

ALTERNATE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL POLITICS

NUMBER EIGHT

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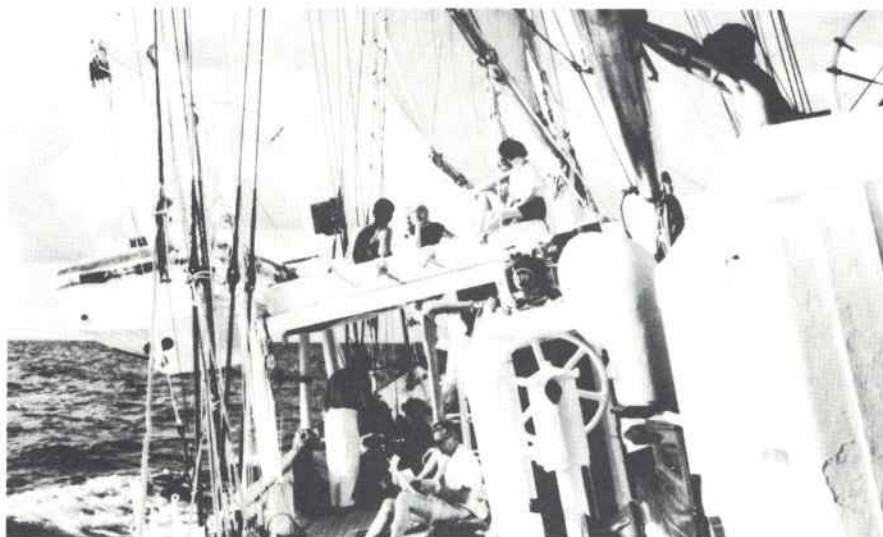
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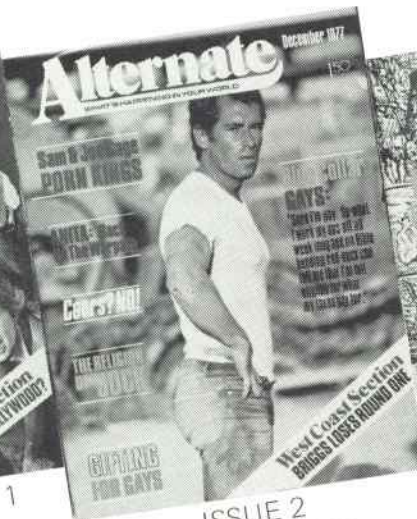
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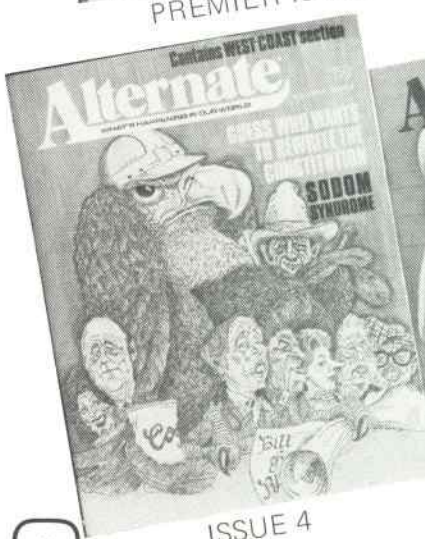
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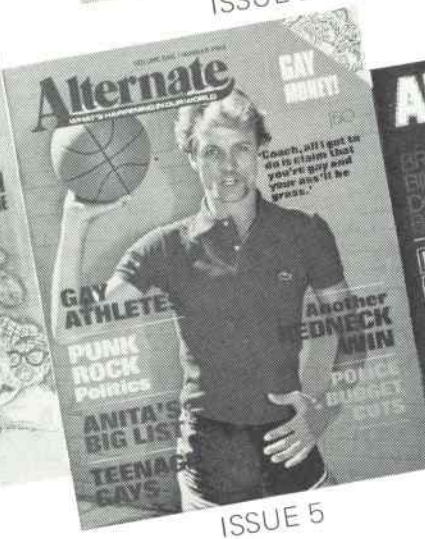
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DIRECT CURRENT

STARVED FOR LOVE

My name is Gary W. Wesley and I am now serving time in the Monroe Reformatory in Washington State. I have been locked up for one year now, and I have eight months left to serve. This is the first time ever that I have been locked-up; certainly my first and last time.

I would very much appreciate if you could place an ad for me in your magazine. You can't possibly know how important this is to me. I want to leave Washington when I am released, and not associate with the same people. However, I have no friends here.

I am hoping to receive responses from some good, honest and decent gays. Surely there are many.

I am new at this; but the Renaissance House in New York gave me your address and told me you would be willing to help me. Please, this is very important to me. I am starved for love, and I have an abundance of love to give.

I am 23, white, a Pices, 6'4", 185 lbs. Quite muscular. My profession is an LPN. My hobbies are weight lifting, camping, hiking, plants and animals. I hope to correspond with someone who would be willing to let me parole to them.

You will be giving me a fresh start.

Respectfully,
Gary W. Wesley No. 2517F6
Box 777
Monroe, WA 98272

(Editor's Note: Rehabilitation is part and parcel of prison reform; and an area with which The Alternate is very concerned. Part of rehabilitation is moving back into the mainstream of society after a prison experience. And safely we feel we can say that the reasons for a prison experience are hardly important; ours is an age when the most insignificant 'crimes' have resulted in ruined lives behind prison walls. Routinely The Alternate receives letters from gay men and women asking for a means of communication. Usually we publish classified ads without any indication to the reader that the advertiser is serving time; unless the prisoner makes that a part of his or her message. In this case, we found ourselves struck by what is perhaps the bottom line of the whole prisoner experience, a lack of compassion; of love, on the part of others. While we sincerely hope Mr. Wesley finds the right person through his letter, we feel it would be a catharsis for many of us if we wrote and told him that yes; there are many good, honest and decent gays who care.)

DARES CHANGE

I have been a subscriber to *Alternate* since its inception a little more than a year ago and have watched it change substantially from issue to issue. For someone like myself, interested in the impact of law, politics and straight society on gay people, issue number one was like a breath of fresh air. With articles on gay collaborators, Stonewall, the Hollywood Bowl benefit, the Troy Perry fast, the Los Angeles Police Commission and Nazi persecution of gays to name but a few, it seemed to be an auspicious beginning for a magazine with the self-stated commitment to pick up "where *Time* and *Newsweek* end."

Unfortunately, *Alternate* seems to have drifted away from its original purpose over the months, to the point where it looks no different from any one of a dozen other slick gay monthlies. Although your most recent issue does feature a couple of intriguing articles on gay violence and gays in prison, the dominant tone of the magazine would have to be typified as apolitically bland. That's not to say that comic strips and pieces on body-building and gift-giving don't have their place in gay publishing, but one does have to wonder whether they have their place in a magazine that now dares to call itself "the American magazine of sexual politics."

Thomas Farnham
Madison, Wisconsin

GETTING VIOLENT

Reactions to Bill Schoell's piece "Getting Violent" (Vol. 1, No. 7).

First, self defense. I've heard many suggestions — form a neighborhood patrol, learn a martial art, grab a stick — but one of the most practical means is rarely mentioned: chemical mace. As a survivor of Boston's busing wars, I've carried mace for several years, and I have had to use it three times. Civilian licensing requirements vary: In Massachusetts one need only visit the local police headquarters, answer a brief questionnaire, and pay \$10 for a Firearms ID card. In California one must also take a course on teargas use at a local community college. You will then be authorized to purchase mace. It is available in pocket dispensers with a shooting range of 10-15 feet.

On the broader question of retaliation, yes, violence is probably inevitable — though it won't necessarily take the forms that Schoell envisions. One danger I have learned well from my years in the

continued on page 15

EXCLUSIVE:



With Intent to Kill: The Arrest of David Likens

David Allen Likens, a San Francisco bartender, has been charged with murder by San Mateo Sheriffs. Likens, who was already in custody in San Francisco stemming from allegations of forced imprisonment and intent to kill in an unrelated charge, was formally charged with the mutilation murders of three men whose bodies had all been discovered along roadsides in the northern California community.

San Mateo Sheriffs indicated that there were two additional victims who are as yet unidentified; Lt. Brendan Maguire told *The Alternate* that it had not been decided if Likens could be charged with the additional slayings. Maguire stated that all five victims were found in the same general area, were of a similar description, and in each case the method of execution was the same.

Earlier reports of nine or ten possible victims being involved were false, Maguire said.

Likens was being held in San Francisco charged with assault with intent to kill, assault with intent to do great bodily harm, false imprisonment and forced oral copulation stemming from allegations made to the SFPD by Flynt Neilson, a 32-year-old San Francisco man who charged that Likens tied, beat and threatened to kill him. Flynt claims to have escaped from Likens during a fight in the latter's apartment.

Flynt has alleged to friends of Likens that he had gone home with the bartender only to see that Likens, who he claims was drunk at the time, would not become involved in an accident. Flynt has repeatedly denied any intention to have sex with Likens, or any inclination towards sado-masochism; although acquaintances of Flynt have claimed he is a regular patron of San Francisco's leather bars and baths.

Likens has told *The Alternate* that Flynt's story is untrue. He claims Flynt was a willing sexual partner, and had expressed an interest in S&M. He claims

Flynt was known as a masochist in that city's S&M community. The allegations that he did anything against Flynt's will are false, Likens charges.

Likens also expressed the feelings that the San Mateo charges stem from the Flynt allegations. Likens denies ever having been to San Mateo. He stated that the San Mateo Sheriffs seized upon the Flynt allegations to clear a number of their outstanding cases. Members of the San Francisco gay community have expressed a lack of intensity from the San Mateo Sheriff's Department to pursue a thorough investigation of the multiple slayings.

After Likens had been arrested in connection with the Flynt allegations, additional charges were filed against him from two other men in San Francisco, claiming that Likens had committed similar acts on them, both claiming that their ability to escape as their salvation.

The San Francisco S&M community has been noticeably silent concerning Likens' arrest and the allegations made against him by the three alleged surviving victims. Sentiment here seems to be that support for Likens will bring police attention to the S&M community as a whole.

Close friends of Likens almost unanimously feel the charges against him are false. An intimate of Likens has told *The Alternate* that the defendant's own sexuality runs counter to the allegations, and that Likens is incapable of murder.

In 1975 David Likens pleaded guilty to second degree murder in Los Angeles, where he had been charged with the slaying of a hitchhiker.

After his guilty plea, which came during his trial, Likens confided to close friends that he was indeed not guilty. He added that his plea had been entered, at his own prompting, to protect two other men involved in the affair, with whom he had been maintaining an intense relationship. One of those two men, James Gaw, later committed suicide, leaving behind a

note that confessed to the murder. The courts, however, would not accept the suicide note as new evidence, claiming that Gaw had written it only to help his friend in light of his own planned suicide.

Likens' attitude and rehabilitation while serving his prison sentence, and his work as part of the prison's forest fire squad, earned him an early release. He moved to San Francisco to start his life anew; away from the memories of Southern California, his aborted relationship, and the trial.

He worked here as a bartender in a number of the city's popular gay bars. He was well known, having lived in San Francisco prior to his Southern California affair, among members of the gay community.

When David Likens was arrested he had just begun developing a small business for himself as a macrame artist, a craft he had learned while in prison.

Likens claims that after his encounter with Flynt, he was visited by San Francisco police officers because Flynt had attempted to file a complaint. Likens, and another man who was with him at the time, talked with the officers about the episode. Likens claims the police went away convinced there was no substance to the charges by Flynt. It was two or three days later that they returned, after Flynt's continued prompting, to charge Likens with the additional counts.

The San Mateo trial will have precedence in court, as the alleged crimes took place before the Flynt allegations. Likens has told *The Alternate* that he feels the San Mateo Sheriffs are counting on his former guilty plea to convince a jury that he is involved in the three murders.

In custody for over four months now, Likens is without funds, and has been appointed a public defender to handle his case.

The first trial is scheduled for late January.

ALTERNATE CURRENT ALTERNATE CUR

Gay Mao

The first authoritative article on the attitude of the People's Republic of China toward homosexuality has surfaced in a Hong Kong based magazine, *Eastern Horizon*.

The publication is a pro-Chinese informational monthly. The article is by Dr. Robert Friend and is based on his experiences as a former resident of China and a recent discussion on the subject he had with five China legal and medical specialists. Friend is a U.S. citizen living in Hong Kong.

"There is considerable tolerance" is the doctor's conclusion, "because the people there feel a person should not be measured by his sexual preferences but by his contribution to the building of socialism. The feeling is strong that one has the right to his own behavior patterns, so long as they do not interfere with or hinder the general social aims, or break the law."

There are no laws in China prohibiting homosexual behavior. In addition, the article stated that Chinese doctors and scientists do not consider gay people a medical problem.

"It is present Chinese policy to mobilize all positive factors and unite all who can be united to modernize the country and to build socialism. Homosexuals, where they exist, are considered part of the forces necessary to unite for this task."

Drama Network

A group of gay theatre artists have formed a nationwide organization to promote and encourage gay theatre in all its forms. Called the Gay Theatre Alliance, the network group already has chapters in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. More local chapters will be added as soon as they can be organized.

In their statement of purpose, the group advises:

Recognizing the need for communication and support among gay theatre artists, a group of lesbian and gay men have joined together to form the Gay Theatre Alliance (GTA) to foster and promote the development of gay theatre. The Alliance is open to all people who seek to expand awareness and understanding of gay life styles through theatre.

The GTA plans to unite and represent all regions of the country (as well as other

nations) in a communications network providing resources and information to theatre companies, playwrights, producers, and all interested individuals. To facilitate communication, coordinators are serving as contact person for each region of the country.

The regional addresses are:

Gay Theatre Alliance
Northwest Region
235 Page St.
San Francisco, CA 94102

Southwest Region
Box 3718
Hollywood, CA 90026

Northeast Region
51 W. 4th St., Rm. 300
New York, NY 10012

Bible Ban?

The Chula Vista board of education is considering banning the Bible as pornographic.

School trustees were told that the Old Testament "contains rape, incest, murder, vivisection and other heinous, even sexual, crimes."

According to the J. Michael Straczynski, a writer, "There are portions of the Bible that I would be embarrassed to read to you."

But another person, Noelle Battrick, said she had read the Bible and "was not disturbed by it," adding, "Where does it stop? Are we to ban Shakespeare and other classics?"

The trustees voted unanimously to turn the issue over to a committee.

Milk Fund

Friends of Harvey Milk are being asked to help fulfill his dream of a national march and rally in Washington, D.C., in July of 1979.

On June 25, 1978, speaking to a quarter of a million people gathered to celebrate Gay Freedom Day, Harvey Milk called for a National Day of Freedom. "I call upon all minorities and especially the millions of lesbians and gay men to wake up from their dreams — to gather in Washington where over a decade ago Dr. Martin Luther King spoke to a nation of his dreams — dreams that are fast fading, dreams that to many millions in this country have become nightmares." The message of the National Day of Freedom would be, in Harvey's words, "Wake up . . . wake up America. No more

racism, no more sexism, no more ageism, no more hatred. No more!"

To make that National Day of Freedom a living memorial to Harvey Milk, contributions can be given to a special fund for that purpose. Checks should be made payable to "A United Fund" and mailed to: 1 United Nations Plaza, San Francisco, CA 94102.

Samsexemulo

Forty thousand members of the Universal Esperanto Association meeting in Rotterdam, Holland agreed to lift a four year old ban on gay advertising in their international publication.

The Universal Esperanto Association has also agreed to consider affiliations with gay Esperanto associations by placing them under the rubric of "special interest" groups. This welcome agreement mends a basic irony plaguing a language that was created to be universal i.e. for all people.

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Lesbians Win

A federal judge has ruled that the city of Boise, Idaho improperly fired six female police employees last year after what he called an "abysmal" investigation into alleged lesbian activity.

The women, who have not denied they are lesbians, sued the city for \$10 million, claiming their constitutional rights of due process were violated and that the city broke its own civil service rules by denying them hearings.

U.S. District Court Judge Ray McNichols, in a partial judgement said he could not understand "a city the size of this (about 100,000 people) with the help it had available to it going through such an operation in 1977."

He did not order the women reinstated, but he ordered attorneys for both sides to prepare memoranda on damages and indicated arguments may be held next spring on the women's request for \$10 million plus legal costs.

Police Chief John Church, a defendant in the suit along with Mayor Dirk Eardley and the 1977 City Council members, said he was surprised at the decision. Church maintains he had the right to run his department as he saw fit, including firing when necessary.

The investigation was launched after citizen complaints that the women were seen in public as lesbian couples and made no secret of their sexual preferences.

The six women who sued included two dispatchers, a dispatch supervisor, two officers and an animal control officer. A seventh employee was fired but did not join the suit.

The key to their case are tape recordings made on a telephone line in the dispatch room.

Church said tapes made secretly during the investigation show the women's sexual preferences "clearly hurt their job performance." He also said the women could have been blackmailed because of their sexual preferences.

The women claim the telephone line on which the conversations took place was tapped against department rules and without their knowledge. All other lines in the dispatch room are tape recorded to aid in answering emergency calls; the line tapped in question was available for non-emergency use by city employees.

The tapes have been sealed and given to Judge McNichols, who says he will listen to them and decide if the tapes

show the women had given their consent to be recorded.

Church claims the women were fired for a variety of reasons, including misconduct and malfeasance, moral turpitude, lowering the department morale, associating with known criminals and inefficiency.

Police Assassins?

Support is growing for a public inquiry into the murder of Salt Lake City socialist Tony Adams as further evidence points to local police involvement in his death.

Tony Adams was a young black bus driver, who was well known as an advocate of gay rights, a fighter against racism, and an outspoken socialist.

Adams' death is the latest in a series of recent murders of gays in Salt Lake, according to police. However, Salt Lake City's police also boast about their record of "busting gays" which they are notoriously known to do through entrapment. Several days before his death, Adams himself had won a court case against an attempt by police to frame him up on charges of illegal sexual solicitation.

Forty individuals and organizations — including Rev. Robert Waldrop, Metropolitan Community Church, the Salt Lake NAACP president James Dooley, Rebecca Fenstermaker, co-coordinator of the Salt Lake NOW, and the executive board of the Utah chapter of the ACLU — have signed a statement calling for a full investigation into the murder. "Murders such as that of Tony Adams represent a grave threat to all residents of this city, not only gays," the statement says.

Women's Locker

While the flap about women reporters invading the locker rooms of male athletes is still brewing, the locker rooms of Seattle's Chieftans (a university women's basketball team) was opened to male reporters for the first time following a game recently.

About a dozen male reporters, instead of the usual three assigned to the women's sportsbeat, quizzed female players in sweat-soaked uniforms after Chieftan coach Cathy Benedetto invited them in.

Benedetto described the whole issue about women in men's locker rooms and men in women's locker rooms as "really silly."

We Are Everywhere

We Are Everywhere, International is the name for a newly-formed international network of concerned individuals and gay organizations aiming to support actions promoting justice for gay persons, and to combat acts of oppression against gay persons, in countries throughout the world. The parent branch of the organization, probably the first of its kind, is located in Los Angeles.

The first action the group has undertaken was a formal protest against the arrest of peaceful gay demonstrators in Sydney, Australia during that country's Gay Freedom celebration. In the incident, over 500 demonstrators were rounded up by Australian police and arrested. In Los Angeles, *We Are Everywhere, International* staged a protest demonstration and sent 600 support letters to the Australian ambassador to the United States.

Spokesperson for the group, Anthony Sullivan, says the group "is an organization which considers acts of repression against a gay person anywhere to be an attack on the human rights of all of us. We will move to bring the weight of international protest against any country which oppresses the civil rights of homosexuals."

We Are Everywhere, International can be contacted by writing: 1428 N. McCadden Place, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

Bisexual Hose

Hosiery makers may soon be turning out bisexual pantyhose.

That's because more and more athletes are beating the cold season by resorting to using women's pantyhose to keep them warm.

The New York Jets were the first to admit that they used women's pantyhose as a regular issue for cold weather games. Taupe is the favorite shade, but they take what they can get.

According to the Jets' equipment manager, extra large shoppers sizes are hard to find in any shade.

Vince Papale of the Philadelphia Eagles, when asked recently if he wore pantyhose in cold weather, answered "No, I wear a panty girdle."

At least one major manufacturer of shape-up garments is reportedly producing a panty girdle to save the manly dignity of players like Papale.

NEW YORK POST

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Linda Stevens, Book Editor and columnist

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Linda Gillan

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Bob Greene, nationally syndicated columnist

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DALLAS TIMES HERALD

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Michael Carlton, Book Editor

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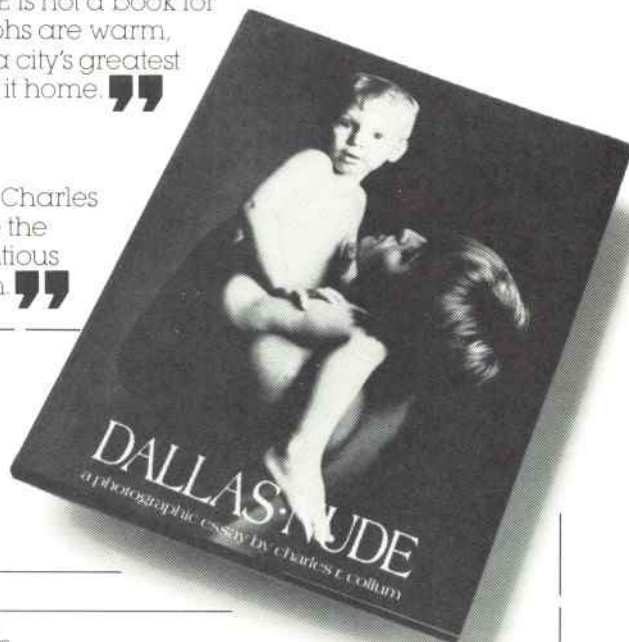
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VIVA

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THE ADVOCATE

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INVESTIGATING THE POLICE: THE THREAT AGAINST GAYS

BY JEAN O'LEARY

Laws are unequally applied and unequally enforced against gay people, Jean O'Leary, co-executive director of the National Gay Task Force, told members of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights here this month.

O'Leary was among 36 national experts invited by the Commission to participate in a two-day consultation (Dec. 12-13) on police practices and the preservation of civil rights.

The Commission called the sessions as part of a national study it is conducting as the result of an increasing volume of allegations of police misconduct which it has received in recent months.

"An investigation of police practices is both timely and warranted," according to Commission Chairman Arthur S. Flemming.

Hearings are scheduled for Philadelphia and Houston early next year.

Flemming pointed out that the Commission plans to investigate police departments "as institutions" and to study the mechanisms which encourage or discourage misconduct and complaint reconciliation.

"While the conduct of police officers in individual cases may be investigated," he said, "it will not be for the purpose of establishing either the guilt of the officer or of those who failed to properly supervise or discipline the officer."

"Rather, it will be to determine how the system under which the officer operated could be modified to minimize the potential for abuse."

In her statement, O'Leary cited several cases of alleged police misconduct against gays which had been brought to the attention of the National Gay Task Force.

"Ten years ago, all these police abuses were seen by the majority of gay people as an inevitable part of what it meant to be a homosexual in America," she told the Commission. "Today, these perils still exist, but many of us have said, 'Enough!'"

Participants included police officials, scholars, experts in the field of criminal science, and representatives from civil rights groups, federal agencies, and police unions.

Issues which were addressed included the current state of police-community relations, the role of the police, recruitment and training, firearms policies and the use of deadly force, regulating police discretion, performance evaluation, police discipline, and remedies for police misconduct.

The Commission will conclude its study with recommendations to the President and the Congress for changes in legislation and policies providing institutional mechanisms and alternatives through which the problem of police misconduct can be more effectively controlled.

The Commission on Civil Rights is an independent, bipartisan, fact-finding agency of the Federal government concerned with discrimination or denial of equal protection of the laws because of race, color, religion, sex, age, handicap, or national origin.

While the Commission's mandate does not give it authority to investigate all complaints of discrimination filed by gays, it can investigate those patterns of discrimination against gays relating to the administration of justice.

A few years back, in New York City, a young Vietnam veteran was walking home one night when he was approached by four other young men, about his own age, whom he recognized from the neighborhood. They seemed to know he was gay, and one of them took him aside and suggested they go together to a nearby park for some sex. Shortly after they'd arrived, the three other youths showed up and demanded a piece of the action. When our young veteran refused, he was robbed of his money and virtually all his clothing, and he was beaten so severely that he had to be taken to the hospital with severe bruises, contusions — and a broken back.

He was able to identify his assailants, and they were apprehended and interviewed. They said that their victim was a "fag" and they swore — three of them falsely — that he and they had committed sodomous acts. *So the police advised the youths to file a countercharge*, and the young gay veteran was arrested on four counts of unilateral sodomy.

All five youths were assigned the same legal aid attorney, who discussed the matter with the district attorney and came back to his clients with a deal. If the young veteran would drop his charges of assault and robbery against his assailants, and they would drop their charges of sodomy against him, the whole matter could be resolved. Aware that, if convicted, he might face a longer jail term for his "crime" than the four others could get for theirs, he accepted the deal. Since then, his physical injuries have made it impossible for him to take a job requiring physical labor and, despite his three medals for military service, his police record has made it difficult for him to get other kinds of employment.

A few months back, in a small town in Delaware, another young man was also headed home, pleased with the fact that he'd completed his first term as a schoolteacher with commendations from his superiors. He noticed that a car was driving slowly alongside him as he walked, and when he looked to see who it was, the car's occupant beckoned him and, when he came closer, propositioned him. No, he said, he'd had a hard day and was going home. But the car followed as he headed toward his house, and it pulled up in his driveway. The driver said he was lonely and asked to be invited in, but the young schoolteacher said he didn't like to take up with strangers. He suggested just staying where they were and talking for awhile. After a half hour or so of friendly conversation, the man in the car once again asked for an invitation, and this time the schoolteacher agreed. Just as he pulled the key from his lock, he was arrested for "solicitation."

Fearful for his job and the possibility of public exposure, he agreed to sentencing prior to trial, and got off with the promised probation, which he'd been told wouldn't show up on his permanent record. He didn't know that the police had called his principal to tell him there was a "fag" on his staff. The principal already knew the young teacher was gay, but felt that "under the circumstances" he'd now have to share this information with the school board. A few weeks later a board representative demanded his resignation. Since he knew he could be fired for any reason at all prior to receiving tenure, and he was told he'd "never be able to get another job" if his homosexuality were revealed, he agreed to resign. Ineligible for unemployment benefits, he's been working on odd jobs and

trying to figure out a way to get back into his profession.

A few weeks back, right here in Washington D.C., women on their way home from a local lesbian bar were subjected to what seemed to be a concerted series of attacks. Within a relatively brief period, six rapes and eight brutal assaults were reported to the police, but these crimes were not investigated or followed up by an increase in preventive police action. The women were told that an increase in police protection for a particular part of town can only occur when it shows up as a high-crime area on the central computer — and that only one of these crimes had entered the computer, since the officers in all the other cases had "used their discretion" and failed to enter a formal report. They hadn't thought that crimes against "dykes" were worth investigation. The women who were victims of these crimes, some of whom have suffered permanent disability, are now being asked to re-report the attacks against them, since this is the only way an investigation can begin. There is still no step-up in police protection.

We at the National Gay Task Force know about these incidents because these victims of police abuses bothered to tell us about them. *But we do not know the scope of the problem.* And we don't think we will know until a broad-scale investigation of police attitudes, policies and practices toward gay men and women is undertaken by the Commission.

All we can do now is to give you some idea of the sort of things we know exist. We know there are crimes committed by police against gay citizens — crimes of extortion, blackmail, rape and assault. We know that gay suspects and gay people accused of nothing at all are treated to

verbal abuse and physical attack, frequently directed at their sexual organs. We know that gay people are murdered in police custody, and that these incidents are not investigated. We know that gay prisoners are forced to strip and "bend over" while other prisoners are merely "frisked" in the course of a routine search for weapons. We know that off-duty police officers continue to throw tacks in the parking lot of a gay bar in Santa Monica, and that on-duty police in a small town in Alabama make daily excursions to the home of the town's one "known homosexual" and throw garbage on his lawn.

Police officers stand by and watch while gangs of queer-baiters beat and rob us. Guards in police lockups stand by while gay people are repeatedly raped and beaten up by fellow prisoners. Crimes against our persons and our property are ignored and unreported. In New York City, even a chain of suspicious murders received low priority when we were the victims. In Chicago a gay man was recently arrested when he tried to complain to headquarters that an investigating officer had refused to file a report of assault and robbery against him.

We know that we and our meeting places are subjected to unique forms of harassment. In many communities, police raids of gay bars still regularly occur. Patrons are frisked, mugged, fingerprinted — and released without charges. Police in Illinois monitor the ads in gay papers and identify the owners of the box numbers; in Colorado they ask everybody near a gay cruising area to produce identification; and in Connecticut they take down license-plate numbers — and in all three cases, this information is used to call employers and ask them whether they know they have "suspected homosexuals" working for them. A gay man in Long Island who has never been convicted of any crime, and never even been *accused* of one involving violence or children, is nonetheless called regularly to the police station whenever a child is murdered or molested.

We know that the laws are unequally applied and unequally enforced against us. We know that in the District of Columbia and the 30 states which still have consensual sodomy statutes, these laws are almost always enforced exclusively against homosexuals, unless the heterosexual situations involve prostitution. In "lovers' lane" situations, heterosexual couples are told to button up and move on, while gay people are arrested for public indecency or sodomy. Two women have been charged with sodomy for sharing a sleeping bag in Michigan, and two men for kissing in a parked car in California. Two women have been arrested for dancing together in Massachusetts and two men for holding hands in New York.

Female prostitutes are usually arrested and their "johns" let off scott free, while

male prostitutes are often let go and the "johns" arrested. Vague loitering, disorderly conduct and solicitation statutes are employed in most communities entirely against gay people. Gay men are arrested for "touching in a rude and insolent manner" in Indiana; for "indecent, wanton and lascivious acts" in Colorado; for "being a lewd person in speech and behavior" in Massachusetts; and for "assault and battery" for simply *touching* a police officer in a variety of states. Police in Denver regularly arrest gay people on state property, citing city statutes they know don't apply. "Protective custody" is regularly used in Boston as a way of rounding up gay men and keeping them in jail overnight. Jaywalking and illegal parking tickets are handed out regularly in front of gay bars, while similar infractions are ignored at other bars on the same block. In some cities, minor building code, occupancy and fire regulations are enforced selectively against gay establishments, and in other cities, particularly those where criminal elements have a monopoly on ownership of gay baths and bars, fire and safety regulations are not enforced at all, on the theory, espoused by one police officer, that "it doesn't matter if they burn."

Ten years ago, all these police abuses were seen by the majority of gay people as an inevitable part of what it meant to be a homosexual in America. We were afraid to complain because public exposure would mean the certain loss of our homes and our jobs. Today, these perils still exist, but many of us have said, "enough!" We are no longer willing victims of those who abuse us under the color of law. We *have* complained, and we have organized, and in a number of instances we have met with success. In many cities, the periodic raids on gay bars and arrests for same-sex dancing have stopped. In many cities, the more brutal or obvious forms of harassment have ceased. There are fewer arrests for loitering, disorderly conduct, jaywalking or illegal parking. In some cities, crimes against gay people are now perused with equal vigor. Gay-police community relations programs are under way.

But, as in other areas of our society, our progress, and the growth of the gay-rights movement has created a "backlash," sometimes resulting in an increase of police abuses and in new forms of abuse. Peaceful gay demonstrators have been brutally beaten by the officers of the law assigned to protect them. Gay leaders like Bruce Voeller, my co-executive director of the National Gay Task Force, have been arrested for peaceful picketing. Our legal, non-violent, political organizations are kept under constant surveillance and infiltrated with *agents provocateurs*. Crimes by gay people are trumpeted to the press, while crimes against gays are kept under wraps. The former Los Angeles police chief consistently distorted his city's child molesta-

tion statistics, which proved that over 90 per cent of such crimes were committed by heterosexuals, by telling the media that most such crimes were committed by gays. A police chief in New Mexico told the press that a mass-murder suspect *must* be gay, because "They usually try to murder their lovers."

One way that such attitudes, policies and abusive practices against other minorities have been lessened is by insuring that members of these minorities are well-represented on the police force. But at present, that solution isn't working for us. Gay men and women *are* well-represented in police ranks. But most of them don't dare reveal themselves or attempt to change things — not when most police departments in this country refuse to hire known homosexuals and fire those that are found out; not when five police-women in Boise, Idaho can be fired on *suspicion* of being lesbians; not when the Police Benevolent Association in Boston publishes a newsletter with a steady stream of anti-gay cartoons and jokes, or the one in New York opposes gay-rights legislation on the familiar grounds that "We can't work as a team with people we don't like."

There are some non-gay police officers, however, who have become sensitized to human rights. If the research of this Commission is to uncover the scope of the problem of police abuses against gay citizens, it is *they* who are likely to be of most help. After we sent out a call for information we could supply to this investigation, we received a letter from one such police officer in Portland, Oregon. He wrote us anonymously, but on official stationery, indicating that, in his city, there are all, and more, of the police abuses I've just outlined. He admitted that he himself participated in many of them. I'd like to read you a bit of his letter.

"The Gay Rights issue has come as a threat to concerned conservative citizens . . . The police continually receive complaints from churches and their laymen, local politicians concerned about their jobs being taken over by pro-gay rights advocates, and other community citizens who fear that the gays are going to take over the world. The Portland Police Bureau . . . has been under a lot of pressure to clean the city of this 'sin' and it . . . has encouraged a majority of Portland officers to retaliate against homosexual citizens. It is a fact that many of our police officers are beginning to enjoy the opportunity to intimidate and knock the gays around . . ."

"Gay juveniles who wish to remain closeted from their parents and friends who do not know they are gay, virtually have no defense against police, who will often contact the parents . . . You may have wondered by now why I have taken the stand for gay rights. One of the juveniles that I arrested committed suicide as a result of his parents finding out his homosexuality. The father was a county sheriff's deputy . . . Because I am the officer that told the parents of their son's sexuality, I feel responsible for the suffering of a great many human beings. After I have had time to reflect on myself and past actions, I am determined to fight for the rights of all human beings . . . These types of police practices need to be abolished and abolished now." □



UNLAWFUL IMPRESSIONS

JOHN BAUHAUS

photos by Roy Dean

It is April in Los Angeles, the cruelest month in a metropolis that knows well the marks of cruelty. It can be seen, during April or any other month, etched deep in the pitted scars of a decaying downtown; buildings lined in granite and limestone wearing age like a cancerous mask.

In April it is still cool weather. Winter leaves slowly, rain is often, bare stunted trees line neighborhood streets that curve and twist one upon the other. In April you still need a jacket when you go out at night.

Santa Monica Boulevard, where this incident takes place, is the final reflection of Los Angeles. It is like a snake, stretched out nearly straight, curving slightly; it is a great water snake that has crawled off the coast of California, slithering its way toward the heart of the

city. Its mouth lies where Santa Monica joins Sunset Boulevard, as that legendary street twists its final curve into the ancient downtown.

The area around the snake's mouth is scarred with the desolation of Mexican immigrants scratching survival existence in border-town conditions. Controlled and contained along these eroding cliffs of the west's glamour city, it is repopulated annually; fresh hopeful faces replacing those lost to starvation or deportation.

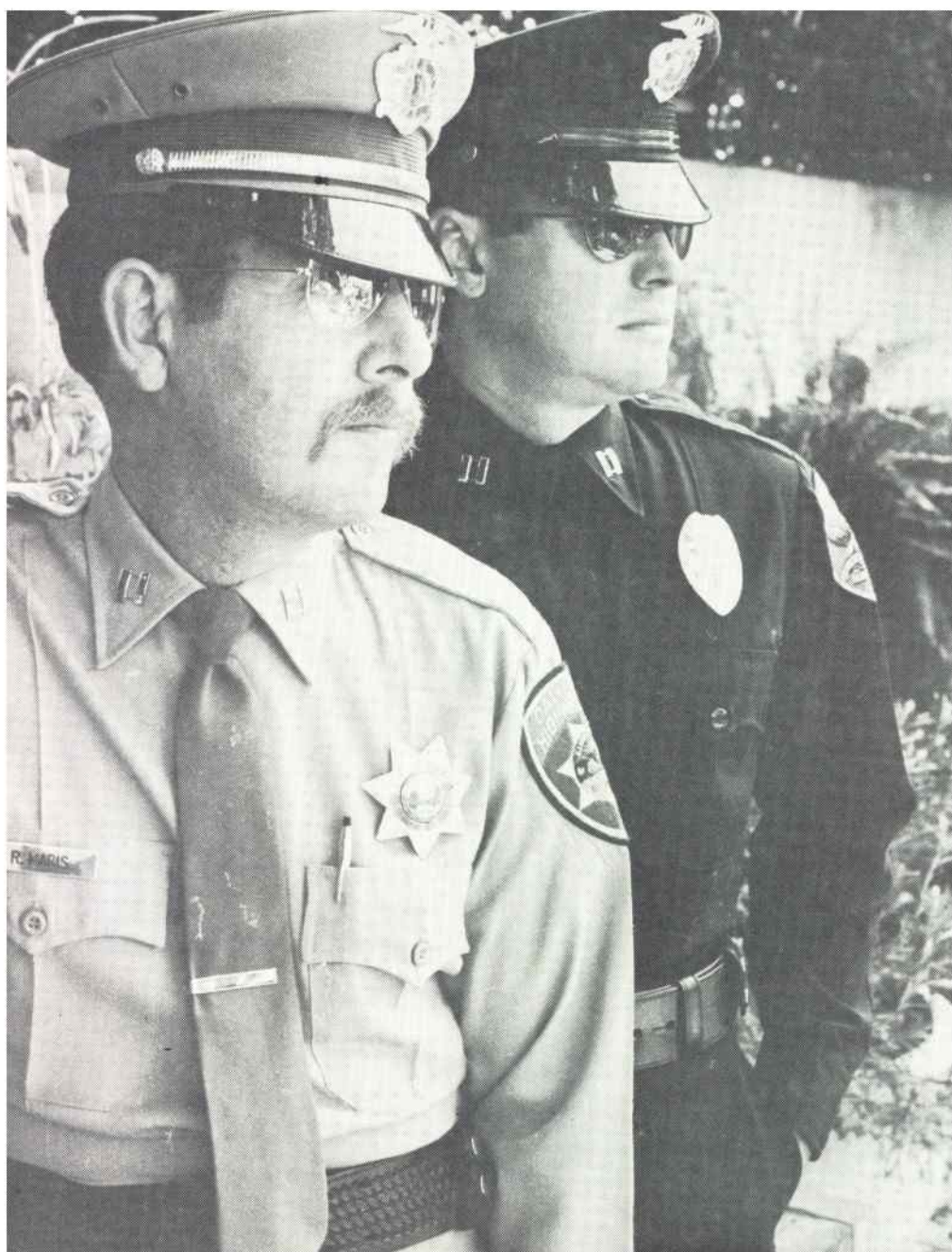
As you travel down the snake's back, up to the point where it crosses Western Avenue, you pass through a wasteland of second-hand furniture stores, repair shops, pawn shops and draped storefronts serving as homes for the lower class. Failed enterprises soon give way to corner bars, porno theatres; the store-

fronts becoming the haunt of last chance prostitutes and remnants of the city's human garbage.

As you pass Western Avenue and move west on Santa Monica there is a gradual shift in appearance. Here the medium is the pink stucco bungalow, the red-bricked car wash, the mini-marts of Seven-Elevens and one-day dry-cleaners. Residential, in a megalopolis sense, begins to checker the scramble of commercial endeavors.

Soon, by La Brea Avenue, you are caught in a mass of chrome and neon, where only the motorcar is safe, where the pedestrian walks quickly from storefront to doorway. This is the street of cars and car cruising. Here motorists swerve and stop, eyes catching fragments of passersby, sometimes watching oncoming traffic, most times not. This is

LOS ANGELES' PARA-MILITARY POLICE HAPPILY GIVE VENT TO ALL THEIR PENT-UP HOMOPHOBE EMOTIONS WHEN COMING UPON GAY UNIFORM ENTHUSIASTS DONE UP IN HIGH POLICE DRAG.



the street of accidents, and slow responding police cars.

This incident happened on Santa Monica not far from the haunts of police officers. The stretch of sidewalk between The Spike and Theadora's is well-traveled. In this confine can be found a number of places whose clientele are specialized. Places like the Louisiana Purchase, The Rusty Nail, The Gallery Room. Here also, is a strange island for a segregated city, are other haunts. The glaring Pussycat Theatre, storefronts of 25c porno movie arcades and bookstores, semi-exclusive dress shops, shoe stores, the remains of the Paris Theatre, a burned out shell that remains thrown up against the Los Angeles sky like a charred specter of some ancient glory.

It is on a night in April, among these artifacts, that two men walked the short distance from their car to a popular gay bar, The Spike.

They are products of their environment in a convoluted sense. But not in

that they reflect their surroundings, and not even that they are its antithesis.

One is perhaps thirty-five or forty. He has dark hair, which he cuts very short and close against his head. He is clean shaven, the lines one would expect with age have not yet appeared in any discernible fashion. He is perhaps six feet tall, with a husky build that would be called solid. About his eyes, and probably much to his discomfort, there is a softness. It seems in opposition to an overall image of force and power. But he would have you believe he is more powerful than is true.

Another part of what he would have you believe is the sure and positive, almost arrogant, manner in which he moves. His feet support legs that take definite steps, his stride is almost overconfident.

He is dressed in a San Francisco Police Officer's uniform; correctly dressed, with each insignia, each button, each stitch of cloth correct. On his belt are the usual

police officer accessories, save one; he is not carrying a gun. In its place is a regulation flashlight. His name is Tom.

His companion is only slightly taller. He too carries about him an air of authority, but uniquely to him, an authority of acquiescence. He is fair complected, his hair is fair; a color that would be called faun were he to consider such a description. He is perhaps the same age, and as with his partner, age has been generous. He sports a moustache that barely covers his upper lip. His build is similar; if slighter then only, in degrees that are difficult to chart in casual observation.

He is dressed in the uniform of the California Highway Patrol. It is apparent, from his identifying patches and badge, that he is a Captain. He is called Hank.

Together they are an impressive pair, these two uniformed officers of the law, making their way down the sidewalk, purposefully, to this well-known bar.

In Los Angeles, the police officer is a god. Elevation to this mystic order appears to happen rarely and to only the most worthy. To the general public they, the police, are deities sprung full born from some law enforcement god-head much like Athena from her father Zeus. And they are gods in a classical, antiquious sense; carved from highly polished marble, painted deep flesh colors, features traced with handsome dignity.

The average police officer, in his own image, is tall and powerful like a modern day Aeneas, entrusted with the solemn task of upholding the just and right edicts of the lawmakers. While he would not favor classical metaphor himself, the analogy is part and parcel of his being; he is set apart from his fellow mortals by his entrustment, and he is above reproach.

But like Ceasar's wife, the police officer does not live up to the legend. Maintaining the legend becomes a chief concern. He, too, survives ages of political upheaval; changes of destiny. Of the temporal power invested in kings, emperors and presidents, his power is unswerving. It is the permanent power of being a guardian.

Tom and Hank have been to another bar, further back on the snake that is Santa Monica, where uniformed devotees gather weekly to show off prize collections of uniformabilia. Their careful attention to the most minute detail makes this gathering a unique and exciting one. Here the observer can see paraded before him the ages of civilized man and his various uniform codes.

Here there are other policemen, guards, commandos, revolutionaries, historic military symbols fleshed out in living, breathing cloth. Here brass buttons overshadow shell and plastic. Here braids, epauletts, swords, patches, decorations all flow before the eye in staccato forma-

tion.

Sometimes it is not the symbolism of the particular uniform that is fancied as much as the metaphor of uniforms themselves. It is the specific attention to detail that reigns supreme.

Tom and Hank are well known by the other patrons in the bars, both the one that have left and the one to which they are headed. Their own uniforms usually rank as the finest examples of the art.

What was going on in the mind of the police officer parked in front of the Pussycat Theatre when he saw this uniformed pair walk past him is not known.

What is known, what was witnessed by a crowd of street strollers and passing motorists, is that he opened his car door; his partner doing likewise on the driver's side, and called the two men to stop.

"You, you two . . . halt. What are you doing on the street? Are you a CHP officer? Who are you guys?"

The questions poured out, like a swollen dam of repressed backwater.

"No. We're not officers. We've been to a costume party." It was Tom who answered the approaching police officers.

"What are you doing in uniform? Why are you dressed like that? Where have you been?" It was the same officer, eyes wide in amazement, walking straight up to the pair.

"I told you, we were at a costume party. This is how we were dressed."

Again, it was Tom who answered, Hank remaining at his side, silent and guarded by a growing apprehension.

The second officer, the driver, retreated to the patrol car and radioed in his location, and the incident, to a dispatcher.

"Let me see some ID," the first officer demanded, carefully looking over the correct and flawless patches, pins and insignas on the two men's uniforms, "Stand right here and pull out some ID."

The two men complied, silently.

By now the second officer had reappeared. He began writing out a ticket for the man dressed as a California Highway Patrol officer.

"I'm citing you for impersonating a Peace Officer," he was looking at both men, and both assumed they were being ticketed. "Will you sign here." He advanced the book towards Hank, who signed, and accepted the notice. The officer made no move to write a second ticket.

The first officer returned from a brief hiatus at the patrol car radio where he had taken the two men's identification.

"Nothing," he muttered to his partner, then turned to Tom and Hank, "What makes you mother fuckers think you can dress like that, huh!" His voice rose noticeably, his anger becoming more apparent. The second officer turned at the sound of a police siren.

"How can you assholes think you can wear that uniform? Who the fuck do you

think you are!" The first officer was trembling, his neck muscles tense with the barrage of verbal anger.

"Don't you rotten mother fuckers know what that uniform means! We save lives, asshole, that's why we wear that uniform!"

By now more police cars, from both the Los Angeles Police Department and the County Sheriff's Department began arriving. Soon, there would be a total of nine patrol cars, and 18 officers surrounding the two men on the sidewalk.

But in the first officer's mind something had clicked. Some buried secret, some hidden truth began spilling out like blood gushes from a deep and painful wound. He emitted a half-choked cry as he swore a final "rotten assholes" to the two men and began beating his night stick against the patrol car.

Seventeen police officers stood in mute observation while the officer relentlessly pounded the wooden shaft of his night stick on the car's roof. "How can you get away with this!"

The two men were frozen in place; their own fear reminding them that this officer's aggression was meant for them.

"How can you do this to my uniform! What makes you think you can do this?"

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, his partner called his name, softly, gently trying to pull him away from some private hell.

The first officer's exaggerated breathing began to subside, his groans of anger cooled until the only sounds heard in the April night were those of police dispatchers coming over patrol car radios.

Long after that night in April, months later, the two men pleaded guilty to a lesser charge of disturbing the peace. They were fined, and released.

Both still wear uniforms, though admittedly with a great deal more caution. Neither would be willing to chance such an encounter again.

This incident does not have a moral, as morals go. To the reader, one of two conclusions occur. Either the police were in their rights harrassing these two men or they were not. Even that becomes a moot point when a larger framework is explored — the sacredness with which the police regard their position in society.

Remember for a moment that part of their oath calls for them to "protect and serve." That service and protection is, by definition, not limited to any personal prejudice the officer might bring to his career. That the truth lies in the opposite is a point that goes almost without saying. Evidence overwhelmingly to the contrary, convicts.

How the police *should* respond to such a situation is exactly the point; not to what degree they might over-react. And the question, which still seems unanswerable, is how the public can maintain a control over that reaction. □

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antiwar movement is that of provocateurs, police agents who attempt to provoke violence in the hope of implicating activists in a criminal conspiracy. I would not be surprised if we become the next targets of such harassment from the government.

I don't hate Anita Bryant, though I have little sympathy for her — and even less for her repressed, vindictive husband whom I'm convinced is the evil brains behind her operation. (I've seen a lot of Anita-hating that was a vent for gay men's misogyny.) The worst thing we could do would be to play into the hands of her cynical martyr complex, though I wouldn't be surprised if some frustrated person really did try to kill her. I was involved in the Boston demonstration Schoell refers to. Her rally was cancelled by poor ticket sales, and the police openly rebuked her allegations of "death threats." A prevalent suspicion in the Boston gay community was that the "Kill Anita" graffiti scrawled in Copley Square was the handiwork of Bryant's own people. It is unfortunate that the author uses this incident to fuel a hysterical tone, for we learned that militant, clearheaded anger was the most effective strategy in unmasking the sham of the Bryant & Green Traveling Medicine Show.

On the related subject of retribution, I have always opposed capital punishment — even for Dan White. I deny the state the right to kill because it will inevitably seek to put away dissidents and minorities as scapegoats: Sacco and Vanzetti, the Scottsboro Boys, the Rosenbergs, Caryl Chessman. For the past five years Robert Sullivan has lived on Florida's Death Row, whose homosexuality was used to convict him of a murder he did not commit.

Perhaps I've read too many existentialist writings, but I believe that death is too merciful for those who have committed the most heinous of crimes. If we acknowledge the death wish that resides in every one of us, then we can understand why many murderers, like Gary Gilmore, kill others with the thinly-veiled desire that their own existence be terminated.

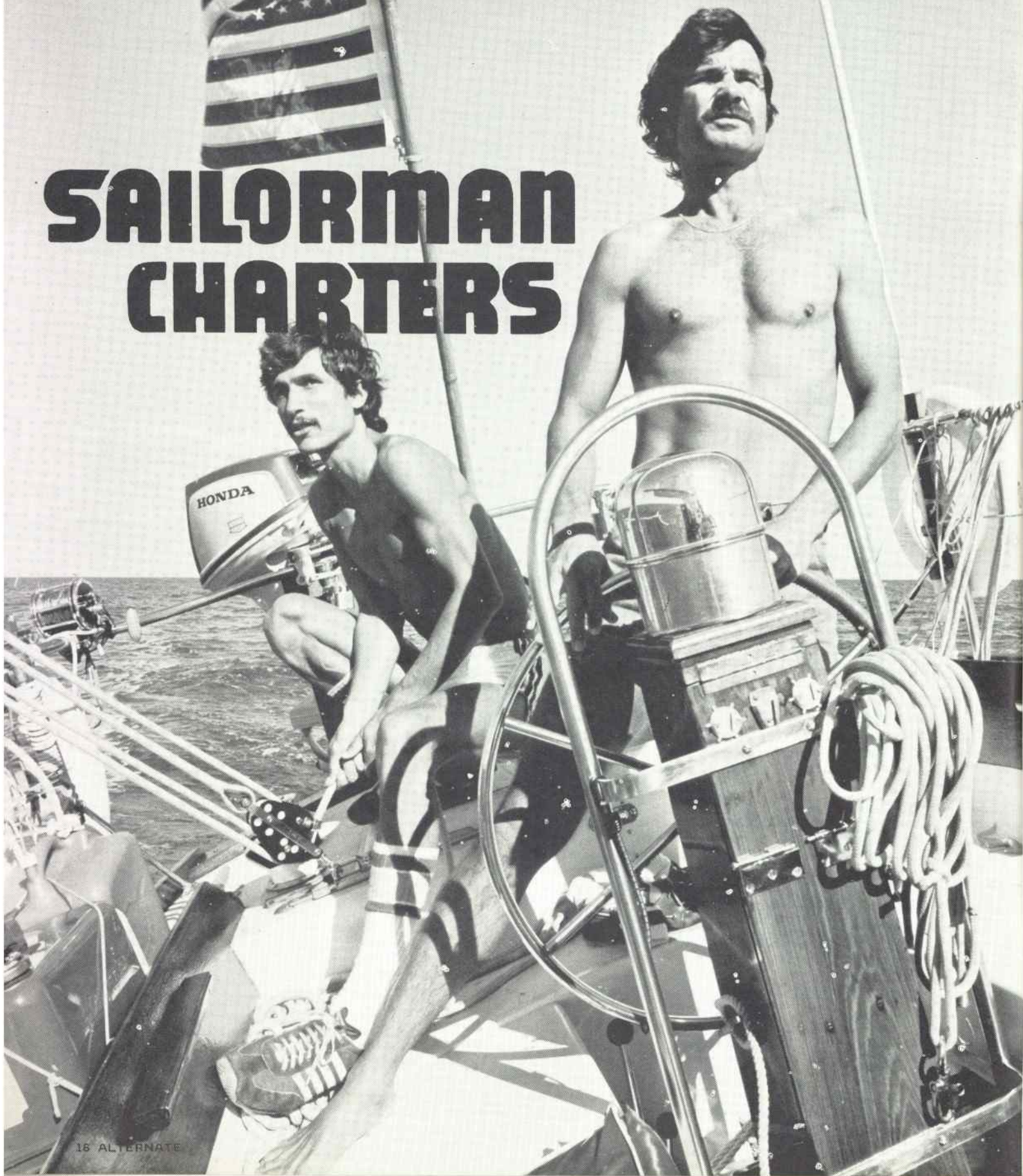
*John Kyper
San Francisco*

ERRATA

Last month's *Alternate* was to have a cover by Bruce Werner. When the tragic events occurred in San Francisco that ended with the death of Harvey Milk and George Moscone, we decided to change our cover at the last minute. One of the details we overlooked when changing the insides of the magazine was the correct cover credit for the photograph of Harvey Milk taken during the Gay Pride Celebrations of 1978. This photograph was taken by Jerry Pritikin; who generously provided it for us with very short notice.

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MEDIA

FBI War

The FBI carried out a large scale campaign of intelligence-gathering and disruption against the alternative and underground press as a part of its COINTELPRO operations, according to an article in the current *Alternative Media* by investigative reporter Chip Berlet.

Documents detailing the FBI's illegal counter-intelligence program, which ran from 1956 until 1971, were released through a Freedom of Information Act lawsuit. The FBI activities outlined in the documents include: the coercion of printers to cease publishing underground papers, surveillance of alternative journalists, attempts to foment or aggravate internal differences in alternative press groups, instigation of IRS audits, use of the postal system for harassment.

The documents also indicate that the FBI maintained a clip file of underground publications and sent clips to commercial newspaper reporters for use as background information, and to parents and school officials to encourage them to take action against activists.

Berlet describes some of the FBI plotting as being just plain "zany." The FBI office in Newark, N.J., once suggested spraying alternative newspapers with a chemical stench, says Berlet, who quotes a memo dated "6/30/70." The memo reads: "A very small amount of this chemical disbursts a most offensive odor and its potency is such that a large amount of papers could be so treated in a matter of seconds. It could be prepared by the FBI laboratory for use in an aerosol dispenser."

Other memos reveal that the San Antonio FBI office took credit for coercing a printer into refusing to continue publishing *The Rag* in Austin, Texas. In New York, the FBI contacted the shipper who transported bulk copies of the Black Panther newspaper into the city and talked the firm into raising its rates to the highest legal fee. "This counterintelligence endeavor . . . will definitely have an adverse effect on the amount of incendiary propaganda being published by the BPP. The group suffers from a constant shortage of funds," said the memo.

A Milwaukee, Wisconsin high school banned the distribution of underground papers after copies of one local paper, with certain passages and pictures underlined in red pencil, were anonymously mailed to the school principal by the local FBI.

Fabricating letters and leaflets was another Cointelpro tactic aimed at creating disunity among leftist groups and publications. In 1968, *Liberation News*

Service experienced a staff split and J. Edgar Hoover used the occasion to suggest an operation against the news service. Berlet reports that the New York office invented a letter titled "And Who Got the Cookie Jar?" which criticized LNS staffers who left New York for a farm in Massachusetts. The letter, signed, "a former staffer" was circulated among various progressive groups and alternative newspapers. When the tactic failed, the FBI contacted the IRS, which began auditing LNS for tax violations.

Besides spending hundreds of hours surveilling and investigating staff and freelance writers for underground papers, the FBI at times went after readers. Says Berlet: "The *Yipster Times* file shows the FBI obtained its mailing list and harassed subscribers through interviews and heavy-handed investigations." More than one paper were plagued by postal authorities apparently cooperating with the FBI, says Berlet.

Berlet concludes his report admonishing that "Attacks by the FBI against the alternative press were a serious infringement of First Amendment rights as well as a preview of what could happen in a right wing authoritarian society . . . Since history does indeed repeat itself, there is much to be learned about the tactics and procedures used by the FBI against the Alternative Press."

For more information contact Patty Powers or Craig Silver at (212)481-0120.

Gays and Rape

Women's groups who protested the *Philadelphia Daily News'* treatment of rape and gay issues earlier this year found progress for their fight when they returned to meet with the editors. The protest began over a vicious attack on gay men by staff writer Joe Markey. The column was viewed by both women's and gay groups as a continuation of newspaper policy which encourages rape not being treated as a serious crime.

In June *Daily News* editor F. Gilman Spencer maintained that the columns which ridiculed women's fight against rape should be read "with a sense of humor." In the recent meeting he was forced to concede that women's fight against violence was a newsworthy issue, and would get increased coverage in the newspaper.

Spencer also agreed to (1) set up an editorial policy prohibiting the use of derogatory terms and remarks in reference to lesbians and gay men; (2) provide women's and gay groups increased access to the *Daily News*. Spencer asked, to this

end, that representatives provide him with lists of issues that needed coverage, and to maintain telephone contact with him in this regard; (3) grant gay men equal space to respond to the Markey column.

Spencer further requested that another meeting be held in two months to assess the progress being made.

Prime Wife's Bio

Margaret Trudeau's autobiography is due out next spring, and *Newsweek* magazine says it is being handled with some of the same security measures that were taken — not 100 percent effectively — to prevent pre-publication leaks of the H.R. Haldeman and Richard Nixon memoirs.

According to the magazine, Paddington Press, which is publishing the Trudeau book, won't say where it will be printed . . . and the company may include leak penalties in subsidiary rights contracts.

The autobiography reportedly contains candid discussion by Trudeau about her extramarital adventures and her use of drugs. Trudeau left Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in 1977 to pursue a career in photography and acting.

Books Banned

When schools in Anaheim, a district in Southern California, opened this year, dozens of books used as teaching tools in high school courses for the past ten years had been banned. The decision, to ban certain books from use in high school classes, was reached by the Anaheim Unified School Board District Board with the unwitting help of the area's school teachers.

Teachers were asked to pick books that best reflected a return to the best possible teaching of proper grammar. They were unaware that books they had passed on would be banned all together for even supplemental reading.

Heading the list are such well-known works as J.D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, Richard Wright's *Black Boy*, and all the works of Richard Brautigan; whose *Trout Fishing in America* has been a highly respected novel among English teachers. Also banned was the American Heritage Dictionary, which the Board felt included definitions for too many "four-letter words."

Book banning in schools has been a popular pastime for decades in America, where language, content, frank discussions of sex and sexuality are cited as proper reasons for banning. As with Brautigan, authors themselves can come under fire, and all their works be deemed unsuitable. Even more popular are citing authors for being communists, pro-communists or homosexuals.

IT'S AWARD TIME!



AWARDS COME AND AWARDS GO BUT A TRADITION IS A TRADITION AND IT IS TIME FOR THE ALTERNATE AWARDS. FOR ACHIEVEMENT DURING THE PAST YEAR. UNFORTUNATELY THERE ISN'T ROOM FOR EVERYBODY DESERVING A ONE HANDED ACCOLADE. THERE WON'T BE A PRESENTATION DINNER OR TROPHIES. OUR WINNERS WILL HAVE TO SETTLE WITH BEING IMMORTALIZED IN PRINT.



THE DEBBIE BOONE 'YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE' AWARD

To the Memphis Fire Department, good ol' boys all, while on strike, for their performance piece, Let's Watch the City and Our Payroll Information Burn.



THE STRAIGHT-JACKET AWARD

To the Los Angeles Community Guild for another year of \$20 a plate monthly dinners served exclusively in non-gay restaurants. Highest priority for the L.A.C.G. is the ultimate goal of a retirement home for old fairies. As to who qualifies is yet to be determined.

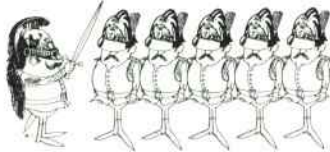
THE EARTHQUAKE AIN'T COMING AWARD

The City of New York (which bears no resemblance to the state of the same name) for having failed to collapse in economic ruin, keep Bella in office, or pass a non-discrimination ordinance for gays. Bravely led by newly-elected Mayor Koch, the city plans to detach itself and float off towards Valhalla.



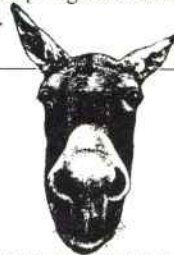
THE LITERARY DIGEST AWARD

To David Goodstein, Advocate publisher for predicting that Proposition 6 could not be beaten. Topping prior wins for his singlehanded efforts to cancel the Coors' boycott and his anti-Harvey Milk election efforts.



THE SORRY, CHARLIE BAD TASTE AWARD

Idi Amin, Field-Marshal for Life, for smearing the possible sexual preference of a number of American politicians as part of his efforts to keep Uganda christian, moral, and remote.



THE HILLS ARE ALIVE AWARD

To the State of Arkansas for passing through the legislature a resolution supporting Anita Bryant's efforts to gas gays. Arkansas, you won't be surprised to learn, failed to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment, is anti-gay, anti-abortion, anti-separation of church and state, and carries Lil' Abner on its rolls as a registered voter.



THE YOKO ONO STRIKES TERROR AWARD

The Rolling Stones *Some Girls*, which besides intimating what Jagger thinks Black women do all night, contained enough recycled garbage to fill a vinyl dumpster. Mick Jagger almost lost this award for his superb performance on *Saturday Night Live* where he managed to tear his shirt, grope his bass player, and lick the nose of his lead guitarist.

JERRY FALWELL
TELEVISION SPECIAL!

Mai Lee and The Slaughter of A Gentle People.



SEE...the terrifying results of Godless Communism.
LEARN...about the terrible atrocities now inflicted upon these gentle people.
HEAR...about the systematic destruction of an entire nation.
Meet precious, little Mai Lee, a six year old survivor of the Communist Nightmare in Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam.

Millions of innocent women and children have been coldly, brutally murdered.

Survivors in desperate need of:

• Medicine • Clothing • Blankets

ONE HOUR SPECIAL!
This Weekend (Check Local Listings for Time and Station)

LET 'EM EAT UNLEAVENED BREAD AWARD

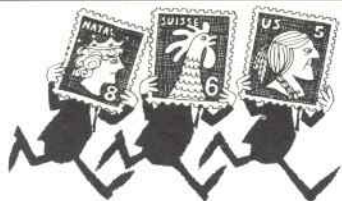
To ultra-rightwing homophobe Jerry Falwell, owner of Lynchberg, VA for his campaign to raise \$5 million tax-free dollars for "Precious Little Mai Ling" via Reader's Digest, TV Guide, direct mail and his own "Old Fashioned Gospel Hour," which is a sixty-minute commercial. He claims to have raised \$7 million; which would put poor little Mai Ling in a very high tax bracket, were she a tax payer, and if she indeed got all the bucks. She should have been content with just the advertising budget.



What are you doing Saturday night?

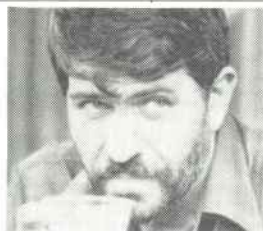
POETIC JUSTICE AWARD

To confessed assassin Dan White, during whose term as a S.F. supervisor distinguished himself as (1) Homophobic, and (2) Pro Death Penalty. If there is any sort of justice, White faces dual life terms for the deaths of Mayor Moscone and Supervisor Milk with (1) only homosexual sex (or heterosexual rape) available to him or (2) the gas chamber as per Proposition 7.



THE REICH MARK IS COMIN' AWARD

To the United States Postal Service for licking inflation (and the embarrassment of raising postal rates every year) by printing a stamp without a denomination. Clues to its use are: As a solo entry, it is never enough to mail a letter; Although there is an eagle on it the mail doesn't fly; the color orange has no effect on its value. The Treasury is closely watching the Post Office to determine if it, too, should print currency without denominations.



THE BORNED-AGAIN AWARD

Troy Perry, recently of the establishment, for denouncing the Mark Four defendants to a congregation including L.A.D.A. Van de Kamp, three years after their arrest.

THE ELSA MAXWELL AWARD

Stars, an event conceived, staged, and not-quite-pulled-off by the *Creative Power Foundation* in San Francisco; which charged \$30 admission, required passport photos, promised the moon and delivered hubris.



THE NON-SEXIST DELAY AWARD

The Bell System, to be fair and to discourage using Information as a last resort to undelivered phone directories, for having two messages on tape; one by a man and one by a woman.



THE PEGGY STEVENSON AWARD

For her efforts to make San Francisco as safe from the evils of pornography as Hollywood itself: newly-appointed mayor Diane Fienstein.

WORST KEPT SECRET AWARD

Hands down to Jeanne Barney for not announcing her intention to run against Peggy Stevenson as councilperson in the Hollywood district at some undisclosed future date. Also undisclosed: the forth coming endorsements.



THE RICHARD NIXON IS NOT A CANDIDATE AWARD

To Josette Mondanaro, formerly of the Jerry Brown dynasty, for having the good sense to speak out against stupidity on official stationery then taking a powder.

WORST BOOK OF THE YEAR AWARD

Tied: Warren's *The Beauty Queen*, her most forgettable attempt at writing since *The Fancy Dancer*.

The Advocate Guide to Gay Health by R.D. Fenwick, for the most blatant excess of editorializing in a health clinic directory.

THE VERA HERRUBA RALSTON AWARD

To ex-police general Edward Davis for doing a figure-eight right out of politics and into obscurity.



MEDIA MADNESS

Randy Shilts, who in his *San Francisco Chronicle* conversation with his friend, Senator John Briggs, proved that you can fool some gays all the time, some gays some of the time, and Shilts just about anytime.

Arthur Evans, formerly the Red Queen, for coming out of his closet after a smash series of posters and disappointing the entire gay population for not being Armisted Maupin.

Ian McDonald, graduate of the Randy Shilts School of Scandal, for offering *The National Enquirer* a 'hot' story about federal funding for a gay center in the hopes that *NE* would fork over their 'customary' \$300 and no one would reveal his real name.

Charles Lee Morris, Head Master of the *Sentinel* for canning Maureen Asper when she said in print that she could not support him to fill Harvey Milk's seat as supervisor.

NBC, who has time enough to screen anything it puts out over its multi-million dollar airwaves, for closing their eyes to the tasteless *Saturday Night Live* program mocking the death of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk. Rumor has it that *NBC* has bought the rights to a musical version of the Guyana Suicides, which it will present as part of its 1979 Ministeries.

Esquire magazine for pandering to a potential gay audience by running ex-heart throb Burt Reynolds and Gay Bob on their January cover. *Esquire*, usually a few years late with the country's trends, failed to realize that Reynolds hasn't appealed to a homosexual man since he donned his nun's drag in *Slither*.

MOVIE MADNESS

The worst film of the year could have been *Oliver's Story*. In this tired rehash of your least favorite preppie and his efforts at securing a permanent bed partner, O'Neal sighs his way through yet another relationship only to have the heroine die in the end. Or is it O'Neal that died in the end? A film that was obviously still-born.

However there is a film worse than *Oliver*, *Slow Dancing in the Big City*. This spin-off of *Love Story*, *Turning Point*, *Saturday Night Fever* and *The Red Shoes* has everything but class. It's of the "let's make a film based on a film that made money" genre. Every cliché ever used in polite conversation is used to exhaustion. He's a journalist, she's a dancer... who cares!



photos by Efrén Ramirez

MAE WEST

It was a cold, cloudy windy night in San Francisco when over a thousand loyal fans, tourists and skid row regulars crowded in front of the Warfield Theatre to see the legend, Miss Mae West, embark from her limo and strut her famous stuff to appear at the opening of *Sextette*. She went in through the back way.

Sextette is playing Frisco a year after it played Los Angeles, where it bombed. The film, which marks Ms. West's second comeback, is based on an original story by the 69-or-82-year-old siren that was too, too for its day; sometime back in the thirties.

A dozen rather short bodybuilders formed a barricade from the street to the lobby entrance for the star. Shivers, and an occasional hand, ran down the heavily muscled torsos.

The big moment came when a bus,

empty save for a lone woman, rather stout, sporting an ample head of blond hair with dark roots, stopped in front of the crowd. The rear window opened, she leaned out and blew kisses, and the crowd went wild.

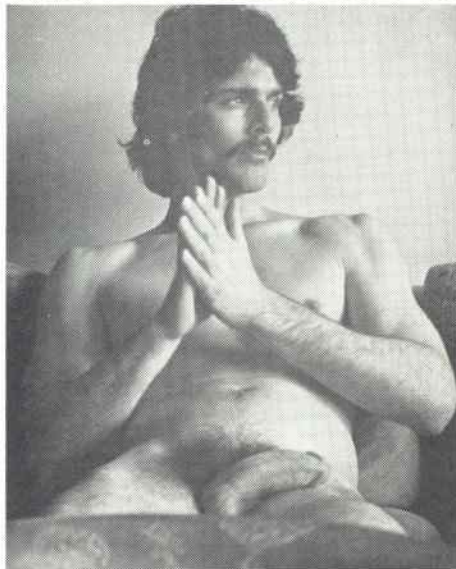
Meanwhile, Ms. West, who was sporting so much pancake that her expression couldn't change, was dolled through the stage door. The bodybuilders escaped inside to join her on the redecorated stage. She ambled forward with one hand on her hips (hers) and perhaps a few hands bracing her back (theirs), bumped her teeth against the microphone (although one audience member swears she said hello) and ambled off.

Meanwhile, the blonde lady on the bus got off at her stop and walked the few blocks to her apartment with a smile. A star had arrived.



NUDE SOCCER

If anyone out there remembers *Viva*, a slicker version of *Playgirl* that made a crucial decision not to print nudes of handsome young men a scant two years after it began publishing; and if you have kept your original collection, you might



dig up the December 1974 issue and take a peek at the then-not-too-well-known soccer player, Shep Messing. Why, you wonder? Because Shep, almost as altogether unclad as in *Viva*, has returned to the print media with his autobiog-

raphy, *The Education of an American Soccer Player* (Dodd, Mead).

Written with David Hirshey, Shep has done for soccer what it is claimed *Ball Four* did for baseball; took you right into the seamy locker room for a few inside shots. While beef abounds in Messing's book, it's no shocker.

The book jacket, interestingly enough, is printed with the cover on the back. The side that would normally be the cover has a photo of the very sexy Shep clutching a soccer ball to his highly visible chest. And it's the face that launched a thousand wet dreams.

XENON

Alleged to be New York's hottest disco, *Xenon* was host playground for Cock Ring's star studded party of the year. Everyone who claims to be anyone must have been there.

Scavullo, sans camera, sauntered amid the crowd. Now the question is: Was he looking for a hat check, a departed companion, or the exit? We are guaranteed a good time was had by all.



Scavullo, high priest of fashion photography

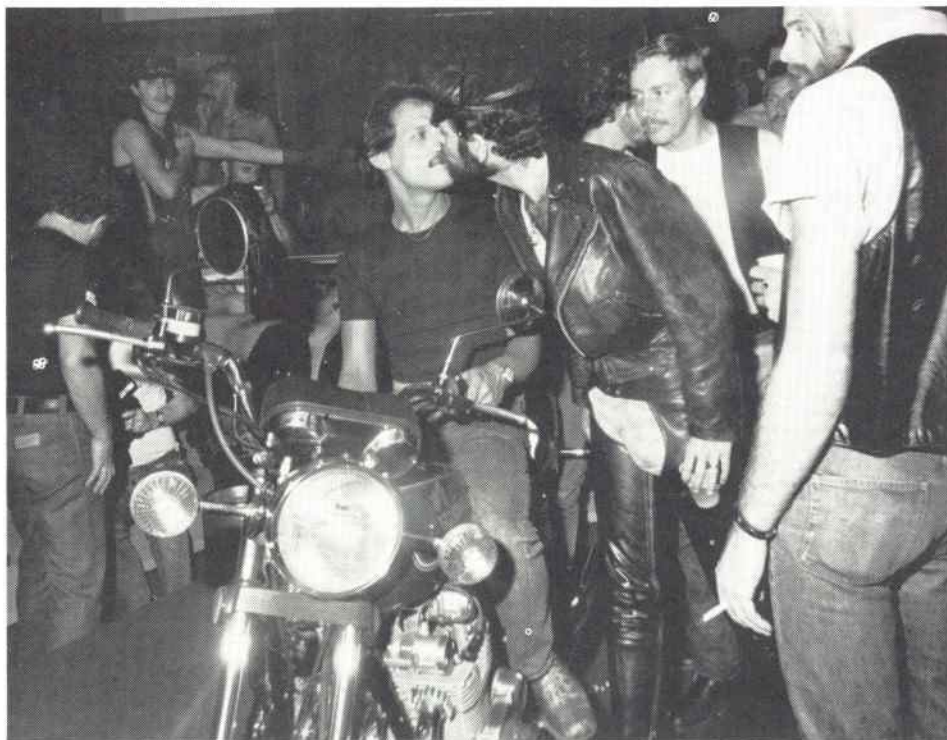
ANITA BOMBED

A Utica, NY auditorium that holds 6000 saw a scant 178 seaters at an Anita Bryant concert sponsored by the Northeast Regional Right-to-Life Congress. One local reporter called it a "pitiful sight."

Outside the auditorium, however, over 500 Utica gay people and ERA supporters marched as a protest to the former orange juice hucksteress' appearance.

Bryant, a trooper, entertained the faithful 178 inside with her rendition of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

The event was a \$12,000 financial loss, providing that Ms. Bryant was paid her usual \$7,000 concert fee.



photos by Guy Cory/Stious Studio

BATH BASH

The Club San Francisco-Ritch Street was the scene of a steamy Leather & Levi party amid the chills of winter. The gathering, which drew over 1500 male bodies in various stages of undress, lasted all night and well into the next day.

Besides the usual merriment there was a scheduled fashion show with entries from Leather Forever and All American Boy. The casual/costume wear was hung on the shoulders of local models extraordinaire; who walked the ramp to cheers, cat calls and many shouts of 'take it off.' The irony lies in the undressedness of the audience itself, obviously begging for more.

Midnight saw, besides the passing of

the day, the grand prize announcement; a \$3,000 Suzuki 750. The name of the winner isn't available, although there is a rumor he was last seen headed for the pool at top speed.

The Club San Francisco-Ritch Street is the largest bath house in the country, and has just undergone a half-million dollar reconstruction. Now it boasts not only the biggest but the best.

Other added addenda included a buffet, dancers positioned throughout the establishment, and a large assortment of tasteful but unmentionable spontaneous performances.

A good time was had by all, at least once.



THE VERY LATE SHOW

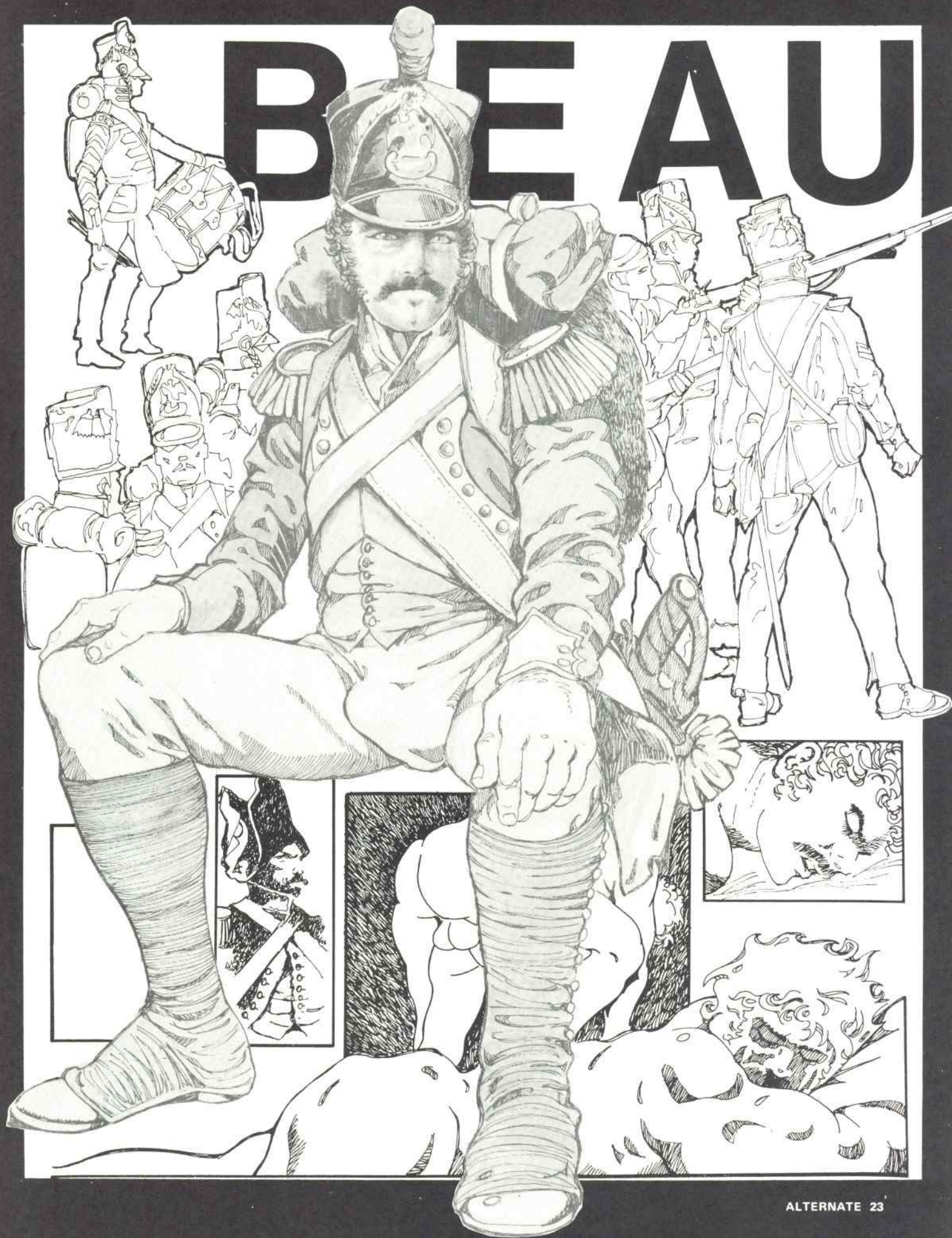


"THE ADVENTURES OF TAILSPIN TOMMY" Republic Pictures

"SOME LIKE IT HOT" Twentieth Century Fox



BEAU





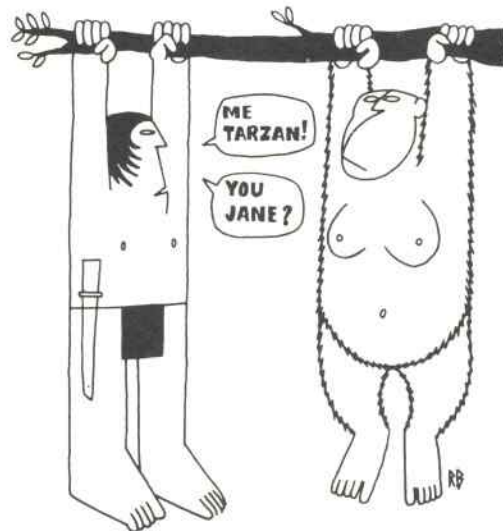
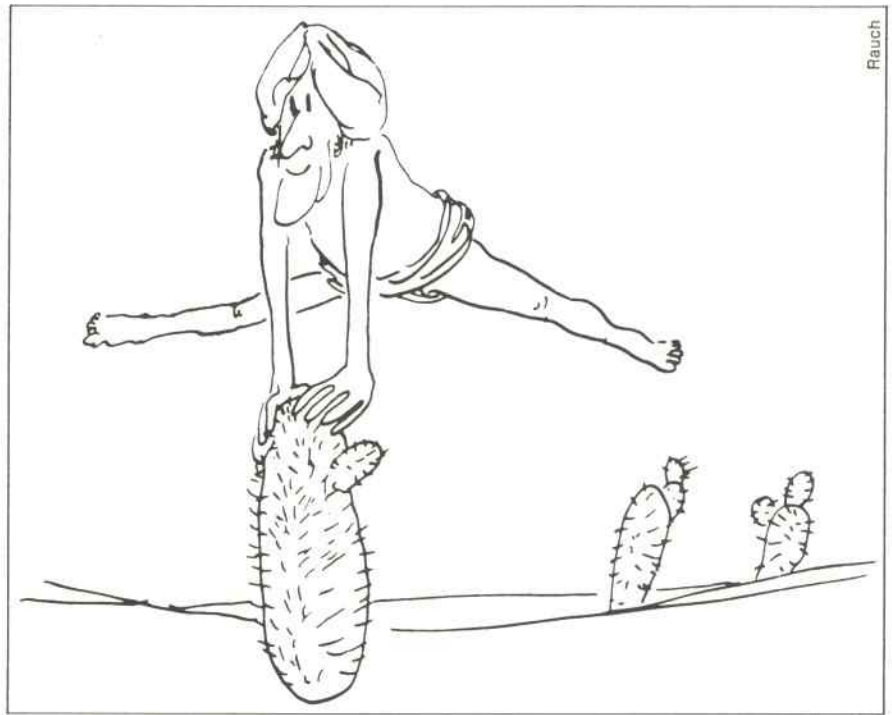


PICK OF THE LITTER

THE PHONE CALL

*I'd like a vintage wine,
Say, about twenty years old;
A white wine, preferably,
Not too sweet, not too dry;
A wine with a lot of store flavor,
A tested wine, tried and proven;
Not the most expensive you have;
Perhaps something in the
medium price range.
If you have such a wine
In one of those tall, slender bottles,
That you can recommend and
guarantee
Not to be too nutty, but
wholesome and fresh,
A wine with a fair amount of
body to it,
A wine which, of course, is not to
be gulped,
But sipped and enjoyed all evening,
Would you send over a bottle
about seven
And tell the delivery boy to knock
twice.*

Orlando Paris



HOW TO SPOT A HOMOSEXUAL

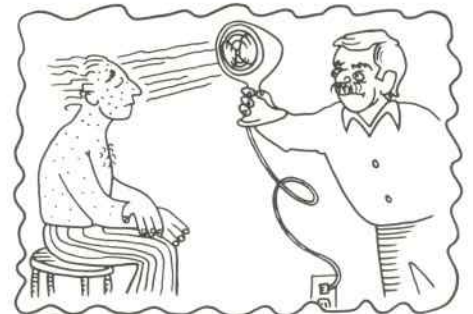
by T.O. SYLVESTER



① START WITH A CLEAN SURFACE.



② APPLY PAINT EVENLY UNTIL SPOTS REACH DESIRED DENSITY.



③ LET DRY AT ROOM TEMPERATURE.

ALTERNATE BOOK SECTION

Sex-Ring Trial Open

In Massachusetts, there are men serving life or multiple sentences for non-violent sex acts with males under 16. This seems barbarous because force was used. Relationships are subtle, delicate matters and the State should not involve itself in them.

The lecture was conducted on an informal, relaxed atmosphere with Vidal stating, "All the preparation I have is 52 years." Responding to a question as to how gays could defend their image, Vidal said, "Inclusion is with the Montaignes, a homosexual band."

'witch-hunt'

Gore Vidal, in his usual flip-sart manner told a Boston audience Wednesday that the best way to get people to accept homosexuality is to bore them to death with it.

Some 1500 persons turned out to hear Vidal at the Arlington Street Church in a benefit for the Boston Boise Committee, a gay organization working for the defense of 24 men arrested last December in connection with the alleged "Revere sex ring."

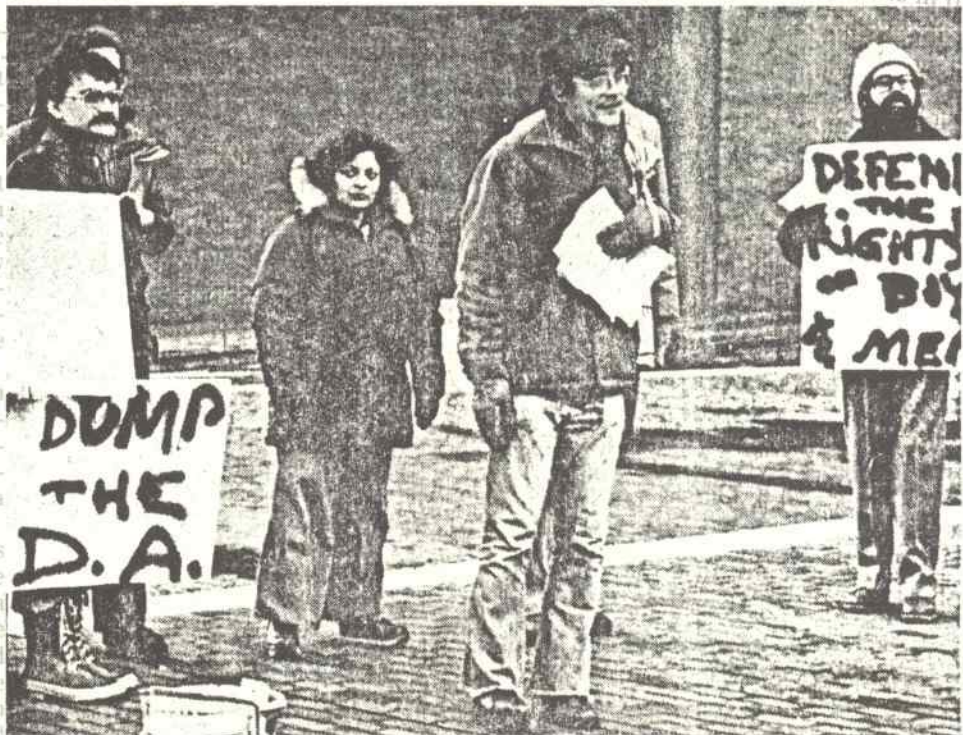
Vidal talked about oppression of gays in the United States, saying recent cases of men being arrested for engaging in sexual activity with boys represent a "witch-hunt."

"It's very sinister. The U.S. is held together by negative forces. You can never run from something. You always must be against... The right wing needed a hot button to press and, above all, Anita Bryant stabbed upon the issue, homosexuality and



THE BOSTON SEX SCANDAL

By John Mitzel



BOSTON — Motions to be heard in some of the 7 men who stand indicted as Revere sex-ring, Boston Attorney William J. Homans, who represents Roger Spear, said that on that move to have the trial public.

Homans, who is remembering the defense in the motion trial, told GCN that an open trial were buoyed by a court decision handed down in the Superior Court Judge Raymond W. Cross has allowed news coverage of the trial involving sex law. The victim is under 18. In issuing his order, Cross denied the interpretation of law that is designed to keep the trial from publicity.

Homans said that the case is a good deal, because there is this interpretation. He and other judges and attorneys have great respect for the decision.

Homans, who last week described his client as a "victim as we [a victim] of the law enforcement process in this society," said this week he would like to speak to the judge in the case against Roger Spear, the defendant being represented by Homans, is charged with counts of unnatural and lascivious acts and two counts of sodomy. He has been unable to speak to the judge in whom the prosecution sought the charges.

Reportedly, some of the attorneys in the "sex-ring" case are prepared to recant their testimony at the Suffolk County District Court. Atty. Homans said he would not let out on the streets or in the courts.

Judge Orders in Another Case

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THE YEAR OF THE WITCHHUNT

It's a rare thing when a confrontation between oppressors and oppressed takes form as though it were a textbook example of struggle. But such has been the case here in Boston for virtually all of 1978. It's been a year of witchhunt by the authorities; a year of activism and response by the gay community.

I think that, despite the terrible attacks against gay men and women, we should count ourselves lucky that the most strident enemies of gay liberation are such self-caricatures: sanctimonious, bible-toting, lacquered Anita; paranoid, blusterer Briggs; and, here in Boston, the very epitome of the flunky, wardheeling Irish pol, 80-year-old District Attorney Garrett Byrne.

The witchhunt against gays must start with D.A. Byrne, though of course the attacks and persecutions have been escalating ever since homosexuals began resisting their oppressors. It was Mr. Byrne who, in December 1977, decided to make an anti-gay witchhunt a focus of public concern and, incidentally, a centerpiece for his reelection bid. He decided to rally and exploit the press and other homophobes under the banner of rounding up the "child molesters" as his M.O. to get the gays.

Investigations into the sexual relations of teenaged boys have been a preoccupation of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In 1975, a male employee of a social service agency committed suicide when accused of placing foster sons in the homes of homosexual males. An opportunistic State Representative beat the drums of "child exploitation," and the press made a flap. State Attorney General Francis X. Bellotti has, since 1974, kept open case files on men who, through the testimony of street kids, are alleged to have had sex with minors. But all this didn't come into focus as a hot issue until Anita Bryant screamed "child molestor" and proved the popularity of this electoral tactic, setting off, among other reactions, the rush by almost every state in the union (including Massachusetts as well as the Federal Government) to pass tough anti-"kiddie-porn" laws.

During the summer of 1977, a school busdriver (who had an extensive history of convictions for "sex crimes," i.e. sex with minors) was arrested and charged with rape. He pleaded guilty to having had sex with adolescent males and females. The press played up the story. Following up on this (and seeing the attractive exploitability in such arrests), the D.A. indicted a man in Revere, a suburb of Boston, accused him of having used the bus driver to procure minors and indicted him on numerous counts of rape. He pleaded guilty and was locked away. In his Revere home, police found nude photo studies of adolescent males. They tracked down 63 of these youths, and tried to get them all to name men they had sex with. Most of the boys refused to cooperate. Of them, 13 were finally pressured to appear in front of a grand jury and testify. From this testimony, 24 men were indicted on over 100 counts of rape and abuse upon a child, indecent assault, sodomy and unnatural acts. The D.A. had made a "sex ring," and he gave every indication he could come up with something even bigger still.

Before getting to the facts of the charges in this witchhunt, we must examine the peculiarities of Massachusetts law; there are plenty of them — both peculiarities and laws. In Massachusetts, the age of consent is 16. Anyone under 16 is regarded by the courts as legally a "child." This does not mean a person under 16 does not have rights. A boy may marry at 14, a girl at 12. Both may receive contraceptives; females can seek abortions without parental consent (these latter freedoms were won through court suits not by legislation). But, according to law, no one under 16 can legally give sexual consent. Therefore, *all* forms of sexual activity with a "child" are legally classified as "rape." A defendant cannot claim that the youth consented because the youth does not legally possess any right to consent to sex. As a result of this confusing and contradictory situation, there is no

legal difference between *statutory* rape and *forcible* rape upon a minor. In law, they are the same thing and carry the same penalty: up to life in prison.

As actually applied in Massachusetts courts (at least in the past twenty years), it's seldom happened that a male accused of homosexual acts with a minor came to trial. Terribly embarrassed by the situation, men have usually been pressured by the D.A. as well as their own attorneys to plead guilty to a lesser charge (unnatural acts, sodomy) in exchange for having the charge of rape dropped. Pleading guilty to (or conviction on) any sex crime in Massachusetts defines the felon as a "sex criminal," and under another provision of the law, a man is reclassified as a "sexually dangerous person." He is shipped off to the Sexually Dangerous Ward of notorious Bridgewater State Hospital (site of Fred Wiseman's expose, *Titticut Follies*) where he remains until such time as a judge and court-appointed psychiatrists (usually hacks) decide he is no longer "sexually dangerous."

It recently happened that a man who had served time in prison for having had sex with his 15-year-old lover (this was back in the 1950's) was due for release. But just before his time was up, he was reclassified and shipped off to Bridgewater where he remained for 20 years, until a judge freed him in 1978. It is estimated that up to 100 homosexual men are currently in Bridgewater (and other prisons) as a result of pleading guilty to charges of non-forced sex with adolescent males.

To give you an idea of the discrepancy between the way homosexuals and heterosexuals are treated by the law, it was during the anti-gay witchhunt, triggered by the charges of a homosexual sex-ring in Revere, that a man was accused in neighboring Brookline of running an *actual* hetero sex ring, specializing in young girls engaging in the "sex of humiliation." His sex ring had 957 clients and made boodles of money. He pleaded guilty and was given a 2-year sentence (will likely serve only 16 months). And about the same time, in New Mexico, an adult female accused of corrupting a 15-year-old boy by having sex with him was acquitted; the judge ruled that such sex was educational.

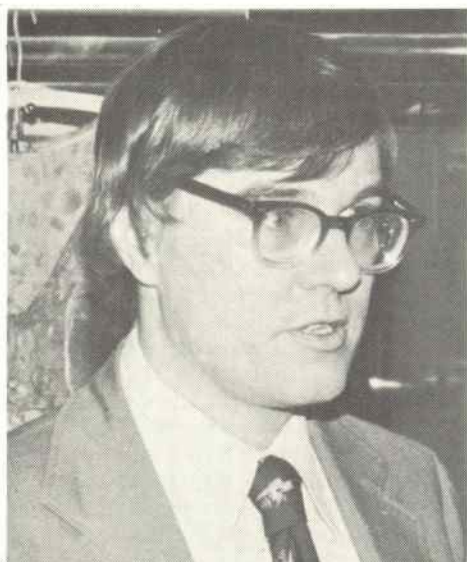
The age of consent is a little-explored part of the law. In Massachusetts it was once 10. In New Mexico, it is currently 13. In Maine 14. It apparently has not yet occurred in Massachusetts law, but if a 17-year-old boy married a 14-year-old girl, he legally could be charged with "rape" for having sex with her. In Roman Catholic Massachusetts, there is no movement to lower the age of consent.

MISTER DISTRICT ATTORNEY

But back to D.A. Garrett Byrne. He is the D.A. for Suffolk County, which includes Boston and three smaller cities: Chelsea, Winthrop and Revere. Revere is heavily populated with 2nd and 3rd generation Italo-Americans, and it has been a favorite target for Byrne's periodical dragnets while pursuing his crusade against "organized crime."

Mr. Byrne first ran for public office in 1928. In 1933, he was appointed Assistant District Attorney for Suffolk County. Since 1926, the D.A.'s office has been part and parcel of the Irish political machine in Massachusetts (both Ted Kennedy and Mayor Kevin White began their political careers as Asst. D.A.s to Garrett Byrne). When D.A. Foley (who'd had the job since 1926) died in office in 1952, Gov. Dever, himself a part of the Irish machine, appointed Garrett Byrne to fill the term.

Byrne has been reelected 7 times since then. He has established a particular pattern of sensational headline-seeking prior to elections. In 1954, running for a full term in office, Byrne announced that he had uncovered a massive communist conspiracy in Suffolk County that was corrupting youth. He has also been fond of discovering drug "rings," gambling "rings," and prostitution "rings." In his 26 years as D.A., he has indicted only *one* Boston city official on charges of political corruption — this in a notoriously crooked town. But the machine looks after its own and showers indictments down



Tom Reeves



Chief Justice Robert Bonin



Angela Bonin

photos by Michael Thompson

upon others (particularly Italo-Americans who, as a power bloc, are a growing threat to the Irish machine) to keep up the facade that they're battling crime. One of the most remarkable features of local politics is that Mayor White's scandal-ridden administration (he's been mayor since 1967) has not had to answer to one indictment. Mr. Byrne's tenure as D.A. has also been marked by the following: indicting a bookseller in 1958 for retailing a copy of William Burroughs' best-seller, *Naked Lunch*; indicting Allen Freed for inciting to riot after the first rock 'n roll concert at the Boston Arena; forbidding the championship Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight from being staged in Boston; banning the musical *Hair*; banning the film *I am Curious, Yellow* in 1969.

And in December, 1977, D.A. Byrne pieced together a "sex ring" involving, allegedly, hundreds of homosexual men from all over the country. No doubt Byrne's past record for exploiting "rings" (and this one had queers and sex to boot!) told him he had a hot one and to go for broke. At age 80, there were those who said he should step aside and not run for reelection in 1978. He's show them he still had it in him. He and his staff played it for all they could get.

On 8 December 1977, the D.A. held a news conference at which he announced the indictment of 24 men who, he alleged, were part of a Revere-based boy-sex-ring. Ages of the boys, he waid, were 8 to 13. Boys were "lured to the sex den" with promises of alcohol, drugs and money. Some were used in pornographic films. All were raped by adult homosexuals. A detective working on the case then told the press that he and some of his colleagues, "as parents, became so affected by the sordid details of the alleged operation" they had to seek a psychiatrist's aid. The D.A. promised this was only the beginning of a massive clean-up of child molesters. He said, "The investigation is by no means over." Many more arrests were forthcoming. And the investigation was being expanded to find out if "boys" were being shipped to Los Angeles to appear in kiddie-porn movies.

The D.A. then asked the public to assist him in his dragnet. He announced the establishment of a special Hotline phone number and he asked "outraged citizens" to phone in *anonymously* and report the names of gay men they might suspect of contacts with minors.

Reporters flew from the D.A.'s office to flash the news. The witchhunt was on.

MEDIA COMPLICITY

Boston has two daily newspapers. (I don't count the *Christian Science Monitor* since that is a religious publication.) There is the liberal, independently-owned Boston

Globe, and the Hearst violence 'n cheesecake (and sports) *Herald-American*. Both papers took the D.A.'s story uncritically and bannered it on the front pages. *Globe* headline: "24 men indicted in child porn." This was totally in error as *even* the D.A. had not issued any indictments on kiddie-porn. The *Herald* featured a page one photo of 5 of the accused men, shackled together, being led into court for arraignment. Caption: "Who's Who Among the Defendants in Sex Case." Listed in bold-faced type were the names of the men, their home addresses, their places of employment and some of the charges against them.

Local TV stations ran this same information *in print* on their screens. They also repeatedly broadcast the Hotline number and urged people to call.

The following day, First Asst. D.A. Jack Gaffney told the press that the Hotline was being flooded with calls, many of which provided new leads in the investigation. Indictments were in the works. He said, "We want to have corroborated testimony before we present any further evidence to the grand jury. The people involved are important, and if we don't have corroborated testimony," Gaffney continued with a patina of false concern covering his glinty rapaciousness, "lives could be ruined."

Each new name was being investigated. Some tips even came long-distance. "A man in Baltimore called to say that a minister was part of the sex ring and used the Revere apartment . . . Many callers were young boys who told us of similar operations in Greater Boston. Others gave us the names of men not previously suspected of being involved in the sex ring. One boy said one of the 24 defendants advised him to have a sex-change operation."

Rumors flew wildly around the city. Not only was a married minister to be arrested but someone who was with the New England Patriots football team. There was panic in the gay community. Who was secretly being denounced? Who would be arrested next?

Not one voice was raised challenging the information of the police and the District Attorney. Not one voice was raised in opposition to the Hotline. And needless to say, not one voice was raised in concern about the rights of the accused men to due process and fair trials. The press had already thoroughly smeared them as "child molesters," and who would want to come to the aid of anyone even accused of such a crime. Even Lesbian State Representative Elaine Noble was caught up in the panic. She issued a press release in which she said: "I have called this news conference as a legislator and as a concerned citizen to express my deep concern and outrage regarding the scandalous sexual exploitation and abuse of young children

by adults . . . Gross personal abuse and affrontery of innocent children is a sacrilege of the highest order. Adults involved in the corruption of unprotected, impressionable children by drugs, alcohol and sex must be immediately halted and reprimanded. We will not tolerate nor in any way condone through lack of aggressive action, the perpetuation of such deviant, defiant behavior." Shortly thereafter, appearing on a local TV talk show, Rep. Noble repeated this line and added: ". . . those people who manipulate children (should be) pictured as an extremely small minority within the gay community . . . *the guilty parties* should be brought to trial and dealt with accordingly" (emphasis added). She urged people to call the Hotline.

Rep. Noble would come to answer to the gay community for her actions. But at that time, here was the respectable response. State Rep. Barney Frank, long a friend of the gay movement, spoke with the D.A. and then told gay leaders that Mr. Byrne had assured him that the Hotline was in no way intended as a harassment of the gay community. A local gay man wrote to the *Globe* and said that gay people in Boston "wish to emphasize that the majority of the gay community does not condone the actions of the real perverts, and we are glad the law was carried out and will be carried out to the fullest extent. It is one thing to be gay, but totally another to be sick like these men and we hope that sensible people will not link us to this travesty."

The unwillingness of some gay people to support those under attack was a lamentable comment on the lack of solidarity in our community. This is how a witchhunt "succeeds"; no one would oppose it until after it has dragnetted and ruined its victims. Would *anyone* call the D.A.'s bluff and support the rights of gay men accused of being "child molesters"?

This time, and for the first time, the answer was yes.

FIGHTING BACK

On 9 December 1977, the first day of massive publicity and the press's incitement to call the Hotline, members of Boston's radical *Fag Rag* staff (Sal Farinella, Tom Reeves, Charley Shively, Michael Bronski and myself) met and decided to *do* something. We smelled lynching in the wind. No matter what these men were accused of (none of us knew any of them), we decided we needed to organize around this issue for two immediate purposes: to end the sinister Hotline, which remained an immediate threat to the safety of all homosexuals and those perceived to be homosexuals, and we wanted to make sure the legal rights of all accused men were observed in the midst of this panic. We were aware of similar police dragnets undertaken earlier (though not of the same magnitude) in Seattle, Chicago, and in Baltimore (to be followed shortly thereafter in Toronto where the *Body Politic's* staff was indicted on charges of "child pornography" and obscenity). It has always been the position of the *Fag Rag* that an attack on any part of the gay community is the beginning of an attack on all parts of the gay community. No one can assume that he or she is safe. The D.A., the police and the press were joined in exploiting and exciting homophobia — not a difficult thing to do in repressed Irish-Catholic Boston — and we were all potential victims.

We formed the Boston/Boise Committee (B/BC). The Committee's name recalled John Gerassi's study of a previous witchhunt, *The Boys of Boise*. Gerassi wrote about an attack on gay men in Boise, Idaho in 1955, launched by one faction of the power elite (using the accusation of "child molestor") to discredit a newly-emerging financial group. But the witchhunt got out of hand, as witchhunts invariably do, and when it started snaring some of that town's higher-ups, the power elite defused it as quickly as they had started it — but not without life terms and suicides among the victims. (As an ironic twist, as the witchhunt unfolded against gays here in Boston, Boise was once again on the move. Eleven Lesbians were fired from the Boise police for being gay. They sued and eventually won reinstatement.) The momentum of a witchhunt is something

those who unleash it seldom understand. Elaine Noble admitted, late in 1978, that it was a good thing that the B/BC had checked the witchhunt at the start; had we not, she said, it would have very likely swept up several prominent members of the Democratic Party machine here.

THE HOTLINE DEFUSED

Meanwhile, the D.A.'s Hotline was still ringing all through the month of December, 1977. Boston/Boise issued a flyer and distributed 2500 of them in a few hours. A mass meeting was held in the offices of the *Gay Community News*, our local weekly paper. 75 people attended, including one of the defendants, his 19-year-old lover, and a 20-year-old youth who had been previously interrogated by police (and the state Attorney General's office) about sex with adult men. Three members of the B/BC met with Asst. D.A. Thomas Dwyer. (Dwyer was rumored to be Byrne's successor should Byrne die in office — which is the way the D.A. wanted to go). Mr. Dwyer, surprised by the concern of the gay community over the Hotline, promised his office would reevaluate its use. We asked to meet with Byrne personally, but he refused as long as one of our demands was his resignation from office. The D.A. proclaimed the Hotline would continue.

B/BC called for a public demonstration on City Hall Plaza, 15 December 1977 (proclaimed by President Carter as Bill of Rights Day). Over thirty people showed up in a freezing wind and, after demonstrating and speaking, marched to the D.A.'s office and angrily entered and demanded an instant end to the Hotline. Once again, Dwyer stalled for time and promised reconsideration. Again the Hotline continued.

Boston/Boise then went to court and sued for an immediate injunction restraining the D.A. from using the Hotline. We were joined in the case by the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts. B/BC argued that the Hotline was a patently unconstitutional police procedure, as illegal as that used by the San Francisco police when they randomly dragnetted black men off the streets during their investigations of the "Zebra Killings." The Hotline was even more sinister, since anonymous callers could report anybody via the Hotline and cause their arrest.

The night before B/BC's suit was to be heard in Equity Court, First Asst. D.A. Jack Gaffney (whose reputation is that of a gutter fighter) phoned B/BC counsel, Attorney John Ward and threatened him. He said: "If you dare to show up in court tomorrow, we'll make sure you never practice law again in this town. We'll fix you, *dearie!*"

Undaunted, Ward showed up in court ready to argue his case. It turned out that the issue was moot. Knowing the court would have restrained them, the D.A. and his staff "voluntarily" discontinued the Hotline, but told the press they were still urging people to call the D.A.'s regular office numbers. It was a big victory for the Boston/Boise Committee.

The D.A.'s staff promised a written account of the disposition of the raw information gleaned by the Hotline. But after months of delay, nothing had been done. To this day, "denunciations" of hundreds of men as "child molesters" fill the files in the office of the District Attorney.

KNOWING YOUR ENEMIES

We learned several things about Boston politics during Boston/Boise's wrangling with the legal and political establishment. Garret Byrne had a staff of 105 Assistant District Attorneys, up from only 35 back in 1958. The ones involved in the so-called Revere "sex ring" investigation and prosecution were: Jack Gaffney, Thomas Dwyer and Thomas Peisch. Dwyer is the son of a sitting Superior Court Judge (a practice not uncommon in Boston; it keeps everything cozy). Gaffney is one of the most hated men in this city. He was the prosecutor in the Susan Saxe case. Saxe, an anti-war activist who took credit for blowing up the U.S. Army's Newburyport, Massachusetts, Armory, was involved in a bank robbery in

which a cop was killed. She was charged with conspiracy in this murder. Saxe is also a lesbian revolutionary who spent 6 years underground before she was apprehended in Philadelphia. In his prosecution, Gaffney played on what he assumed would be the jury's anti-semitism. The State's only major witness against Saxe (placing Saxe in the bank at the time of the shooting) could only identify her by her "big features," her lips and nose. Gaffney kept coming back to this and pointed out her lips and nose. Even so, the jury (with a gay man as foreman) ended as a hung jury. The judge at this first Saxe trial was Superior Court Chief Justice Walter McLaughlin, another Irish pol, with a reputation for being not only conservative but vicious. He and Garrett Byrne have run the legal affairs of Boston for too many years. After the Saxe case, McLaughlin had to retire (he was 70). He immediately became chief fund-raiser for Garrett Byrne's reelection campaign.

Byrne, in order to meet the payroll for his bloated staff (and to find enough crimes and criminals to keep his boys busy) is always on the prowl for funds. Through the Nixon scandal-ridden Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA), Byrne landed several millions to set up a much-touted Suffolk County Investigations and Prosecutions Project (SCIPP) which was charged to investigate *exclusively* allegations of political corruption and organized crime. It was SCIPP which, as Dwyer boasted to the press, had handled the probe into the "sex ring." Since there were no official allegations of organized crime or political corruption in these matters, it raised the question of why SCIPP was involved *at all*. Dwyer never addressed the matter. He and his staff were probably just lucky to have the work.

ORGANIZING

With the Hotline ended, the Boston/Boise Committee turned its attention to other immediate concerns:

- 1) Investigating the facts behind the alleged "ring"
- 2) Contacting the accused and making sure they had counsel and were not letting police violate their rights
- 3) Working with the media to check their homophobia and correct some of their more egregious errors.

As to the "sex ring," we found out that the police, priests and psychiatrists had combined to pressure the 13 youths to testify before the grand jury. This was particularly true of the State's main "victim," Garry. Garry, now 17, lived alone with his mother. Gary is gay and has been sexually active since before he was 12. After the police located him, he and his mother were visited *no less than 6 times* by their parish priest who urged him to cooperate with the authorities. Police showed nude pictures of Gary to his friends and neighbors and encouraged them to badger him. He and his mother (recipients of state social aid) were threatened with a cut-off of funds if he didn't testify. The mother was finally prodded to sign over custody of the youth to the police. Gary was then locked up in a youth detention facility and told that *if* he continued to refuse cooperation, then *he* would be indicted for "sex crimes." He relented and is now the "victim" in the cases against four different men. In January, he attended a meeting of the Boston/Boise Committee, entirely by his own choice, where he ran up and embraced one of the men he had testified against. At that meeting, he gave a statement detailing the various forms of pressure and coercion police used against him, and he asked for neutral counsel to represent him, something the police failed to inform him was his right. He wanted out of the whole mess.

His situation was typical. The "boys," we discovered, were not 8 to 13. In all but one indictment, the ages of the youths, at the times of the alleged acts — which took place in a variety of places and turned out to be unrelated to one another — were 13 to 15. And since the indictments refer to alleged acts that took place as long ago as 1971, many of the "boys" were now men in their 20s.

The curious thing about the "sex ring" was that *there were*

no complainants! There were no "victims" until the police coerced young men into *saying* they were "victims," in all cases against their will.

We found that no force had been used in *any* of the alleged incidents. Most of what had transpired, if true, appeared to be casual consensual sex between adult males and adolescent males in Revere and other communities. There was no organization to it, except perhaps exchanged phone numbers. Merely casual tricking with teenaged youths who often worked the streets and sometimes needed cash.

It should be noted that one great difficulty in organizing the feminist community to support the work of the B/BC was over the issue of "rape." It took much explaining to a number of women's groups that the so-called victims in these cases were in fact consenting and sexually active teenagers, and that the charge of "rape" was merely a legal designation and not to be confused with the sensational issue of heterosexual male rape against women. Even with extensive discussion about intergenerational sex among gay men, some were loath to support the goals of the B/BC, unable to get past the red herrings (in these cases at least) of "child abuse," "molestation," etc.

As to the defendants, a dozen of them contacted the Boston/Boise Committee or were contacted in turn by us. Several became active members of the Committee. A few are wealthy individuals; half are middle-class professionals; the remainder working-class. Bail and legal expenses were enormous burdens for most. (The wealthy were released from jail after their arrests on personal recognizance; the poor had to post \$10,000 in bail.)

One of the defendants, a U.S. champion instructor in the martial arts, lost his students and school as a result of the indictment. Months after the indictments were handed down, only 20 of the original 24 men had been arrested. It is thought that one of the men named may not even exist! The others are in foreign countries or have eluded American police. It is also thought that after the Boston/Boise Committee *politicized* the issue of the attack on the gay community, the D.A. has given up seeking any more defendants. The D.A.'s assumption was that all those arrested would quickly plead guilty. But, through the support of B/BC and others, all the defendants (but one who did a plea) demanded open trials. When the D.A. learned that he would have to actually prosecute 19 different cases in court (with no automatic guarantee of a conviction), the witchhunt looked less productive — or at least *this phase* of the witchhunt. One defendant was returning from Florida to turn himself in to police (after a long talk with co-chair of the B/BC, Tom Reeves). When he got to New York, he turned despondent and attempted suicide. He survived but with disfigurements of the face.

As a consequence of the monumental publicity given to the indictments and arrests, many of the defendants were harassed and/or victimized by threats or actual violence. The B/BC, from the start, deliberately chose *not* to be a defense committee for any or all of the 24 defendants for a number of reasons: there were too many defendants, each case was different involving a separate legal strategy, we had disagreements with lawyers, and, in a couple of cases, the men and their lawyers wanted nothing to do with us (except to solicit us for money). Boston/Boise remained concerned with the civil rights of homosexuals *as a class* during this homophobic witchhunt. This point — and the inability of many straights to understand why gay people needed to defend their rights in general — would later become the center of much argument and debate.

CHANGING ATTITUDES

The press was a problem from the beginning. There appeared to be no "adversary journalism" on this issue. Reporters and broadcasters swallowed whole everything the press and police put out. Boston does have two weekly independent papers, *The Phoenix* and *The Real Paper* as well as a couple of progressive radio stations with inquiring and probative news

departments. Boston/Boise began its work with these, to some success. Bastions like the *Globe* and *Herald*, and the major TV news departments, were hard to penetrate. Most of the problem was their lack of information about the gay community. But some of it turned out to be entrenched homophobia on the part of the old-time reporters.

Particularly urgent to us was stopping the use of phrases like "homosexual crimes," "sex den," "boys from 8 to 13," and other sensational, emotion-charged language.

Boston/Boise's demonstrations and victory in ending the Hotline brought some serious press attention. A front-page story (continued at great length inside) in New York's *Village Voice* brought national attention to these events. As a result of this story, the D.A.'s office refused to deal with Boston/Boise at all.

Boston/Boise's most significant work vis-a-vis the media was our publication of a four-paged set of Media Guidelines which provide conscientious reporters with a sensitive and fair way to handle news about persons charged with "sex crimes," particularly if those accused are homosexuals.

The Committee also set up a legal subcommittee to research and study the age of consent statutes, their history and how they are applied. This subcommittee published its findings in the form of an *amicus curiae*, able to be adapted and used as part of a legal defense for any person accused of consensual sex with a minor. This subcommittee sponsored, on 2 December 1978, a one-day conference on the issue of man-boy love, the first of its kind to successfully take place in the U.S.

In March 1978, John Gerassi was in Boston and he spoke to a meeting of the Boston/Boise Committee. He was pleased that his book had been a part of our catalyst to action. He spoke on the importance of resistance to authority and the necessity of all peoples under attack to join their struggles together. Though not a boy-lover, he was in great personal sympathy with the men under indictment and he detailed how the powers-that-be use sexuality to frighten people and divide them.

"My instinct when I went out to Boise proved right. That anything that is a witchhunt is political. Whatever it is — gay rights, women's rights, children liberation — whenever one challenges a part of American society, one challenges all of American society. American society is repressive against gays not because it likes to repress gays for the sake of repressing gays, but because the system will crack if people begin to challenge its hypocrisies and its value system. That system is the same system which leads to exploitation all over the world, the murders, assassinations, racism and sexism. For those of you who were who were arrested for child molesting, your arrests were for the very same reason Allende was overthrown in Chile and that 30,000 Chileans died."

INTENSIFICATION

During March, 1978, another massive assault against gay men was launched by police. Over 100 men were arrested in the Boston Public Library. Three Boston police, in plain clothes, were assigned to the Library, one in the men's room, the others elsewhere. They were, literally, arresting anyone who "looked gay." Forty men had been arrested and quietly pleaded guilty to charges of "disorderly conduct" before word started getting around town. It was a strange sight, but paddy wagons were pulled up to the front of the Library entrance and were being filled with those arrested. One of those arrested was a South American gay man (whose visa had expired). He was recovering from a stab wound he received while working in a local gay bar. Police turned him over to Immigration and Naturalization and he was promptly deported.

By the time 90 men had been arrested, the story finally broke. But not in Boston. It was page three news in San Francisco before the Boston *Globe* saw fit to run it.

Gay people were outraged — again, especially the men. Another mass meeting was called and held in the *Gay Com-*

munity News offices. Over 100 showed up, including some of those who had been arrested. What to do? The anger was great; the overwhelming sentiment was for a demonstration *within 72 hours*, although there was some argument over the old Good Gays vs. Bad Gays "image" problem. Was the issue one of supporting "public sex" (as the Good Gays said it was and urged us to stay away) or was it merely one of public access to a municipal building. The consensus was that it was the latter, though some Good Gays were peeved that we would even *dare* defend men accused of such a breach of respectability. A flyer was done the night of the mass meeting and distributed the next day. We found great popular support for the demo in the gay community. On Saturday, 1 April 1978, over 500 people congregated in front of the Boston Public Library to chant, picket and demonstrate. The turnout was a shock to many, particularly the Board of Trustees of the Library. Suddenly the major press began to take our charges of witchhunt seriously. Finally, the Hearst *Herald*, which had been in the forefront of exploiting homophobia since the "sex ring" was announced, ran a front page story: *Gay Activism: Witchhunt Is Their Fear; Political Clout Their Goal*. It was far from ideal but was a partial about-face in their coverage of the gay community. It was not to last for long.

The Boston/Boise Committee had invited Gore Vidal to speak at a fund-raising benefit for the Committee. He agreed. (Vidal was to be in town anyway to push *Kalki*. Also, he has long been an admirer of the *Fag Rag* and its staff and, trusting our analysis of the situation, was willing to help.) The event was held Wednesday, 5 April 1978, in the historic old Arlington Street Church. Tickets were \$5 apiece. There were 800 of them sold, but closer to 1500 jammed the church. Vidal sparkled. He was in top shape.

"If politicians no longer have monolithic World Communism to run against, what do you run against? You must never run for anything; this is not the American way. The right-wing in the country has been accumulating quite a lot of money and is going to back a lot of candidates. They want to put a lot of people into office. They can't do it so much running against Communism, so they have what we call are Hot Buttons that they press that people get excited about. The Panama Canal, Cuban Imperialism. But above all, Anita Bryant, who sings the Battle Hymn of the Republic — whenever asked — stumbled upon an issue that a lot of people didn't like fags and this was going to be a Hot Button she could press. I think it began accidentally, although there is a great market for sort-of washed-up show-business types who discover Jesus. And she got on to that circuit. And it did well for her — that and the oranges. She stumbled on to this issue; now it's sweeping the country. I find it kind of interesting that suddenly homosexuality should become of such urgency to the politicians. I suspect it is because they have a really good Hot Button. There is an instinct that this is very good politics, and they will blur it into anything . . . I can see this getting quite serious, which is why I am here tonight. As to stopping it, apparently communities have to do it . . . And I think you should always keep in mind where it is you are going. There's obviously something here that needs fixing. Police departments ought not to be allowed to entrap people. District Attorneys ought not to be allowed to have a Hotline so anybody can call up and say who's a witch and who was last seen down on the Common with Goody Bellows. And you should certainly change the sex laws. As to Anita's fear she'll be assassinated? The only people who might shoot Anita Bryant are music lovers."

In the audience that night was Massachusetts Superior Court Chief Justice Robert M. Bonin and his wife. And, at this juncture, our story takes an incredible turn of events, and we must digress.

CHIEF JUSTICE

In Massachusetts, a judge is required by law to retire at age 70. Former Chief Justice Walter McLaughlin (who had presided at the Saxe case) did and hoped to be able to name his

own successor. But liberal Governor Michael Dukakis had other plans. Dukakis, a reformer and no friend of the Irish political machine, appointed an outsider as the new Chief Justice, an outsider not only to the court system but to machine politics as well. He was Robert Bonin, then working in the Attorney General's office. Bonin was liberal, Jewish, young (46), independent-minded and had the reputation as a brilliant trial lawyer. But Bonin was instantly hated by the machine pols; they set out to discredit him by any means. Not only was McLaughlin set against Bonin, so was Garrett Byrne, particularly as Bonin wanted to restore to the judiciary the right to assign judges to cases, an exercise in power that McLaughlin had let slip to the office of the D.A. Anti-semitism, long a feature of Boston life, played an important part in the attack on Bonin. As the Chief Justices of the Boston Municipal Court and the Probate Court was also Jewish men, one started to hear references to the "Jew-diciary."

Bonin assumed office in March 1977. His career as Chief Justice remarkably parallels that of California's Rose Bird who was appointed at the same time. Bird also ran into trouble as the result of attacks from the right-wing. Bird, happily, survived the attacks. Bonin didn't.

By December, 1977, the press was already kicking around whiffs of alleged misconduct in Bonin's past personal and professional behavior. There was something about use of a free car in a deposition in a court proceeding with his ex-wife. Bonin's second wife, Angela, thought to be "the second most beautiful woman in Boston" (don't ask me who's the first) was another reason for the establishment's opposition to him. She is outspoken, intelligent and far from the traditional cut of mousey judges' wives.

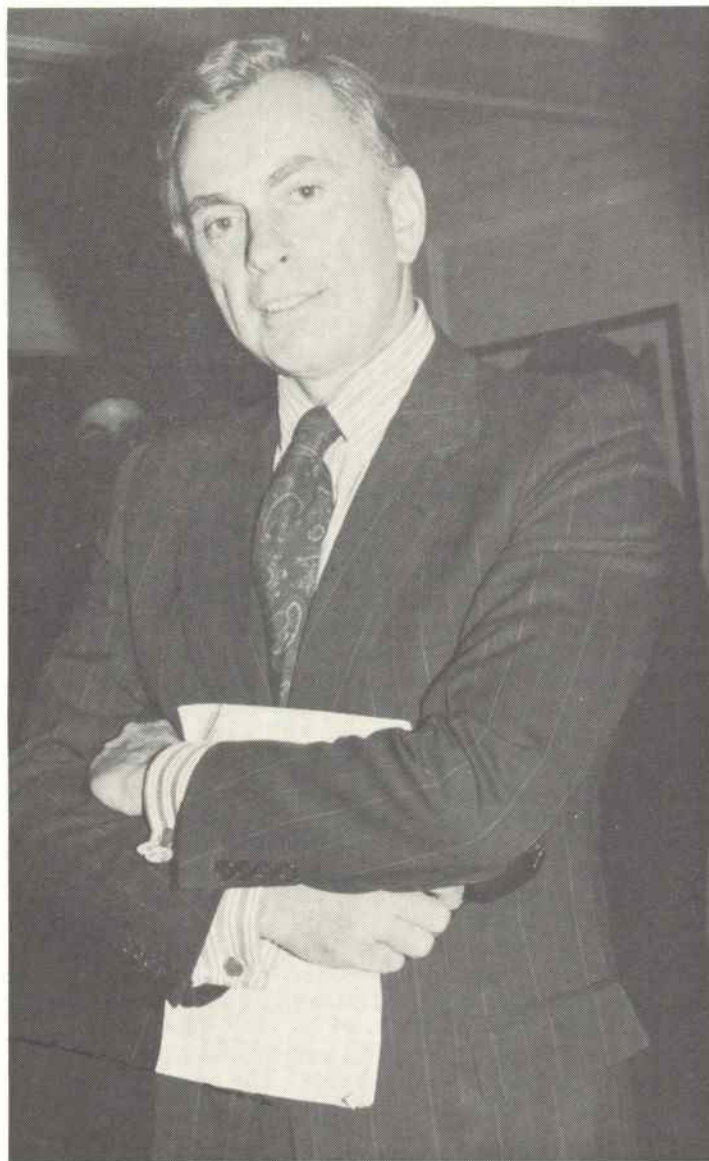
Bonin continued in his job, unaware of the gathering of his foes. Curiously, after Bonin bought tickets to the Vidal lecture, two of the attorneys for defendants in the Revere sex cases — William Homans and Brian McMeniman — decided to "warn him away" from the proceedings, as they had already "warned away" Mass. Senate President Kevin Harrington.

Bonin sat through the lecture, and afterwards I introduced Bonin and his wife to Vidal. A photographer from the *Herald* (whom Committee members had specifically avoided when notifying the press) was there and snapped away.

Next day. Front page: *Bonin At Benefit for Sex Defendants*. Picture and lurid story. Immediate flap. Within hours, Garrett Byrne called for Bonin to remove himself from the Revere cases. McLaughlin said he would step aside. Others called for his removal. It had the foul smell of an orchestrated set-up. The witchhunt launched against the gays had found, tangentially, a new victim, someone equally hated by the Irish political machine. They figured: why not smear Bonin with the same brush as the fags?

Suddenly the Boston/Boise Committee was a legal "defense committee" raising money "to defend child molesters." And the Chief Justice was pictured as contributing. To correct the press lies, B/BC held its own news conference; it didn't help. A machine lawyer, Robert Meserve, was authorized by the Committee on Judicial Ethics to draw up charges of misconduct against Bonin. The Chief Justice was charged with 9 counts. He was suspended from his duties until his trial. *This was the first time such action had been taken in the over-300 year history of the Massachusetts judiciary.* The Get-Bonin scenario was in high gear; any man who'd support child molesters shouldn't be a judge! (By the way, the fourth charge of misconduct against Robert Bonin was that he knowingly met Gore Vidal and engaged in pleasant conversation with him.)

And so, in the spring of 1978, this town went loony. Every day, the newspapers had stories about two prominent men accused of misconduct: Robert Bonin, a liberal Jew; and Ed Brooks, a liberal black Republican Senator. And what made one suspect that nativist (and Catholic) prejudice might be behind the exploitation was that the difficulties of both men arose, in part, from divorce proceedings. Unlike many other



Gore Vidal/photo by Michael Thompson

states where marital status is no longer important as a qualification for public office, in Catholic Massachusetts there are virtually no single or divorced public officials on the federal or state level. It is not permitted.

AND ALLEN GINSBERG

A little comic relief was provided by Allen Ginsberg when he came to do a reading at Boston City Hall in May. Appearing on a live morning talk show, Ginsberg turned the conversation to the witchhunt. "I can't believe Garrett Byrne is still the D.A. I remember him, 20 years ago, prosecuting *Naked Lunch*. Why don't you get rid of him?" Ginsberg thought the sensational issue of sex between men and boys was no big deal. "I had sex when I was 8 years old with a man in the back of my grandfather's candy store in Revere, and I turned out all right!" The talkmaster hustled Allen right off the screen. The press the following day reported that Ginsberg endorsed having sex with 8 year-olds. The TV station had to apologize for what Allen had said. Everyone was embarrassed — except those of us who thought it all *wonderful*.

ANGELA BONIN ATTACKS

Angela Bonin stormed into the press room at the Superior Court in Boston and held an impromptu news conference. She said her husband was the latest victim of the witchhunt which had been launched against the gay community but was now out to get those who would reform the traditional brokers of power. She said, "If, through extraordinary publicity, judges or their families are so intimidated that they become recluses, then the media will have forced judges to become second-class citizens. If a judge cannot attend a lecture by an author in a church, none of us is safe. A support of gay rights is a support of all our civil rights." Later, privately, Mrs. Bonin admitted to a member of the Boston/Boise Committee that her daughter was being baited at an *elementary* school in Brookline. The kids tormented her: "Your daddy's a faggot-lover!"

THE TRIAL OF ROBERT BONIN

At any rate, in June 1978, Chief Justice Bonin was tried on nine counts of misconduct before 5 judges of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court (SJC). It was a totally unprecedented proceeding. The main witness against him was his own Administrative Assistant, Francis Xavier Orfanello. Orfanello is a slow-witted, not-too-bright appointee of Walter McLaughlin who Bonin, for some reason, kept on. Orfanello, whose primary allegiance remained to his former boss, accused Bonin of lying and covering up about knowing he was giving money to sex defendants. Two members of the Boston/Boise Committee gave testimony; the Vidal tape was played.

The SJC found Bonin guilty of three charges of misconduct. Not the lying or covering up, but preferential hiring of two secretaries and attending the Vidal lecture which gave the "appearance of impropriety." The SJC had no power to remove him; they could only censure or disbar. They censured. But this is nothing new. One Superior Court Judge who admitted being involved in a \$15,000 rake-off was censured and still sits on the bench.

But the call for Bonin's removal grew in intensity. He could be removed by impeachment and conviction, or by a shortcut method, The Bill of Address. Bill of Address is an archaic part of Massachusetts law whereby a judge can be removed as in impeachment, only Address does not allow him any opportunity to defend himself (as a trial in the Senate does). A Bill was introduced into the State House and zipped through. Elaine Noble voted for it, further alienating the gay community. The Senate passed it. Before the Governor signed it, Bonin resigned. At his news conference he reiterated the statement he had made on the stand in his own defense. "I believe it was proper and appropriate for me to attend a lecture which was sponsored by a gay rights organization. I see no objection to a judge attending a lecture which is sponsored by a sexual minority or anyone else who espouses civil liberties. In fact, I think it is an obligation of a judge to hear the viewpoint of sexual, racial and other minorities." He accused his opposition of exploiting homophobia and anti-semitism to gain his ouster.

Bonin's enemies gloated. Bonin was replaced as Chief Justice by a man who was a former law partner of Robert Meserve, Bonin's prosecutor. The new Chief Justice was a member-in-good-standing of the Irish machine. His name is Lynch.

And Francis Xavier Orfanello, a proven liar in court, remains to this day the Administrative Assistant to the Chief Justice, his reward for the part he played in setting up Bonin.

SUMMER RECESS

And still, by mid-summer, none of the defendants in the criminal sex cases had come to trial. The major cover stories appeared in successive weeks in *The Real Paper* about boy-love; the first one about the hustling scene, the second about the Revere defendants. Both were remarkably lucid and im-

portant pieces. They were the first time anyone in the press has made the effort to present the case of gay people as the victims of law enforcement agencies and the courts.

German filmmaker Rosa von Praunheim, in the U.S. working on a new documentary about the gay movement here, came to Boston and did extensive filming with some of the Revere defendants, the B/BC, principles in the Bonin trial, street hustlers, etc. In July, Rosa returned with a print of his controversial film, *It's Not The Homosexual Who Is Perverse* to screen as a benefit for the Boston/Boise Committee.

THE RACE

Meanwhile, Garrett Byrne, aged 80, was running hard for reelection. His opposition consisted of Boston City Councilor Chris Iannella, a middle-of-the-road Italo-American. Iannella is well-liked, sensible, and a constant seeker of state office, yet he like other councilors are victims of the Boston voters' refusal to promote council members to high office. The other candidate was Newman Flanagan. Mr. Flanagan was an Asst. D.A. in Garrett Byrne's office for 16 years. Ironically, he resigned from the D.A.'s office the day before the Revere indictments were announced (we thought there might be a connection; there wasn't).

Flanagan, an attractive Irish-American with a flamboyant personal style is most notorious for his recent prosecution of Dr. Kenneth Edelin, a black gynecologist accused of "manslaughter upon a fetus" while performing a legal abortion. Edelin's trial took place during the most racially tense time of Boston school bussing crisis. Flanagan also prosecuted Ella Ellison, a black woman framed in a robbery get-away, in which a cop was killed. Ellison's conviction was later reversed (as was Edelin's), and the Supreme Judicial Court reprimanded Flanagan for *withholding exculpatory evidence from the defense*. (For more on Mr. Flanagan, you can read William Nolen's current *The Baby In The Bottle*, an account of the Edelin trial.)

Involved in the defense of both these persons (Edelin and Ellison — as well as counsel for one of the Revere sex defendants) was William Homans, noted Boston civil liberties lawyer. Yet Homans *endorsed* Newman Flanagan for the D.A.'s job and it is thought that Homans' much-advertised endorsement made Flanagan *appear* to be the candidate of progressive reform (he had never run for public office before; he seemed a fresh face). But in fact Flanagan did not publicly disassociate himself with the practices of Garrett Byrne. His only criticism of the incumbent was that Byrne was too old and should retire. (To be fair, Flanagan, when asked by a co-chair of the B/BC, did say he thought the Hotline was an inappropriate police procedure.)

Flanagan subsequently won the primary election, with the aid of the police union and the Knights of Columbus. And, in a one-party town like Boston, a primary victory is tantamount to election.

In a meeting with Boston/Boise members after the election, Flanagan let us know how satisfied he was with his triumph. "I'm the best thing to happen to Suffolk County in 50 years!" he told us three times.

Garrett Byrne waged an active campaign. Part of his campaign literature was a 12-page tabloid promotion featuring some of his memorable "clean-ups." One of these was his constant war against the Combat Zone (Boston's Tenderloin) and his success against the "child molesters." On television, Byrne attacked Tom Reeves, co-chair of the B/BC by name and threatened homosexuals. He was heartbroken he wasn't returned to office to die asleep at his desk.

Chris Iannella, on the other hand, issued a remarkable statement of support — given that a D.A.'s job is a nasty one (indicting and prosecuting people). Iannella said that as D.A. he would be sensitive to the needs of minority communities and would never exploit popular prejudice against any minority for political gain.

MRS. GREEN (FINALLY) MAKES THE SCENE

While busy organizing voters for the primary — led by the Mass. Caucus for Gay Legislation and Rev. Hougan of Boston's M.C.C. (he was also one of the B/BC's co-chairs) — news came that Anita Bryant was coming to Boston, a place no one thought she'd dare set foot.

Anita was invited to Boston to sing at a "Pro-Life Pro-Family" Rally to raise funds for the Senatorial candidacy of Howard Phillips, running in the Democratic primary. Among his opponents in that race were Elaine Noble and the ultimate winner, Paul Tsongas.

Perhaps you'll remember Howard Phillips. He was a Young Republican. He was an avid Nixon backer. After Nixon's 1972 landslide reelection, Nixon appointed Phillips to *dismantle* the Office of Economic Opportunity, which he proceeded to do until Congress reconvened and put a stop to him.

Phillips, now funded by Mr. Viguerie of Falls Church, Virginia — the Money Bags of the "New" Right — changed his party affiliation, moved to Massachusetts, and ran as a Democrat. (Liberal Republican Senator Ed Brooks was already being challenged by another of Mr. Viguerie's creatures, right-wing radio-talk-show-host Avi Nelson.) And Anita Green, in her first dip into endorsing candidates, accepted Phillips' invitation. She was booked into the vast Hynes War Memorial Auditorium at the Prudential Center. It seats 5000. Tickets were priced at \$10.

In response to the provocation of Howard Phillips, feminists and gay men organized the ad hoc September One Coalition and, with only a week until the event, agreed at a mass meeting to demonstrate in front of the Hynes Auditorium while Anita chirped, and follow that with a rally in nearby Copley Square. Elaine Noble attended this mass meeting and promised to expedite our obtaining from the city permits for the demo and rally. Something she never did.

Within a day after the mass meeting, the split of Good Gays and Bay Gays appeared. Some of the members of the conservative Gay Business Association, in league with Elaine Noble, were urging gay men and women to stay away from the demonstration. Elaine kept insisting that there would be violence. Gay columnist Brian McNaught circulated a petition reflecting the Good Gay sentiment (he was soliciting signatures for his position). In this document, he red-baited the September One Coalition, said it was a tool of the radicals who wanted to hurt gay people.

In fact, these self-proclaimed Good Gays were completely out of touch with the sentiment in the community. The organizers of the September One Coalition were aware of the deep anger against Anita — we were getting calls from all over New England pledging busloads of people to join the demo — and it was the Coalition's responsibility to provide a safe and effective means for gay people to demonstrate their opposition to Phillips and Bryant. We met with city officials to make all necessary arrangements for security.

Elaine Noble held a press conference and urged people to stay away from the demo. She told people to "keep a sense of humor." She criticized the September One Coalition for failing to obtain permits to march and rally — without mentioning that she herself had volunteered to get them!

Meanwhile Candidate Phillips announced that the South Boston Marshalls — whom the Boston Police have publicly labelled as the most violence-prone group in the city — would provide security to Mrs. Green on her visit. The South Boston Marshalls are all-white racist Roman Catholics from Southie who were responsible for much of the violence against blacks during the desegregation of Boston's public schools in 1974 and 1975.

BOMBING AT THE BOX-OFFICE

It happened that Anita's concert sold only 78 tickets — and many of those were bought by gays who intended to disrupt

the songfest and stomp out. Phillips, unable to put up the surety for the hall, cancelled out and blamed feminists and gays. Holding up an emergency issue of the *Gay Community News* (which featured a full-page ad: "Anita Bryant — Wanted For Crimes Against Humanity") Phillips claimed that "militant homosexuals" were out buying "high-powered rifles" to gun down him and Anita. Bryant still held a news conference (which Phillips ended quickly by saying there had been a bomb threat by militant gays) and appeared at a small cocktail party to sing *The Battle Hymn of The Republic*. It was a great victory for the September One Coalition. Anita had to cancel — one of the few times she has been forced to do so. Boston turned its back on her and Howie.

But the Phillips people had their revenge. On Sunday, September 3, in the afternoon, the security bars on the windows of the offices of *Fag Rag* and the *Gay Community News* (they share the same space) were smashed in and the offices were ransacked and vandalized. Inside information leaked from within the Phillips organization indicated his volunteers were responsible (quite likely the South Boston Marshalls). As a matter of record, with all the talk of violence surrounding Anita Bryant's visit, the only violence that occurred was the trashing of the gay press.

The September One Coalition went ahead with its own sunset rally in Copley Square. 2000 people showed up. Robin Tyler, the extraordinary entertainer, gave a rousing performance. While Robin was into her act, Anita Bryant and her party (who were staying at the hotel which overlooks Copley Plaza) came to the window and watched us. Robin, seeing them, pointed at Mrs. Green and said: "Anita, you are to Christianity what paint-by-numbers is to Art!" Former Chief Justice Robert Bonin and Angela Bonin had, the day before, announced their support for the rally and agreed to speak. Mrs. Bonin spoke of the history of oppression in Massachusetts and America; the former Chief Justice criticized Elaine Noble, derided the idea of "counselling homosexuals" and spoke on the importance of self-accept of gays.

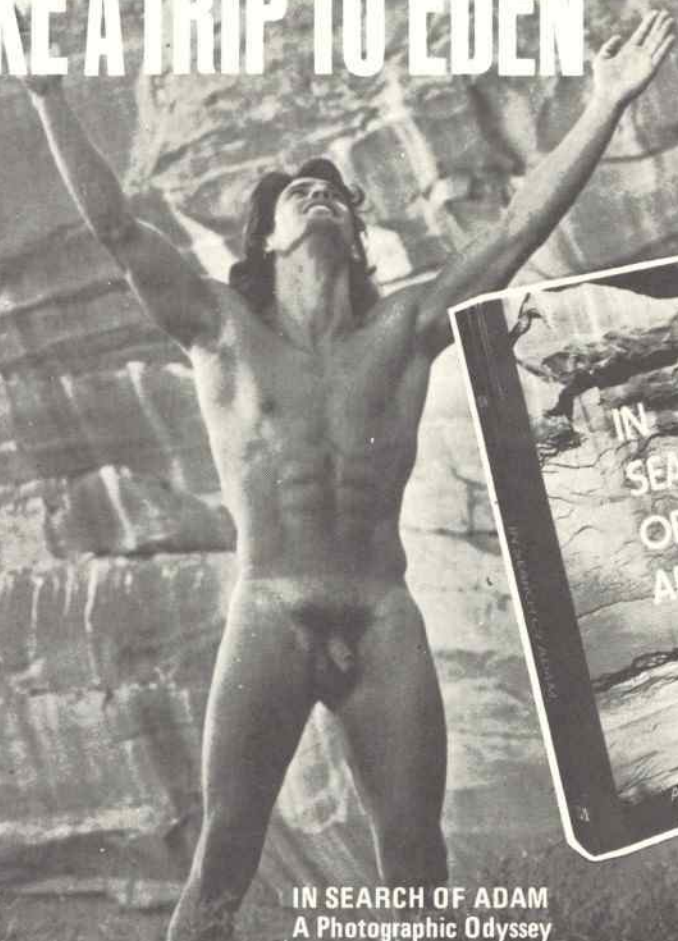
Elaine Noble was nowhere to be seen. She had not come through 1978 looking too good to the local gay community, despite her continued popularity to women and gays in other parts of the state.

On 19 September 1978, primary day in Massachusetts, liberal governor, Mike Dukakis, was defeated by right-wing challenger Ed King (who advocated tax cuts, death penalty, and stopping abortion). King subsequently won the general election as well. Howard Phillips came in 4th in a 5-way race. Noble finished last. And in the D.A.'s race, as I've said, Newman Flanagan won handily.

From the view of a gay person, it looked like four more years of the same, unless the powers that be have learned that, at least now, they daren't attack in their usual fashion because they will unleash an angry and quickly-mobilized response. What has been clearly demonstrated is that there is no gay person whose rights we won't support, be they accused of "child molesting" or "public sex" or, even from within our own community, "radicalism." We have shown that by our own work from within the gay community and not relying on legislators, foundations, political parties, we can stop a witchhunt, make it rebound upon those who initiate it, and use it as a way to further organize and politicize gay brothers and sisters. This is important and good; what is terrible and something one can never forget is the price of it all.

The following resources are available through the Boston/Boise Committee: Media Guidelines; legal brief pertaining to the age of consent statutes; tape of John Gerassi speaking to the B/BC; tape of Gore Vidal lecture; tape of Robin Tyler, Robert and Angela Bonin at anti-Anita Rally and other materials relating to the media coverage of the Revere indictments and our own response. Write to: Boston/Boise Committee, Box 277, Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123 for further information. □

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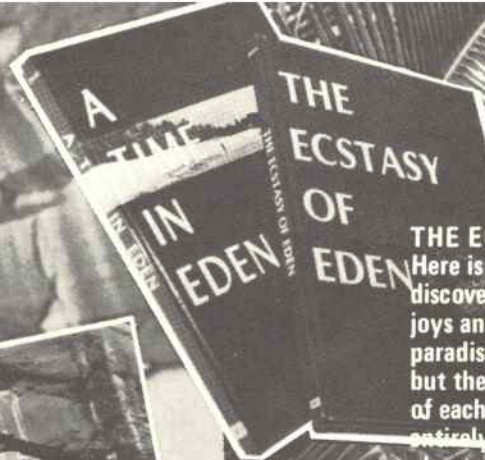
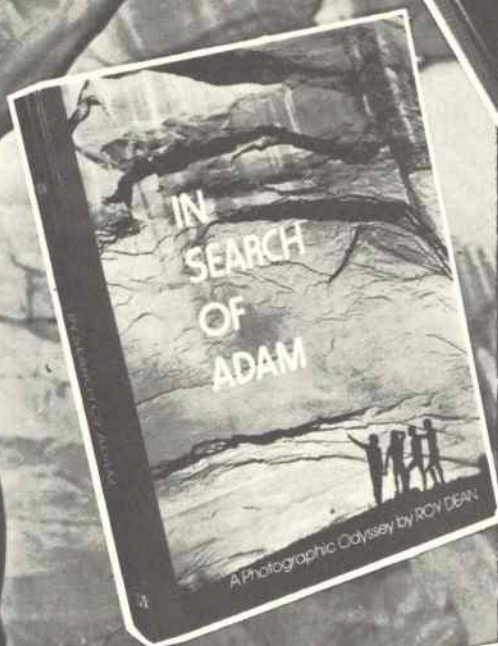
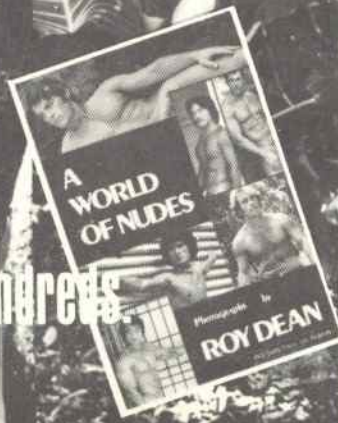
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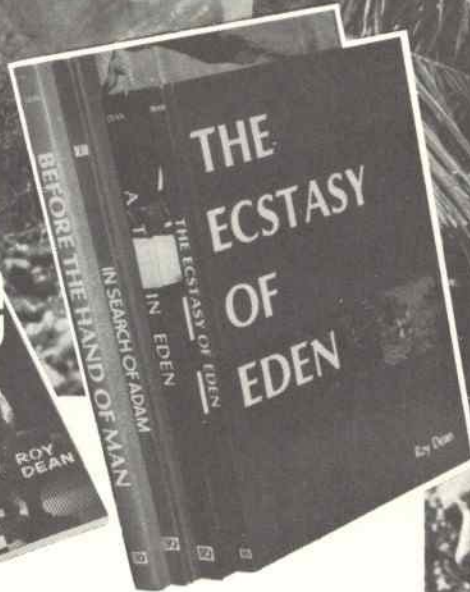
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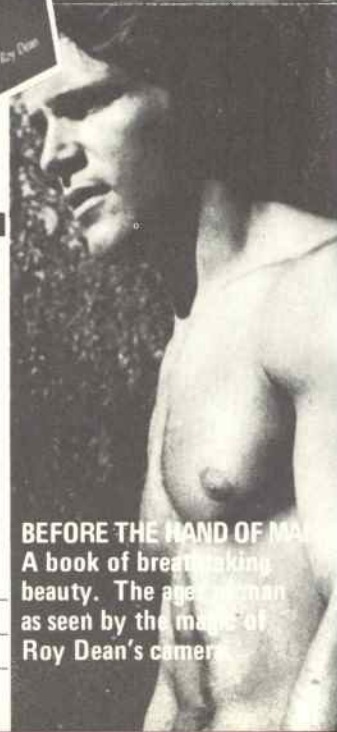
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SAN DIEGO AREA
SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, has well equipped game room for scenes with Masters or slaves, from novice to well-experienced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 25, clean, in leather or levis. Box 667F.

ORANGE COUNTY w/m, 37, masculine, goodlooking dog seeks collar, chains, and masculine, sensitive Master with good body, hung. Possible relationship. Details, photo, letter. Box 32, South Laguna, CA 92677.

SAN FRANCISCO. SM 36, 5'11". 175. European actor. Mediterranean. Into kindness and intelligence. If you can handle that I'm your type of man and you are mine. The rest will come by itself. Sex could be heavy or mild but you must have the same desires to enjoy the good thing in life giving ourselves to each other. No feds or under 30. Box 167.

LOS ANGELES. S. Aquarius. 22, 5'11". 150. White, 6½". Knowledgeable. Tough, hot looking Levi/leather boss gets total service from submissive, wild-assed, hungry bootlickers. If they work for it, they'll get his Levis and all the sweaty meat, grease and piss in 'em. Put yourself in real good hands. Box 294V8.

CAUCASIAN MALE, 45, 6', 194 lbs., Los Angeles, enjoys laying leather on back, asses. Limits nearly respected. Box 155.

LOS ANGELES, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 155, white, 6", knowledgeable, attractive, imaginative Stud is good top man for obedient uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, feds, fats. Loves sex! Box 133.

LOS ANGELES M, Virgo, 49, 5'10½", 145 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

LEATHERSEX WANTED
M, 5'11" 145 lbs., 7" cut, good-looking slave, firm, sweaty, smooth body, seeking hot young stud for total service. Box 158.

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ORAL SALVE

Fremont, 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs., 7", uncut, gives total oral service, appreciates w/s, dirty talk, name calling, humiliation, verbal abuse, licking asshole. Looking for White, Latin or Asian into having a tall slave, should be 18-45, leather/levi. Must be masculine. Box 491F.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 6'1", 165 lbs., white, 6", novice, willing and eager to learn complete submission, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No mutilation, physical handicapped. Box 208.

VENTURA, SM, 45, 6'3", 225. German, 7". Seeks well built, over 35, over 6 feet, levi or leather dominant or passive. Am versatile and willing to learn. Box 170.

WOODLAND HILLS, M, Pisces, 40, 5'9 1/2", white, 165 lbs., 8", enjoys C&B action, catheters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master. 3-ways ok. Box 132M.

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 that I wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C.

AVALON, SM, Leo/Virgo cusp, 39, 5'11", 145. Latin, 7" uncut. An evil and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring my personal limits for mind-blowing orgasms, which I wish to share in either role (prefer dominate). Must have boat. Seek MC riders for summer runs. No body odor, bad teeth or soft bellies. Box 318V.

S.F. BAY AREA, w/m, early 40s, 5'4", 130 lbs., straight appearance, interests include horseback riding, bicycling and hiking (motorcycles a possibility), turned on by horse and motorcycle types, would like to put some of his raunchy fantasies into reality action with compatible buddy or buddies. Box 175.

SAN FRANCISCO, 33, 5'8", 150 lbs., bearded, oral obedience, tit-work, rimming, humiliation, verbal abuse, jockstraps, begging; either role. No pain or bondage. Box 64, 537 Jones, S.F., CA 94102.

SAMURAI WARRIOR

Anglo dude, young, slender, fair, uncut, goodlooking, has fantasy about dominance by Samurai warrior. Reality would be for an Asian, hopefully Japanese dude, taller than my 5'10", slender to muscular, to stride into my life in ceremonial robes, naked underneath, brandishing a traditional Samurai sword. Would humbly bow and serve. Others with same or similar fantasy encouraged to write, share, explore. Photos? Box 176.

FULL LEATHER

S leaning towards M role, shaved head, beard, dressed in full leather seeks total involvement with intelligent SM who can switch roles. Must respect limits. Box 136H.

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, pukeing, sweating and farting and gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294V8.

FRESNO, CA, W/M 38, Cancer, 5'10", 150 lbs. TAIL member 1891. Like mellow scenes, top or bottom, FFA, erotic enemas, exploring fantasies. No great hangups about age, race, etc. but am not "into" teenie-boppers, excessive dopers or grotesque freaks. Box CAY103.

HOLLYWOOD, S, Gemini, 55, 5'9", 155, white, 7", novice, will give hard spanking to buns with or without restraint. Like a stern father. I have good hands, paddles and other toys. 375B.

SAN FRANCISCO

SM, Pices, 22, 5'6", 135, white, 6", into no-holds-barred, by-the-balls wrestling (ball squeezing, slapping, etc.). Enjoys giving and getting. Box CAR301.

CONNECTICUT

PERRIER LOVER

New Haven, w/m, 28, 5'11", 135 lbs., cut, seeks slave, 21-45, into w/s. My hose is ready to burst. Box 178.

YOUNG BLONDE

Guy likes to get it in tight butt hole. If you are 8 inches or more and dig Fr., I am your guy. Photo if possible, gets mine. Box 701A.

W/M, 23, 125 lbs., needs Master who wants permanent slave and will use any method to train and get his way. Box 439C.

PUTNAM, MS, Libra, 29, 5'8", 135. White, inexperienced. Clean and experimental, seeking introduction to leathersex/bondage from sensible, discreet partner to 40. Box 101CT.

MYSTIC, S, Aries, 50s, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 8", old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, fems. Box 329.

GREENWICH, S, Cancer, 45, 5'11", 160. White, 6". Heavy leather scene. Has fine leather toys, seeks macho partner who knows how to serve. No phonies, fats, fems. Box 051E.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON slave, Sagittarius, 54, 5'6 1/2", 168 lbs., white, 6". Relishes being subservient to decent, good-looking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beard, red heads, hairy bodies. Box 227S.

WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 170. White, 6". Handsome, masculine, muscular, lean. Run. Work-out. Interested similar type S, 25-45. Box DCS101.

WASHINGTON, SM, Sagittarius, 33, 5'7", 130. White, 10". Knowledgeable. Very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partner, 45 to 50 preferred. No fems, fats, long hair, body odor. Box 084D.

FLORIDA

TOUGH HUNK MEN

sought to get down and worship this goodlooking blonde/blue-eyed Narcissist, 39, 5'10", 160, muscles; into heavy piss games, muscle licking, mirrors, fantasy, enemas. Want studs only or masculine slaves. Miami area. Box 47.

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS

SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Butch studs only with boot, uniform fetish need apply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo and phone. Box 201FLW.

HANDSOME & DOMINANT

Muscular male, white, Libra, extremely safe and sane, turns on with light-medium S&M, B&D with the right submissive w/m, 18-25. Box 22671, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

SOUTH FLORIDA. Always horny. Leo, mid-40s, dirty talk, dirty sex, piss, tits. (305) 247-5158.

HEAVY HAIRY MEN

When in South Florida call (305) 324-5754 for a good slave. Men over 25, hairy, muscular, macho only need call.

ST. PETERSBURG, S, Virgo, 28, 6'4", 170, white, 6 1/2", intelligent professional wants younger partner into rough sex. Dominates with affection. Seeks mutual satisfaction. Must act masculine, be lean, handsome. Relationship possible for sensitive person. Box 179.

HIALEAH, SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8", 165, white, 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fems, fats, long hairs. Box 009.

LAKE WORTH, SM, Pisces, 36, 6'1", 175. White, 8". Old hand. Can endure much in either role and wants non-sense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, amateurs. Box 1251.

MIAMI, SM, Scorpio, 37, 5'9 1/2". White. Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. Box 047.

COCOA BEACH, S, Capricorn, 59, 5'6", 155. White. Knowledgeable. Open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

MIAMI NARCISSIST BODY FREAK wants heavy tongue service from stoned slaves or other Masters. Into mirror trips, heavy w/s, kinks. Must be hardbodied like me, 22-45. Am goodlooking, 36, 5'9", 155. Write with photo. Box 303CA.

JACKSONVILLE, M, 39, 6', 160 lbs., 7 1/2", white, seeks masculine dude, 25-50, for kinky scenes, i/o, piss, scat fantasies, dirty talk, enemas, tit work, in and out of levis, jocks. Photo and frank letter for reply. Box 405C.

IDAHO

BOISE, SM, 44, 6', 158, uncut 7". Into spreadeagle, suspension submission seeks tops or bottoms with lite or no body hair, slim, interested in B&D. No fats, scat, hairy. Box 052F8.

ILLINOIS

ALTON, S, Capricorn, 35, 6', 170 lbs., white, knowledgeable, versatile, muscular, hunky stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fats. Box 159M.

SLAVE OR MASTER?

Chicago, Virgo, 30, 5'10", 160 lbs., blue eyes, hairy chest, give/take fucking, bondage, light S&M. Clean cut seeks same for one week mad, passionate love affair. No fems, fats, drugs! Send photo and phone. Box 281B.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS, w/m, 29, 5'10", 155 lbs., bearded, Honda 750 owner seeks dominant biker or other strong, masculine types with love of leather, levis, boots. Light S&M, w/s possible. No drugs, non-smoker preferred. Box 405A.

CHICAGO, M, Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Enthusiastic and willing to try almost everything with levelheaded partner in good physical condition. No fems, fats. Box 186Z.

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

CHICAGO AREA

22, 5'10", 180 lbs., straight acting, appearing, shy novice needs gradual but firm training in bondage and submission from dominant, level-headed discreet top to 40. No scat, shaving. Photo appreciated. Write: Box 156.

W/M seeks longjohn/unionsuit guys into B&D, humiliation, in boys underwear. Jay H., 450 Briar No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

CHICAGO, M, 6'3", 175 lbs., 23, 8" cut, semi-muscular, goodlooking, brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular, short haired, white Masters over 6', over 8" in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 309B.

CHICAGO MASTER

Out-of-stater comes to Chicago occasionally looking for slim slaves over 18 into bondage, discipline, shaving, w/s, FF and S&M. Am 6'2", 8 1/2" uncut, respect limits, imaginative, dominant, experienced. Replies should include phone number for get-together when I am in Chicago and available to work you over. Box 308B.

McHENRY, M, 25, 5'8", 155, 7". Seeks muscular, rugged, masculine Master who will expect obedience and reward worship. I know I was born to serve. Box 058.

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INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS. S. Libra, 33, 6', 150, white, 7", old hand. Very demanding but considerate Master, heavy into S&M, bondage, humiliation with mature, dependable true slave to 45. No chickens, beginners or those unable to follow complete domination. Box 132F.

KANSAS

HAYS. M. Aries, 33, 6'5", 200, white, 7", good body, hairy, bearded, boot and leather lover, knowledgeable, seeks big, hairy master, 25-45, into leather, levis, w/s, B&D, jocks and boots. No heavy S&M, FF, or fems. Bikers, policemen, truckers, travelers on 170 Hwy welcome. Box 375K.

TULSA-KANSAS CITY Goodlooking, levi, white bottom-man moving to area in Fall. Seeks white topman, secure in who he is. Prefer uncut, trim, freewheeling. Box 376T.

KENTUCKY

BEST MATCH WITH BI SM, 46, 160 lbs., 5'10", 6" cut, seeks slender, young, bisexual partners with average endowment or more. Experienced as top or bottom. Box 960KY.

BEST BET BI 46 year old w/m, topman, bi, has 18 year old mostly straight roommate, also topman, both very strict, street-wise. Have openings for slaves. No experience necessary. No fats or fems. Box 960.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS. w/m, 30, 5'9", 145, 6", novice, eager to learn from muscular, honest, clean, hung, gentle-yet-firm partner. Box 701B.

BATON ROUGE. S. Leo, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs., white, 8", knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying slave's real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 47W.

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

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NEW ORLEANS. S. Virgo, 30, 5'9", 150 lbs., white, needs Master who is patient and willing to teach novice. Enjoy leather, tit action. Write. Must be discreet. Send name and phone number, photo if possible. Box 666B.

LAFAYETTE, couple: Aries, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs., white, 7" and Cancer, 20, 5'6", 135 lbs., white, 9". Group scenes. Clean, discreet, masculine, jocks. What's your scene? 101LAR.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON. S. Aries, 42, 5'10", 150 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Seeks partner over 18 for strict discipline and prolonged bondage. Same size or smaller, smooth body. Must submit to public shaving and being owned. WASPS welcomed; discretion assured, long-term relationship possible. Box 253.

BOSTON. M. white, 25, 5'11", 150 lbs., seeks S into bondage, toys, S&M, w/s, whips, face fucking. No scat, FF, shaving. Heavy into bondage. Box 102MAN.

BOSTON. 2 guys, 30s, S: 5'9", 150 lbs., into leather, rubber, w/s, etc. M: 6', 165 lbs., into rubber infantilism, w/s, and serving beer drinkers. Both masculine, virile, slim and like threesomes with other S who enjoys giving w/s and receiving head. Box 101MAP.

MICHIGAN

TAYLOR. MS. Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165, white, 6½". Novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

FARMINGTON. S. Virgo, 33, 5'6", 135. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient experimental slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 052D.

SM — 26. Scorpio. 7". 6'1". 230. Adaptable to many situations. Willing and able to please. Box 101MIM.

MINNESOTA

DOMINANT MAN, 40, 5'11", 168 lbs., wants passive man for bondage. Age, race, looks, location doesn't matter. I love big tits and hairless bodies. Muscles and trim a must. No fats, heavy drugs or drunks. Box 169B.

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS/KANSAS CITY Dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., uncut 8½", seeks receptive slaves when I travel to your area. Am aggressive, experienced, imaginative, respectful of limits. Into S&M, B&D, w/s, shaving, FF, etc. You should be over 18, receptive, white, slender and masculine. You should include your phone number in your reply. Will call when I am nearby and available. Box 308B.

YOUNG NOVICE 23, 5'4", 130 lbs., 6" cut, looking for muscular, straight-looking, rugged man to be my Master, buddy, lover. Am clean cut, honest, quiet, intelligent and submissive. No drugs or scat. Should be 30-45, good build, hung and into levis/leather. Turn on to big hands. Box 667D.

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

NEW JERSEY

RANDOLPH. S. Scorpio. 36, 6'2", 180. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks permanent slave, 20s to mid-30s, to share life and private house. Into leather bondage. Willing to train and will respect limits. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 291.

BELLVILLE, W/M, 5'9", 170 lbs., 24, dirty blonde hair, very muscular guy, wants same w/m's only, between 18-33. I have 16" arms, 44" chest. Usually top man into some leather, S&M, body worship, etc. What's your scene? I am straight looking & acting, construction worker, and am looking for a man like myself. No bullshit. I like sports, cars and motorcycles. I hate discos, opera and the so-called fine arts. I am not a typical gay, so if you are, you can fuck off. If you think we'll hit it off, write: Box 299, Bellville, NJ 07109.

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

HIGHSTOWN. M. 32, 5'8", 160, 7" cut. Blonde hunk seeks being controlled. Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking cut dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201NJ.

NEW YORK

SUPER HEAVY S&M Way out and wild S&M given to hot, young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12-R, c/o Room 418, 152 West 42nd St., NYC, NY 10036.

MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE Libra, 6'3", 60, slender, will do anything for the masculine male who is turned on my my type. Box 290X.

HOT SLAVE

Goodlooking, white, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., needs total domination and discipline by rugged leather master who will make me worship, beg and grovel at his feet. I dig all kinky scenes, B&D, w/s, tit play, shaving, etc. Send photo & phone number to: Al, Box 1116, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022.

SILICONE

Want to hear from men into silicone injections for huge meat. Exchange ideas and photos. Can travel. Box 405F.

M. 45, 6', digs dirt or any kind of group or single, day, weekend or longer, scatological scenes in dungeon, cage, car repair shop, pig pen, horse or cow stable, or what have you. FF, w/s, S&M, ball action, secure but loose restraints for B&D, tit and balls. Black or white, any age over 21. Like to have pictures taken. Picture furnished. Box 405B.

BUFFALO, W/M, 25, 5'9", 185, 7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Looking for levi wearer/leather lover, 21-35, into S&M and discretion. Box 404BNY.

MANHATTAN. Mature Black Scorpio seeks mature, white, French active, not-fat slave — my portable glory hole, my personal toilet, my private cunt. Box 451R.

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UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER
Trim, 40, requires guy who understands submission and service as virtues and is prepared and anxious to bare his ass and bend his back in my service out of strength, not weakness, in a world that is soft and undisciplined. Box 451T.

NEW YORK. S. Taurus. 44. 6'. 170. White. 7". Novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large uncut cock. Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

ILION. MS. Gemini. 47. 5'8". 130. White. 5½". Completely inexperienced. At best when told what to do and forced by patient and understanding Master, preferably blond Aryan type. Must be cut and clean, well-endowed. Box 141.

WOODBURY, LONG ISLAND. SM, Taurus. 43. 5'9". 172. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Trustworthy, responsible, intelligent, creative and fully aware of risks and dangers. Wishes to fulfill M fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish partner to 48. No fems, fats, freaks, fakes. Box 185R.

FLUSHING. SM. Taurus. 43. 5'8". 180. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Biker into Leather/Levi/masculine scene seeks intelligent, butch partner. Will switch roles for right person. No fems, blacks. Box 052H.

BROOKLYN. M. Aquarius. 33. 6'. 170. White. Cherokee Indian. 7½" uncut. Knowledgeable. Smooth, body-building, talented, tight ass, slave needs domineering Master to 40 over 6", hairy, hung, into B&D. No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box 122.

MANHATTAN. 25, 5'9", 140 lbs., very handsome, into boxing and serious contest quality bodybuilding, seeks level-headed guys into same. Want to take boxing lessons from a boxing muscleman. Also seeking a versatile man as a lover to build a stable homelife. Box 154.

HOT W/M traveling to Boise, Memphis, Minneapolis and Cincinnati, 33, 6'1", 175 lbs., what do you want? Need? J.P., 26 Second Ave., ZAF, N.Y., NY 10003.

NYC. W/M, 36, 5'8", 150 lbs., eager to worship, obey, serve understanding Master. Please respect and expand my limits. Prefer knowledgeable, well-built w/m to 47. Also, Westchester County and Southern CT. Box 759, 166 West 21st St., N.Y., NY 10011.

MANHATTAN, trim guy, 44, 5'7", average equipment, gentle, reliable, clean, intelligent, needs Greek passive for tender times. Age ok, no bad trips. R.H., Box 245, N.Y., NY 10016.

NORTH CAROLINA

RALEIGH. MS. Taurus. 37. 6'1". 170. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Butch submissive digs hung, handsome, arrogant S to 40, any race, to verbally abuse, humiliate, use for cock, piss, ass service. Versatile, mature. No heavy pain, fats, fems. Box 101NC.

OHIO

COLUMBUS. SM. Taurus. 25. 5'9". 183. White. 6½". Novice, satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

SM. 25, 5'9", 150 lbs., 7" cut, is experienced in both roles, have worked out with real pros. Am compassionate and mature during scenes and expect the same. Not interested in uncut, bearded, very hairy, over 30, fat or fems. Mental stability important. Box 300.

CLEVELAND. MS. Aries. 46. 5'10". 155. White. 6½". Novice. French active, Greek passive. Wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fats, heavy S&M, B.O. Box 017V.

AKRON. MS. Gemini. 43. 6'1". 195. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers or drug users, hippies. Box 187L.

OKLAHOMA

TRAVELING MASTER. 32. 6'2". Solid 195, 8". Gets to Baton Rouge, Shreveport, Dallas, Houston, Austin, Albuquerque, Little Rock and Oklahoma City. Seeks willing slave with magic mouth and hot ass. Into sweaty jocks. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156.

OK CITY S. 6'2". 32. 195. 8" cut. I give orders and expect obedience or punishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6'2" with average endowment; perhaps in jock strap and chaps. Box 101OK.

OREGON

PORTLAND. 31. 5'5". 165 lbs., dark and hairy, 7", wants to meet hunky truckers, troopers, cowboys, construction workers, body builders into leather, levis, w/s, Fr., tattoos, beards & hair a turn-on. Send photo, address; answer with same. No overly fat, fems, fakes, drugs or blacks. Box 667B.

PENNSYLVANIA

BOXING INSTRUCTIONS

I'm 27, 6'3", 185 lbs., looking for a guy who is good with his fists and could dig teaching a beginner the ropes. Into both ring and street fighting. Man-to-man workouts, 10-14 oz. gloves, occasional bare-fist bouts. L/L wrestling, weight training cool also. If you're under 30, level-headed, but get into playing rough once in a while, I think we should talk. No pansies or pretenders. VA, MD, PA. Box 1001, York, PA 17405.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Cancer. 40. 6'2". 210. White. 7". Intermediate but learning fast. Masculine weight-lifter with 48" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with experienced, clean, masculine S. Box 023.

PHILADELPHIA. S. Aquarius. 46. 5'9". 165. White. 7". Knowledgeable, masculine S seeks M under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, oil, leather, levis, amyl. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

WILKES BARRE. S. Cancer, 41, 6', 170, white, 12". Old hand, military disciplinarian with rural stockade, 20 years military exp., seeks prisoners from beginners to experienced for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fems, fats. Box 055.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Libra. 49. 5', 10½", 140, white, 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 052F.

PHILADELPHIA. S. Virgo/Scorpio. 42. 5'7". 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Italian, stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his leather, chains and boots. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, W/S, chains, bike and western leather toys. Send letter of submission, with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 052.

PROVIDENCE, W/M, 30, submissive, novice, desires clean, white male to teach me to serve a loving master. Prefers a dominate who respects limits. No heavy stuff. Willing to learn. Box 164.

TEXAS

Sensible, attractive, mid-30's couple open for meetings with singles, couples who swing. No S&M, only attractive, versatile, sincere need respond. Travelers, bi-gay, welcome. Your photo gets ours. Box 36243, Dallas, TX 75235.

DALLAS. Virgo, 35, 5'8", 151 lbs., 7" seeks Black with uncut or blind meat over 7" for water sports. Am masculine, muscular, hunky. Photo requested of you pissing. Will travel. Box 180.

DALLASITE desires initiation into S&M and B&D. No heavy scenes. Box 8.

SEX SLAVE

needs hairy master to initiate me into B&D and expand masochism. Am 44, 6', 170 lbs., 8½" uncut, big tits for heavy action, hairy ass to warm up. Also desire tattoo artistry and acupuncture on my body. Help this old fart ass get fully experienced. Call this jack-off daddy at midnight (713) 522-3006. Write: 4101½ Montrose, Houston, TX 77006.

PERMANENT SLAVE AVAILABLE M, 24, 5'10", 160 lbs., needs brutal Master to enforce permanent slavery. Torture, brainwashing, piercing, shaving, permanent bondage, w/s, scat; all needed. Sir! I need to be shown my proper place in life, at your feet, worshipping your boots. Photo and letter will get prompt reply. Box 451V.

VIRGINIA

RICHMOND. S. Leo, 45, 6'1", 175, white, 8" cut, brown hair/blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, L/L, truckers, horses, w/s, i/o, light S&M, boot lover. Business necessitates travel entire U.S. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220.

SM (S preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs., muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haired, clean-cut, muscular M who is masculine and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding, forceful — but know when to pull back, respect limits. While I am attracted to other tops, it takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50.



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MS, early 40s, well built, attractive, personable, versatile, seeks stable partner for any activity. B&D, S&M or just good times. Will share great pad with right guy, 25 to 45, good-looking, good body, good attitude. Box 125.

WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM, completely inexperienced, 7", uncut, 5'10", 240 lbs. Box 181X.

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn. 37. 6'2½", 190. White. 7". Novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No feds, feds. Box 185G2.

WISCONSIN

S seeking Japanese college students willing to exchange language lessons for sessions. Box 172.

WATERTOWN, S. Libra. 27. 6', 175. White. 7". Novice. Will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner, into W/S, B&D, humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius. 28. 5'7", 150. White. 7". Novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 062K.

MILWAUKEE, MA, Capricorn. 42. 6'4½", 210. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Fifteen years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner 25-60. No feds. Box 294V85.

WISCONSIN READERS, all this is new to you but reading about it has got you hot and hard? Want to learn more about different scenes as well as about yourself? If you are willing to learn and obey, I am willing to instruct. Box 173.

AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE/SOUTH AUSTRALIA MS, Taurus, 38, 6½", 5'10", 156 lbs., novice, digs leather, boots, bikes, needs to be gently but firmly instructed in the art of servicing well-built, hairy master to 50. Collar, chains and cuffs really turn me on. No feds, feds or drugs. Box 281C. (Include airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

CANADA

SM, 39, 5'11", 6" uncut, inexperienced but very willing to learn. Into leather, levi and cowboy fantasies. Am versatile and willing to assume either role with proper instruction. Box 491D.

TORONTO MASTER

wants well-built athlete or bodybuilder for lifetime slave. You are a docile, obedient "Q" as in "The Story of Q" longing for a permanent, secure life as a piece of property. To be used, abused, branded, pierced and worked as I choose is your only desire. Your Master is young, goodlooking with average build. For inspection and interview, reply with recent photo and frank letter. No games or freaks. All serious answered. Box 667E.

CANADIAN DISCIPLINARIAN seeks father/son relationship. Confused? Get straightened out! (604) 921-7721. Anytime.

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN. 2 hot Danish studs, 37 and 38, are looking for new friends who go in for more than just j/o scenes. Live action in our home or on our visits to the U.S. We are both versatile, have good builds, have 7" and 8" to work with. We are also interested in exchanging material with other guys who also have good collections of photos and drawings concerning S&M. We have our own darkroom for developing and copying. Box 665C. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

BOOTED DANISH LEATHER-GUY 33, 6'2", hung and hairy, versatile, into many scenes and anxious to expand present limits. Visiting L.A., S.F., Chicago and N.Y. Aug/Sept. to meet groovy all-leather guys for fucking/sucking and what else is good. Photo if poss. Please write to: Mogens S. Kruse, 2 Vestervang, DK-8000 Aarhus C. Denmark.

ENGLAND

TURNED ON SLAVE, 27, 6' and booted, wants real masters to 40, into all scenes. Travel USA and Europe constantly. Please, Sir, write me your intentions and instructions. Real thing. No freaks. Box 124.

LONDON LEATHER GUY 6'2", 170 lbs., white, 7" cock, very active, strictly top, wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real Master. I am into most scenes and really 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. (Include overseas airmail postage with reply to be forwarded.)

WEST GERMANY

Dutchman, young looking 40, living in West Germany, seeks dominating, slim partner to 30 for lasting relationship. Possible living together. Box WG901.

WEST GERMANY, Brutaler Sadist, 54, 1, 78m schlank, militarist in uniform, leder etc sucht 100% sklaven/rekruten möglichst in drillchzeug, stiefel, etc. Rasierter kopf, oder kurzhaarig für dauerzucht in bauernhaus, etc. Ganzfotozuschrift NUR in deutsch in uniform wird erwartet: H. Grallert, D-3101 Scharnhorst 1-Nr. 5A.

POLAND

POLAND Young gay man, 24, would like to exchange correspondence with gay Americans, Angelo Hoszonski, Waris-zanska 15/6, 44-100 Gilwice, Poland.

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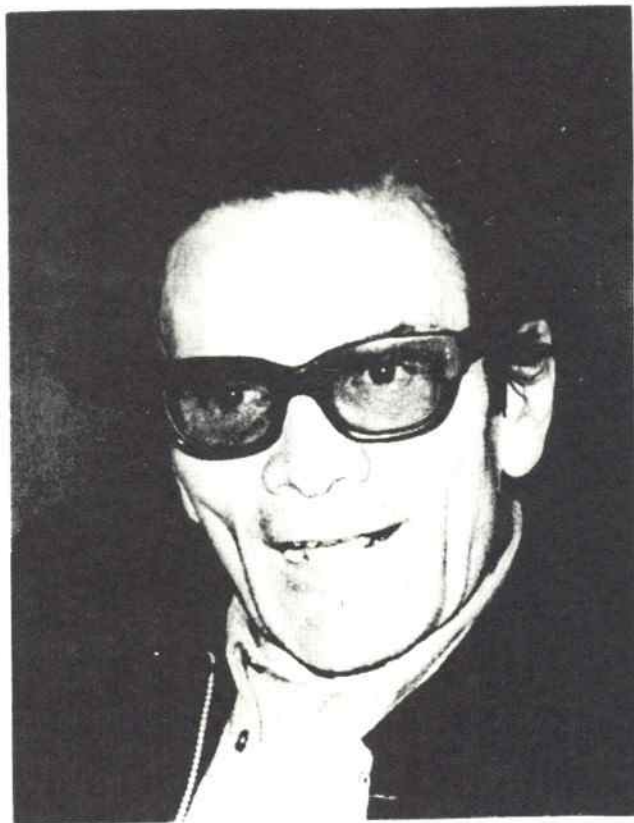
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Exhuming Pasolini

(ROM 2) Rome, Nov. 2 (AP) COMBO. Picture of Pier Paolo Pasolini (L) the leading Italian film director made last month during a press conference in connection with his last film "Salo-Sade". Pasolini was murdered near here early this morning. Police arrested Giuseppe Pelòsi (R), 17, who was caught by police driving Pasolini's car after the murder. (AP WIREPHOTO) (1t fls and HO) 1975.



by David Herbert

On November 2nd 1975 the body of Pasolini was found near a playing field outside Rome. The news that one of the world's leading filmmakers had been brutally murdered shocked Europe, but when the circumstances of the killing began to emerge the tragedy turned all too soon into a sordid scandal: a fact which in itself is as disturbing and tragic as his death.

Pasolini was homosexual. He was also a communist and a man with little respect for the established church. Both his life and death have much in common with those of Christopher Marlowe and the Italian painter Caravaggio: two Renaissance artists who offended society's standards and paid a heavy price. Marlowe was stabbed in a Deptford pub in 1593 and 'died swearing'. As a practising homosexual, professed atheist (i.e. an outspoken free-thinker) and spy he lived dangerously. His death is still shrouded in mystery: people no more believe that a quarrel over the bill led to his death than that Pasolini was simply the victim of Roman queer-bashers.

Pasolini as Giotto in his film The Decameron



Both were too well-known, too much feared and disliked in some circles for their deaths not to be determined and deliberate. The killers who struck down Pasolini were a painstaking as Caravaggio's assailants who followed him to Naples and so badly disfigured him that he was almost unrecognisable.

Pasolini's death was in a sense the logical culmination of his life style and creative work. He once said he wanted his final film to be a life of Socrates, as he wished to achieve in the cinema a greater purity and disinterestedness. Ironically, but revealingly, he himself was to die a more painful death than the Greek teacher tried for corrupting the young, whilst his last film, *Salo*, about a very different figure, de Sade, proved so disturbing that, in England at any rate, it has been firmly banned.

On November 1st 1975 Pasolini, having returned from Paris after supervising the dubbing of *Salo*, spent part of the evening with his mother. She, having dreamt he was in danger, begged him not to go out that night. However, he had arranged to have dinner with his friends, the actors Ninetto Davoli and Franco Citti and the latter's brother, Sergio; but he left them later and went off to the Piazza Cinquecento (the major troling ground in Rome, right outside the main station) where he had a date with seventeen-year-old Giuseppe Pelosi. They drove off towards Ostia and parked between the goal posts of a 'campo sportivo'. Pasolini gave Pelosi a 'pompino' — a blowjob is the most popular form of gay intercourse in Italy — but they were interrupted. Pasolini was dragged out of the car and attacked (his hands were horribly mutilated trying to protect his head); he then tried to run to a nearby road (leaving clumps of bloodstained hair on the path) but collapsed as a result of a brain haemorrhage. Someone — presumably Pelosi — climbed into the car and drove off, over his body, puncturing the heart and liver.

These details are reconstructed from medical evidence. Pelosi — who was arrested whilst driving Pasolini's car — gave nothing away. He claimed innocence, saying Pasolini had tried to rape him. (He gained enormous popular support in Rome at the first hearing by claiming Pasolini had tried to make him 'take it like a woman'. He had no qualms about admitting he was willing to accept money for being given a 'pompino', but Italian machismo is such that you suggest anything else at your peril.) The fact that Pasolini's glasses were discovered inside the car which was quite free of blood (close friends insist he never took them off even 'at the most delicate moments') and that only two specks of blood were discernible on Pelosi's clothes, whereas Pasolini was drenched in it, suggest that it was a put-up job. Since Pelosi was well aware who Pasolini was, it is beyond

credibility that Pasolini was the victim of thugs who merely happened to surprise two gays on a remote playing field.

Why then was he murdered? It is unlikely that this question will ever be satisfactorily answered. His death is as problematic as that of Marlowe and equally bound up with religious, sexual and political unorthodoxy. An examination of the major forces in Pasolini's life, however, throws considerable light on the matter and suggests a variety of reasons.

Pasolini was openly gay. Not that he shouted it from the rooftops, but his family knew and accepted it in their own way whilst he was sufficiently uninhibited about the expression of it in his films. He had a relationship with his parents which is archetypal. He hated his father who by the end of World War II had become a bitterly disillusioned fascist; and he adored his mother. In the Preface to his *Poesie* (published in Milan in 1970) he says 'Mysteriously, one beautiful day, my mother gave me a sonnet she had written in which she explained her love for me'. He returned this love no less passionately throughout his life. In his film *Oedipus Rex* an interesting personal and autobiographical family relationship is explored in the context of the significant Greek — and Freudian — myth.

Pasolini's attitudes to politics and religion also defied any norm, being offensive to many people on account of their complexity. He was from his youth a committed communist, influenced more by the early twentieth-century Italian philosopher, Gramsci, than by Marx. Italian communism is very difficult for people in England and America to understand. Visconti, for instance, was an aristocrat and a communist. In Lina Wertmüller's film *Swept Away*, the wealthy couple who own the yacht argue savagely about politics since the wife is a fascist, the husband a communist. In Italy there is (thank God!) no equivalent of Wedgwood Benn, a man reviled by lower, middle and upper class alike as a traitor to his own class. The Italian middle class has never had the power and solidarity they have in Anglo-Saxon countries because — as Pasolini himself has pointed out — protestantism in Northern Europe was the religion of a new bourgeois class. Italy is free of the vicious hypocrisy so often a concomitant of the liberal tradition. Importantly too, in countries like Russia and England the antithesis of communism is capitalism; after all, Marx's work is called *Das Kapital*. In Italy the emphasis is different: there the enemy of communism is fascism. And just as anyone from a prince to a peasant can without any inconsistency be a communist, the same applies to fascism: the young working-class studs and the middle-class procuresses in *Salo* are every bit as determinedly fascist as the judge,

financier, duke and chief of police who are in control.

Of course Pasolini's relationship with the 'sottoproletariato' — the urban working class — was a different matter. Whilst he loathed the coarse Roman proletariat as much as the *petit bourgeoisie* (his sympathies being with the peasantry, still a significant class in Italy) he had a penchant for the sexier young roughs; and there were many who gloated at his death, feeling he had got only what he deserved. No less offensive to others was the way in which he would pick up these boys and give them leading parts in his films. In this, however, he was rigorously consistent with his artistic beliefs. Influenced by the neo-realist school led by Rossellini, he had a loathing for the sham 'naturalism' of actors and much preferred amateurs who were simply themselves on the screen and did not need to 'act' in any contrived way. The two boys who have appeared most in his films had no acting training. Ninetto Davoli was spotted by Pasolini when he was hanging around the location shooting of *La*

Ricotta, whilst Franco Citti was the brother of an old friend, Pasolini chose Ettore Garofolo as the boy in *Mamma Roma* because he saw him as a waiter in a Trastevere restaurant and he looked, with his basket of fruit, exactly like a Caravaggio model: young, open and sensual. For *Salo* scores of boys were assembled to play the victims of the sadistic quartet. They guessed, it being a Pasolini film, they might well be required to appear in the nude. As Pasolini auditioned them, asking each in turn to drop his trousers, their mixture of shyness, pride and willingness to comply must have had a chilling parallel with the attitude of the actual kids who are the subject of the film. This is cinema realism at its most direct.

Italian catholicism is no less comprehensive than Italian communism. Any poor Tuscan farm labourer is no less a catholic than the Sicilian monsignore who is famous for his homosexual orgies. Moreover catholicism in theory is identical to communism — it has at basis a love and care for one's fellow men — however different it may be in practice. Pasolini

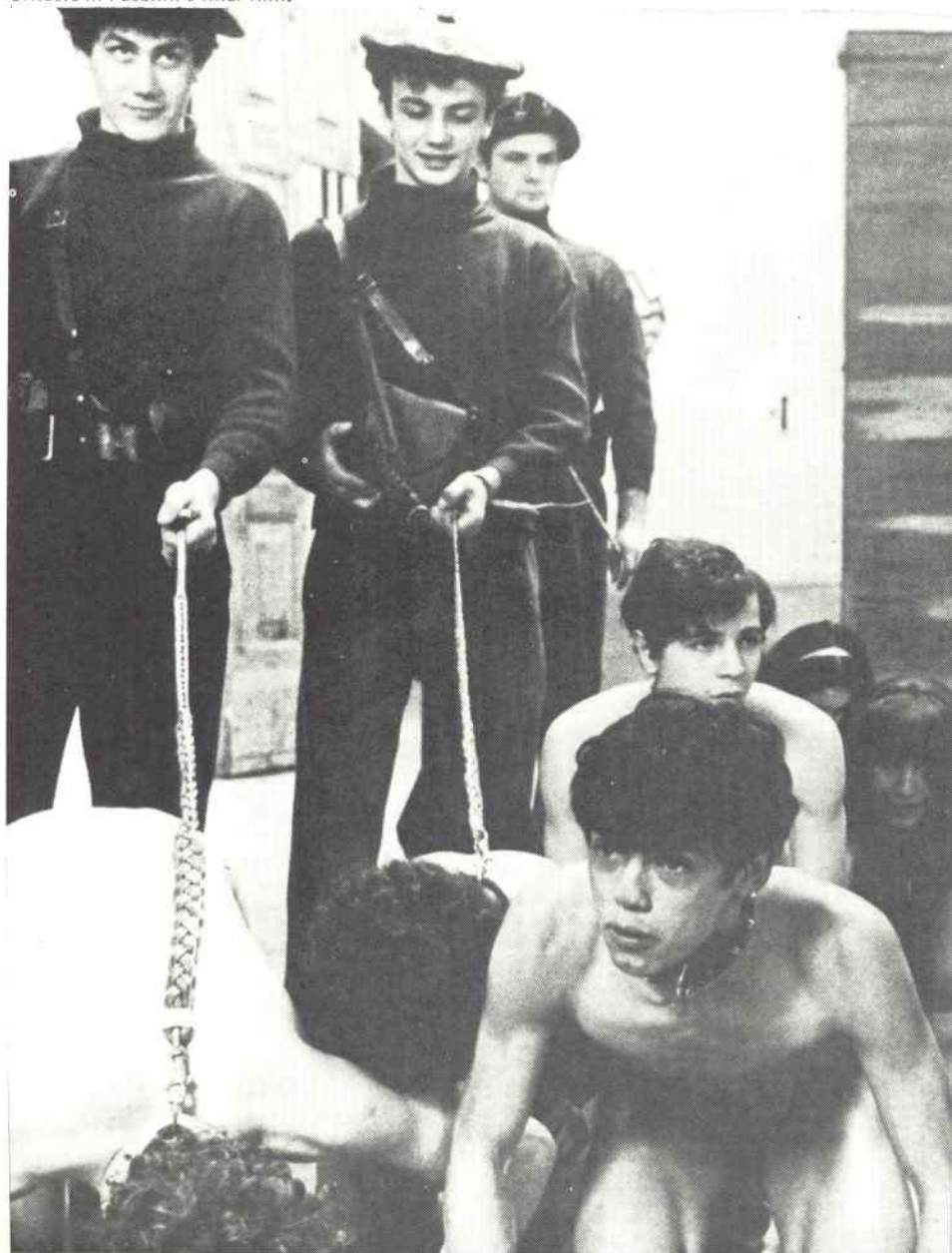
Messer Lizio's daughter is discovered holding the nightingale in a scene from *The Decameron*





Pasolini's *Salo*, his last film, caused the most controversy, bringing to the screen elements of human sexuality and sexual cruelty previously unexplored in cinema. It was also his most powerful anti-facist film, equating De Sade's villains with the ruling military power. The excesses of political corruption became the metaphors of the films three 'circles.'

The victims of *Salo*'s terror are herded into the grand salon by guards who closely resemble police officers in Pasolini's final film.



however was not a conventional practicing catholic (though he has stated it is impossible *not* to be a catholic in Italy), nor even a christian. Typical of the complexity of his character — one equally reflected in his personal and political outlook — is the fact that he did not believe in the divinity of Christ, yet felt himself to have a profoundly religious view of life. The mythic and the epic were most important to him (witness *Oedipus Rex* and *Medea*) and he sought for meaning beyond mere social and political realities. In this way he so closely resembled Marlowe and Caravaggio, both concerned with passionate religious themes (as in *Doctor Faustus* and Caravaggio's later work) but violently unorthodox in their approach. Typically, his film *Theorem* in 1968 was simultaneously awarded the 'International Catholic Jury' prize and attacked both by the Vatican's *Osservatore Romano* and the Italian episcopate.

On the evening of Pasolini's death I was eating at my favourite Italian restaurant in Soho. The proprietor, discussing the murder with me, was convinced it was the work of the Mafia. He may have been right. This institution, like the Italian church and communist party, has agents everywhere. Not least in the film industry. Immediately prior to Pasolini's death a print of *Salo*, believed to be the only one, was stolen and a fabulous sum demanded for its return. Pasolini thwarted the thieves by producing a second copy. His death was surely not the result merely of a sordid sex crime, but looks more like an organised reprisal or vendetta. Someone — for political, financial or religious reasons — wanted him dead. Though Pelosi was found guilty and is now in prison, his trial ended inconclusively. As they say in Rome: "le polemiche continuano" — the issues are still open.

MUSIC

Imperial Japan

Mick Karn, Steve Jansen and Rob Dean are counter-culture youths with the vision and taste for a rock star's life. The aspects of the contemporary world that appeal to them create a familiar and unresolvable dilemma; how can you be socially aware/concerned and still drape yourself in the trappings of glamour and flash?

Richard Barbieri is an electronic wizard, an experimental music scientist with technological idiosyncrasies that defy category.

With lead singer David Sylvian they form the most exciting rock phenomenon, *Japan*. And comparisons are inevitable; they look like a young version of the *New York Dolls*, they sometimes remind the listener of David Bowie, sometimes Mick Jagger (or how Jagger would sound if he cleared his throat). And with Bowie, it's the tone and attitude of the lyrics; the phrasing that brings that legend to mind.

David Sylvian has the smokey silk

smoothness of Bowie, abet slightly deeper in range and less British-accent pronounced; save occasionally with certain indigenous words and phrases. As a matter of fact, the sound is less English than you might be used to hearing from new wave bands.

Now, about a possible category for *Japan*, definitely new wave, but obviously not in the screeching punk rock sense of the world. With *Japan* you can hear almost every single word; amazing! And, even more amazing, the lyrics can reach heights of sheer poetry; a style almost completely in absentia during the last few years of avant garde anti-something-or-another music.

The songs of *Japan* range from the subtle put-down of *Sometimes I Feel So Low* (from *Obscure Alternatives*) to the explosively exceptional *Wish You Were Black* (from *Adolescent Sex*). They will take on any sacred cow: prejudice, television commercials, sex, you name it.

What raises them far above the crowd

is the fusion of music, culture, and a willingness to break new ground. Missing is the chant, the simple, the shock-for-shocks sake, the amateur so often riding the coattails of new wave. Almost as if punk had a cousin who had paid attention to his lessons; then applied the cortex of music and experience to new avenues of presentation.

When they create solely for a new musical audience, as is most evident in their second album and its title cut, *Obscure Alternatives*, they are without peer among young bands. When they apply traditional musicianship to their own interpretation; like the haunting jazz-ritual-stream of consciousness of *The Tenant*; the listener is moved to remove them from the realm of popular music and place them in a rack all their own. Here strains of Mangione are brought to their logical conclusion; Byrd and Parker waif in a background of historical appreciation.

In their easiest selections, like *Suburban Berlin*, *Love is Infectious*, or *Rhodesia* . . . there is still a great deal going on; complex musical phrases are layered, inter-cut, ironed out and seamed to the point you are reminded of Jasper John's artistic instruction, "Paint an object, add something to it, add something else." Transformation, into a musical sculpture, and into a redefined sense of sculpture is close to what *Japan* is all about.

And, like the finest of artists, whim dictates. Whim, when understood as an overcoat protecting disciplined musical structure.

There is much exciting on Japan's first album, *Adolescent Sex*; and there is such a transference and a transformation inherent in their second album, *Obscure Alternatives*; that the best suggestion would be to start exploring *Japan* with both albums.

It's an alien landscape, to be sure, but one that invites and beckons like the flame does the moth. So be ready to be destroyed.

OBSCURE ALTERNATIVES SW 500 47

Ariola/Hansa Records

Sometimes I Feel So Low
Automatic Gun
Rhodesia
Love is Infectious

Obscure Alternatives
Deviation
Suburban Berlin
The Tenant



JAPAN



ON GAY PHOTOGRAPHY

A photographer is a photographer is a photographer.

In this portfolio ten gay photographers have submitted a personal view on photography and a favorite photograph he or she has taken. They are all photographers of varying degrees of recognition and exposure, some of whom are well established and well known in the gay community.

A photographer who is gay is, nonetheless, a photographer; his gayness, being an aspect of his total sensibility, may have a great effect or influence in his work, much as the difference in sexual sensibility distinguishes a woman's work from that of a man's.

In the history of photography, many women, such as Margaret Bourke-White and her powerful industrial photographs or Diane Arbus and her study of the seedier side of urban life, have pursued the medium with "manly" strength and courage. And there are men, such as Minor White and Jacques Henri-Lartigue, whose work shows a great deal of feminine attributes. They may be gay . . . but that was beside the point. For many gay men and lesbians the fact that their sexuality has alienated them from the conventional norm may account for their seeing something beyond and outside of that convention; their vision being tempered in a special way, a peculiarity that could perhaps be summed up in a photograph as an expression of a gay aesthetic. We can be sure that gayness does not make him or her any less a photographer than his straight counterparts, for excellence is finally measured in terms of an individual's skill, talent and creative ability and not by his sexual preference. As Sam Wagstaff, the collector, said recently in a lecture at the University Museum in Berkeley, "It is not what one sees, but how one sees."

The following pages show us the diversity and richness of the gay photographers' aesthetic sensibility, ranging from Hal Fischer's data-book style to Jeff Clark's dreamy lyricist ren-

dering, paralleling, mirroring, if you will, the work of those who, by reason of their conventional sexual status, do not have to suffer fear of discovery. Consider Roberta Dill's rather abstract study of two hands on a breast and Crawford Barton's *Beautiful Men* as compared to Judy Dater's nude portraits of other women, some of whom were avowed prostitutes, and Scavullo's cosmetic males, respectively. Furthermore, straight photographers are less likely to suffer from prejudice in the picture market; theirs, the market-at-large and the establishment-patronage, is already assured.

I was not surprised that, in the beginning of this survey, some photographers refused to be included for fear it would label them unnecessarily as gay photographers, or they were afraid to be black-listed by the straight media, or because they didn't want to suffer their parents of the knowledge he or she is gay. That this study is called *On Gay Photography* at all is because gayness is their common denominator and it is a convenient term. The term 'gay photography,' meaning thematic focus or subject matter of the photograph, is only one of many categories open to photographer's lens inquiry. Blair Paltridge's photo of women in a supermarket underlines his non-committal to gay lifestyle as subject, but the photo seems to suggest: were the women reacting to a stereotype?

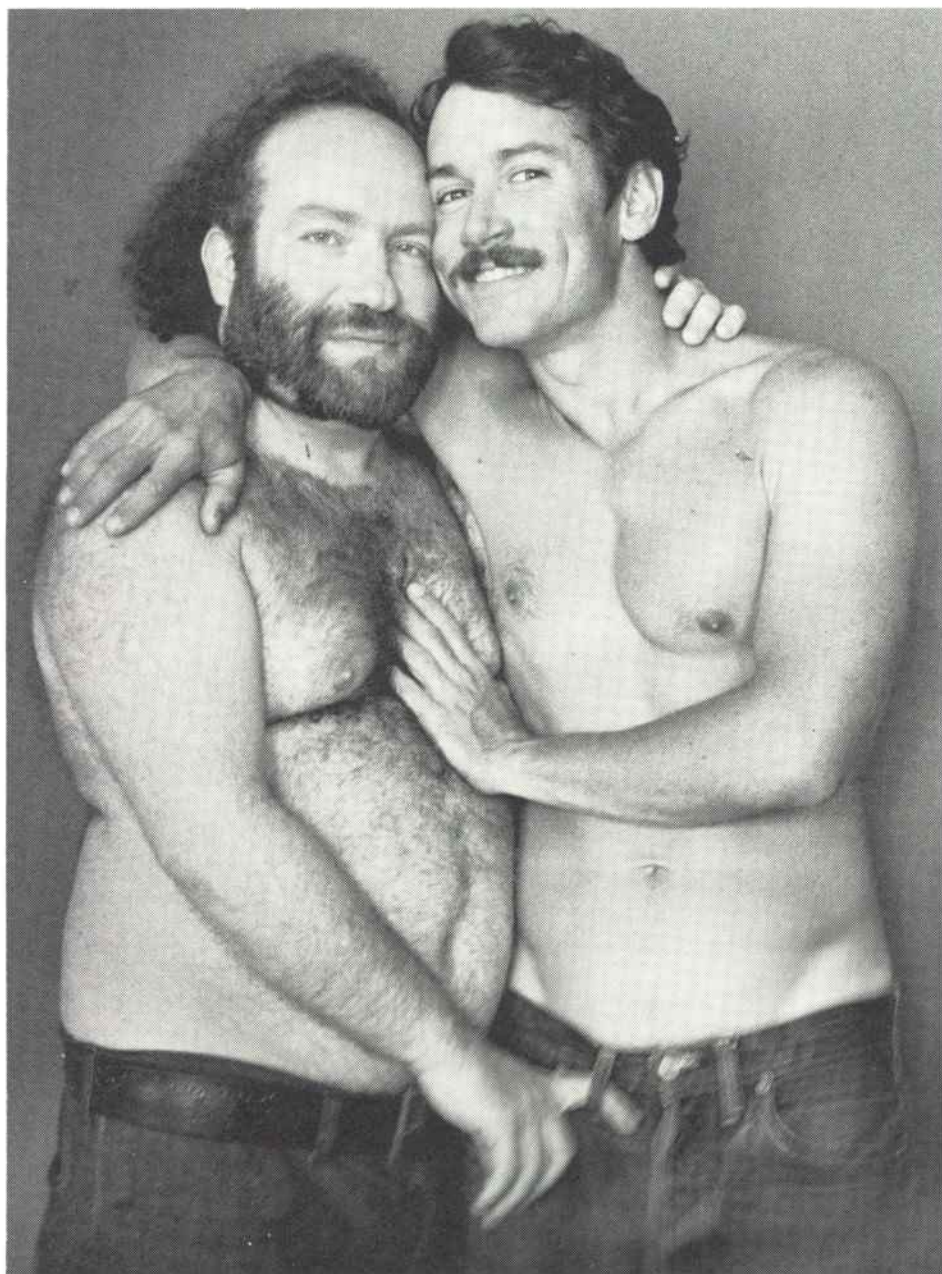
This survey attempts to put gay photographers and their work in a historical perspective for the future American history of photography. After all, it is in the seventies that the world saw gays . . . as a viable social and political entity . . . finally coming out of time's closet. The emergence and proliferation of gay photographers, they, being the "visual historians" of that movement, is the artistic flowering and a fitting exponent of that change.

No Virginia, gay photography is not dead. Gay photographers have come of age.

EFREN RAMIREZ

Editor's choice: Rameriz's San Francisco Victorian (facing page) personifies the emerging gay photographic style.

Efren Ramirez is the author of a photographic collection, "In Pursuit of Images." He has an M.A. in Art History and Photography from San Francisco State University. With many years experience as a photographer, his work has been published in various gay magazines and newspapers. His current project is to expand this survey on a national scale with an eye to a major exhibition in the U.S. Interested gay photographers may contact him by writing: S.F. Arts & Letters Foundation, Box 99394, S.F., CA 94109.



CRAWFORD BARTON

It was early in the morning, but I decided to ask a couple of my roommates to get an outside perspective:

'What makes a good photograph in your opinion?'

'If the guy has a big dick.'

'What if it's not a picture of a guy?'

'If the girl has a big dick . . . large sexual organs . . . large genitalia . . .'

I went to the other end of the house where the language is usually more sophisticated:

'What are the qualities inherent in a great photograph, in your opinion?'

'I think information is very important.' A yawn. 'And I think uhh . . . ummm... evidence of the photographer's unique vision. I think that's about it for me.'

Georgia born, Crawford Barton attended the University of Georgia in Athens, Valdosta State College, the Atlanta School of Art in Georgia and St. Mary's University, San Antonio, Texas.

Exhibitions: M.H. de Young Memorial Museum, 1974; Fine Arts Gallery, San Diego, 1974; Hoyer Workshop, S.F., 1974; Lawson Gallery, Tyson Gallery, Camerawork Gallery, S.F. and the Designs in Photography.

Publications: Beautiful Men, Liberation Publications, Inc. Photography Year 1975, Time-Life Books, Inc. Eros & Photography, Camerawork/NFS Press.

Camera: 35mm 2¼x2¼ format.



JEFF CLARK

"For me the essence of fine art is the measurable extent that an artist communicates his feelings and dreams. I consider myself a decidedly expressionist photographer. I work exclusively in color; and it is use of color, often intense and unreal, sometimes soft and more subtly evocative coupled with theatrical emphasis of natural light that conveys emotion

in my photography. Because technical virtuosity means little to me, I gladly risk clarity, preferring diffusion and lack of definition so long as passion remains a dominant substance, for I have attempted to make the camera 'an extension not only of my eye and mind but my soul. I feel my art is equally to be shared with others and as well is a tool for my own continuing growth and self-discovery."

Jeff Clark is from Sarasota, Florida. Has attended the Sarasota School of Art, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. and has a B.A. from Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida.

Exhibitions: Lucien Labaudt Gallery, S.F.; the Second and Fourth Adolph Gasser Annual Photographic Trade Show; "Nine at Andy's," — the first 24-hour photo gallery in S.F.; and the Mindscapes Gallery which he operates in S.F. Among his awards are: First Award, acrylic oil painting, 5th Annual Zellerbach Exhibition of Art, S.F., Alfred Frankenstein, S.F. Chronicle, judge, 1972; and a Special Award in Photography, 6th Annual Zellerbach Exhibition of Art, S.F., Ruth Azawa, judge, 1973.

Camera: 28mm x 28mm format.

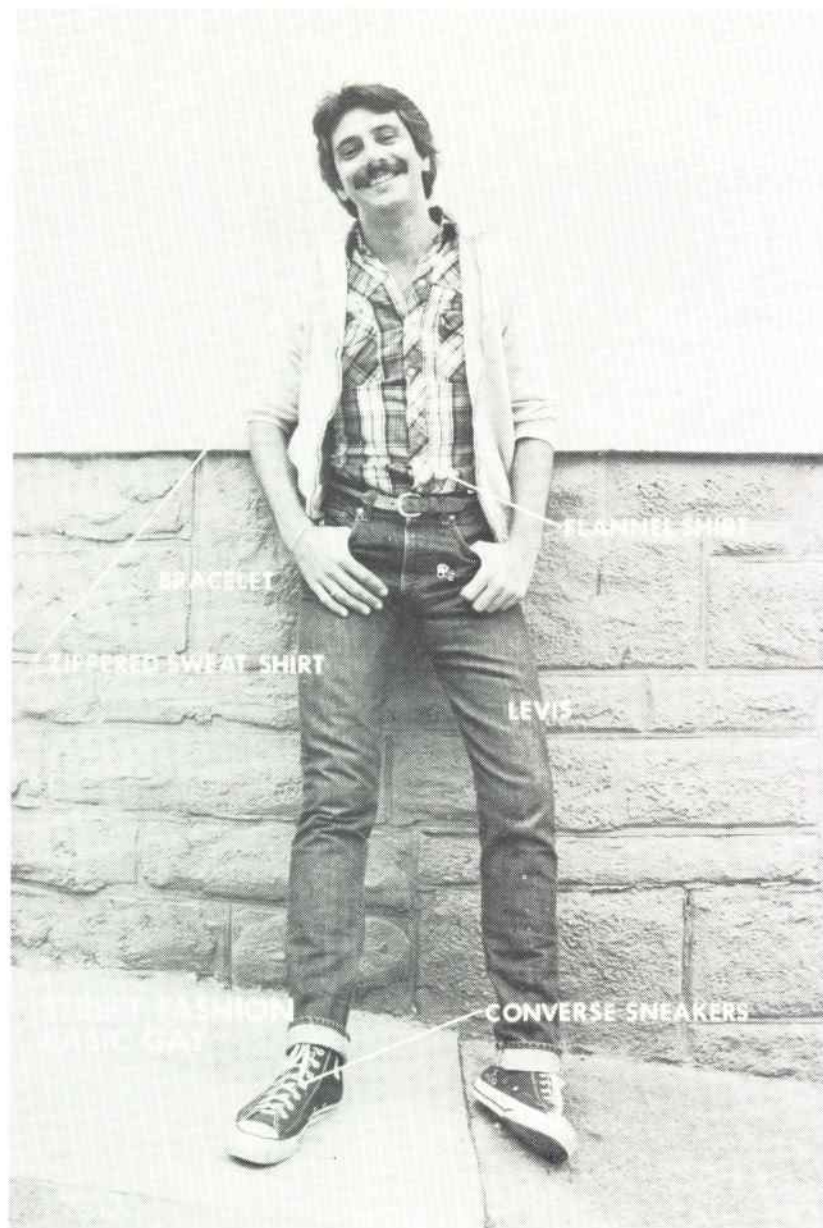


ROBERTA DILL

"Each photographer perceives her/his subject in a unique way, not so much by what subjects she/he chooses to photograph, but by what frames she/he chooses to print. Personally, I favor tight cropping and photos which make a statement which is not readily apparent, e.g. there are *two* left hands in my photo above. As

far as my photographic aspirations are concerned, I long to make a lesbian 'art film' — that's what erotica used to be called before it became hardcore porno. Lesbians are culturally deprived, and desperately need some erotic entertainment with which they can identify, say, 'A Woman and a Woman'?"

*Roberta Dill is a native Californian, a graduate from San Francisco State University, B.A., 1974.
Camera: 35mm format.*



HAL FISCHER

"My photographs are modicums of personal information, selected aspects of my environment that hopefully connote a more public significance or understanding. I use written language for context, to anchor and extend photographic meaning, and to remove my pictures from the realm of pure sensory experience of sub-

jective critical interpretation. The photographs are not attempts at naturalism, but rather real life coded into archetypal circumstance. The position I adopt implies visual objectivity and description — the basis of photographic seeing. I investigate the urban gay milieu because its flowering fascinates me, and I am (happily) part of its experience."

Hal Fischer is holder of a B.F.A. from the University of Illinois, and an M.A. from the S.F. State University. He also attended the London Film School in England and the Pennsylvania State University. He was a recipient of a Research Assistantship, Rockefeller Foundation, 1973; Art Critics' Fellowship, National Endowment for the Arts, 1977. He was guest lecturer, Division of Technology/Photography, San Jose State University and currently, U.C. Extension Instructor, "The Emerging Photographer"; and the California College of Arts and Crafts, Critic's Seminar. He has written art reviews for Artweek, Modern Photography, La Mamelle/Arts Contemporary, Afterimage, and Artforum. He has curated exhibitions such as "Photoerotica," Camerawork Gallery; "Four From the Midwest," also at Camerawork; and "Problematic Photography," S.F. Museum of Modern Art.



SANDRA GRAHAM

"Where does one begin? An artist often looks outside. Acts, reacts to, against, with his environment. I have started within — the self. A continuation. You have immediate evidence. Self portraiture has haunted me forever. Even as I move on into other aspects of my

photography, I am constantly drawn back."

Painted Lady/Search for Self
Dance on happy
Rotate on high
That's me up there
Where, I mean — which one
All of them, she said.

New York born Sandra Graham is an artist-photographer. She has a B.F.A. from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, 1973. Member, Board of Trustees, Gay Freedom Day PhotoArchives, Inc. of S.F.

Exhibitions: Electric Hair, Denver, Colorado, 1978; Castro Street Faire, 1978; Art as Art, Pride Foundation, 1978.

Camera: 35mm



GINNY LLOYD

Ginny Lloyd's favorite photo is from her *Laura Belle* series, a set of handmade books in limited editions composed of photographs and short story. The photographer made the paper and handbound the books herself. Her images take on a surreal quality and suggest contemporary mythology.

"The photographer should be involved

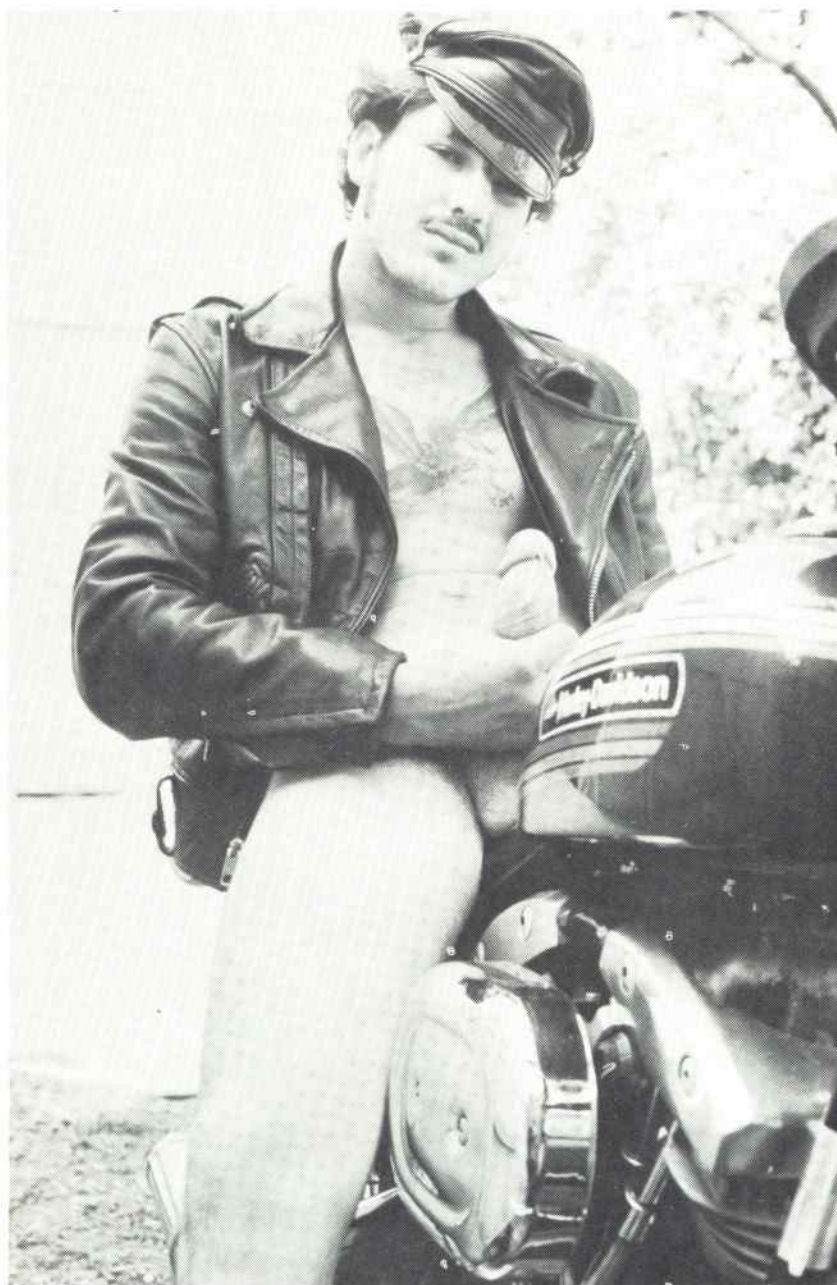
in knowing about making paper, emulsions, and participating in the format in which the final work is to be presented and not relying on the 'assembly line' mentality that is fostered frequently in art today.

"A photograph should make suggestions; act as a catalyst for the imagination of the viewer."

Ginny Lloyd is Maryland born. Syracuse University graduate, M.A. 1977. Awarded Best Black-and-White Photograph in Show, N.Y. State Arts Council, 1977.

Exhibitions: "Five Women Photographers," Le Moyne Art Gallery, Syracuse, N.Y., 1977; "Women Photograph Women," National Group Exhibit, Denver, Colorado, 1978.

Camera: 35mm



ROBERT OPEL

I am Robert Opel. I am an artist, a cocksucker and an anarchist. My life is my art. Sometimes I use a camera. The images I record are diverse, but I especially like to photograph men. Sometimes I have trouble disseminating images I record because people seem to be frightened of sexual imagery. But I persist. Eventually, I believe, I will receive wider attention and acclaim. What makes me different from some other people is that I like to fuck with other men. I believe everyone is different from everyone else. Some of us have different sexual prefer-

ences. Men like myself have been feared and persecuted because of our sexual preference. I want to be able to explore my sexuality without fear of reprisals. When people are accepted for who they are; appreciated for their differences, not persecuted for them, the entire society will be enormously culturally enriched. Efrén Ramirez asked me to give him one of my photographs. This is a portrait of a man that I did in Los Angeles about 3 years ago. It is originally executed in color. It is titled: "You Can Do IT Better On a Harley."

Robert Opel has exhibited work in the Eons Gallery, Los Angeles. He operates his own gallery in San Francisco, Fey Way Studios. Camera: 35mm



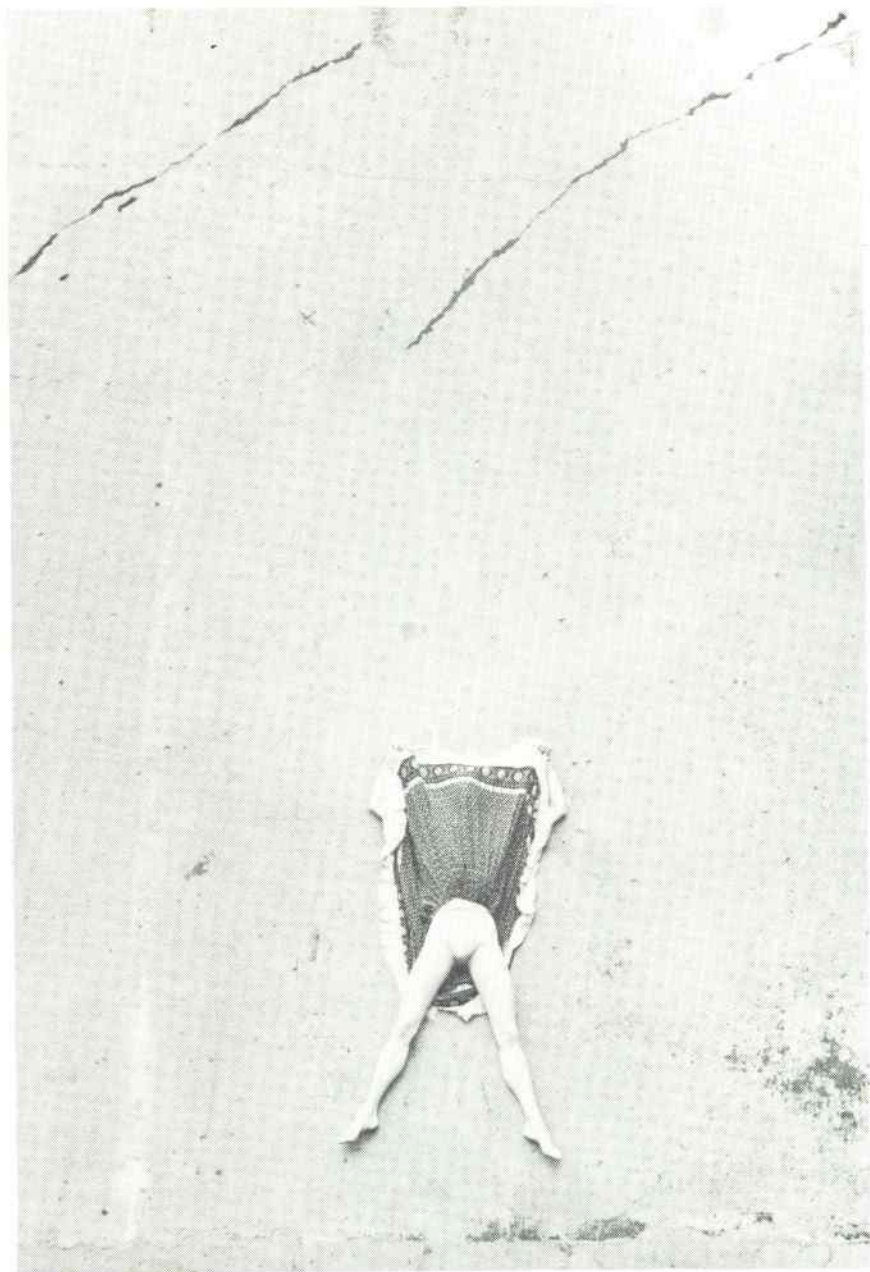
BLAIR PALTRIDGE

I have no special interest in documenting with my photographs the gay culture I live in. Perhaps I should, but I don't. I make a meager living doing photo reproductions of artworks, which usually requires the use of artificial lights and a 4x5 view camera. It is demanding work, but despite the satisfaction won in the darkroom when happenstance and skill combine to leave a perfect print in the wash water, I still prefer the challenge on location of candid documentary photo-

graphy with a 35mm camera. People interest me more than paintings. The moment when people, and the things they surround themselves with, fall together into a composition can sometimes be so physically and emotionally tense that the photographer feels a sudden rush like a hit of amyl nitrate. The pulse quickens, the head buzzes. For a moment, things in front of the photographer explain themselves in visual terms. People are just themselves. Everything fits.

Gay individuals often feel as though they stand apart from the behavior accepted as normal by the rest of society. The gay photographer can look back at such behavior with a clarity others might not see. The one photo here, hurriedly taken and technically flawed, still recalls to me the grip in the gut I felt seven years ago when I confronted those women in the supermarket. Gay men will have to grow old with none of their likes, save their own mothers.

Blair Partridge was born in Hollywood in 1947. He turned to photography in 1970 and had two exhibitions in 1973: "Blair Partridge Photographs Mexico" in San Francisco and "A is for America - A Children's Alphabet" at Berkeley. In 1976, the Richmond Art Center exhibited his "20 Bay Area Painters," a survey of artists, techniques and art current in that medium with photos documenting the artists in their studios. That exhibit is currently on tour. Since 1976, he has written art and photo criticism for the San Francisco Bay Guardian.



GREG REEDER

"I use my photography as a meditative process to reveal my inner self. I see my photographs much like hieroglyphics, symbolic representations of a meta-

reality. My sexuality perhaps has contributed to a certain sensitivity, allowing me to be in touch with both my male and female self."

Greg Reeder is a native Californian, studied at the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 1972. Exhibitions: S.F. Museum of Art; Hot Flash of America; Lawson deCelle Gallery; and the Tyson Gallery.



FISHER ROSS

"I call myself a photographer-philosopher, trying to capture the sensual es-

sence of today's man — his masculinity, his femininity."

Texas born, whose hobbies are: sex, drugs, and Rock and Roll, but adds: "I hate disco." Last book read: Tales of the City. For his educational background in photography, Ross lists only a beginning photography class taken at Stephen F. Austin University at Nacogdoches, Texas. His work has been published in After Dark, New West, San Francisco Chronicle, The Advocate, The Alternate, Gay Sunshine and The Bay Area Reporter.

Photo: Summer '74/Body by Fisher. Camera: 35 mm

FILM



The Invasion of Superman

Remakes have become big business, to be sure. And the popularity of science fiction as of late has allowed the big film power brokers to reexamine the genre as a commodity.

You might expect to see a lot of B-grade trash pumped out to fill B-theatre seats in shopping complexes across the country. Films like *Laserbeam*, *Message From Space*, *Starship Invasion*, et al; just like in the 50s when Forest Tucker ran from one sci-fi flick to another warning the countryside to beware the alien's intentions.

But, like in the 50s, once in a while a classic comes along; something that maybe only years later can be appreciated for its daring or ingenuity. Films like *The Body Snatchers*, *The Blob*, or *The Incredible Shrinking Man* live far beyond their expected term for possessing such qualities.

Since the technology has evolved to a fine science in producing realistic miniatures, creating other environments and imagining celestial phenomena; even more can be expected when these classics of time warp and doomsday fall prey to the revisionist.

But sometimes the creature sinks into a blacker lagoon, like the over-touted *King Kong* remake, the *Blob* sequel, and

now (worse offender of all) the aborted chill-bearing *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.

Invasion could have been a good film, it might have been great. Some of the flaws of the original were dealt with in creative and almost original foresight. But the moments when the viewer expected the most from the film seem to have been drawn blind.

The biggest offenders of *Invasion* are the aliens themselves. From an arty and visually enchanting origin that needs much more explanation than is offered, they float their way across time and space like spirochete gliding to the center of a biologist's microscope slide. All that's missing is The Blue Danube.

From the first chilling line of dialogue in *Invasion*, "There's some flowers children, now go pick them," the suspense wanes.

Unfortunately it never waxes full again, too often is the cheap laugh given preference for the credible gasp.

With characters that read like stereotypes from Kafka; and include a beatnick philosopher, a est-ian psychologist, a dedicated health department official in a white smock, the film is left to flounder its way up and down the hills of the most beautiful city in America.

It's strictly Spock out of water, as Leonard Nimoy bones up for a forthcoming stink as Werner Erhart; Donald Sutherland shows us how little one can learn from Fellini (except his saving stance as *Invasion* ends) and the rest of the cast show and tell their way through lives and careers that would make Kate Millet belch.

What's wrong with *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*? Almost everything. There is no suspense, the original story has been convoluted instead of completed, and the biggie (the seed pods) squiggle, squirm and plop out their contents like the *Little Shop of Horrors* in wretched color. It looks like it was made for television, and it shouldn't have.

Superman, on the other hand, could have been a flop a lot easier. This story has been around so long it can be recited verbatim by at least a half million 30-year-olds who were teething on the DC Comic's original. Already it has made its way to the boob tube in a historic earlier incarnation that is surely being repeated today in some emerging banana republic.

And like its closest neighbor, *Kong*, *Superman* could have suffered the fate of too big a budget, too big a star, too big a director and no show in a dead heat.

The hype says you will believe a man can fly. Believe it.

This swan song is no turkey. The director, Richard Donner, exercised absolute good sense (a rare commodity) in playing it as the great American fantasy. Along with Richard Nixon, the Hells Angels, and the automat, *Superman* is uniquely American. And everyone, regardless of their station in life, sometime in their life dreams of being president, an outlaw, efficient or flying. While the first three might wane as time and reality make us into better social products, the yearn to fly probably stays the longest.

Superman is a visual treat. The eye is delighted at wondrous inventions: a submerged Grand Central Station, the spires and towers of Krypton, the reconstruction of Jor-El's think tank at the North Pole; image after beautiful image that soars from the screen to the viewer's sense center.

It's played as magnificent, tremendous, breath-taking spectacle, and Donner plays it for all it's worth.

The attitude of the cast works, and that's more than can be said for a lot of million-plus performances by the legends of our time. Gene Hackman's Lex Luthor is funny, dangerous, ruthless, absurd; the relief from the rest of the film the audience needs. Margot Kidder's Lois Lane, while a bit more liberated than the newswoman of the comics, still blushes when she asks Superman how big he is. And while she seems to live in a more lavish setting than one might expect, her terraced Gotham apartment makes a great landing pad for Superman's nightly courting rituals. It's tongue in cheek

repartee between the man of steel and the woman with a will of iron, and they meld like a canasta team.

Jackie Cooper plays his Perry White like an editor that's never heard of *The Washington Post* or Woodward and Bernstein. He's folksy, wholesome without being maudlin, and just fine. Phyllis Thaxter and Glenn Ford, as the earth-parents of superbaby, find themselves in some of the film's most sweeping panoramas. You almost expect to see the wheatfield dance as the wind-swept horizons undulate before your eyes. It's a genteel *Grapes of Wrath* farmlife and an understanding mother that made Clark Kent the man he was; Thaxter will rip your heart out as she sends her son towards missions and glory she will never understand or be a part of except as the catalyst. It's the bravura of *Giant* brought back without shame.

While Marlon Brando is exciting to watch, he plays the supertot's father with little creativeness. But don't despair, he's only in the first 20 minutes of the film and there is much else to look upon.

And it is in the first minutes of the film that a major gripe appears. Intimating one of the three villains who almost overtook the government of Krypton might be a Lesbian is unnecessary bullshit. To show her as a gaunt, masculine (read dyke) unwashed woman only adds insult to injury. While the words describe her and her two male companions is "perversions," the meaning is only too painfully clear. Why such a slur on gays was necessary in *Superman* only the film-makers know for sure, and Mario Puzo, who co-wrote the film, might be the person to ask. It isn't forgivable by any means, it's only because this is otherwise a fine and rewarding film that it might be overlooked.

Although he only received third billing, the film obviously belongs to Christopher Reeves. From the first moment he is on the screen he dominates and controls *Superman*. He is *Superman*, pure and simple. He has the ability to lay lines on you that reek of corn and survive the scene. Who cares if he can act his way out of a kryptonite box, or if he ever makes another film; this is the definitive performance.

And, referring to the gay slur of the film's opening, if there was ever a candidate for gay accolade, Reeves is it. His sculptured face, his sleekly muscled body, a smile that would melt steel couple with a naturalness and a charm endear him immediately to the audiences. You don't care if the turkey has never flown before, he flies now.

The minor gripe is a silly ariel poem that Lane voice-overs when Superman takes her soaring above the clouds of Gotham. Really a minor point, but a useless device in the first place that only detracts from brilliant special effects and enchanting cinematography.

The ALTERNATE Fiction Contest

The Alternate is looking for a few good gay words in the form of new fiction written by known, unknown or soon to be known writers. Style, form, subject matter are, of course, up to the individual. However, we are interested in seeing fiction that applies a gay sensibility to its subject or characters.

THE RULES

1. All manuscripts must be original, unpublished work not currently under consideration for another publication or publisher.
2. Manuscripts should be double-spaced, typed on one side of the page with the author's name and the work's title at the top of each page.
3. Manuscripts to be returned should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Manuscripts without an SASE will not be returned.

WHAT IS ELIGIBLE?

Any original work of fiction that falls within the loose framework described as 'gay fiction.' Sections from longer works, works in progress, and experimental works are eligible.

WHAT IS NOT ELIGIBLE?

Submissions that have already appeared in print, or that are under consideration for publication.

Translations from other languages.

Submissions written by employees of Alternate Publications, its representatives and contributors, or its advertisers are not eligible.

THE JUDGING

The judging for manuscripts submitted will be done by the staff of The Alternate, whose decision will be final.

THE FINALISTS

The Alternate will select any number of submissions as finalists. Each issue of The Alternate will publish one or more of the finalists, with payment at the prevailing rate. Finalists will also receive a one-year subscription to The Alternate.

THE WINNER

In the December, 1979 issue of The Alternate the winner will be announced and the winning entry published. The winning entry will be awarded \$250 and a one-year subscription to The Alternate.

THE ANTHOLOGY

The Alternate will reserve the right to include any finalists or winning entry in an anthology to be published in January of 1980. Entries published in the anthology will be paid a predetermined anthology rate.

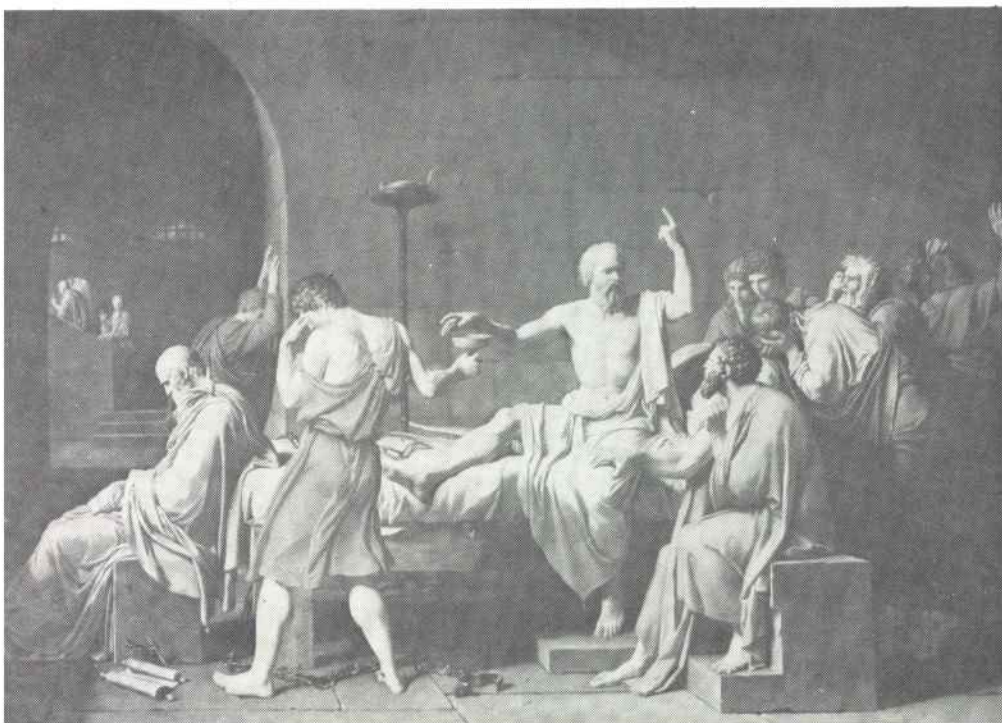
THE DEADLINE

Manuscripts should be postmarked no later than November 1, 1979. All entries received after that date will be returned.

Submissions should be sent to:

FICTION CONTEST
ALTERNATE PUBLICATIONS
1730 Divisadero
San Francisco, CA 94115

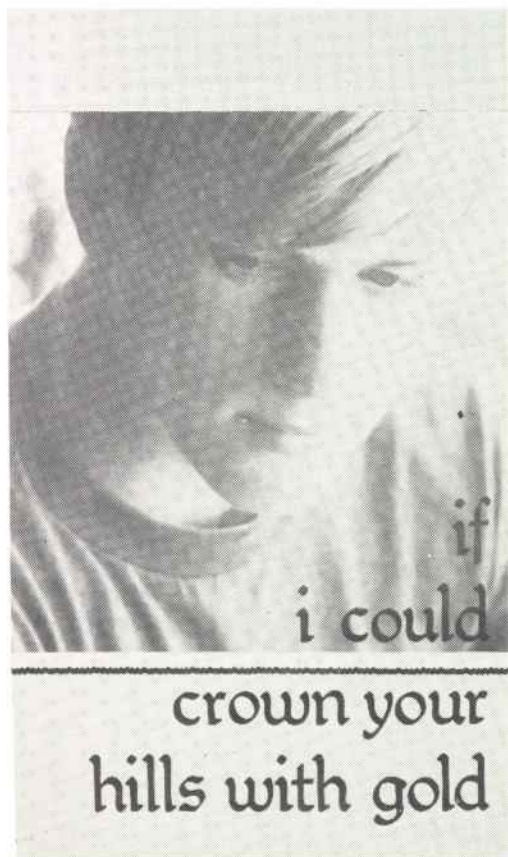
BEST BOOKS OF 1978



THE GAY ACADEMIC

by Louis Crew, ETC Publications, Drawer 1627A, Palm Springs, CA 92262, hard-bound, 1978, 444 pages, \$15.00

Pure information, of the kind found in Katz's *Gay American History*, fills the pages of *The Gay Academic*. Crew has gathered together in a single volume wide areas of gay studies from what appears a heretofore untapped wealth of writers. While all the material might not appeal to everyone, there is indeed something for everyone. The facades of gayness and the psychological are both given equal time; the writing bright, accessible, and exciting. Like *Gay American History*, the reader will be thirsting for a second volume long before the first reading.



IF I COULD CROWN YOUR HILLS WITH GOLD

by Lawrence A. Reh, *Atlantis Rising/Another Country*, 1978, paperback, 88 pages, \$5.95

In an age when poetry, and that which passes itself off as poetry, gushes from journals and periodicals like a limitless spray of crude oil; it is noteworthy that a major poetic voice should emerge.

Reh's distinctive sensibilities concerning the structure and temperament of poetry fill the pages of this first volume with a grace and style sorely missed.

The poet's metaphors are uncompromising, steady platforms on which he traces a private and still somehow public path towards self-acknowledgement. Along the way the follies and heartbreaks of the universal man in search of meaning rear themselves. It is familiar trappings; accessible landscape. But Reh's discipline raises it all far above the ground.

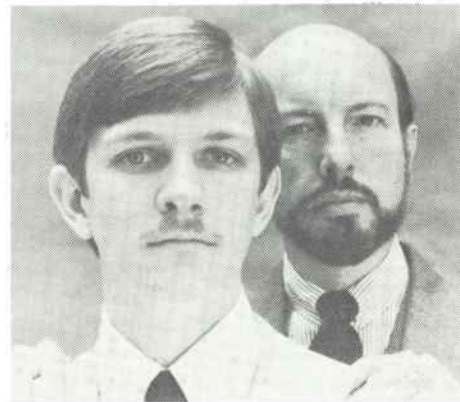
There are 55 poems in this slender, photo-illustrated example of time and place. Each speaks in a voice natural and refined; holding its own, yet connecting each to each other in a precise, honest and passionate chain.

Reh harkens a time to resume reading poetry.

GET OFF MY SHIP!

by E. Lawrence Gibson, Avon, trade paperback, 1978, \$4.95

The true story of Copy Berg's long fight to remain in the Navy after his homosexuality became public knowledge. Written by his lover, and illustrated by Berg himself, this powerful document does more to rip away the mask of righteousness coveted by the military than a rash of Pentagon Papers. The style is strictly to the code, but forth with a human sensibility that comes close to transcending the subject matter. Great reading, great movie potential. (Will be reviewed in Vol. 1, No. 9)



WORD IS OUT: STORIES OF SOME OF OUR LIVES

by Nancy Adair and Casey Adair, Delta/New Glide Publications, 1978, paperback, 223 pages, illustrated with stills from the film, \$7.95

This is the complete text of the world famous documentary about the private lives of 26 gay men and women. The interviews are arranged by person (unlike the film, which cut back and forth from character to character) creating the best possible testimonials of what it is like to be gay in America. It will make a great reference work for persons who saw the film and want to savor the sometimes funny, often painful events. It will also serve as an access in areas where the film has not played or may never be presented.



photo © Douglas Jeffery



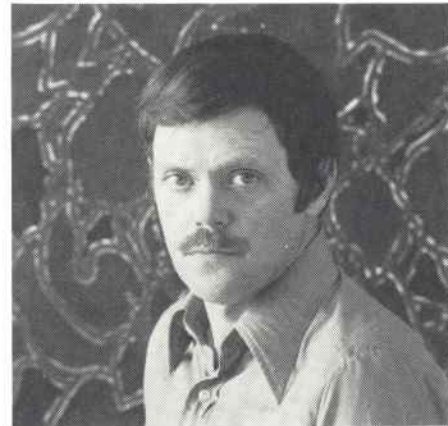
PRICK UP YOUR EARS

The Biography of Joe Orton by John Lahr, 1978, Knopf, hardbound, 302 pages, \$15.00

John Lahr, the son of comic genius Bert Lahr, uses private diaries, correspondence and the plays of England's fiery playwright to reconstruct and examine the most amazing of contemporary lives.

Murdered by his lover, Joe Orton died as he reached the very top of his fame and notoriety. Lahr lays bare the scandalous and the sacred as he offers the reader a rare and eloquent look at both the power of farce and the destructiveness of power.

While Orton's plays were failures in the United States, his life, as told by Lahr, will become a legend.



AMONG THE CARNIVORES

by Daniel Curzon, Ashley Books, 1978, \$9.95.

The author of *Something You Do in the Dark* and the recent *Revolt of the Perverts* takes on the education system in this thinly-veiled docu-novel of the goings-on in California schools. Often bitterly funny, often painfully correct, the view of the gay teacher by a gay teacher goes far beyond the bounds of expose. (Will be reviewed in Vol. 1, No.9)

Daniel Curzon was recently dismissed from his teaching position at San Francisco State for "grading his students' papers too strictly."

TALES OF THE CITY

by Armistead Maupin, Harper/Colophon Books, 1978, paperback, 240 pages, \$5.95

Here it is, the long awaited collection of Maupin's *Chronicle* series. Be forewarned, this obvious first volume ends before the newspaper serialization did; but contains a lot of chapters deleted

from the daily. Until Capote publishes his touted *Answer Prayers*, *Tales* takes the cake as the best gossip novel of the decade. Minimal descriptions abound, conversations are pure and unrestricted, action is quick, plot is almost unbelievable, chapters tremble with counterpoint, convolutions and ironies. Surprise ending after surprise ending. Bravo!

Wonderful Faggots

Faggots by Larry Kramer, Random House, 1978, Hardbound, 304 pages, \$10.95

It came as no surprise when Larry Kramer's screenplay for *Women In Love* lost out at the Academy Awards. The sensitive, and beautifully paced translation from D.H. Lawrence's novel to the vastly appealing film was exceptional, beyond a doubt. Lacking, in an adage that serious writers had pressed on the public for generations, was an understanding of the meticulous and exacting sensitivity involved in recreating from one medium to another.

To film goes, *Women In Love* presented a unique departure from the various treatments Lawrence had been awarded in the past. An author that deals with subtle ironies and implied vistas, Lawrence had already alienated the majority of pulp readers, moralists, and escapists. Kramer obviously realized what was important about Lawrence, every line of dialogue, every scene breathed the original author's unique sensibility.

There is an argument that only a gay man could have understood Lawrence's intentions in *Women In Love*. The parallels between the different yet similar sets of couples in the book predispose a willing acceptance of the differences between sexes and sexuality still mostly unapparent in the non-gay writer. The juxtaposition of aggressive/passive inherent sexuality among the characters points a telling finger to Lawrence's own identification. Remembering that a subtle phenomenon of homo sapiens is the gay sensibility of the non-gay sensitive, Kramer translated into the vocal and audio what Lawrence could only have charted on the printed page.

From such obvious skill one expects great work when a Larry Kramer tackles originality. What he has done in *Faggots* is indeed great work; nay, more: the finest writing about homosexuality.

Faggots is Larry Kramer's own story. Although drawn from the life around him, and the lives of the people around him, Kramer has created this time a living, breathing personification of gay men in the twentieth century.

Unlike any of their possible ancestors, the characters in Kramer's first novel live and love in unique, specific times and places. Yet, they transcend the situation in which they live to become universal prototypes of being gay in modern civilization.

Faggots is the work of a genius. While the word is bantered about with more than its share of abandon, with Kramer it applies in strict dictionary meaning; a



Larry Kramer

great inventive ability.

Kramer's theme is the responsibility of gays to their situation and life. Pressed upon his characters are the needs for love, understanding, acceptance and appreciation. Standard requirements? Perhaps, if your own sense of need is based on that of your environment. And environment is a term you will have to ponder for a while.

Kramer is a difficult comparative task. John Rechy's *The Sexual Outlaw* comes closest in sense of purpose. Rechy's book bases a great deal of itself on living fact while Kramer is determined to create a living reflection of the fact. In the final analysis, however, they are closer to each other than any one else is to them.

Rechy shocks the reader by exposing their sentiments. Kramer exposes sentiments, but only after having disarmed the reader with his wit and style. The orgasm that writing is for both men comes from different sources; with Rechy sexuality determines sensibility; with Kramer sensibility is obscured by sexuality. Rechy's heroes are revolutionists, by their obstreperousness. Kramer's heroes are revolutionists by nature of their ostentation.

About that ostentation; you can't find yourself siding with one character over another in *Faggots*. Too much of their personas are too similar to the reader's own. If it is a device of Kramer's, to make some part of each character attainable, then it is a device that works in spades. There exists a readier possibility, that we are composed of fractions that appear different in others only by their arrangement.

Kramer's characters live, try to love, and die. So do we all. But what is missed in such a brief summation is the space between the living and the attempts at loving and the dying. It is a close examination of those spaces with which Kramer concerns himself in this book.

And the conclusions reached by the characters and the reader come only after a careful process of elimination Kramer has specifically structured step by painful step.

We are asked, through the book characters, to question basic tenets about our gay selves. We are asked to examine and decide a number of preconceptions and rules with which we have been determining our existence. We are even given the answers, in clear and accessible dialogue that rings with an authenticity straight from the parlor.

The method Kramer uses to postulate on gay civilization (for now we are at a point where such a category as *gay civilization* takes on a definite meaning) is crafted from the best fiction writing. He introduces us to himself, the narrator; a fastly-approaching forty-year-old gay screenwriter fearing another birthday and another rejection. We ease into his world of chic New York gayness; discos, parties, love affairs, careers, suicides, accidents, dangers . . . all the things we have come to accept and embrace.

Through Fred Lemish, *Faggots'* protagonist and everyman, we live a four-day whirlwind where lives are often changed forever in the twinkling of an eye. We meet young men on the way up and old men on the banks of the River Styx. We are taught the world of fashion, wealth, power, drugs, and passion. We share intimacies with the famous and the obsequious. We see men's lives threatened, ruined, end.

We have the grace of a slightly distant perspective; brushed by the flame but not burned. It is the specter of a flame that lingers after the book's concluding pages. We see, only in retrospect, the fires that often destroy us.

But don't forget that Kramer is a charmer and a wit. He leads you into this drunken nightmare under the guise of the jester who can guarantee you a laugh or two every few minutes; eroding a bit but not completely, his edifice of stagnation.

By the time you reach the last hour of the last day of *Faggots*, you are lost forever. Turning back ceases to be a viable option. Like a runaway train you are hurled further and further into an almost unbearable abyss, and at neckbreak speed.

Something happens. When the reading is over you realize you survive.

Something else happens. You realize there is an equation, a moral, a lesson, in all this.

- A.E.

Edward Guthmann on Larry Kramer

Larry Kramer, the author of *Faggots*, is 42 years old, a Yale graduate who was born in Connecticut and raised in Washington, D.C. He is a writer who, much to his fortune, and to the awe and chagrin of other writers, has always made a lot of money at his craft.

Most of it came from screenwriting (the Oscar-nominated *Women in Love*, among others) and because of great sums earned at that often-displeasing pursuit, Kramer was able in September 1975 to turn his back on it all, devoting the next three years to writing his novel by living off savings and film residuals.

He recalls, "I was, as in the book, 39 years old. I hadn't had a successful love affair or relationship. I asked myself: was this my fault? or the world's? or the plight of the homosexual? The novel becomes a journey to discover what homosexuality meant to me."

What he found, and reported in *Faggots* with wickedly unsparing candor, was some very pungent stuff about the sexual kinks and emotional bankruptcy of many gay men. The bars, the docks, the backrooms and discos are all subject to Kramer's scalpel and savage satire.

The book's raunchy explicitness, Kramer claims, was not for the purpose of making the pages burn, but rather was part of his thematic scheme. "I purposely loaded it with sex to the point of exhaustion because I wanted to defuse all of this. Defuse the way we put ourselves down, the lives dominated by drugs and sex."

The book's baleful cynicism and graphic detail have polarized his readers into two camps: those who love it, and those who hate and resent it for shedding unglamorous light on gays.

"A lot of gays are angry at me for exposing the life we lead," Kramer said. The controversy has found him minus a few friends, including the man who appears in *Faggots* as Anthony Montana, the best friend of Fred Lemish (Kramer's protagonist/alter ego). "He got so upset by

his 'debut,'" Kramer said, "that he won't speak to me now. Most people think he's very endearing in the book, but he was worried his parents would recognize him, which is rather silly considering he's 44 years old."

The novel, Kramer's first, is selling briskly: 40,000 copies and three printings in less than a month. These are somewhat amazing figures for a first novel, and especially for a gay novel — and all the sweeter for Kramer, who says the writing of *Faggots* was "catharsis." We should all be rewarded so bountifully for our therapy.

The book had a six-figure paperback sale (he won't disclose the exact amount but one feels certain it equals at least the \$150,000 sum for Andrew Holleran's *Dancer From the Dance*), and seems bound to become an emblem of a 1978 publishing phenomenon: the year of the gay book.

On a recent promo tour, Kramer hit several cities to beat the drums for sales of *Faggots*, stopping in San Francisco just following the assassinations of George Moscone and Harvey Milk. During his visit, I spoke with Kramer about his new career as a novelist.

Was it difficult selling Faggots?

No. It was turned down by a couple houses who were worried their sales people would be afraid of selling it and the publisher turned it down because it didn't go with the house image. But once it went to Random House, it was bought in less than a week. They've never been less than incredible: no problems with the salesmen, no discrimination.

No censorship?

None.

Had you considered alternative titles? Has the title been a problem?

It's a joke in New York, people calling bookstores and asking, "Got any *Faggots* there?" Before I thought of the title I was thinking of *Boys Town* or *Man's Country*. But I like *Faggots*; I wanted to make the word less frightening, to make people

used to hearing it.

You've said that you developed great anger in writing the book, upon realizing how much self-hatred and how little tenderness were in the urban gay lifestyle. Are you less angry now that you've finished the book?

I expect I'll be angry 'til I die. Actually, I'm not so angry at myself anymore. I get angry with people who aren't working on themselves, who refuse to look at the reasons they're afraid of love, afraid of responsibility and commitment.

You've said that what life's really about is cultivating "a loving relationship where fidelity is honored," and that your inability to find this created Faggots. Are you closer to it now?

Only in the sense that I think I'm ready for it now, with a lot more insight. The relationship with the "Dinky" character is no more. It's been a year since we've seen each other, and I've just received a letter indicating he'd like to be friends. But I know that what he gives with one hand, he takes away with the other.

Do you think you'll ever do another screenplay?

I get a lot of offers and I'd dearly love to do the first big studio homosexual movie. But I don't particularly enjoy writing screenplays. I feel more freedom with novels; it's more exciting.

Will your next book be a gay novel?

No. I'm going to take on the straight world now. There will be gay characters in it, but I think it's time to deal with straight men.



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GAY SUNSHINE INTERVIEWS

Volume One; edited by Winston Leyland, Gay Sunshine Press, 1978, paperback, \$7.95
(See review Alternate Vol. 1, No. 6)

THE JOY OF GAY SEX & THE JOY OF LESBIAN SEX

by Dr. Charles Silverstein and Edmund White/Dr. Emily L. Sisley and Bertha Harris;
Simon & Schuster, expanded paperback edition, 1978, \$7.95 each. Without question, the two most complete, readable volumes on the subject, compiled with a great deal of joy and sensitivity.

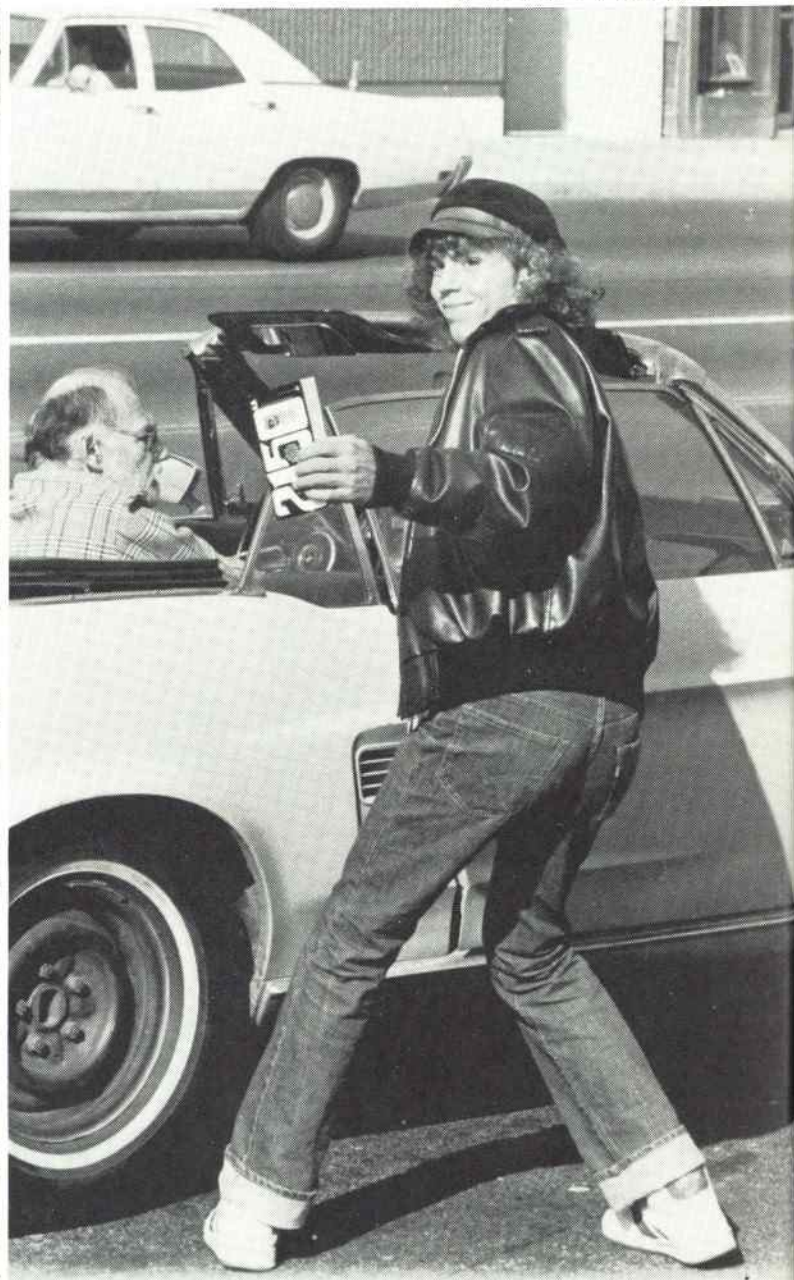
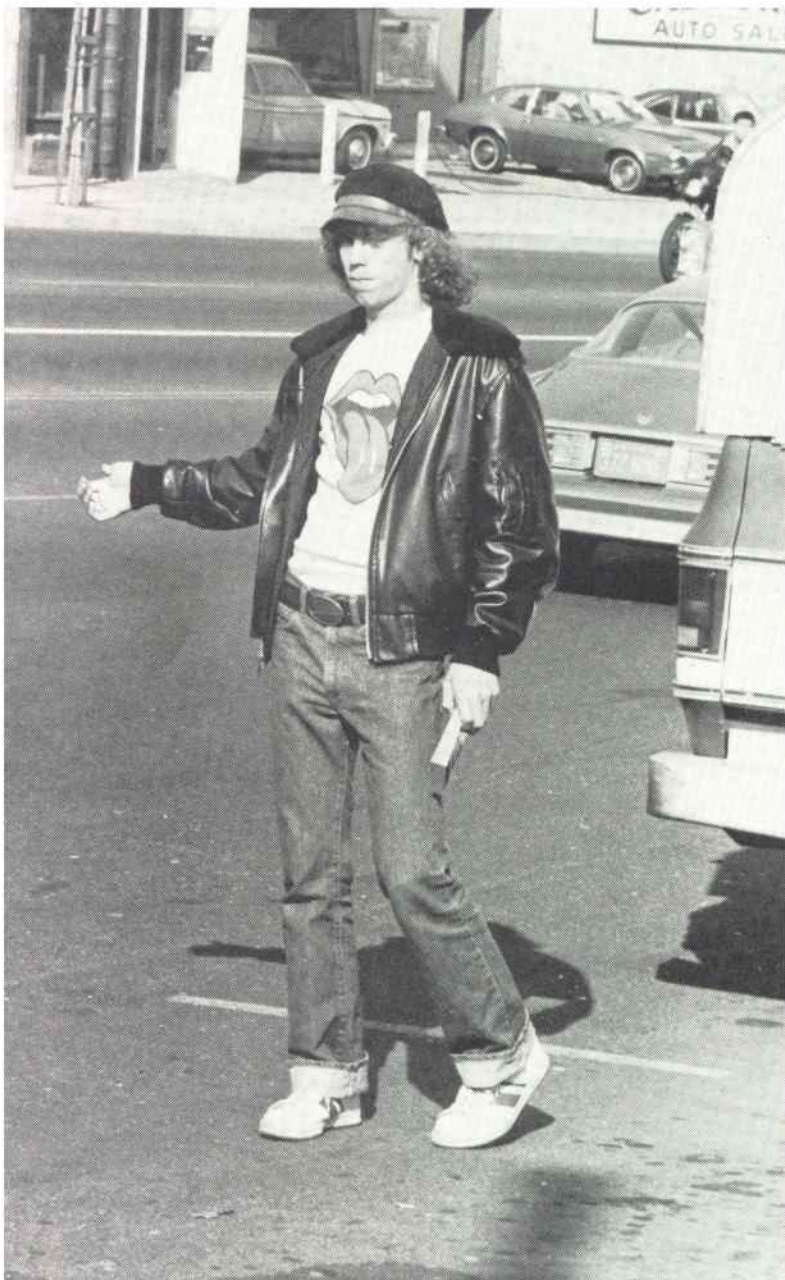
KINGS DON'T MEAN A THING

by Arthur Bell, William Morrow, 1978, \$8.95

The true story of a gay journalist investigating a love/hate murder case and ultimately becoming involved. (See *Looking For a Class Murder*, Vol. 1, No. 6)

PARTING SHOTS

BY JERRY PRITIKIN



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ON GAY ART

It began in a cave with a stick of burnt wood and has progressed into an industry. Who's who and what qualifies are the questions.

SHAKEDOWN IN KALAMAZOO

Forty married men are arrested for oral copulation, a possible new category of sexual identity emerges.

BIOLOGICAL ENGINEERING

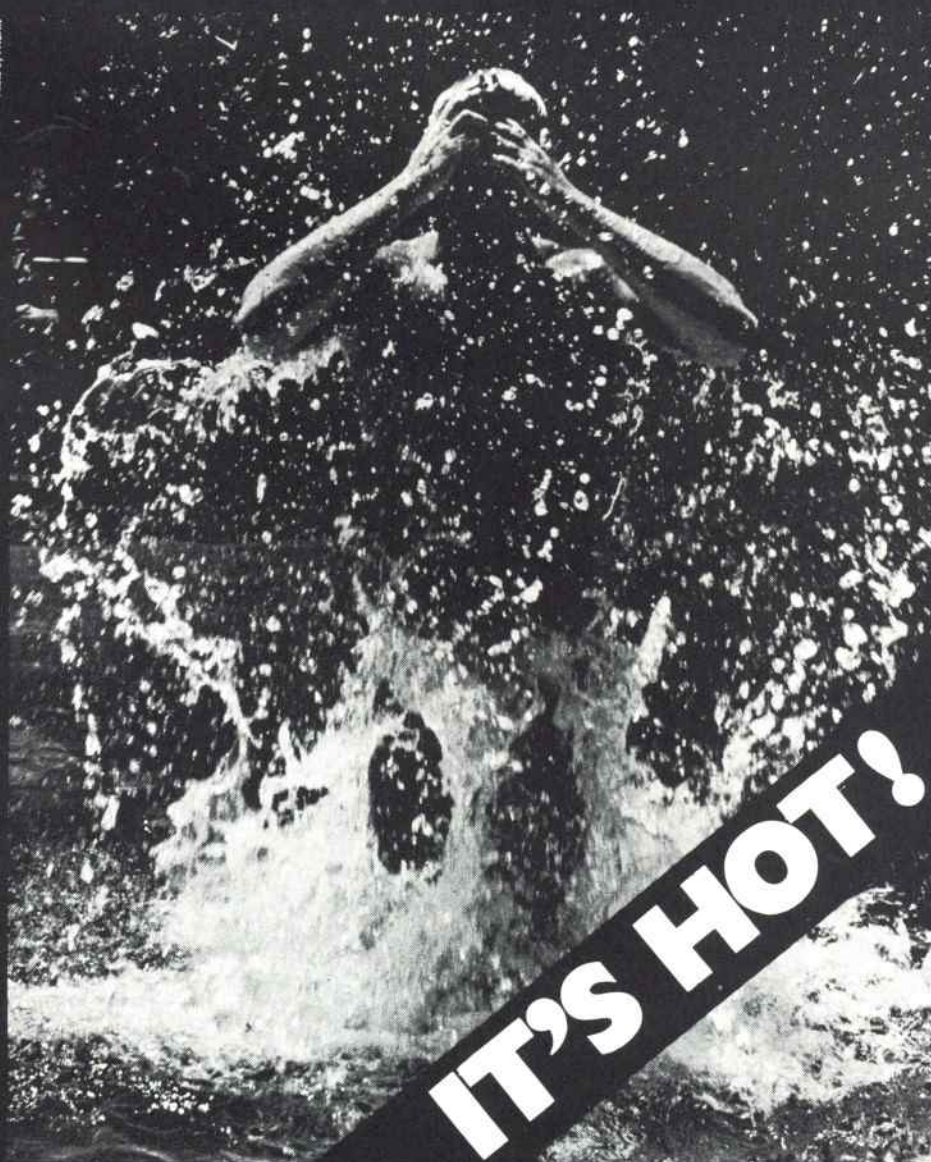
From face-lifts to transplants, using silicone and dye, man finds new ways to color his physical plumage.

PICTURE BOOKS

The subjects range from the world of dance to the more intimate rites of spring, *The Alternate* gives you a preview of the newest and most exciting entries.

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Photo by PLEAM



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