end up as identity-less as his characters, and as unresolved. Or, highly recommended, the reader can forget everything he knows about "the truth" and "reality" and just let Burroughs take him where he will.

Accessibility, inaccessibility. Truth, fantasy. Beauty, horror. Life, death. Burroughs is a high-speed blender guaranteed to make a soup of such temporary concepts.

—Charles Musgrave

## Gay Bible Stories

*Homosexuality and the Judeo-Christian Tradition: An Annotated Bibliography* by Tom Horner, Scarecrow Press, 1981, 141 pages, \$10.

Tom Horner has written two very accessible and interesting works in the past concerning gay and the christian traditions, *Jonathan Loved David: Homosexuality in Biblical Times* (1978) and *Sex in the Bible* (1974). This new research tool is a well-annotated look at over 400 books, essays, articles and papers that deal with the topic of homosexuality and the contemporary Judeo-Christian ethic.

Horner has given equal time to unfavorable material as well as those published pieces which tend to show a possible symbiosis between christianity and homosexuality on an individual basis.

The book also contains an appendix of biblical references to homosexuality and a separate guide to gay religious organizations and their publications.

—Charles Musgrave

## Radclyffe Hall: The Lesbian Object Lesson

*The Unlit Lamp* by Radclyffe Hall, The Dial Press, 1981, Reissue edition, 320 pages, \$5.95

Today's woman-lovin'-woman may feel more comfortable jogging through rubyfruit jungles than struggling up out of wells of loneliness, but an occasional pause to examine her moribund literary roots might not come amiss (or a-ms., as the case may be).

Virtually the only surprises *The Unlit Lamp* holds concern the book itself, rather than the story, and both are covered to an academic "t" in Zoe Fairbairn's introduction. If readers have had their fill of Victorian novels—unrequited passion, attenuated guilt and self-pity throughout a long, unhappy life—(sigh!)—then this mother/daughter/friend triangle will soon pall for there is no redeeming sexual value and only a thread of

the burgeoning feminism of its turn-of-the-century setting. Certainly this is the most one could have expected from the author of *The Well of Loneliness* (recently reissued by Avon, incidentally) which this novel predates by seven years in the first of seven books by Radclyffe Hall. It is a good best, for a first novel, for its time, for a herstory of modern literature, but there are times, all too frequent, when the purple prose and foreshadowed waste of lives becomes a thundering bore. From the title on, the lamp is never lit.

"Then Joan's strong, young arms would comfort and soothe, and her firm lips grope until they found her mother's; and Mrs. Ogden would feel mean and ashamed but guiltily happy, as if a lover had held her."

There are temptations to parlor psychoanalysis galore; thankfully, because this is a novel we should be

able to be proud of, the writing on the whole is smooth and more sophisticated than its subject matter. It may not wring the tears from the reader it was meant to do almost fifty years ago, but it will not allow derision, either. The hypocritical, circumscribing manners and mores of the time are as real as incest and just as devastating.

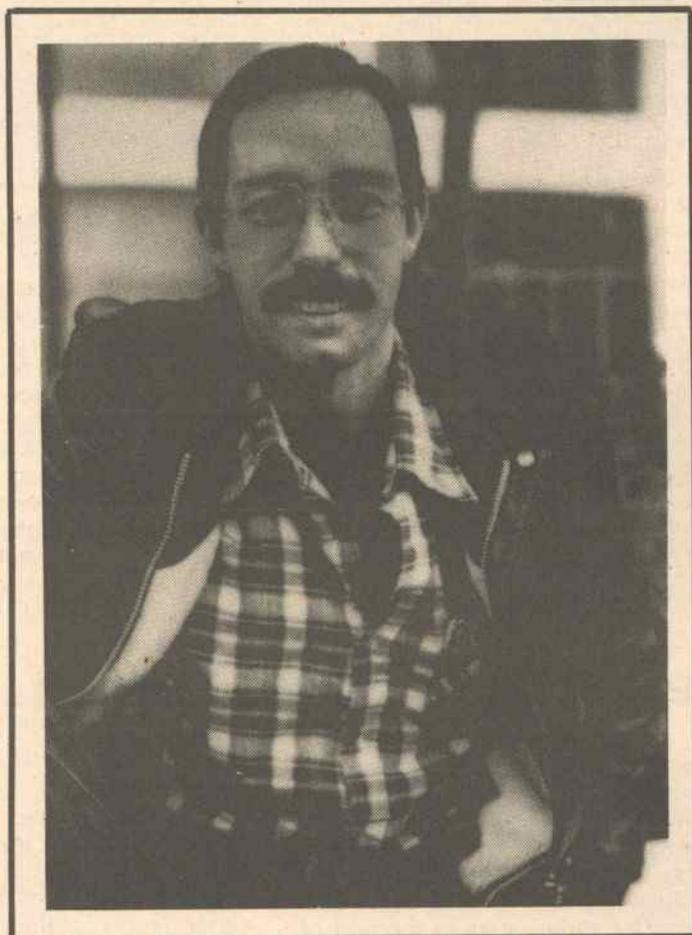
*The Unlit Lamp* would be a poor choice of a gift for anyone whose mother is a demanding, clinging hypochondriac. It may be rather a better object lesson for an impressionable lesbian adolescent; the young "Joan" would be thus prepared to run off (or at least harken unto) the first "Elizabeth" who comes along with a couple of tickets to a Robin Tyler performance. And more power to both of them.

—Penni Kimmel



# Uncloseting Hollywood: Vito Russo Knows & Tells All

by Phil Nash



(Top) George Hamilton, fresh from his triumph in "Love At First Bite", where he played a vampire, has the dual roles of Zorro and his little known gay brother in "Zorro The Gay Blade". The publicity, however, plays down the gayness of the character in lieu of calling him "a dandy with arched eyebrows". (Bottom) Vito Russo, photo by Copy Berg.

Since 1974, New Yorker Vito Russo has offered his lecture presentation, "The Celluloid Closet: Homosexuality in the Cinema" to gay groups and college audiences around the country. The first time it was presented in 1974 at the University of New Hampshire at Durham, the open discussion of homosexuality on that campus prompted threats against the university from then-Governor Meldrin Thompson. At the same time, Russo and his program earned the distinction of becoming the target of a vicious editorial attack from the notoriously paranoid right-wing publisher of the *Manchester*

*Union-Leader*, William Loeb.

Nowadays, Russo's presentation causes none of the stir it once did. "The Celluloid Closet" recently highlighted a month-long series of gay films at the Denver Center Cinema in that city's prestigious new Performing Arts Center. Russo also spoke to a capacity crowd in San Francisco at the Fifth International San Francisco Gay Film Festival during Gay Freedom Week.

Now, Harper & Row have released Russo's long-awaited book on the same subject, *The Celluloid Closet: Homosexuality in the Movies*. Conceived ten years ago, the production of this book has taken nearly seven years of research and three years of writing. Vito Russo has alternately worked to save money and taken time to watch hundreds of movies in a single binge to collect the notes he has needed to write the book.

The result? With the passion of a film fanatic and the dedication of an activist, Vito Russo has relentlessly pursued obscure leads which have uncloseted extraordinary cinematic documents of gay life and gay love. The range of material covers the range of human expression and reveals the sometimes subtle, sometimes complex, and frequently outrageous sides of gay sensibility. And of course, hand in hand with homosexuality is its inimical companion, homophobia, which is often present in the cinema, even when homosexuality is not.

**Phil:** What is the first movie you remember seeing?

**Vito:** *The Wizard of Oz* in a local theatre. When I was a kid, I went to the movies two or three times a week. I lived at the movies. I saw everything. I mostly loved horror films. I've always cared more about movies than anything else. I also always knew I wanted to be a writer ever since I was in grade school.

**Phil:** And now you write about films. How did you get from there to here?

**Vito:** When I was in graduate school I started working at the Museum of Modern Art in their film department. I was going to New York University getting a degree in film. I worked at MOMA for two years distributing the museum's collection non-theatrically to colleges and film societies. During this time was my heaviest period of involvement with gay activism. I had just joined the Gay Activists Alliance. It just seemed natural to me to combine my gay interest with film. I got the idea for this book, *The Celluloid Closet* when I was working at MOMA, simply because I was so involved in the gay movement and because I was so interested in film.

**Phil:** When did you start writing the book?

**Vito:** I didn't start writing it until 1978, but I started researching it in 1974, maybe earlier.

**Phil:** Are there discernible periods through which gay images have evolved on film?

**Vito:** I don't think so with regard to subject, but I think so with regard to the industry. For instance, pre-1934, there was a lot of gay activity on the screen because there was no production code that said you couldn't have gay content. From 1934 to 1961, there is very little except subliminally, or subtextually in the films. You could find some latent gay themes. Then in 1961, when the subject opened up again, you get this flood of the exploitation of the subject with the sensational impact of the 60s. I don't think I could say there is a period in film history in which one particular gay theme has been explored more than any other, although it is very easy to see, for instance, the repression of the 50s leading to the excess of the 60s and things like that. There were so few films made with major gay themes

anyway—the few that were made never formed a pattern.

**Phil:** What happened in 1961 that changed the atmosphere?

**Vito:** This is very important. The production code was not only for homosexuality—it pertained to every level of treating subject matter in film. The Code was an industry organization formed to protect itself from government regulation and outside censorship. (Author's note: The Code was instituted in 1930 and was effectively enforced beginning in 1934. It forbid the use of profanity, the mention of homosexuality, drug use, adultery and other moral issues. The Code was gradually depleted of its power until it was "relaxed" in 1961 and finally abolished in 1968 when the rating system was introduced.) In 1961, when the Code completely lost its power, the taboo against showing homosexuality on the screen was the last specific taboo left standing. Every other specific taboo had eroded and been done away with. Otto Preminger had done *The Man With The Golden Arm* and proved you could release a film about a drug addict without the Seal of Approval from the Code and still make money. And

anything to do with the film production of *Boys In The Band*?

**Vito:** *Boys In The Band* was released in 1970. Strange enough, it was the first gay film given an R rating, and I quote Jack Valenti, "...in spite of homosexual dialogue." I'm sure it was phrases like "Miss Thing" and "Mary!". It was explicit language about homosexuality that could have got it an X rating. *The Killing of Sister George* two years earlier had gotten an X rating. It took a whole year to appeal the rating to an R for *Midnight Cowboy*, which was made a year after *Boys In The Band*—and *Midnight Cowboy* got an Oscar for Best Picture of the Year in spite of its X rating. The whole struggle has been one in which certain people say there are certain subjects which should not be dealt with and others who say anything should be dealt with as long as the film is good.

**Phil:** Have the politics of gay liberation since 1969 been manifested in films?

**Vito:** Yes. I would say that the mainstream commercial films have inadvertently raised issues for gay liberation. Films like *Fortune and Mens' Eyes* in which

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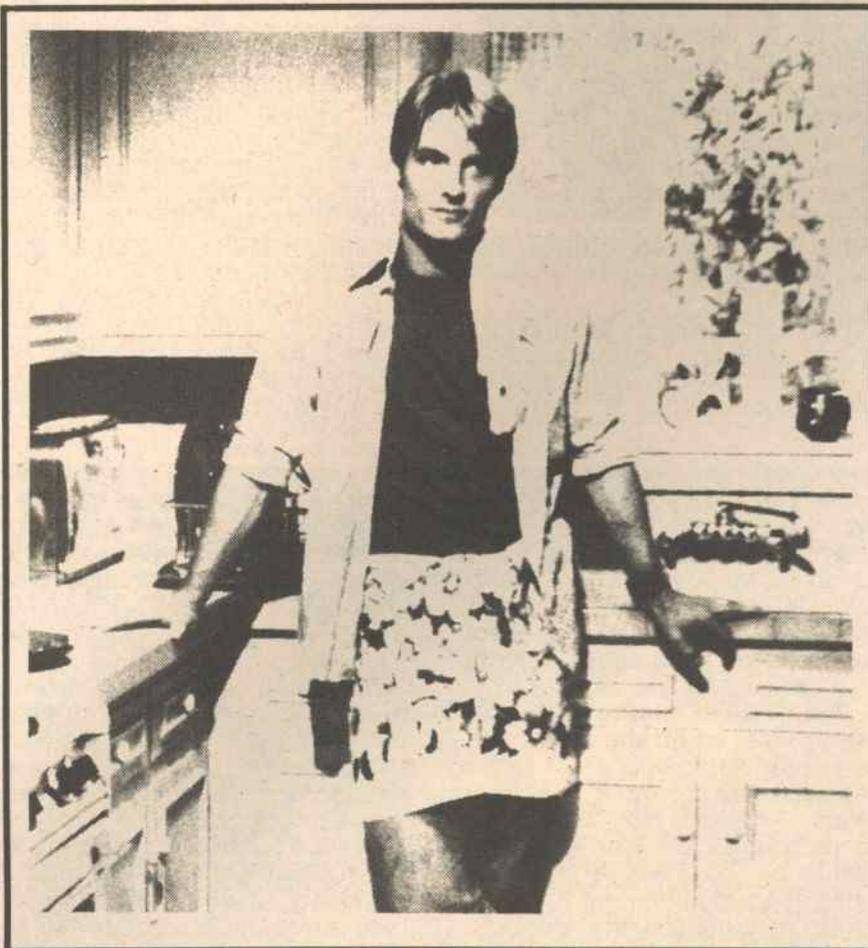
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A Different Story? No, Perry King starred in the same old story of how a gay boy can be turned straight by the affection of a good woman. This twist? The woman was a lesbian. Who was turned straight by the affection of a good man, who was...

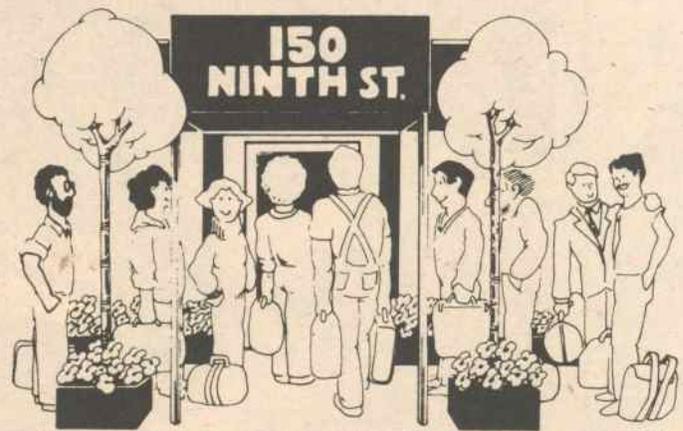
then he made this picture called *The Moon Is Blue* and mentioned the word "virgin" and everyone went crazy and they wouldn't give him a Seal of Approval because it was about adultery. He released it anyway and it still made money and they took away the sanction against adultery. In 1961 the only official sanction left was on homosexuality—and they finally got rid of it.

**Phil:** Did the end of the Code have

there are issues about masculinity and femininity and situational homosexuality. And films like *Death in Venice* where they are talking about generational differences and stereotypical behavior. These films, certainly not on purpose, raise issues for a gay audience and to which gay liberation must address itself.

But if you are talking about political films which consciously raise political issues in the con-

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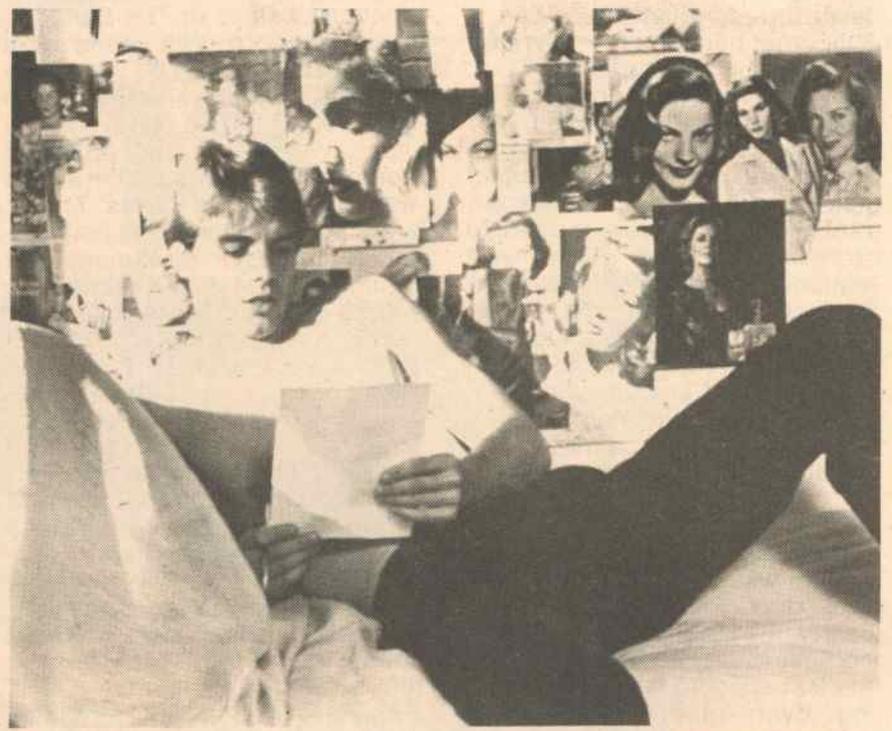
text of gay lib—it's only independent gay filmmakers like Rosa von Pranheim's *It Is Not The Homosexual Who Is Perverse But The Society In Which He Lives* which is, believe it or not, the name of a movie made in 1971 by this German filmmaker. He also made a film called *Army of Lovers* last year which is a history of the gay movement in this country. Very biased. It has a shot of Bruce Voeller (former Executive Director of the National Gay Task Force) walking down Fifth Avenue in a suit and a tie with a narrator saying, "Radicalism died in 1973." There's also a film which has never had commercial release in the U.S. called *Once Upon A Time In The East* by Andre Bresson about the politics in the gay ghetto in the east end of Montreal. There is a Danish film (*You Are Not Alone*) about two very young boys who are in love with each other in school and all the other boys just protect them and save them from harm. It's very interesting—it looks like a Hallmark greeting card. These are films that are around only since the beginning of the 1970s—spawned by the gay liberation movement.

**Phil:** But haven't we seen, in the 70s, a greater effort to treat gay subject matter by non-gay filmmakers?

**Vito:** The 70s were full of films in which there are major gay characters or are about homosexuals. These have an impact on our lives as anything we see on the screen

does. I think the reaction of the 70s was aggressively macho in response to the 60s, in general, not specifically to gay material. I think if we look at films made in the 70's, first of all, we can't generalize about the films because on the one hand we have a really homophobic film like Peter Hyam's *Busted* which gratuitously insulted and stereotyped gay people by using the excuse that this was a movie about two vice cops who would ordinarily come in contact with unsavory characters. So, of course, all the homosexuals in the film were sleazoes and perverts. Then you have this film from '74 or '75 by Paul Mazursky called *Next Stop Greenwich Village*. The difference is that Mazursky is a better filmmaker with a higher consciousness about what he's doing. In this picture of Greenwich Village in the 50s, he creates a gay black character named Bernstein. You can look at Bernstein and you see a stereotype—but it is used well, intelligently; it tells you something about gay people in the 50s and the filmmaker is so good at evoking the period that you really get to see how it must have been in the 50s for a black gay in the ghetto whose only friends are straight.

If you ask me, "Where is Hollywood's head with all of this?" the answer is, "Up its ass!" I don't think anybody in Hollywood is about to do anything that is in any way radical—which is not to say they won't take a risk and make a



Michael Biehn, well on his way to becoming a celebrity killer in the Robert Stigwood production of "The Fan." The possible killing of Lauren Bacall didn't upset nearly as many members of the audience as a scene where two men kiss on the lips.

film about gays—but to look for a radical vision of gay lifestyle—or even of the straight lifestyle, sexually, from Hollywood, is naive and foolish. Hollywood is in no shape to take those issues on. Hollywood is profit-oriented. Studios that used to make 30, 40, even 50 films a year now make three and they all have to be *Grease*. They are looking to reach the most accessible audience possible.

**Phil:** Are there any gay films in the works that we might see in the near future?

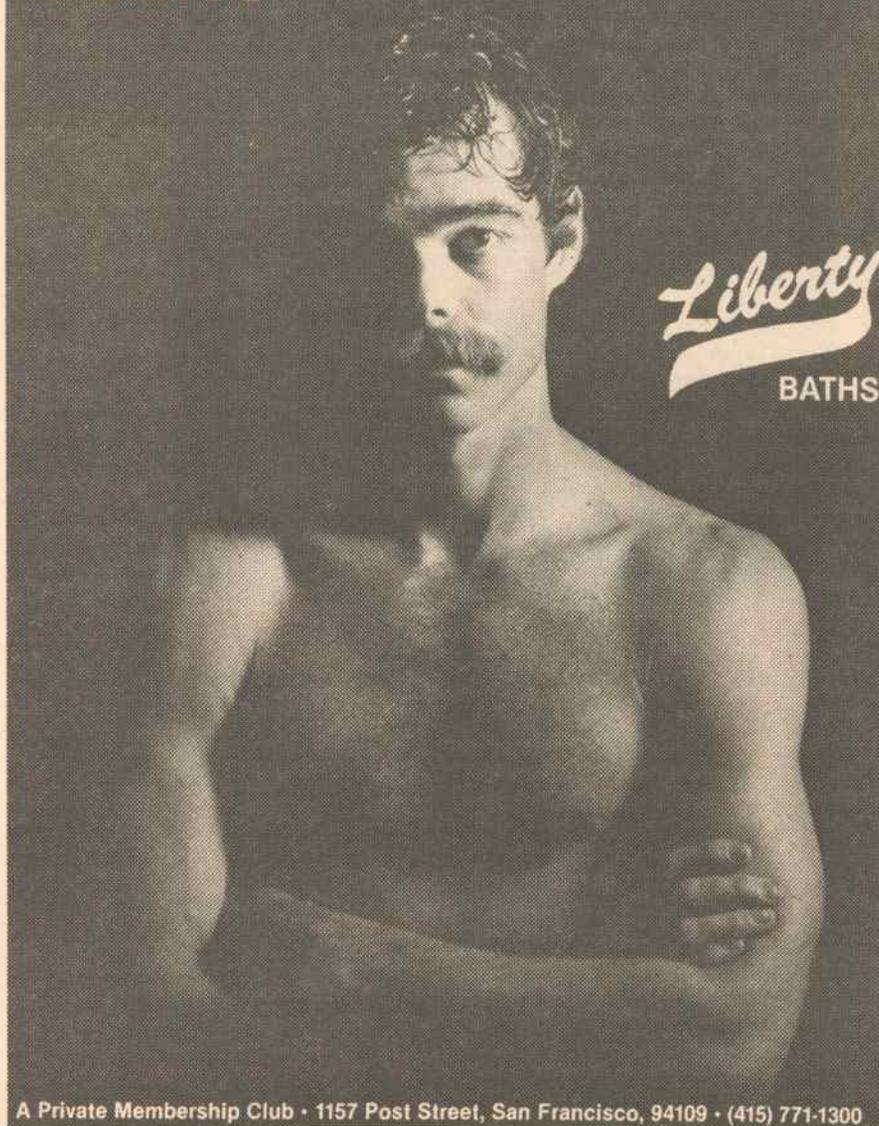
**Vito:** Right now they are making a very interesting film in Hollywood called *Making Love*. It's about a man who is 30 or 31 years old.

\$8.2 million. But for a small film, with no big stars, that's an awfully expensive film.

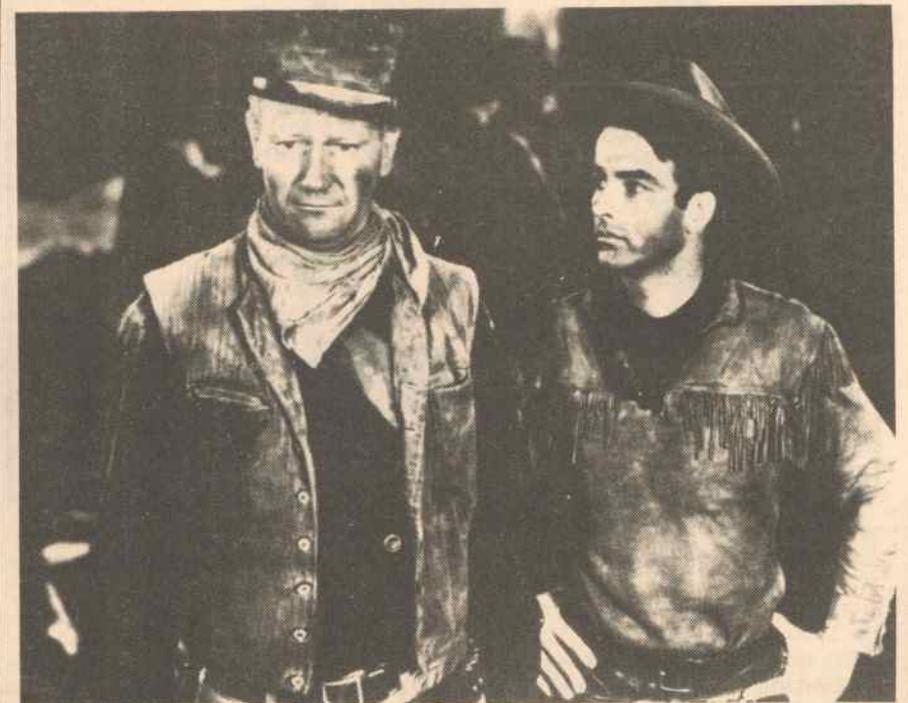
*Making Love* is a risky project in Hollywood because it is a love story between two men. If you read the script, it is the safest subject, the most commercially viable project possible. It's the *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* of the 80s. It's the safest thing they could do and they are still scared stiff. They shot the love scene recently and they are afraid they will have to cut it.

Look at *Midnight Express*. The truth of the story is that the hero played by Brad Davis did not reject the advances of the Swedish guy when he was in prison. He

## COCKY



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Montgomery Clift eyes John Wayne in Howard Hawks' "Red River", a film from 1948 which contains what Russo describes as "gay nostalgia", a longing for an existence that has not yet become a reality.

He's a doctor and he's handsome and successful and he's been married for eight years and he falls in love with another man and leaves his wife. It's in the same genre as *Ordinary People* and *Kramer vs. Kramer*. It's a medium-budget film coming in for about

slept with him and he did have a love affair with him. When they asked the director, Alan Parker, why he changed it in the movie, he said, "What can I tell you. I guess I'm just a very boring heterosexual. This is the only way I could think of to tell my audience



A comforting scene between John Voight and Burt Reynolds from the 1972 blockbuster, "Deliverance", in which Voight is forced to commit oral copulation on another man when he, Reynolds and two friends are attacked by mountain men during a summer fishing trip.



Laurel and Hardy in bed together in an early comedy film where the zany duo play parents to a "child" dog. Years later the joke became: What's a gay child? A poodle.

that my hero wasn't queer." That was just a case in point—the hero, Billy Hayes, is shown in one part of the movie killing a guy and biting out his tongue with a spray of blood and the audience is cheering. But as soon as he's shown touching another man's arm with tenderness, they all go "Yuk, that's gross." I mean—what is this? Where are these people's values?

**Phil:** Do you think the 80s provide more promise for the philosophy of gay liberation in the movies?

**Vito:** I would like to believe that gays will be assimilated into films and films will routinely deal with

the fact that there are gay people. But Hollywood is so nervous about it. I can't believe the level of paranoia still today. It is the same as ten years ago with the two men kissing in *Sunday Bloody Sunday*. People today are shocked at the two men kissing in one scene in *The Fan*. How long before they stop being shocked?

For ten or twenty years people have been trying to portray homosexuality on the screen and the message is always the same. You can portray gay people as harmless sissies and fools like in *La Cage Aux Folles*. Or as perverts or sadomasochistic violent

characters as in *Cruising*. But you can not get away with having two ordinary looking men kiss each other on the lips on the screen. People go nuts. They simply don't want to see it.

**Phil:** Do filmmakers tend to follow national political trends or react against them?

**Vito:** I notice we have a lot of films lately that feature the family—*Ordinary People*, *Kramer vs Kramer*. You have to say that in some way they are re-defining the family. *Kramer vs Kramer* re-defined the role of the father in a lot of ways. *Ordinary People* as well. The young man is with his father in the end—the mother is the one who leaves. In the 30s or 40s, you would never see the mother leave the family.

**Phil:** Is this aspect of contemporary films, to explore the changing role of men in society, a trend in the industry?

**Vito:** It has been going on since the 70s, I think. Like Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever* and Al Pacino in *Dog Day Afternoon*, and Sally Field's husband in *Norma Rae*—her husband was one of the most extraordinary male characters I've ever seen on the screen. As a heterosexual male, he was in a class by himself. He was non-sexist and non-macho, and secure in his masculinity. Changing perspectives on masculinity are definitely a trend—up to a point. In *Saturday Night Fever*, though, one of the girls is a David Bowie fan, and her boyfriend says, "That faggot!" She says, "He's only bisexual." And the guy responds, "Okay—half a faggot then." That sort of says where teenagers are today.

But there is definitely a redefinition of what constitutes a "real man" in the media. I maintain in my book and in everything I say that there is no "real man". The "real man" is a figment of America's imagination and we have been behaving only as if there is such a thing. If there is such a thing as a "real man", then of course you have to have sissies because they are the ones who aren't the "real men". If you erase the definition of the "real man" somewhere, anybody could be the "real man". And that's dangerous. But I think we are moving toward that.

This issue is what the Moral Majority and the New Right and the other fundamentalist groups are fighting against. They are trying to drag us back a couple of decades to a time in which we believed in the ethnic of the family consisting of 2.3 children and the "real man" as the father and the mother who stays at home. Those days are gone. I'm not afraid of these people. I think it is the last gasp of a dying breed. America supports it because it is good for business. These people still have a "Donna Reed-Leave It To Beaver-Father Knows Best" belief in what America is.

**Phil:** Is *The Celluloid Closet* the definitive word on gays in the movies?

**Vito:** Well, it's not the first book on gays in the cinema. In 1970, Parker Tyler wrote a book called *Screening the Sexes*. It was very esoteric. It is now out of print. Not a lot of people read it—it was very difficult to get through.

One thing about *Celluloid Closet* I want to point out is that a lot of the stills in the book have never been seen before. It's interesting, just from a research point of view, that I could not find stills from movies of specifically gay shots. In almost every case where I was looking for something special, I had to go and blow up a frame from the film to put it in the book. Almost half the stills in the book have never been published before.

**Phil:** Does the book address the issue of gays in television?

**Vito:** I devote a section of a chapter to it, just because I thought the impact of gays in television is very strong. I think there have been more kinds of gay characters explored on television than in the movies. I think that now there is room for a book on gays in television.

**Phil:** Has writing this book been the highpoint of your career?

**Vito:** Yes, writing this book. And talking Bette Midler into singing at the Gay Pride March in 1973.

**Phil:** The future?

**Vito:** Now that my book is finished, I would like to do something else. I want to write other books. I am also planning a novel. But I will always want to write about film, although not just gays in film.

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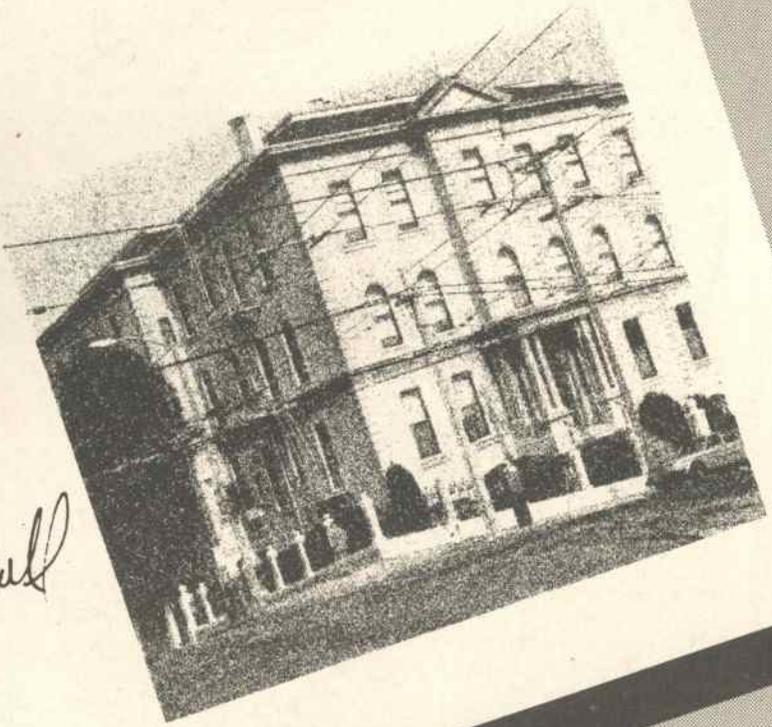
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