

# MANDATE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
OF ENTERTAINMENT AND EROS

APRIL 1980  
\$3.00

**DISCO BAD GIRLS**

**INTERVIEW: MAE WEST**

**INTERIOR DECORATION:  
MASCULINE DESIGN IDEAS**

**BOOK EXCERPT: EDMUND WHITE'S  
'STATES OF DESIRE'**

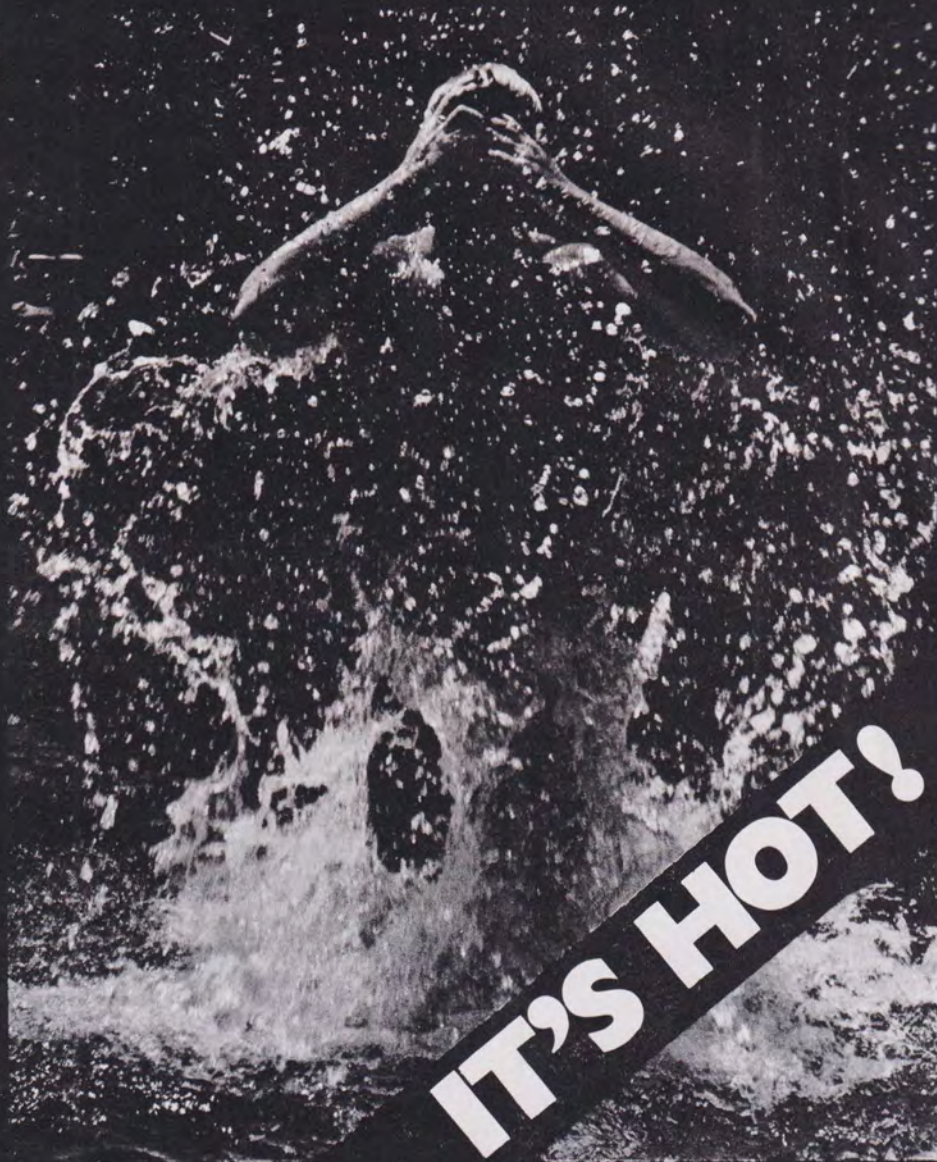


**5<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE**



# MAKE A BIG SPLASH IN THE BIG APPLE

Photo by PAREN



GET WET in our Olympic size jacuzzi... DRY OFF on our sun deck or in The Dome, a large, atrium-like room with comfortable provisions for lounging and relaxing and a glass roof that lets the sun shine in... WARM UP to our amazing maze, multitude of mirrors, and exotic, erotic murals... STAY HOT with our sauna and steam equipment... Come to The New York Club Bath and join the hottest men in Manhattan... you're all wet if you don't!



## THE CLUB BATHS

24 First Avenue, New York, New York, (212) 673-3283  
IND "F" train at corner



# MANDATE

## COVER



He has the look of the 80s.  
Sassy, sure of himself,  
and decidedly liberated.  
There's much, much more of this  
sensual Mandate Man on page 33.  
Cover photograph by Roy Blakey.

## CONTENTS

### EROS

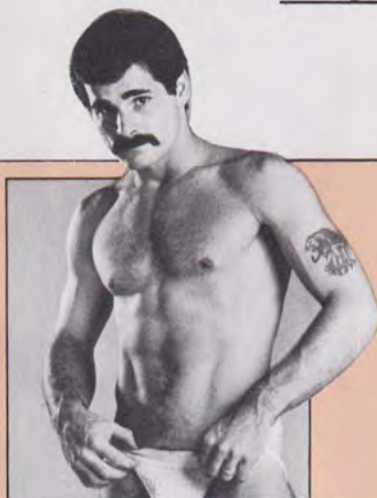
STEAMHEAT/24  
THE MANDATE MAN/33  
MANDATE SUPERSTARS/44  
LEATHERMANIA/57  
SKIN REVIEW: PIT STOP/70

### ENTERTAINMENT

INTERVIEW: MAE WEST/12  
DISCO'S OTHER BAD GIRLS/ 22  
SHOW BIZ/53

### FEATURES

FIVE YEARS OF MANDATE/4  
BOOK EXCERPT: 'MORE TALES OF THE CITY'/14  
INTERIOR DECORATION: MALE DESIGN IDEAS/16  
BOOK EXCERPT: "CITIES OF THE PLAIN"/26  
MANDATA/40



## STAFF

PUBLISHER: GEORGE MAVETY  
EXECUTIVE EDITOR / ART DIRECTOR: JOHN DEVERE

Associate Editors: Michael Llewellyn, John Preston  
Associate Art Directors: Clif Robinson, Tony Feo

Executive Director of Advertising: Freeman Gunter—(212) 691-7700

Assistant to the Publisher: Beau Moore

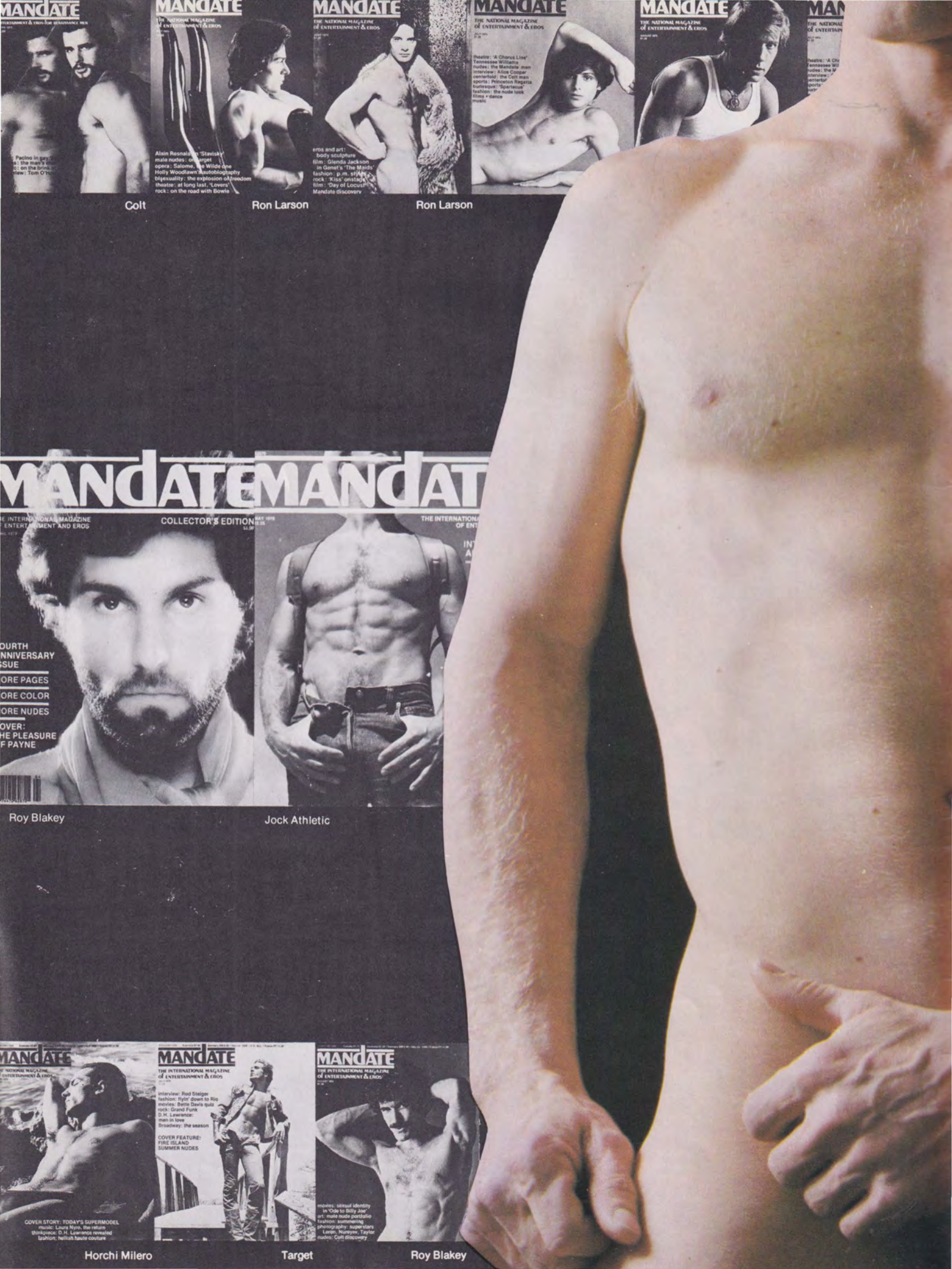
CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS: Phillip Beard, Roy Blakey, Jerry Buzzelli, Colt Studios, Guy Corry, Cosco, Roy Dean, Eros, Jim French, Don Hanover, Malcolm Hoare, Jerry Lang, Man's Image, Victor Parker, Michael Rock, Savage, Target Studios, Len Tavares, Lou Thomas, Arthur Tress, Jurgen Vollmer, Zeus.

DISTRIBUTION: Circulation Director—Ed Dakota

MANDATE IS DISTRIBUTED EXCLUSIVELY BY PUBLISHERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION,  
PDC, 2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10016.

Mandate is published monthly by Modernismo Publications Ltd. Editorial and production offices are located at 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013. Phone: (212) 691-7700. Mandate is distributed in New York, nationally and in Canada by Modernismo. Mandate is registered with the U.S. Patent Office; the entire contents is copyrighted by Modernismo and the Library of Congress. Reproduction of editorial or advertising contents in any way whatsoever without the written permission of the publisher is strictly prohibited. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the claims of advertisers and has the right to reject any advertising. The inclusion of an individual's name or photograph in this publication implies nothing whatsoever about that individual's sexual orientation. Artwork and manuscripts may be submitted to Mandate at 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10013. Publisher assumes no responsibility for loss or damage of materials submitted. Subscription rate: \$26.00 for 12 issues. (NOTE: Subscriber lists are never rented or sold.)





## MANDATE

ENTERTAINMENT & WEEK-END REVENUE MEN  
 JULY 1978

Al Pacino in gay film  
 ...: the man's man  
 ...: on the brink of  
 ...: Tom O'Hara

## MANDATE

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
OF ENTERTAINMENT & DRUGS

Alain Resnais: "Stavisky"  
male nudes: on target  
opera: Salome, Die Wilde one  
Holly Woodlawn's autobiography  
bisexuality: the explosion of freedom  
theatre: at long last, "Lovers"  
rock: on the road with Bowie

## MANDATE

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
OF ENTERTAINMENT & FRODO

eros and art:  
body sculpture  
film: Glenda Jackson  
in Genet's 'The Maids'  
fashion: p.m. styles  
rock: 'Kiss' onstage  
film: 'Day of Locusts'  
Mandate discovery

## MANDATE

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
OF ENTERTAINMENT & IDOL

theatre: 'A Chorus Line'  
Tennessee Williams  
nudes: the Mandala men  
interview: Alice Cooper  
centerfold: the Colt man  
sports: Princeton Regatta  
burlesque: 'Spartacus'  
fashion: the nude look  
films • dance  
music

## MANDATE

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
OF ENTERTAINMENT & LEISURE

MAN

THE NATIONAL  
of ...

theatre; 'A City  
Fennesses Will  
hides: the W  
interview;  
centerfor  
sports  
surv

# MANDATE MANDAT

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
OF ENTERTAINMENT AND EROS

**COLLECTOR'S EDITION** MAY 1992

THE INTERNATIONAL  
OF ENVIRONMENT

FOURTH  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE

**ORE PAGES**

**ORE COLOR**

**ORE NUDES**

OVER:  
HE PLEASURE  
F PAYNE

Roy Blakey

**Jock Athletic**

# MANDATE

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
ENTERTAINMENT & IDOL

October 1996 November 1996 January 1997

**MANDATE**

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
of ENTERTAINMENT & CROSS

interview: Rod Steiger  
fashion: flyin' down to A  
movies: Bette Davis qui  
rock: Grand Funk  
D.H. Lawrence:  
men in love  
Broadway: the season

COVER FEATURE:  
FIRE ISLAND  
SUMMER NUDES

COVER STORY: TODAY'S SUPERMODEL  
music: Laura Nyro, the return  
thinkpiece: D.H. Lawrence revealed  
fashion: hellish haute couture

**Horchí Milero**

### Target

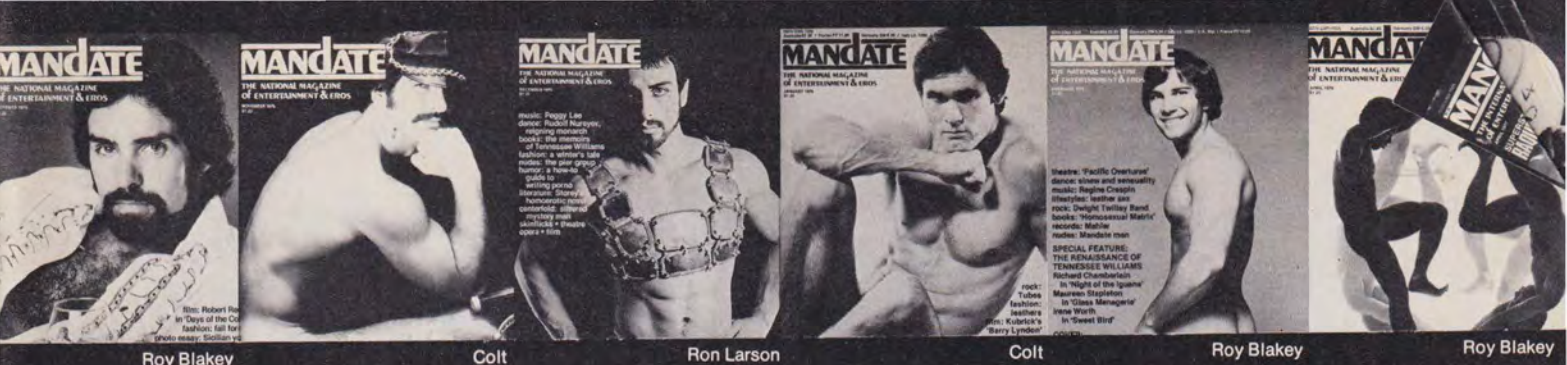
**MANDATE**

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
OF ENTERTAINMENT & LEISURE

movies: sexual identity  
in 'Ode to Billy Joe'  
art: male nude portfolio  
fashion: summering  
photography: super stars  
Laren, Nureyev, Taylor  
nudes: Colt discovery

**Roy Blakey**





# AS THE SIXTH YEAR BEGINS...

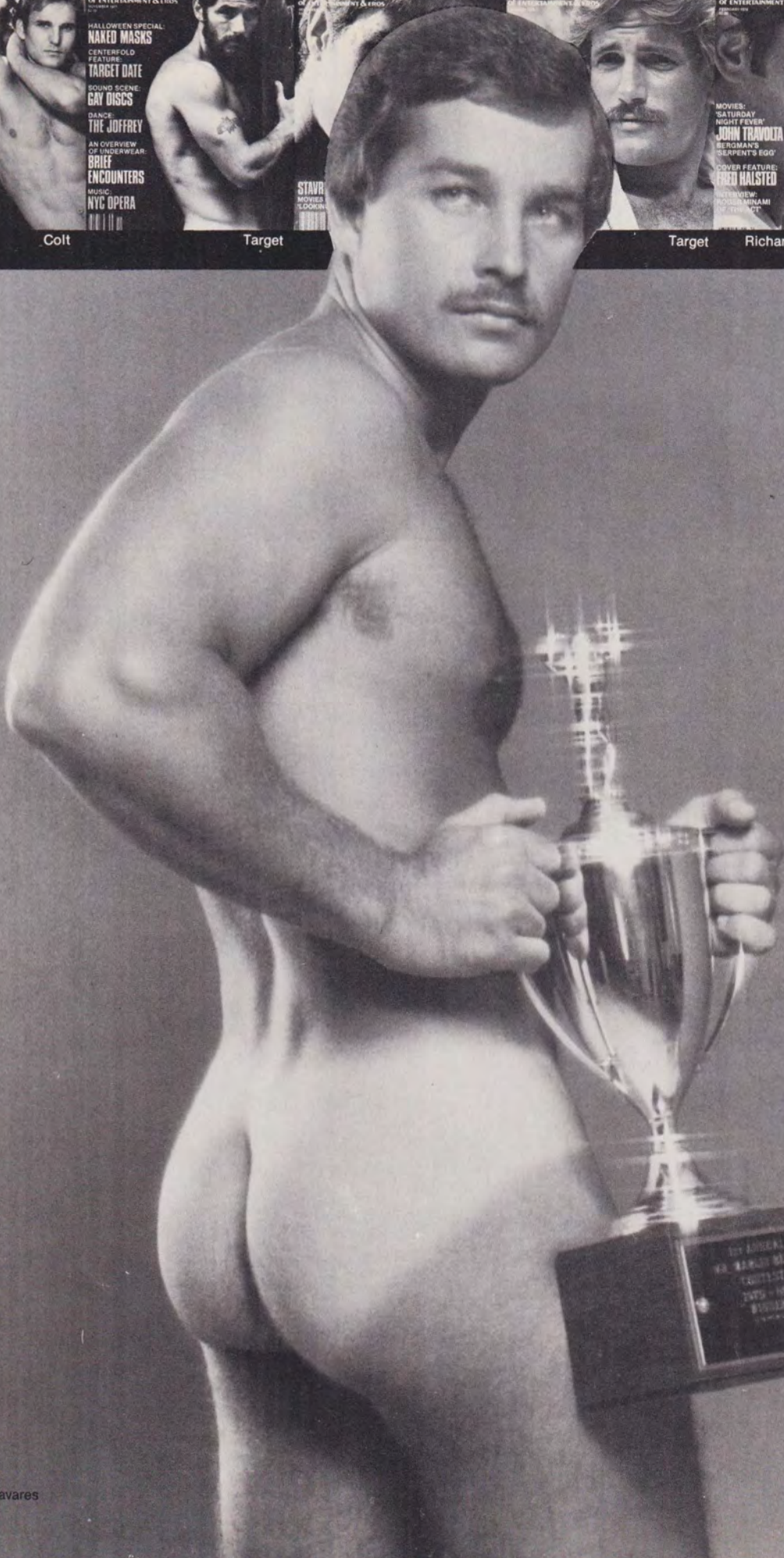
As *Mandate* begins its sixth year as the longest-running, best-selling monthly gay magazine in the world, it's time to sit back and take stock of how things gay—gay consciousness, gay art, gay politics—have evolved and how *Mandate* covered those changes. *Mandate* gets around: the publisher recently spotted it in a Holiday Inn maga-



zine shop on the island of Aruba, and the editor-in-chief discovered the Egypt issue on a prince's coffee table in Cairo. The volume of mail responding to behind-the-scenes coverage of the filming of *Cruising* proved once again how *Mandate* can provide a forum for exploring not just the militant community's "party line," but alternative viewpoints that make individuals stop and think about all the possible resonances of an issue, instead of blindly following the loudest rhetoric. In fact, the *Cruising* coverage brought, the same day, a note from Arthur Bell and a fifteen-minute long-distance phone call from director William Friedkin. Now, *that's* going the gamut.







Michael Rock





Colt

Roy Blakey

Dudley

Roy Blakey

Jerry Lang; inset, Colt

Michael Rock; inset, Colt

When *Mandate* debuted on newsstands five years ago, its focus was clearly stated on the cover: "The International Magazine of Entertainment and Eros." From the beginning, *Mandate* combined cogent, in-depth features on all facets of the arts—film, theatre, literature, opera, journalism, dance, art—with the finest possible male nude pictorials. From the beginning, disdaining any sort of "closety" approach in our editorial policy, we dedicated ourselves to living up to that cover slogan, and work hard to provide our readership with uncompromisingly thorough coverage of the arts and the *ne plus ultra* in photographing men.

While Tut-mania was sweeping across the country, *Mandate* trekked to the Land of the Pharaohs and produced an issue devoted almost exclusively to Egypt. We knew you

wanted to know more about the Valley of the Nile than where Tut's tomb was, so we ferreted out information on gay nightlife in Cairo and what you could expect when you romance a handsome Egyptian. Other special travel issues this past year have dealt with Morocco, Sicily and that new Fire Island South, Key West. As with the Egyptian issue, we always included special fashion features to give you ideas of what to take along on your trip.

Interviews with the famous and controversial have always been one of our mainstays, with sometimes surprising results. An interview with Glenda Jackson in our February, 1979, issue proved to us how widely read we were when Dick Cavett quoted from it while himself interviewing Miss Jackson on his television show. One of the most stirring personalities of the past year was Vanessa Redgrave, and she aired her views on many things in the pages of this magazine. Pages 10-11 will remind you of the superstars—Loren, Lansbury, Dietrich, Sharif—who let their hair down in our pages. The tradition continues this month with Mae West, as wisecracky and racy as ever.

*Mandate* has never shied away from sticky political issues, covering the Anita Bryant controversy and, just recently, the *Cruising* controversy. While homosexual men and women were protesting in the streets of Greenwich Village where the movie was being shot, *Mandate* was stealthily getting behind the scenes to find out what was really going on. Editor-in-chief, John Devere, disguised as an anonymous extra, kept quiet about his identity on the set to produce a straightforward, no-holds-barred look at *Cruising*. His provocative story appeared in last month's issue along with interviews with more of the *Cruising* men. We simply wanted to get the facts and give them to you. That's also an ongoing part of our commitment; we firmly believe we owe you no less than that.

The literary market has been glutted with gay material during the past couple of years, and again we've exercised our best judgment in trying to sift through the overflow to present you not only with unbiased reviews but interesting excerpts to whet your interest in important publications aimed at the homosexual market. Two examples appear in this issue: *States of Desire* by Edmund White and *More Tales of the City* by Armistead Maupin.

# AS THE SIXTH YEAR BEGINS...



Roy Blakey

Len Tavares





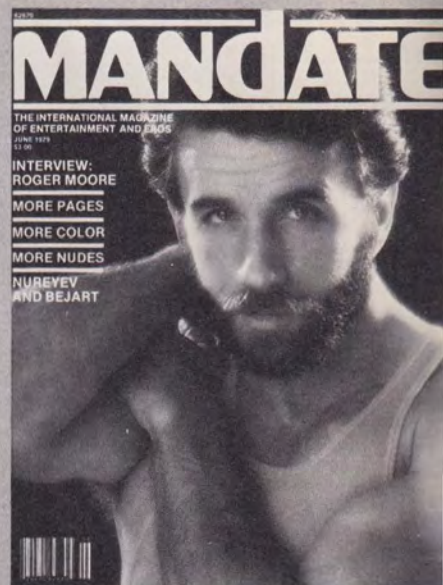
Roy Blakey

Roy Blakey

United Artists



Roy Blakey



Covers: Blakey, Blakey, Colt





Jarry Lang

Zeus

Colt

Target

Roy Blakey

Roy Blakey

Last, but by no means least, are the men of *Mandate*. We feel our choices are appropriately diverse, something reflected in our special anniversary feature, "Mandate Superstars," the *creme de la creme* of the *Mandate* men. There are other significant men of *Mandate*, however, and they're the most important of all. We're referring to *you*, the *Mandate* reader. Without you, we wouldn't be printing a Fifth



Anniversary issue and would have no reason to exist. We're grateful to you for making us what we are, for helping us grow, for sharing with us your thoughts. As we enter our sixth year and embark upon a new decade well, we think there can be no more fitting dedication than a hearty "Thank you" to our readers, the real *Mandate* men.

Above: Colt's Byron Hawkwood ushers in *Mandate*'s sixth year as our next coverman.

AS THE SIXTH YEAR BEGINS...



*Sophia Loren*  
**BARBARA STANWYCK**  
**BRIGITTE BARDOT**

In five years of publishing, *Mandate* established a tradition of major celebrity interviews, profiling a whole Who's Who of the arts and entertainment worlds. Pictured on these pages are the celebrities interviewed during the past year, and for our Fifth Anniversary interview, on the following pages, Mae West is "At It Still."

**MARCELLO MASTROIANNI**

DIANA ROSS

*Maggie Smith*  
**LABELLE**

*Sal Mineo*

**CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD**

**JOHN RECHY**

Lorenzo Lamas

**ANDREW HOLLERAN**

**ROGER MINAMI**

**EARTHA KITT**

**QUENTIN CRISP**

**ELLEN GREENE**

*Lucie Arnaz*

**ALAN ALDA**

**ALICE COOPER**

*Richard Locke*

**CRAIG RUSSELL**

*George Payne*

**FRED HALSTED**

On this page:  
 Roger Moore  
 Audrey Hepburn  
 Alain Delon  
 Sophia Loren  
 Angela Lansbury  
 Lorenzo Lamas  
 Marlene Dietrich



Roy Blakey

Below: Mandates  
 Mark Zweigler talks  
 with Fred Ebb  
 and Liza Minnelli



Frank Teti





BETTE DAVIS  
**GLENDIA JACKSON**  
*RAQUEL WELCH*

James Kirkwood  
**VANESSA REDGRAVE**  
**MARLENE DIETRICH**

*Mae West*  
**JOHN HURT**  
**CATHERINE DENEUVE**  
**ROD STEIGER**

*Omar Sharif*  
**ALAIN DELON**

**KAYE BALLARD**  
**William Burroughs**

**ROGER MOORE**

**DAVID KOPAY**  
**GORE VIDAL**

**PATRICIA ELLIOTT**

**RICHARD MONETTE**

**CARLETON CARPENTER**

*Lotte Lenya*

**ARTHUR BELL**  
**Tom O'Horgan**  
**DAYTON KANE**  
**PEGGY LEE**  
**D.C. LARUE**



On this page:  
 John Hurt  
 Vanessa Redgrave  
 Alan Bates  
 Omar Sharif  
 Catherine Deneuve  
 Marcello Mastroianni  
 Brigitte Bardot



Jurgen Vollmer

Below: Mandate's  
 Freeman Gunter interviews  
 Eartha Kitt



Roy Blakey

Below: Mandate's  
 John Devere talks with  
 Barbara Stanwyck



Frank Teti





# Mae West AT IT STILL

By George Haddad-Garcia • Illustration by RPK

Mae West recently had her famous Hollywood apartment redecorated. It is still furnished in off-white and gold, comfortably lined with soft loveseats and fluffy pillows, but it now boasts several dishy male nudes alongside the bare-breasted maidens and the prominent statue of a younger, nude Mae West. "I got 'em 'cause I saw 'em in this swank shop and the damned hunky things turned me on!" she explains. "They're so... life-like. Besides, here we are in the liberated 70s, so what's wrong with enjoying a

more to it than that, honey!

"For one thing, I think your atmosphere affects the way you feel. This joint was okay when I used to go out more, but now that I entertain my gentlemen friends at home, it needs of bit of sprucing up. I like my surroundings to reflect my personality." Not surprisingly, each of Mae's three homes (her Hollywood apartment, Santa Monica beachhouse and a San Fernando Valley ranchhouse) boast huge murals of turquoise skies in which float disembodied testicles and

**"I have twice as much sexual vitality as most people. That sort of thing runs in my family. My grandmother had three breasts."**

little male anatomy, hmmm? As far as I'm concerned, you're never too old or too tired to do... whatever you like!" She pauses insinuatingly and rolls her eyes heavenward, exactly as she's been doing for more than half a century.

The star of the 1979's musical film *Sextette*—which bombed at the box-office but has a cult following at midnight screenings—is now 85 years of age, and feels, "You're not only as old as you feel, you're as old as you want to be. None of us feels great all the time, but if you make up your mind to live a young life, you've got it made. I once said, 'My secret is positive thinking and no drinking,' but there's a lot

penises. Then, too, there is the famous bedroom—featuring the largest bed in the world—which is ceilinged with mirrors galore.

"They're for personal observation," sniggers the platinum blonde who has lost none of her ironically detached humor. "I always like to know how I'm doing." Mae insists that she is still sexually active, and if one doubts it, she has been known to whip off her blouse and display a pair of perfectly firm, well-rounded breasts which are still the envy of many tinseltown starlets. These she maintains by massaging them daily (actually, she has a young male masseur for that purpose) and rubbing them with







cocoanut oil, then showering ice cold water upon them for several minutes. This and other routines she began in the early 1900s, while still a teen.

She is fond of bragging about her appearance, and notes, "I'm typically mistaken for being in my 40s by kids who don't know any better and don't realize I was the biggest thing on Broadway in the 20s. Honey, I helped make the 20s roar!" Indeed, she did, for when she penned her first play, titled *Sex*—then a word found only in medical texts and never used in "polite" company—she was hauled off to Welfare Island Prison, and became an overnight superstar; shortly after, she headed for Hollywood to do a smallish part in George Raft's flick *Night After Night*. "She stole everything but the cameras," said her leading man.

Since then, she has had top billing in everything she has ever done, and she is proud of the fact that she is one of a handful of people and the only woman who ever wrote *and* starred in her own vehicles, on screen and on the stage. The original sex symbol's birthday is in August, but her exact age (some friends swear she is over 90) is not totally certain, as her birth certificate was conveniently destroyed in the 30s, in a fire in her building.

But Ms. West's plush living quarters certainly mirror her youthful, sexy personality. Every inch of the apartment breathes quiet elegance and sensuousness. The walls of her den are crammed with poses of the blonde legend with every imaginable male Hollywood idol:

"Those are just my *clean* pictures," she offers with a chuckle. "I've got a drawer full of other photos taken by my friends and associates that are a

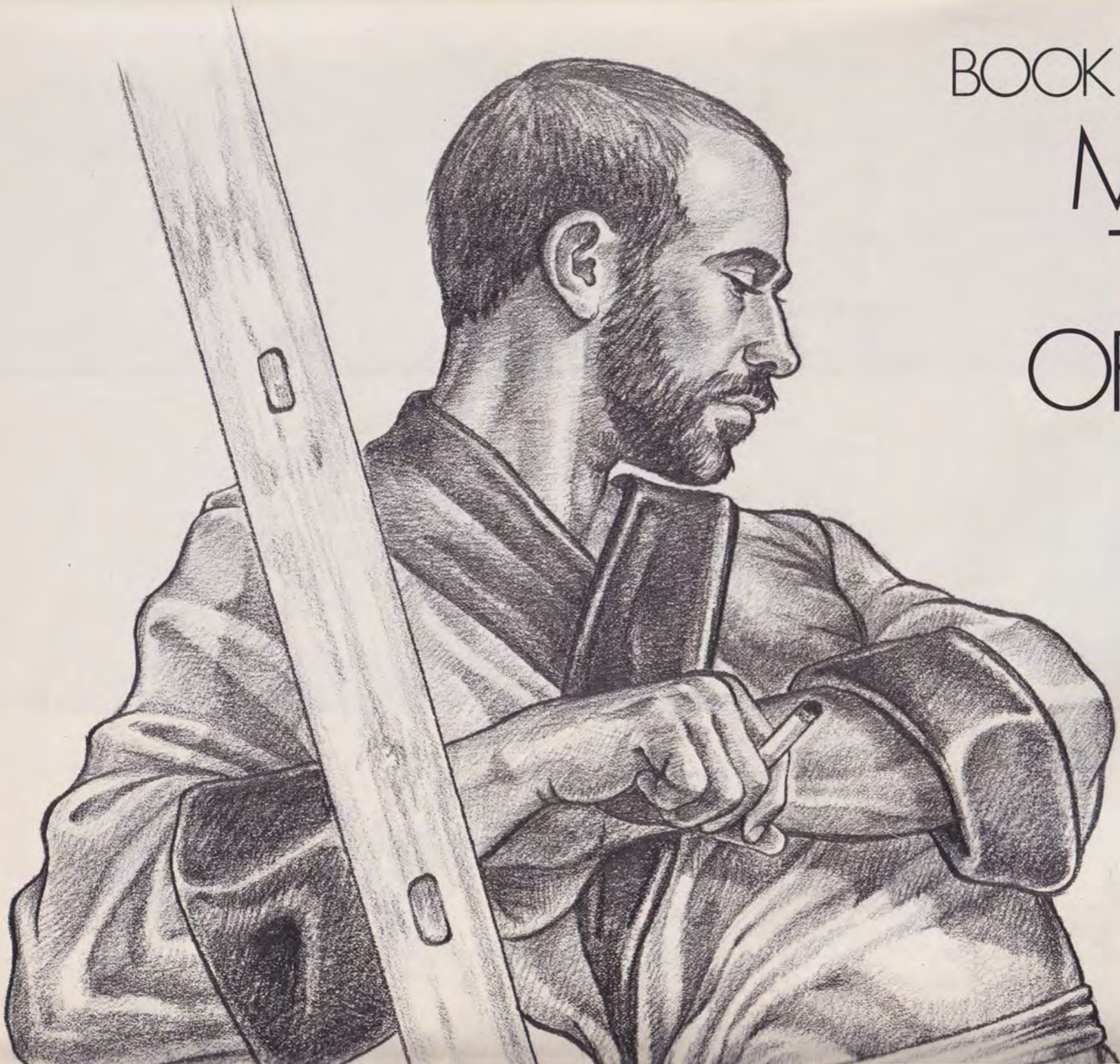
*Continued to page 60*



BOOK EXCERPT:

# MORE TALES OF THE CITY

By Armistead Maupin





# HEARTS AND FLOWERS

The valentine was a handmade pastiche of Victorian cherubs, pressed flowers and red glitter. Mary Ann Singleton took one look at it and squealed delightedly.

"Mouse! It's magnificent. Where in the world did you find those precious little...?"

"Open it." He grinned.

She turned to the inside of the magazine-size card, revealing a message in Art Nouveau script: MY VALENTINES RESOLUTIONS. Underneath were ten numbered spaces.

"See," said Michael, "you're supposed to fill it in yourself."

Mary Ann leaned over and pecked him on the cheek. "I'm that screwed up, huh?"

"You bet. I don't waste time with well-adjusted people. Wanna see *my* list?"

"Aren't you mixing this up with New Year's?"

"Nah. That's nickel-dime stuff. Smoking-eating-drinking resolutions. These are the—you know—the hardcore, maybe-this-time, kiss-today-goodbye, some-enchanted-evening resolutions."

He reached into the pocket of his Pendleton and handed her a sheet of paper:  
MICHAEL TOLLIVER'S DIRTY THIRTY FOR '77

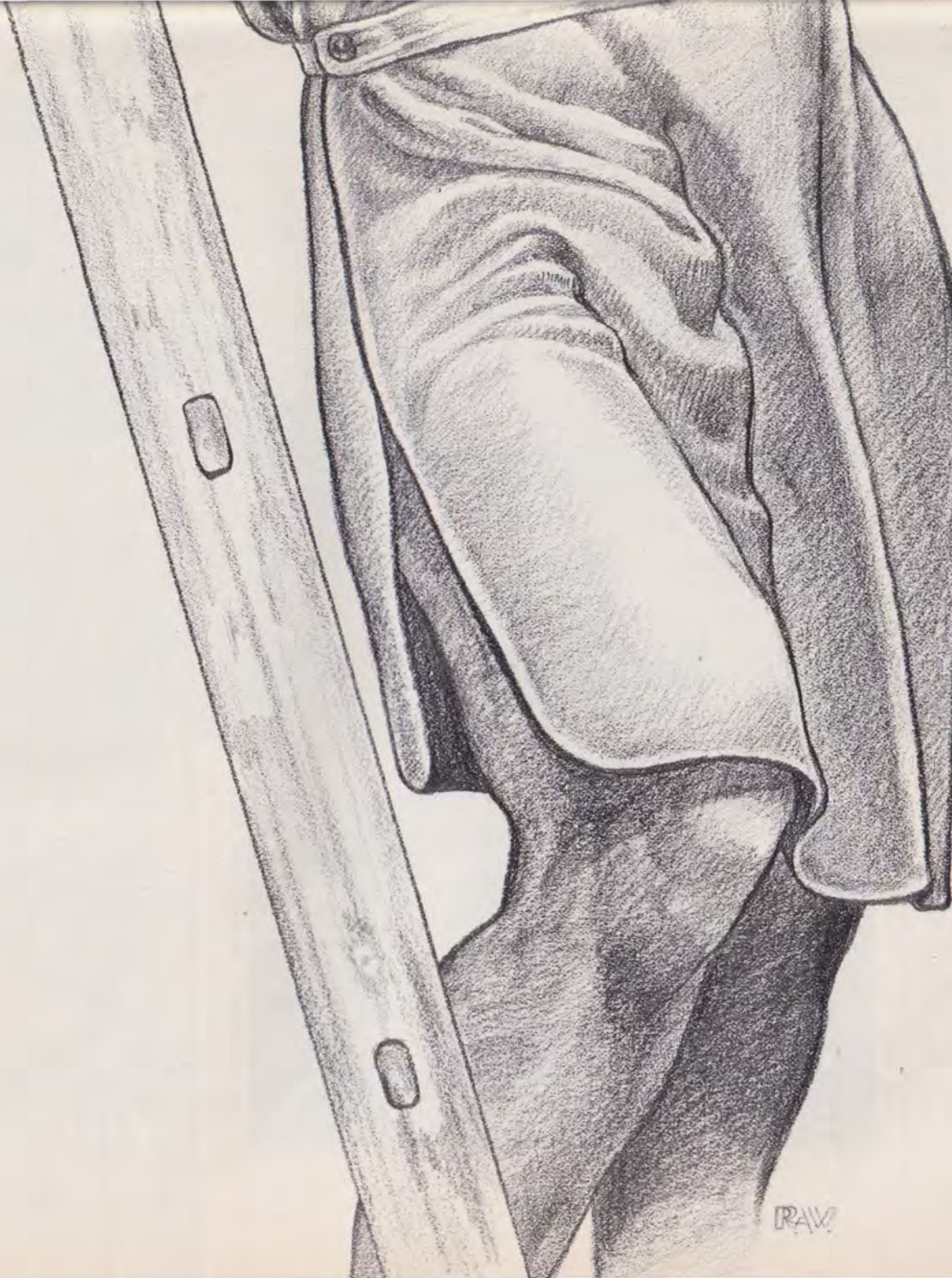
1. I will not call anyone nellie or butch, unless that is his name.

Continued to page 42

Illustration by Richard White

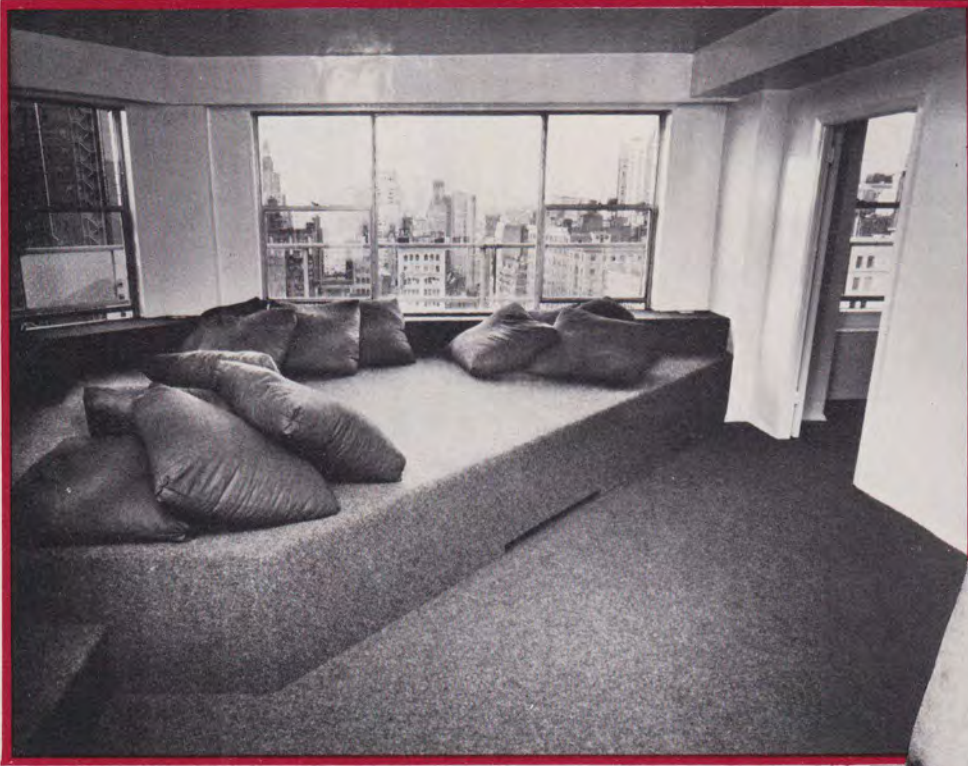
The above selections are excerpted, by permission, from *More Tales of the City*, by Armistead Maupin, published by Harper & Row, 1980. © 1980 by The Chronicle Publishing Company.

MANDATE / April 1980





# DO-IT-YOURSELF



**T**he modern urban gay male is under constant pressure to live up to a mass of complex expectations. Assumed to be witty, sophisticated and stylish at all times, we're, above all else, supposed to live in perfectly decorated apartments which must be living proof of cultural superiority and esthetic knowledgeability. While each of us surely *knows* individuals who approach this impossible level of combined taste and life-style, and live in apartments that look like Bloomingdale's model rooms, the truth is that most gay men, like everyone else, need help when it comes to interior decoration. Help has arrived. Three new

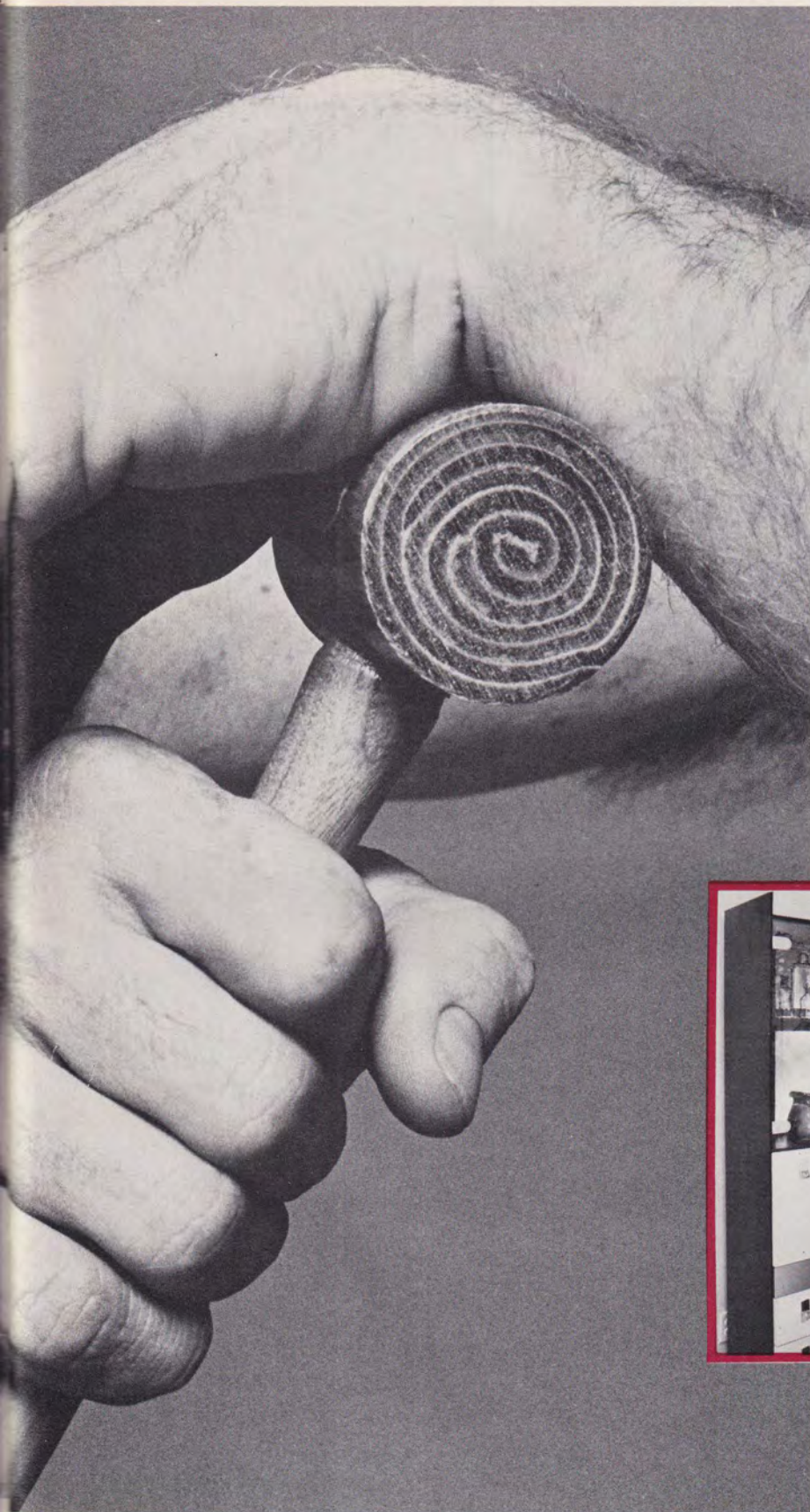
volumes present ways to work on our living space creatively, and each of the three is designed to help at a drastically different level of income.

Egon von Furstenberg's *The Power Look at Home* is a lavish book that will help you go far in creating and maintaining the image of the style-conscious urban male. The volume uses photographs of the actual homes of architects, designers and other "in" males in New York and London. Most of the apartments are firmly in the minimalist school of design that's been so popular, though this voyeuristic delight of a volume does give its nod to "traditionalist" designs as well. Still, it's mainly lots of carpeted

*Above: The ultimate in simplicity. That's the look, and you can do it yourself, but the platform covered in deep gray industrial carpeting over a 40-oz. rubberized hair padding can cost a fortune to have designed. This ultra-functional looks demands a large amount of costly space, and leather pillows underline the luxurious effect. Photo by Norman McGrath from The Power Look at Home.*







# MALE DESIGN IDEAS

**Three new how-to interior decoration books give creative solutions to design problems:**

**The Apartment Book.**

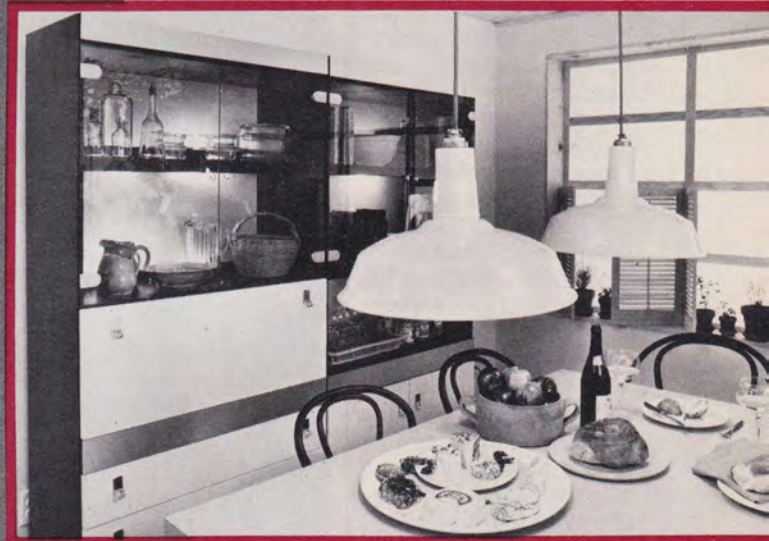
By the editors of *Apartment Life*.  
\$27.50. Harmony Books.

**The Power Look at Home:  
Decorating for men.**

By Egon von Furstenberg and Karen Fisher. \$19.95. William Morrow.

**Build Your Own Furniture: Living  
Room, Dining Room, Bedroom.**

By Terence Conran. \$8.95 each. Crown.



*High Tech factory lights are a democratic alternative to the chandelier in this kitchen which combines an eating/work area. The wall storage system can be custom designed to conceal or reveal whatever you choose. Photograph by Bradley Olman from The Apartment Book.*



*The extended kitchen puts work space everywhere, with organization coming from concentrated stainless steel grids, hooks, bins, boxes and baskets. An ideal use of compact space, especially for a small apartment.*  
Photograph by Bradley Olman from *The Apartment Book*.







*Dramatic lighting always enhances a room, especially when it's done with contrasts. The cathedral-like decor of this window softens the otherwise severe lines of the table, and the rosace emphasizes the curves of flower pots, the round storage bin, and the sofa's rounded edges. Photograph by Thomas Hooper from The Apartment Book.*

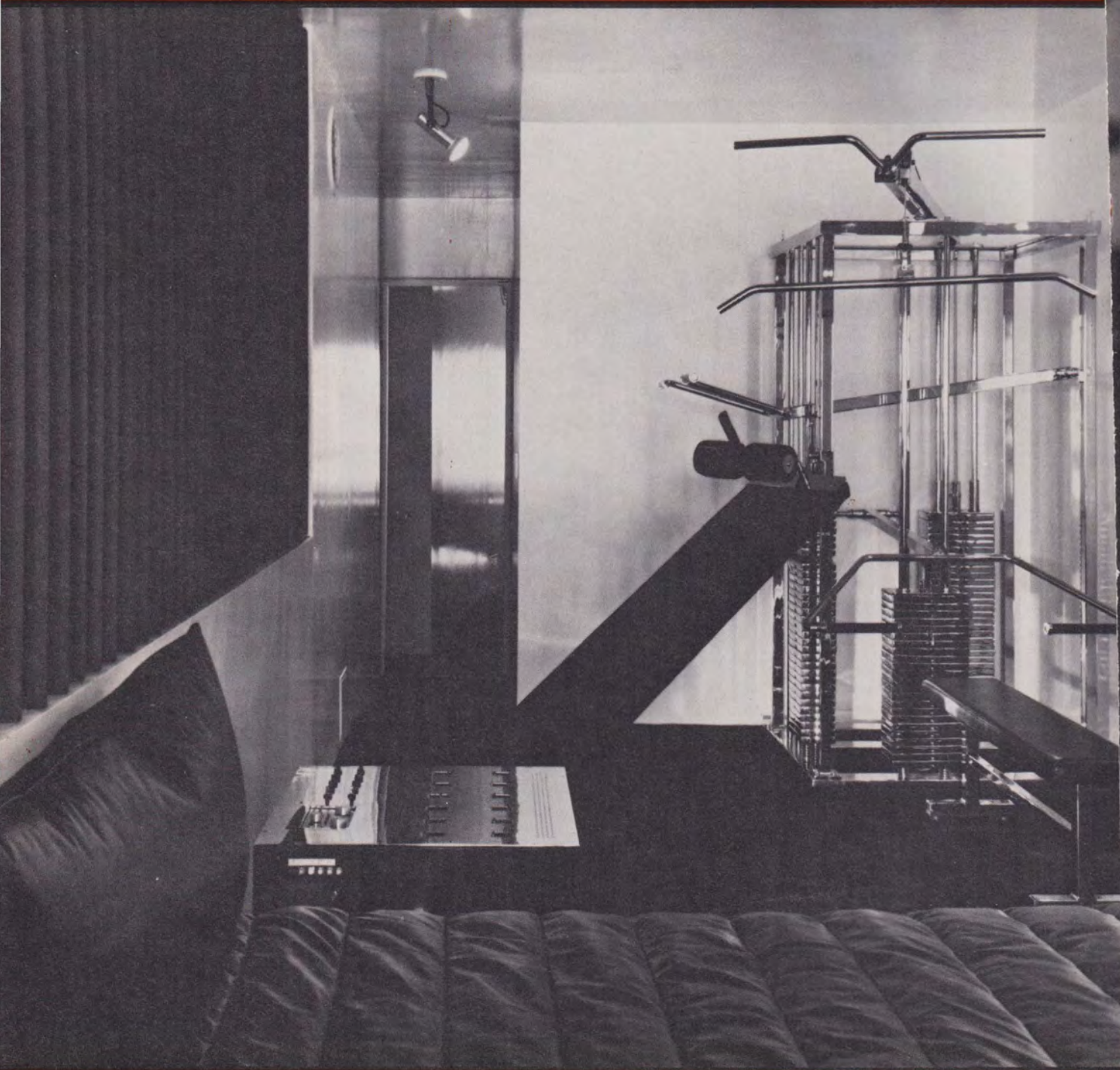
platforms, loft beds and gym equipment that's valued as much for its "sculptured quality" as for its utility.

The editors of *The Apartment Book*, on the other hand, have produced a beautiful volume aimed at a totally different market. Here the idea is to teach you how to make it look as though you *could* afford the apartments that von Furstenberg has shown you. The opening section, "Tongue in Chic," has rooms designed using the best quality furniture and accessories and, on the facing page, the same room designed with the same concept, but using materials that are available to the middle-income single. The difference? There's a sitting room that would cost \$13,763.50 if it were done "right" (and that's not including the designer's fee); if you did it yourself and shopped as wisely as the authors, you could do the same room for \$611.08. *The Apartment Book* is a must for men who want to combine style with budget-consciousness. If *The Power Look at Home* is a wonderful flight of fantasy for most of



# MALE DESIGN IDEAS

*Below: This bedroom/gym complete with a nine-station exercise block including chinning bar and pulleys—in mirrored chrome no less—is the ultimate in stylized masculine ostentation. The stark white walls, deep gray carpeting and black quilted bed covering play up the "sculptural quality" of the equipment, allowing something functional to become an object. Photograph by Jaime Ardiles Arce, from The Power Look at Home*



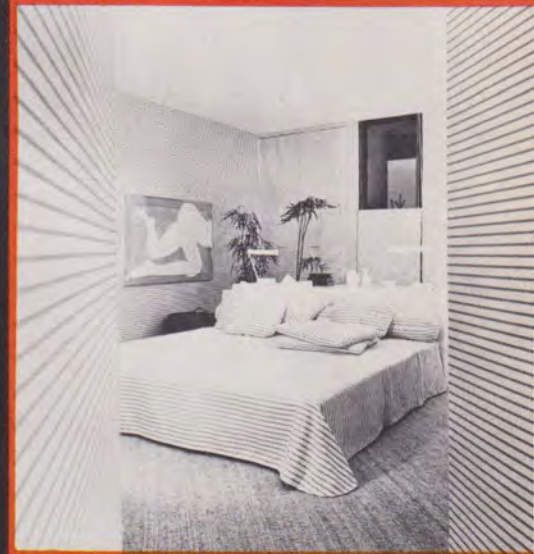




us and *The Apartment Book* is a fabulous life-saver to the majority of people who are trying to create a manageable environment in the small spaces available in cities at a reasonable cost, the *Build Your Own Furniture* kits will be a great help to the people who're moving into their first apartment and need decent furniture quickly and cheaply. Each kit has explicit plans and easy-to-follow, step-by-step instructions that even a novice could follow. With this great help, you needn't be a carpenter to construct good-looking furniture that may be basic but nevertheless has a chic simplicity.

Collectively, these three approaches to masculine stylishness offer lots of answers to questions about how to do it yourself, expensively or inexpensively, with flair.

*Left: New York-based designer Jim Patterson, for his own house at Fire Island Pines, mixed richly textured carpeting, extending to the bed platform, with other complimentary earth-toned textures. Collected art objects, including a portrait of the designer himself, personalize the room.*



*Above: When a room lacks architectural distinction, it's possible to draw attention away from the fact through color, mirrors or, as here, a powerfully patterned wall treatment. The effect is augmented by bringing furniture away from the walls and focusing interest in the center of the room rather than on the periphery. The double dresser here becomes a headboard and leaves a small dressing room area by the closet. Photograph by Richard Champion, from *The Power Look at Home*.*



# DISCO's OTHER





# BAD GIRLS

Donna Summer is just the tip of the disco diva iceberg. Young, gifted and black, a rampant army of kicky singers are hot on her heels . . .

By Charles Herschberg

"They're like Christopher Street clones. Unless you're into the scene, you can't tell one from the other," muttered a ruffled photographer in an attempt to justify the faux pas he'd committed at the disco party. In a shimmer of sequins and photo flash, an apparent diva had just made her entrance through the assemblage of bare-chested men. The photog zoomed in for the closeup, and then asked the diva which diva she might be.

"Well, I'm *not* Donna Summer," Carol Douglas retorted airily.

Grace Jones is unmistakably Grace Jones. Stephanie Mills and Melba Moore have their Broadway reputations behind them. Donna Summer, showcased in a consistent line of amazingly well-crafted, high-budgeted and promoted productions, is the baddest of them all. Most of the other *divas de la disco* misbehave and get away unrecognized. Is it Tasha? Taana? Taka? People know the music, but the women who deliver the funk blend into the public consciousness like so many rhythm breaks.

Brooklyn-born Carol Douglas used to sing on the 3rd floor of Macy's and later won a scholarship to New York's Hunter College as a contestant on *Name That Tune* before becoming one of the first of the saucy disco songstresses with "Doctor's Orders," her catchy 1975 gold record debut. Despite a second million-seller with "Burnin'" and the Fire Island Favorite "Midnight Love Affair," Douglas admits, "If I don't have my 'Doctor's Orders' pinned to my blouse, I'm very incognito."

Like so many in the disco genre, Douglas had what is known as out-of-the-box success. Record buyers react immediately to the music, and she's never had to follow up with much touring or promotion. She is Carol Douglas only when she has a record

Continued to page 31

Illustration by Robert Risko









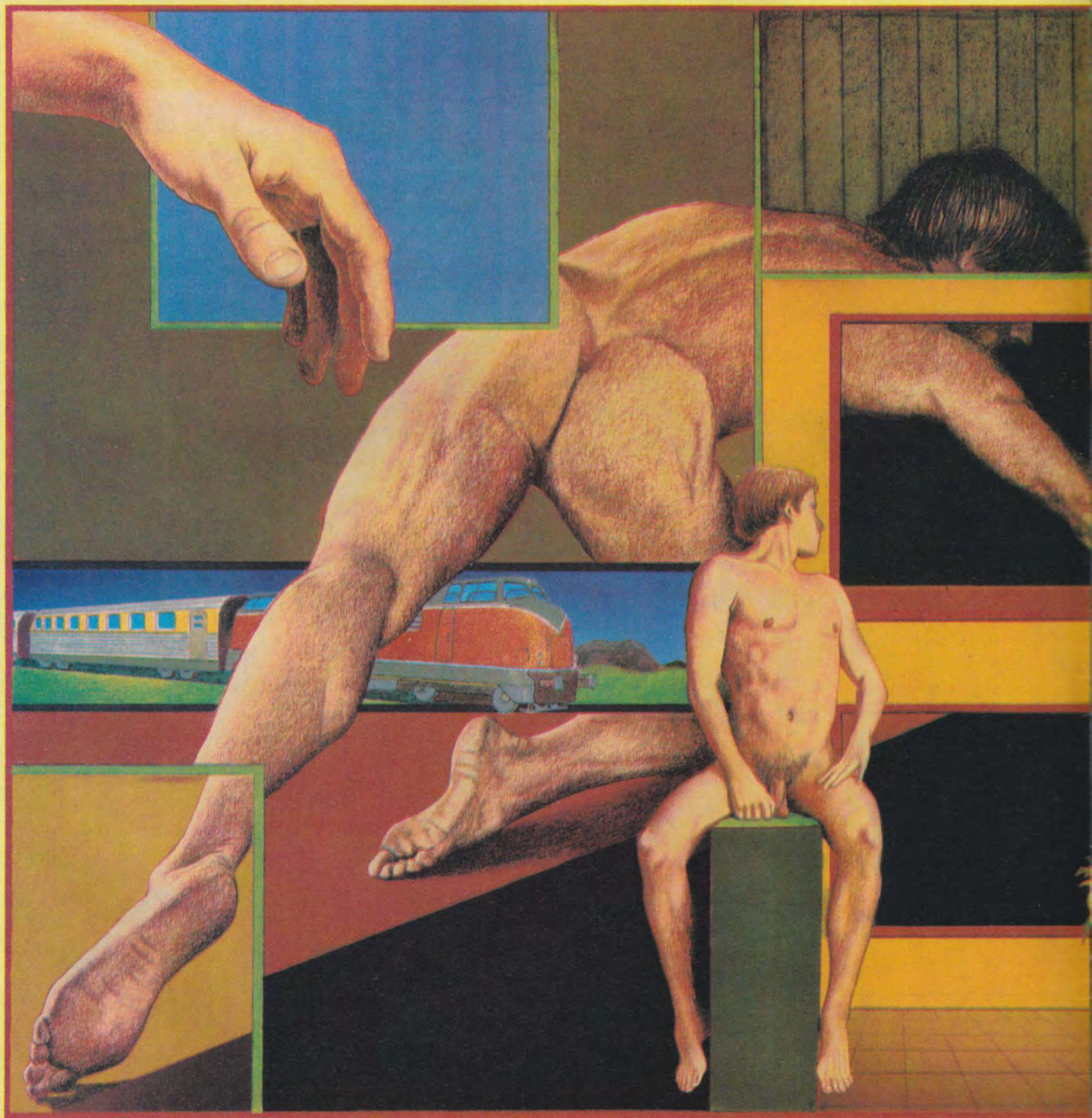
# STEAM HEAT ON THE BAY

**D**ramatic lighting turns human flesh golden, creating a misty, sensual dream atmosphere that is at once exotic and erotic, evoking musky sexsmells, an almost palpable vision of masculine entanglings. Yet the scene is not from Fellini's "Satyricon." It's instead something very real indeed: Club San Francisco, one of the country's premier bathhouses. Here the beautiful men of the Bay area strip off all the external trappings of class and style to share their unadorned bodies in an ultimate sort of democracy: Nudity. The raw material of living male sculpture that congregates at 330 Ritch Street is a bountiful buffet for your fantasies or, if you're there in the flesh yourself, your realities. The dream atmosphere is real.

**Photograph by Club San Francisco**









**Edmund White's free-wheeling cross-country account of homosexuality in America today, "States of Desire," fingers the throbbing sexual pulse of gay activities and straight attitudes.**



Kansas City is hot and muggy in July. Trapped in an airless river valley, it fills up with steam until one can almost hear the frantic jiggling of the safety valve on top of the pressure cooker—the jiggling of one's own nerves. If one bends over a page to write a letter, sweat stings the eyes, drips on the page, blurs the ink. On the street the buildings warp in the embrace of heat devils. The still, green foliage seems to grow, to bulge in front of your eyes: thick, murderous. Asphalt boils and stinks. Only mad dogs and New Yorkers go out in the midday sun.

The steward on my flight in told me to look up a trick of his in Kansas City, but when I got there the trick wasn't buying any. "No, I'm not interested in gays," he told me over the phone when I asked if I could interview him.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I thought you were gay."

"I am," he conceded, "but I hate gay people. Gay bars are boring. I don't care about gay lib. I just raise Arabians and show them at Class A

shows and, if someone wants to buy one, occasionally I make a sale. Otherwise I just see my lover, who's a test pilot for the government."

In Kansas City I met more rejections and incomprehension than anywhere else on my travels. When I mentioned I was interested in gay life, in how gay men live, people assumed I was compiling a bar guide. Gay bars are gay life, they believe. In a bar or bed a man may be gay; otherwise he is straight—a person just like anyone else. The notion that affectional preference, sexual appetite, shared oppression might color all of one's experience eluded them.

Sometimes gay friends my age or older ask me if I ever miss the good-bad old days before gay liberation. Surely, they suggest, it was more *fun* in the Fifties when you had to sneak around and you felt you belonged to a secret fraternity. By day

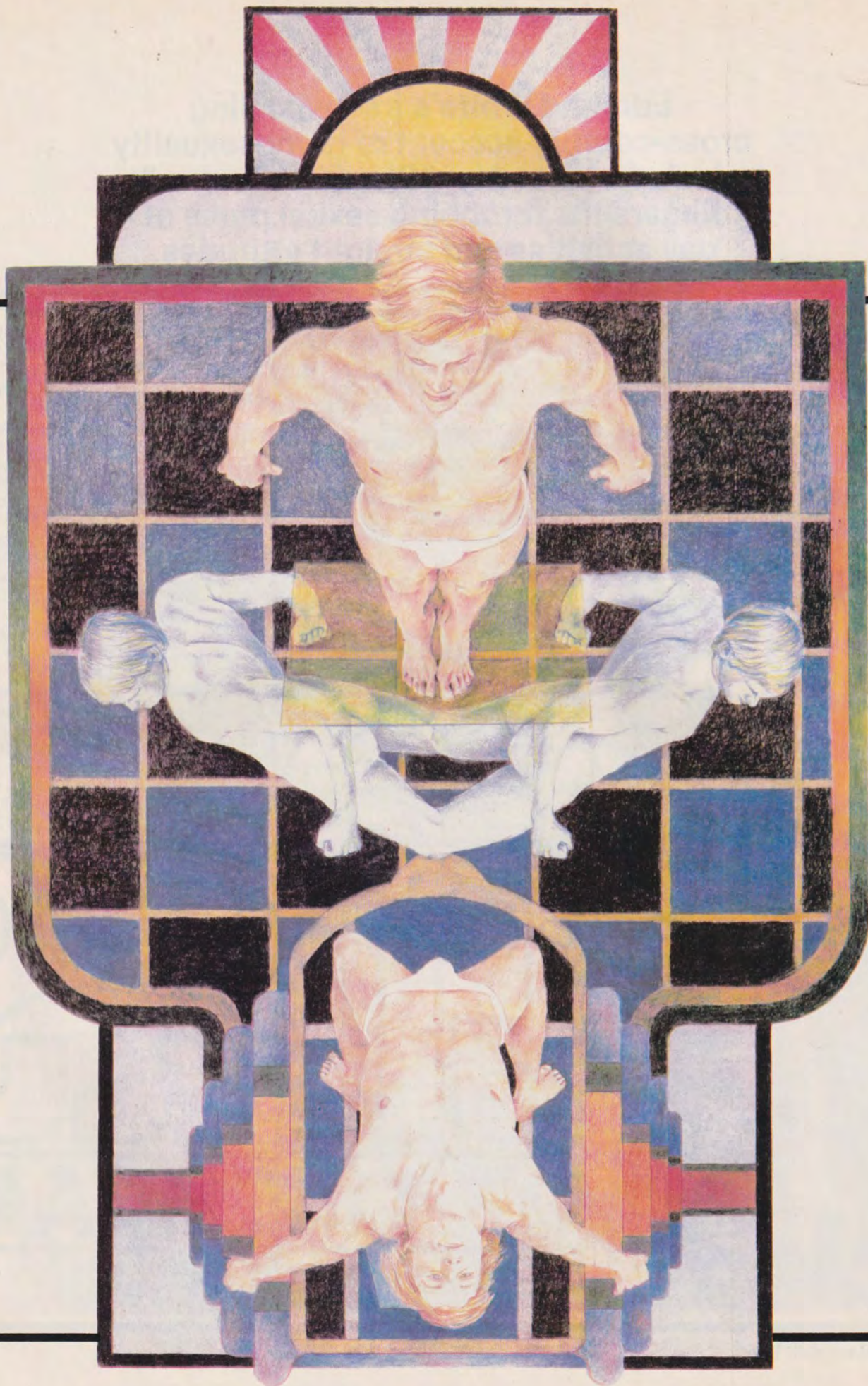
Excerpted from the book, *States of Desire: Travels Through Gay America*, by Edmund White, by permission of the publisher, E.P. Dutton, Inc. © 1980 by Edmund White.

# CITIES OF THE PLAIN

Excerpted from the book "States of Desire"  
By Edmund White

Illustration by Henry Buerckholtz







**"I suppose a city can't be  
all bad when FFA still stands for  
'Future Farmers of America.'"**

you'd wear your Brooks Brothers sack suit and "pass"; by night you'd haunt bus stations and suck off sailors. With your "sisters" you argued about who was better, Callas or Tebaldi, while you drank martinis and played Mabel Mercer records and made pious lists of famous homosexuals in history (*living* famous homosexuals, of course, were subjects of contempt). Sex was furtive and dirty and exciting.

We all romanticize our youths, but a visit to Kansas City reminded me of what my adolescence had really been like. Kansas City is the Fifties in deep freeze. I recalled that, back then, everyone was always pursuing chicken. In Kansas City, the manager of one bar, a handsome guy of thirty, lives with someone who is now twenty-four. They met when the younger man was just nineteen. The "boy" worked for his lover as a bartender and responded sweetly, submissively to his every desire. If someone would ask little Bobby to dinner he'd lower his eyes and murmur, "I'll have to check with Fred."

Fred and Bobby, as I'll call them, exchanged rings. Their scrapbook is full of parties and happy vacations.

But recently Fred broke up with Bobby on the grounds that Bobby has become too old. Bobby still loves Fred and cries himself to sleep every night. Oddly enough, Fred also remains attached to Bobby, despite Bobby's advanced age. They still live together, though after they broke up they moved to a larger house, where they each have separate quarters and where they each bring home tricks. Fred makes out better than Bobby does. Bobby is in a romantic hiatus, since he's no longer young enough to be one of the adorable "kids" and is not yet old enough to have the money or confidence or inclination to pursue chicken on his own. For the moment he makes do with less attractive men who are beyond the fatal pale of thirty. Fred is dating, one after another, a string of teenyboppers.

Naturally there will always be older men who prefer younger ones and vice versa. But on the two coasts and

in such sophisticated interior cities as Houston, Denver, Chicago and Minneapolis, the *beau ideal* is no longer the "beautiful boy" of eighteen but the "hot man" of thirty-five. Moreover, two hot men in their thirties or forties are now free to find each other attractive. In Kansas City such a union would seem weird, not to mention aesthetically displeasing. The compliant, slightly nelly boy and the dominant, quietly masculine man form the usual couple. The age difference between them and their different degrees of assertiveness approximate dimorphism of the heterosexual husband and wife, a model that the gays also emulate through a lot of role-playing.

An important older businessman in Kansas City recently fell for a college student, whom he invited to move in. When the student, testing the strength of his own allure and the limits of his lover's patience, made a few clumsy passes at his lover's friends, he was quickly hustled off into hermetic seclusion. The businessman has dropped his gay friends and pulled the student out of bar life. No one is surprised or offended by this decision. "You can't trust fairies, honey," as someone pointed out. "Anyway, why should they be seeing other gays *now*? They already have each other." Gay friends are companions while you stride the widow's walk; once the ship comes in and hubby is home, no need to keep around those jealous, bitchy, treacherous queens. If you must have friends, why not see some nice straight folks, or your own relatives—that is, if they'll tolerate you and if you dare to let them in on the dirty little secret of your sick sex life.

I may have overdrawn the picture a bit, but it roughly represents the attitudes I grew up among and that still prevail in places untouched by gay liberation. In Kansas City gay life is seen primarily as a milieu in which one may

# CITIES OF THE PLAIN

Excerpted from the book "States of Desire"

By Edmund White

Illustration by Henry Buerckholtz

Continued on next page



bag a partner. Once one has paired off, one returns to the "real" world of heterosexuality. The self-hatred that underlies this attitude is poisonous. This is a game in which everyone loses. The beautiful boy can look forward only to outgrowing his looks and his beauty. The older man retains his attractiveness by virtue of his power and position in the world—a precarious perch. Since the man over thirty is regarded as having lost his youth, the essential ingredient of physical appeal, he sees no reason to exercise or to dress carefully. As a result, only a small segment of the gay world is perceived as possessing any attraction, and as soon as age dims this lustre the beautiful boy of last year is brutally dropped and dismissed as a superannuated wreck of twenty-four. Worse, such a system, encouraging pliancy and effeminacy in the young, in no way prepares them for the bullying forcefulness they will need as they grow older if they are to make conquests on their own. Traditional heterosexuality, at least, does not expect the *same* sex to play, serially, two quite opposite roles. Women are raised to be women, men

to be men, whereas old-style queers are supposed to be first nelly and then butch. This extraordinary expectation is especially cruel to the shy, sexually passive lad who is prized for these very qualities when he is young and spurned for them when he is older.

In the heartland, such values have prevailed so long and changed so little that they seem immutable. This is the part of the country where the women's movement amounts to no more than a snicker on TV or a bit of larking over inane questions of protocol: Ms., Miss, or Mrs.? The Beats, the hippies, the New Left, the war protesters, the sexual liberationists have come and gone without leaving a mark on Missouri. For Kansas City gays, whose beliefs and values are the same as those of the dominant culture, whatever ennui or alienation or despair they experience they attribute to a personal rather than a social failure. All questions that elsewhere might be considered economic or political are here reduced to issues of personality—one's own or someone else's.

Kansas City has half a million citizens, many of them wealthy from the

manufacture of paper and the sale of wheat and other farm goods. It is also a major railroad and transport nexus and a center for automobile assembly, though agriculture remains its economic mainstay. The city's cultural conservatism can be attributed to its rural character and to its religious sects. It is a Methodist stronghold; the church is very businesslike and organized to resemble a corporation, as its members are proud to tell you. It is also the international headquarters of the Church of the Nazarene, a fundamentalist sect to the right of the Southern Baptists (many Nazarenes regard Anita Bryant as too liberal). One of their by-laws states plainly that a member cannot be homosexual.

Even the local chapter of the gay Metropolitan Community Church reflects the prevailing religious tone. The church, with its two hundred members, is the seventh largest MCC chapter in the country. Its services begin with a "singspiration" in which the congregation works itself up into a frenzy of spiritual enthusiasm by bawling out hymns—much in the manner of the Pentecostal Church. Only after this fever pitch has been reached does the organ come in to introduce the serious part of worship. The MCC in Kansas City is resolutely nonpolitical; recently its members passed by only one vote a resolution to enter a float (Kleenex and chicken wire) into a gay parade. In the local Dignity (the gay Catholic organization), members do not use their last names.

Kansas City gay bars often refuse to post notices of gay-pride marches on the grounds that such demonstrations are too "controversial." The bars shun all publicity; when a local paper did a story on them a few years ago, they feared violent attacks from rednecks. The eighteen members of the local gay Democratic Club, called LIFE ("Liberation Is For Everyone"), recognize that "flamboyant" (i.e. activist) methods would be ineffectual in Missouri. The club's only tactic is to register gay voters by advancing the slogan, "The voting booth is the safest closet in the world."

One of the most prestigious gay social clubs is called "SIS," which stands for "Sisters in Sin"—which about says it all. When Leonard Matlovich and the Reverend Troy Perry visited Kansas City, 250 people attended a fundraising banquet in their honor. But SIS refused to participate; most of its members are married and some are extremely prominent in

Continued to page 62


## THE GAY ROOMMATE SERVICE

**580-7696**

12 NOON UNTIL 9 P.M.

- Free, low, and moderate rent apartments to share in all parts of New York City.
- Lowest fee in New York City: \$30
- NO FEE if you already have an apartment and need a roommate.
- N.Y.'s only all-gay apartment referral service.
- Licensed by the State of New York

**WAYNESART**  
Dept. 622, 900 S. Andrews Av., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316



**UNIQUE SCULPTURE**  
Illustrated brochure, two dollars

the  
**Pines**  
key west

a guest house  
pool — gym  
air conditioned  
room rate includes  
continental breakfast  
new boutique



521 united street key west fla. 33040  
305-296-2107 or 305-296-9494



# DISCO BAD GIRLS

Continued from page 23

on the charts, the most recent, her *Come Into My Life* LP with its revamp of an old Jean Harlow pose on the cover—cross-legged in white satin, a mirror in hand. "Maybe that new, more sophisticated image will make me more distinctive," Douglas says. "My album covers are like Gloria Gaynor's. Nobody recognizes us because we never look the same way twice. I was quite a few months pregnant on the cover of 'Burnin.' I was so bloated, even I didn't recognize myself!"

Indeed, at her home company, Mid-song Records, the (former) director of public relations mistakenly addressed Carol Douglas as Wardell Piper. And what, you ask, is Wardell Piper? Backed by a troop of near-naked male dancers and/or by a cageful of live tigers, Midsong's Wardell Piper from Philadelphia wails, moans and disco-funks "(Get Down) Captain Boogie" and "(Ooooooh) Super Sweet"—outrageously mixing disco technology and ballsiness. Even those who do not own stereos have been known to buy the first Piper album for the photographic update of Eve and the serpent depicted on the cover. Within tongue-shot of a python's head, Piper's frameable fantasy suggests that she does to a snake what Donna Summer does to a microphone.

Despite her claim as a goddess of disco-funk, in real life, Piper appears in a conservative business suit. No pythons. "I don't want people to label me a snake lady," she says. "When I finish on stage, I don't wrap snakes around my neck. I go home to forget about that scene. After a while, disco gets on my nerves."

"Everybody associates me with sex and that just takes me out," pipes Piper, paramount to Billy Graham expressing dismay over being identified with religion. When a bare-breasted woman jumped onto the stage in a rush of enthusiasm during Piper's tea dance performance at The Ice Palace on Fire Island, the singer was not disturbed. As the uninhibited fan performed an impromptu bump and grind, Piper bumped right back. "I consider it an honor to inspire reaction like that," Piper commented later. And what did she do after the show? "I left the stage and prayed."

Wardell Piper was a member of First Choice when the original trio hit it with the classic girl group number of

1973—"Armed and Extremely Dangerous." Like many disco soloists, she earned her early experience as a backup singer. "It's so hard for females to break as solo artists," says former backup Pattie Brooks, who broke solo at Casablanca Records and Filmworks with "After Dark," a disco single featured in the *Thank God It's Friday* film soundtrack.

"Some artists get the right producers, the right material, the image, and boom—that's it," Brooks explains. "Other artists, like me, take more time."

Brooks arrived at Casablanca in the shadow of their new lead singer. "I had just come off the road as backup for Helen Reddy and I got a phone call," she recalls. "Casablanca said they had this girl who really needed help and they asked me if I'd sing with her. Her song was 'Love to Love You, Baby' and her name was Donna Summer."

Highlights in Brooks' career include a year-and-a-half on the Smothers Brothers television show, the vocal on the theme from Dustin Hoffman's *Agatha*, and a "cameo" appearance with Paul Jabara on his version of "Take Good Care Of My Baby." "My first two albums were dance albums with this large orchestral thing and a minimum of voice," Brooks says. "I mean, I was there, but I wasn't really out front. Casablanca is like an old time Hollywood glamor stable, though. They're not going to invest time and money into somebody who just does not have what it takes to get out there in front of people and sell. But if they have faith in you, they'll stay behind you and they'll groom you until you get a hit."

To sell Brooks' music, Casablanca airbrushed her breasts in a glittery Bob Mackie original for the cover of *Party Girl*, a musically funkier, visually more glamorous bid for the identity she's seeking. The identity of our Ms. Brooks, effortlessly experienced by those who meet the effervescent entertainer, has not yet been captured on record or established in the media. "Maybe I just need the right producer," she muses. "A buddy, friend, lover, business helper. Oh, my God! I just told you what Roger Smith is to Ann-Margret!"

Disco is certainly a producer's medium and on the dance floor, seamless blends add to the flowing anonymity. "Any memory of those days is nothing but a string of songs," writes Andrew Holleran in *Dancer From the Dance*, recalling Fire Island days and

disco nights, several times mentioning Zulema's "Giving Up." Hardly giving up, Zulema keeps trying to fulfill the promise of the slew of "Most Promising..." and "Best New..." awards she's been collecting since 1972 when she left the group Faith, Hope and Charity to make it on her own as a performer, writer, arranger and her own record producer. Always on the brink, Zulema has yet to capture real stardom.

"I don't understand it when everybody goes bananas just because somebody gets up on a stage and strips their clothes off," Zulema says, rejecting that kind of image as a propellant of her personality. "I'm not a sex symbol and I don't really want to tear my clothes off. After you've seen one body, you've seen 'em all, give or take a little. I try to portray musicianship. I don't expect the guys to look at me and throw their Fruit of the Looms on the stage."

On stage, she thrives on an easy warmth and spontaneity—mostly bold

## We want you to be TURNED ON!



... with two distinctive and exotic 18K gold or sterling silver plated necklaces, that can certainly break the ice on any occasion.

Both men and women know that



It's A Whistle

### IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE!

Give them as a gift... to show your appreciation.

Only \$5.95 each, 2 for \$11.00, plus \$1 p&h.

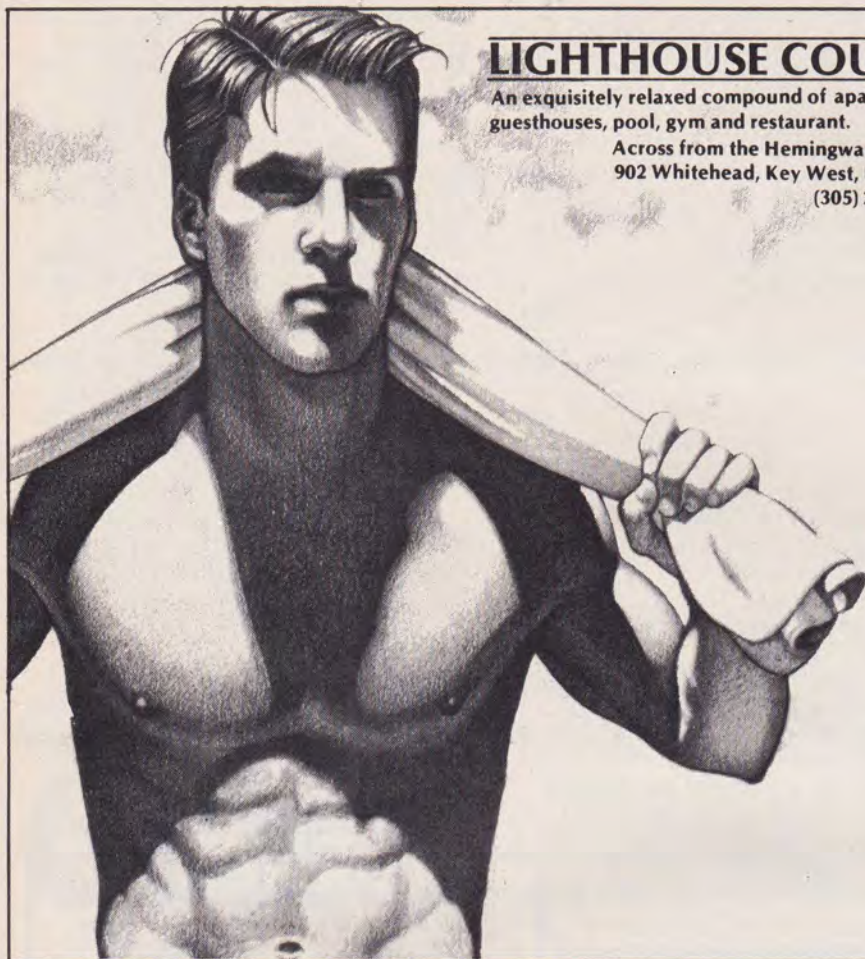
MONEY BACK GUARANTEED that you will be wildly delighted.

Available in 15" or 18" lengths. "A" in gold only. Indicate A-B length. For B, indicate gold or silver.

House of Brentwood, Dept. 4507

6311 Yucca Street  
Hollywood, CA 90028





## LIGHTHOUSE COURT

An exquisitely relaxed compound of apartments,  
guesthouses, pool, gym and restaurant.

Across from the Hemingway House,  
902 Whitehead, Key West, FL 33040  
(305) 294-0557

and basic. "I don't like chiffons and all that," she says, rubbing the legs of her leather slacks. "Frilly is pretty on real feminine-feminine women. I'm not one of those. I'm female and that's enough. You know, I don't know if I'm wrong in saying it, but I have a preference. I prefer playing for gay audiences because I can really be me. I don't have to pull out crazy bags and roll all over the floor. I mean, the majority of my friends are gay. They accept me for being Zulema."

Being Zulema has always been important for Zulema Casseaux, daughter of a Cuban mother and French father. Her grandfathers were white, her grandmothers, black. She's reminded of a television guest spot made not long ago. Finishing a disco performance at four in the morning, she reported to the TV studio for the live interview at seven. "The host was a black woman who acted as though she really didn't care to say she was black," Zulema recalls. "It was just too early in the morning for that. She said, 'Zulema, I hear you're a terrific cook. What's your favorite dish?'"

"In the worst English I could muster up, I said '*Pig's feet and hog tail.*'" She wasn't invited back.

"I think whatever you are, whoever you are, you're only going to get yourself across my saying this is my life and I'm proud of it. This is me. I find, the only thing that classifies my music as disco or R&B is the color of my skin. If it was Melissa Manchester singing, it would be called pop. Naturally, this makes me one of the crowd."

Identity beyond the disc, however, hasn't been easier for singers like Vicki Sue Robinson, Karen "Hot Shot" Young or newcomer Robin Beck—white women who have acquired a black feeling in their disco voices.

"What's white? What's black?" asks Robin Beck, who sings "Sweet Talk" on Mercury Records. "It's soul if you sing your feelings." Beck, who is determined to build an identity beyond the recorded vinyl, recently went to one of New York's private club discos. She weaved her way to the front of the crowd assembled and waving outside.

"Listen to that. The disc jockey is playing 'Sweet Talk,'" Beck told the doorman who refused her entrance. "That's *my* record!" she insisted. "You're not going to let me in there to hear my own record?"

"Yeah, sure," said the doorman. "That's your record and I'm Donna Summer."

## SWITCHBLADE

### ROACH CLIP

NEW  
IT'S REAL  
IT WORKS!

AVAILABLE WITH  
WOODGRAIN OR  
BLACK HANDLES

THIS SUPER  
CLIP IS ONLY  
4.95 + .50 P & H  
SPECIAL-3 FOR 12.00

SUPPLY  
LIMITED  
ORDER  
TODAY

REAL SWITCHBLADE!  
PUSH BUTTON...  
CLIP "SNAPS"  
OUT AND  
AUTOMATICALLY  
LOCKS INTO  
POSITION



OVER  
3"  
LONG

STONED SALES MA.  
CHICAGO, ILL. 60635

2316 N. NEVA AVE.

## EMPIRE MODELING & ESCORT SERVICE

Men (ages 23-33) interested in  
joining our service, call the  
number below. Ask for Troy.

# (212) 873-4554

## BIG RUBY'S INN

A guesthouse in the heart of old town  
409 SMITH LANE  
KEY WEST FL. 33040



Where hot  
men come  
together.

YOUR HOST:  
DAVID LYNN  
BRUCE GRANOVETTER

Coming Soon in  
New York City—  
Big Ruby's  
West End Inn  
(305) 296-2323

## UNCENSORED DEVELOPING

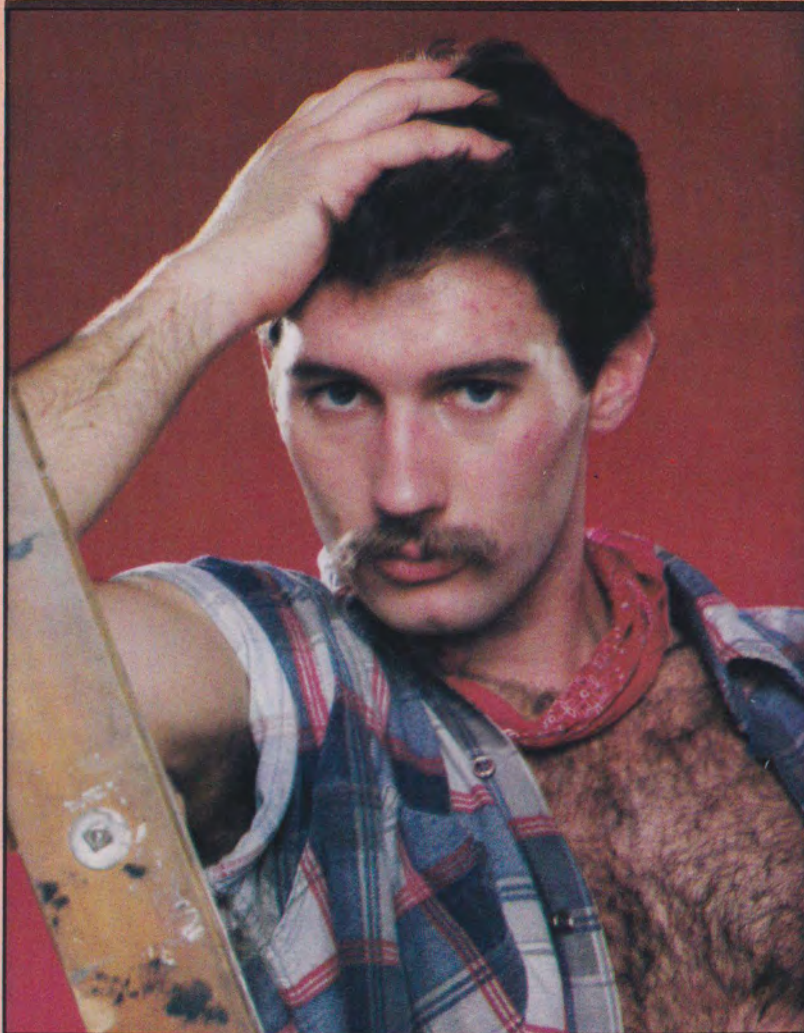
Kodachrome 12Ex. \$3.90, 24Ex. \$6.90, 36Ex. \$9.90  
Ektachrome Slides 20Ex. \$2.50, 36Ex. \$3.50  
All 8mm Movies \$3. Color prints \$2.50  
Five Color copies & neg. of Polaroid \$2.

*Spectra Photo* P.O. Box 4958M  
Syracuse, N.Y. 13221



# THE MANDATE MAN

Can innocence survive in the Big City? Mark Negrem is willing to find out. New York can be a cruel place for a new-comer who lacks experience with the fast pace, the hard competition, the aggressive mentality. But, Mark wants a modeling career and New York is the place to do it. He certainly has the raw material to be a model—you'll see proof of that as soon as you turn the page. And he has that strong desire to succeed that may just be the only thing that can help somebody survive in the Big Apple. Still, a cynical ob-



server would have a hard time believing that anyone can be *this* sincere and get along in New York. The perfect example is Mark's experience as a Greenwich Village bartender. The management was trying to create a heavy cruising atmosphere; Mark wanted people to be friendly. He thinks his success as a bartender should be measured by the day four couples left together after he introduced them to one another. The manager thought all eight individuals should have stayed and had more to drink. The result? Mark's unemployed again. When you turn the page, you'll undoubtedly think of several ways to employ him.

Photograph by Roy Blakey





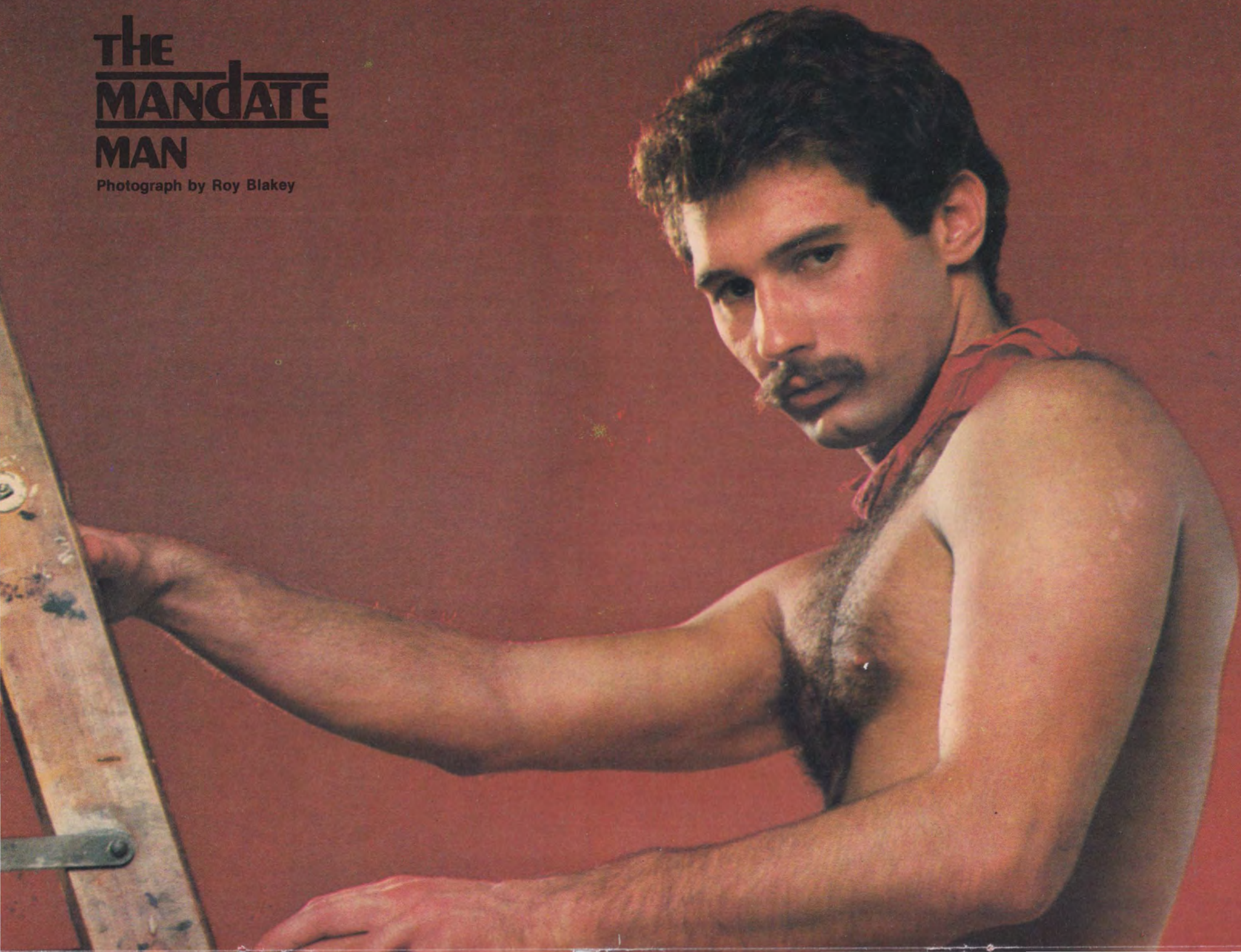






# THE MANDATE MAN

Photograph by Roy Blakey













# THE MANDATE MAN

Sheer masculine attractiveness, a wonderful body and an awareness of his sexuality are the tools that Mark can use to conquer New York. His goal is to continue in art school—he has already spent two years at Boston University studying sculpture and now wants to attend New York's Art Students League. Mark Negrem is going to be a major test for New York: Can innocence survive here?

Photographs by Roy Blakey





## DUBIOUS

*Esquire* magazine deserves a dubious achievement award for one of its dubious achievement awards. It awarded the Limpest Wrist Corsage of the Month to the school officials in Sioux Falls, SD, who granted an unidentified high school student's request to take a male friend to his senior prom.

## HOMOLULU

No, that's not a typographical error in attempting to spell the name of Hawaii's capital. "Homolulu" was the name of the first international gay carnival to be held in West Germany. Thousands of gays from all over Europe flocked to Frankfurt to take part in events in the theatre, films, political cabaret, as well as serious discussions for homosexual men and women about their place in society. "Homolulu" was even more successful than last year's gay meet in Amsterdam, and drew groups from as far away as Japan and South America.



## THE WILD, WILDE WEST

Imitation can indeed be one of the most sincere forms of flattery. Fred Halsted and Joey Yale, the men who bring you the male erotic photography of Cosco Studio, recently showed their deep respect for the art direction of prestigious GQ, the men's fashion magazine. With tongue in cheek, they've taken every element of GQ's August 1979 cover on Western fashion and cleverly parodied it in their ads, which offer slightly different goods. The GQ cover line "Go West" becomes "Out West." The word "out" certainly seems appropriate here. By the way, the cowboy in Cosco's ad is Halsted himself, a familiar face from some very X-rated films, *L.A. Plays Itself*, *Sextool* and *El Paso Wrecking Co.*



Thom de Jong's New York gallery show April 8-20 will feature, along with a series of original lithographs on sports, the leather man above.

## ART: DE JONG

Dutch-born, Manhattan-based artist Thom De Jong is a master of striking color and stylized design, and readers who admired his leatherman and sports illustrations in *Mandate* (Nov. 1979) now have a chance to see the originals for themselves. De Jong's work will be on display in a Greenwich Village gallery, A Clean Well-Lighted Place, at 363 Bleecker St., NYC 10014, April 8-20. (212) 255-3656. His designs encompass a wide range of subject matters, from joggers to sprawling nude males. De Jong's style infuses his subjects with a touch of humor: You'll smile, slyly. Prices range from \$100-250 for prints.



## GAY LIB STATUE

New York's Sheridan Square, site of the Stonewall and a legendary gathering place for gay rallies, marches and demonstrations, will finally have something commemorating the fight for homosexual rights. Sculptor George Segal, famed for his life-sized plaster figures, has agreed to create a gay liberation statue, commissioned by Peter Putnam, a physicist and philanthropist of Houma, LA, for a reported \$60,000. Henry Geldzahler, New York City's Commissioner of Cultural Affairs and an acknowledged homosexual, said, "It's something I'd neither push nor stop. The piece should be judged esthetically, not for its subject matter." Mr. Segal said he was considering some sort of piece depicting two homosexual couples, male and female, sitting on a bench. At first reluctant to take the assignment, Segal said, "Since I'm an unregenerate heterosexual, my first reaction was that a gay artist should do it. But I've lived in the art world for many years, and I'm extremely sympathetic to the problems that gay people have. They are human beings first. I couldn't refuse to do it." Just slightly off Sheridan Square is the site of the Stonewall bar, where riots ten years ago between gays and police signaled the beginning of the battle for gay rights. It's a most appropriate choice of site for locating the statue.

## WHATTA DRAG!

"Horde of Drag Queens Terrorizing W. 42nd St." blazed the headline in the *New York Post*. The glaring

# MAN DATA

### WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

attention grabber brought chuckles from that newspaper's readers until they realized the seriousness of the story. It seems that hundreds of transvestites were peddling sex and hassling motorists and pedestrians, and an investigating *Post* team indeed reported spotting almost 200 female impersonators in a five-block area from 38th to 43rd Streets between 9th and 10th Avenues early one Saturday morning. Many of them were half nude and blatantly climbed in and out of cars as they plied their trade. It was noted that most of their customers were motorists who had just come out of the Lincoln Tunnel from New Jersey, and that's some welcoming committee to the Big Apple. According to Rodney Kirk, director of Manhattan Plaza, a posh housing community for actors and other artists at 9th Avenue and 42nd Street, "They surround the cars and expose themselves. They show everything except what they are. This is not just ordinary prostitution. These people are the lowest form of life. Many of them are drug addicts who have no regard for life at all." He added that more than 30 Manhattan Plaza residents were assaulted in

one 3 month period, with many potential victims fleeing into restaurants in



## STONED WALL

One of the most positive movements developing in New York and other cities over the last few years is the broadening network of supportive institutions for gay artists of every type. The most obvious expression of this has been the proliferation of gay art galleries across the country. These new institutions help gay artists by providing a forum for their ideas and a showplace for their works.

One of the most recent entries into the field has been New York's Stoned Wall Galerie, 221 W. 28th

the building to seek refuge after being chased by the hookers. Steve Olsen, owner of the West Bank Cafe on 42nd Street, had a horror story of his own. "They're Amazons. Most of them are over 6 feet tall. Although they look like seductive women, they're really men." When one of them came after him with a cinder block and demanded money, he handed over the money. "I had to," Olsen said. "She was 6'4". The situation is compounded by a jurisdictional problem because the boundaries of three police precincts—the 10th, Midtown South and Midtown North—fall within the area. Whatta drag!

Street, New York City. (Telephone: 212/947-3130.)

The first year of Stoned Wall's existence saw it taking in all kinds of art work: oil, design, illustrations. But, after surveying the gay art scene and the overlapping aims of some of the other new gay galleries, Stoned Wall has decided to carve its own niche as a photographic showplace.

The new emphasis was begun with a show by Jon Gilbert Fox, a young (29-yr.-old) Vermont photographer whose work has appeared in many other galleries, but never in a context where his gay sensibilities could be as honestly and openly shown as they are in the Stoned Wall Galerie.



# MORE TALES OF THE CITY

Continued from page 14

2. I will not assume that women who like me are fag hags.
3. I will stop expecting to meet Jan-Michael Vincent at the tubs.
4. I will inhale poppers only through the mouth.
5. I will not spend more than half an hour in the shower at the Y.
6. I will stop trying to figure out what color my handkerchief would be if I wore one.
7. I will buy a drink for a Fifties Queen sometime.
8. I will not persist in hoping that attractive men will turn out to be brainless and boring.
9. I will sign my real name at The Glory Holes.
10. I will ease back into religion by attending concerts at Grace Cathedral.
11. I will not cruise at Grace Cathedral.
12. I will not vote for *anyone* for Empress.
13. I will make friends with a straight man.
14. I will not make fun of the way he walks.
15. I will not tell him about Alexander the Great, Walt Whitman or Leonardo da Vinci.
16. I will not vote for politicians who use the term "Gay Community."
17. I will not cry when Mary Tyler

- Moore goes off the air.
18. I will not measure it, no matter who asks.
  19. I will not hide the A-200.
  20. I will not buy a Lacoste shirt, a Mirimekko pillow, a secondhand letterman's jacket, an All-American Boy T-shirt, a razor blade necklace or a denim accessory of any kind.
  21. I will learn to eat alone and like it.
  22. I will not fantasize about firemen.
  23. I will not tell anyone at home that I just haven't found the right girl yet.
  24. I will wear a suit on Castro Street and feel comfortable about it.
  25. I will not do impressions of Bette Davis, Tallulah Bankhead, Mae West or Paul Lynde.
  26. I will not eat more than one It's-It in a single evening.
  27. I will find myself acceptable.
  28. I will meet somebody nice, away from a bar or the tubs or a roller-

- skating rink, and I will fall hopelessly but conventionally in love.
29. But I won't say I love you before he does.
  30. The hell I won't.

Mary Ann put down the paper and looked at Michael. "You've got thirty resolutions. How come you only gave me ten?"

He grinned. "Things aren't so tough for you."

"Is that right, Mr. Gay Chauvinist Pig!"

She attacked the valentine with a Flair, filling in the first four blanks. "Try *that* for starters!"

1. I will meet Mr. Right this year.
  2. He won't be married.
  3. He won't be gay.
  4. He won't be a child pornographer.
- "I see," said Michael, smiling slyly. "Moving back to Cleveland, huh?"

## LIFE AMONG THE A-GAYS

For the Hampton-Giddes, the mechanics of party-giving were as intricate as the workings of Arch Gidde's new Silver Shadow Rolls.

After careful scrutiny, prospective guests were divided into four lists:

The A List.

The B List.

The A-Gay List.

The B-Gay List.

The Hampton Giddes knew no C people, gay or otherwise.

As a rule, the A List was comprised of the Beautiful and the Entrenched, the kind of people who might be asked about their favorite junk-food or slumming spot in Merla Zellerbach's column in the *Chronicle*.

There was, of course, a sprinkling of A-Gays on the A List, but they were expected to behave themselves. An A-Gay who turned campy during after-dinner A List charades would find himself banished, posthaste, to the purgatory of the B-Gays.

The B-Gays, poor wretches, didn't even get to *play* charades.

The range and intensity of cocktail chatter at the Hampton-Giddes' depended largely on the list being utilized.

A List people could talk about the arts, politics and the suede walls in the master bedroom.

B Listers could talk about the arts, politics, the suede walls in the master bedroom, and the people on the A List.

The A-Gays could talk about whoever was tooting coke in the bathroom.

The B-Gays, being largely decorative, were not expected to talk.

"Binky swears it's the truth," said William Devereaux Hill III, on a night when the Hampton-Giddes' Seacliff mansion was virtually swarming with A-Gays.

"Chinese?" hissed CHarles Hillary Lord.

"Twins!"

"A *litter*!" exclaimed Archibald Anson Gidde, butting in.

"I can't *stand* it!"

"You can't? Honey, Miss Gidde over there practically *ruined* her nails on the Princess phone this morning just spreading the news."

"I did *not*." The host was indignant.

"You told *me*."

"Well, that was all."

"Stoker says you told him too."

"She lies!"

Charles Hillary Lord needed more dish. "Christ, Billy, an *Ornamental*? DeDe's been doing it with an *Ornamental*?"

"They have *teeny* pee-pees." This from Archibald Anson Gidde.

"I think you're *all* disgustingly prejudiced," said Anthony Latimer Hughes, joining the group.

"Oh, Mary! You're *not* having another *Chinoiserie* period, are you, darling?" Gidde again.



---

## **"The A-Gays could talk about whoever was tooting coke in the bathroom. The B-Gays, being largely decorative, were not expected to talk."**

---

"There are two things one should know about San Francisco," interjected Charles Hillary Lord. "Never meet *anyone* at the Top of the Mark. And never walk through Chinatown in the rain."

"Why?" chorused everyone.

"Because they're so *short*. Their umbrellas will blind a white man!"

\* \* \*

Across the room huddling under the Claes Oldenburg, Edward Paxton Stoker, Jr., swapped pleasantries with his host, Richard Evan Hampton.

"I wish," said the guest, "that Jon Fielding were here."

"Oh, pulease!" Rick Hampton had never fully recovered from the fall soiree at which Jon Fielding had suddenly exploded, exiting in a terrible huff. "You won't find that bitch on any guest list of *mine*, Edward."

"But he *is* DeDe's gynecologist, and I'm sure he—"

"And an Occasional Piece for Beauchamp."

"Not any more he isn't."

"Really?"

"The doctor, as we *all* know he is wont to do, got *very* sanctimonious all of a sudden and gave our Beauchamp the old heave-ho. Beauchamp was *livid*."

I'd love to hear Fielding's version of it!"

"You'll have to wait a while, I'm afraid. He's on the way to Acapulco."

"What on earth for?"

"What else? A gynecologists' convention."

The richer—and older—half of the Hampton-Giddes rolled his eyes laboriously. "Acapulco has gotten so tacky these days."

"Well . . . his backstroke *is* a little nellie."

"Mouse, I'm serious."

"Then ask him, dummy! Invite him over for a Pina Colada!"

Mary Ann turned and studied the strong white body thrashing through the green water of the pool. He was a strawberry blond, she noticed, and he shook his head like a wet collie when he surfaced at the ladder.

She looked back at Michael. "You don't think I'll do it, do you?"

Michael just grinned at her, maddeningly.

"OK. Just watch me!"

\* \* \*

The wet collie was stretched out on a towel at the pool's edge. Mary Ann approached as casually as possible, her eyes fixed on the surface of the water. Her intent was to look vigorous and liberated, like Candice Bergen out for a swim after a rough day of photographing the African wilds.

The collie looked up and smiled. "The only way to do it is to close your eyes and jump."

"Is it cold?" Mary Ann asked.

Not too swift. Very un-Candy Bergen.

"Go ahead," he urged. "You can take it."

She shrugged her shoulders and mugged, hoping it wasn't too late to try for a Marlo Thomas effect. A tolerant smile spread over the collie's face when she held her breath and jumped.

It was a funny little hatbox of a pool, not really wide enough for swimming laps. The cold ocean water was invigorating, but impossible to take for long. Shivering, she reached for the ladder.

The collie extended his hand. "The goose bumps are very becoming."

"Thanks," she said, smiling.

"Will you join me for a drink? You and your husband, that is."

"My . . . ? Oh, that's not my . . ." She turned and looked at Michael, who was smirking at her. He gave his imitation of Queen Elizabeth's royal wave. "Michael's just a friend."

"That's nice," said the collie.

For whom? thought Mary Ann. Me or Michael?

\* \* \*

The collie introduced himself to both of them. His name was Burke Andrew. He was traveling alone on the cruise. He shook Michael's hand firmly and excused himself to get the drinks.

"Well," said Mary Ann. "Is he?"

---

## FANTASY ON THE FANTAIL

---

Somewhere off the coast of Mexico, a dazzling midday sun found dozens of willing worshipers on the fantail of the *Pacific Princess*. Mary Ann was on her stomach—her bikini top untied—when an unannounced hand glopped something gooey on her back.

"Mouse?"

Silence.

"Mouse!"

"I do not know thees Mouse, signorina. I am but a seemple Italian dining room steward who wants to make ze whoopee weez ze beyootiful, horny American girls!"

"You smoked that joint, didn't you?"

Michael sat down next to her and sighed dramatically. "I *wish* you'd learn to fantasize."

"What is that stuff, anyway?"

"What stuff? Oh . . . tortuga cream. The room steward gave it to me. He says they make it in Mazatlan."

"It smells yummy."

"Uh huh. Ground-up turtles."

"Mouse!"

"Well, that's what he *said*."

"Ick!"

"What the hell do you think Polly Bergen uses? Rose petals?"

Mary Ann sat up, blinking into the sun, holding her bikini top in place with her right arm.

"Tie me up, will you?"

"Bondage *already*? You haven't tried bingo yet. And there's a swell seniors mambo class this afternoon in the Carrousel Lounge, if you'd care to—"

"Mouse . . . don't look now, but he just dove into the pool."

"Who?"

"Our Mystery Man. The guy you saw when we were boarding."

"The one who was cruising us?"

Mary Ann corrected him. "One of us."

"Maybe he's into three-ways."

"Mouse, do you think he's gay?"

---

Continued on page 55



Joe Porcelli  
Richard Locke  
Al Parker  
Mike Morris

# MANDATE SUPERSTARS

At right: Joe Porcelli  
Photograph: Roy Blakey

Rippling muscles, boy-next-door smiles, bulging jockstraps, brick-hard mounds of buttocks, solid maturity, appealing youthfulness, intense sexuality, seductive sensuousness...

In our five years of publishing, *Mandate* has endeavored to bring our diverse readership a diverse offering of men. In an age of clones and Village People caricatures of modes of masculinity, there is no one stereotype we attempt to mold our image around; rather, we want to project a look that reflects flexibility and versatility because we believe strongly in individuality. We believe our readers do, too.

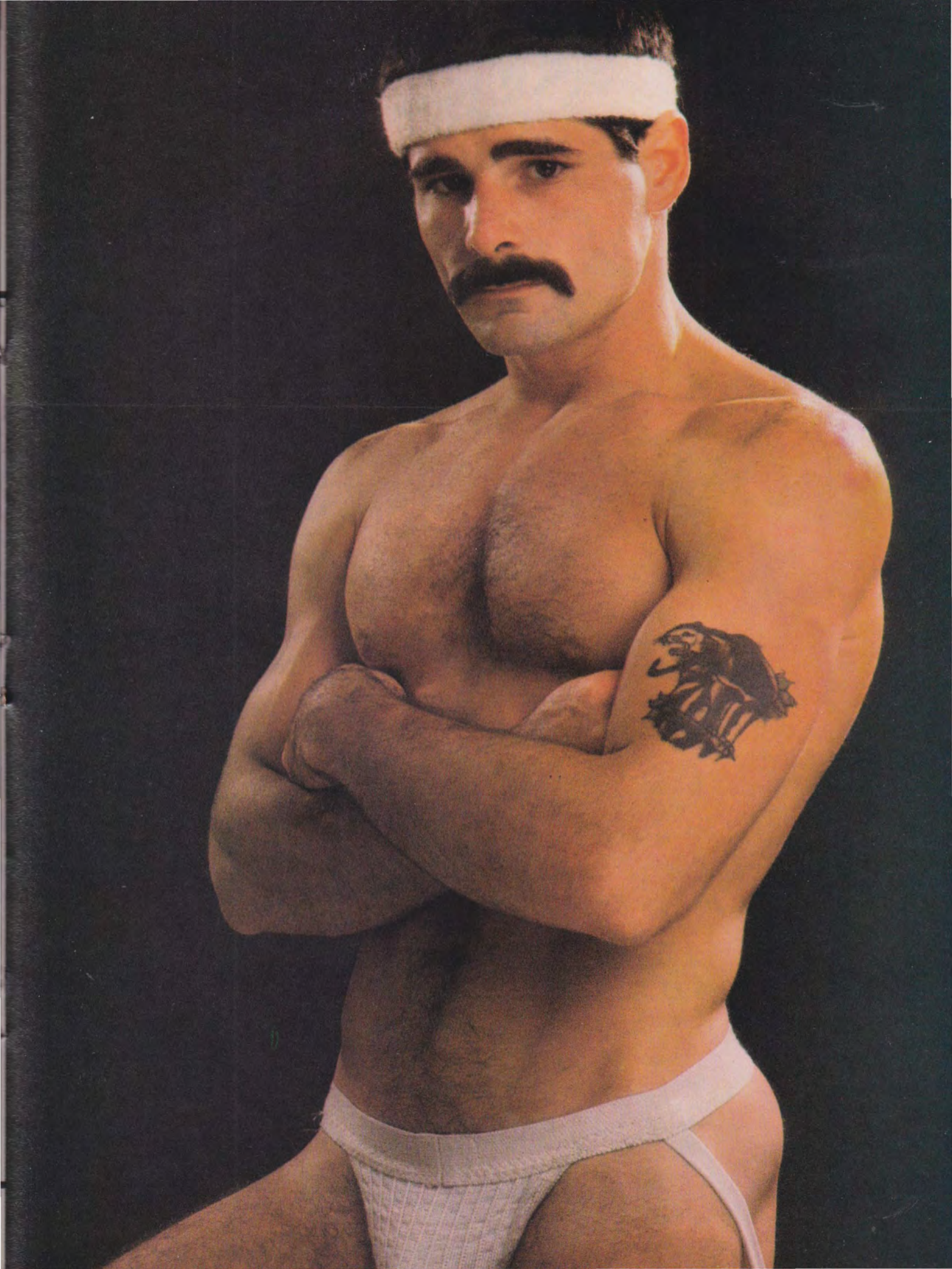
Looking back in retrospect at the hundreds of men we have featured in sixty issues of *Mandate*, four stand out in our memory because of the

manner in which *you* responded to them. We have constant requests for this "type" or that "type," and indeed have attempted to please as many of you as possible. The men shown in this eight-page pictorial are the ones who elicited the most sizable commentary in the form of both letters and word of mouth to our staff. In other words, they're the *Mandate* superstars.

The most recent is Joe Porcelli, opposite, who was our coverman and centerfold for November, 1979, a fellow who will typify, we think, the aware liberated look of the '80's. On the following pages you'll see Richard Locke, the October 1979 coverman and centerfold whose appearances in outfits ranging from business suit to leather harness met the hot, honcho criteria of many people's fantasies. Al Parker, whose name is a household word among fans of male nudes, first appeared in September 1976, going back the furthest of our superstars. He wowed our Canadian readership when they saw him on the cover of a special

issue in that country, and wowed 'em here as our centerfold that month. Last but by no means least is humpy Mike Morris, a man who long ago acquired a following which has only increased over the years, as has his special appeal. Mike was never a *Mandate* coverman but nevertheless garnered the attention of plenty of new fans and reinforced the admiration of older ones when he appeared in a feature on backpacking in August 1977, sharing the centerfold spotlight with Paul Storr. More recently he soloed in a combined art/photo pictorial in last month's issue, and we're certain we'll get more letters of approval. Porcelli, Locke, Parker, Morris—all superstars all in their unique ways, and *Mandate's* superstar way of giving you more of what you want and deserve: the best. We hope our next five years will please you even more.













**MANDATE**

The Man: Richard Locke  
The Photographer: Roy Blakey





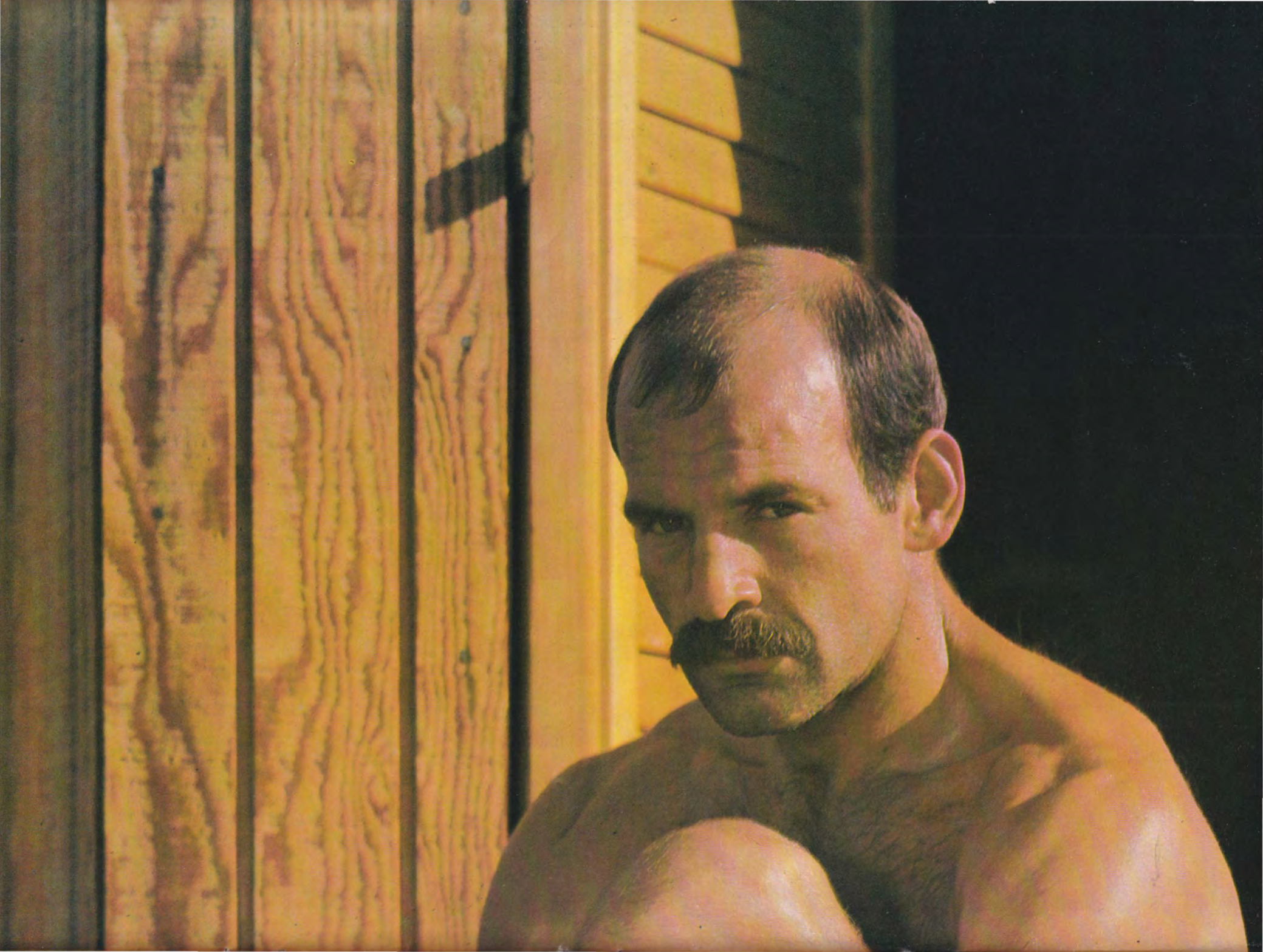




**MANDATE**

The Man: Al Parker  
The Photographer: Surge Studio









**MANDATE**

The Man: Mike Morris  
The Photographer: Colt







## LEVIS ON BROADWAY

Got any ideas about stars who could fill a great pair of jeans? The casting hasn't been decided yet, but *Levi* will open on Broadway soon. Based on the life of Levi Strauss, the man who brought denim apparel to the miners in California during the gold rush and whose legacy is now the uniform of every gay ghetto from Castro to Christopher Streets, the musical is being produced by Bernard Weisen. Dick and Bob Sherman have the songs and Larry Cohen the book, in association with Janelle Webb Cohen. The budget for the production is \$1,500,000. That's a lot of denim, folks!

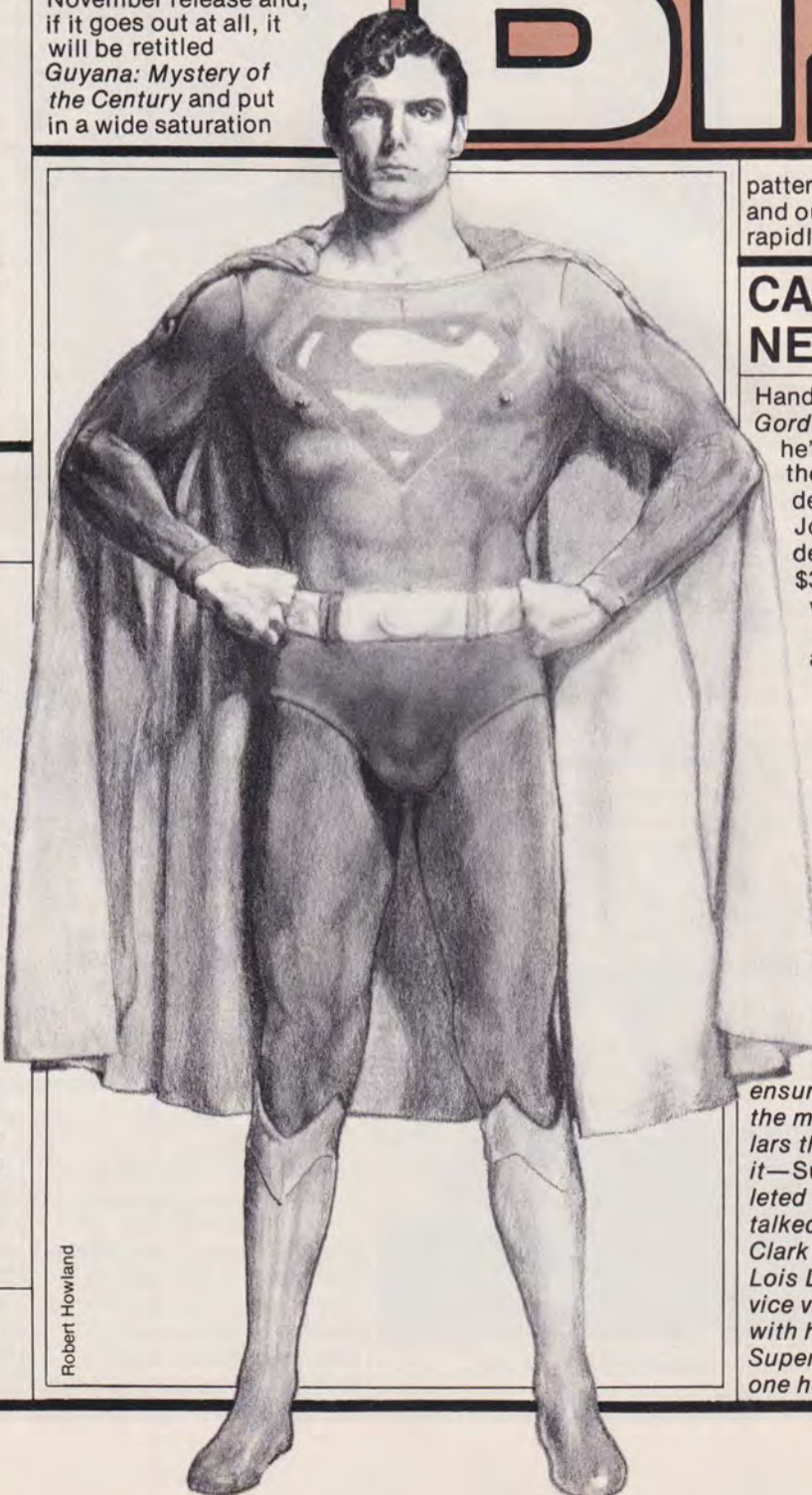
## BOX OFFICE POISON

Apparently the Jonestown Massacre isn't the only tragedy associated with Guyana. Back in October, Universal Pictures acquired distribution rights to a Mexican-made film entitled *Guyana, Crime of the Century*, and it's reputedly another large scale tragedy, a true turkey for all Thanksgivings. Based on Rene Cardona, Jr.'s fictional rehash of Jim Jones' People's Temple mass suicide, the movie stars Stuart Whitman as Jones and includes such other reputable actors as Gene Barry, John Ireland, Yvonne DeCarlo and Bradford Dillman. Cardona produced and directed the tale which recounts the events leading up to the ambush-murder of U.S. Representative Leo Ryan,

*Left: Levis are the subject of an upcoming Broadway musical. Photograph by Don Hanover.*

two NBC-TV newsmen and a *San Francisco Examiner* photographer, and the ensuing consumption of cyanide-laced grape Kool Aid by over 800 of Jones' fanatically loyal followers. An article on the film in *Variety* quoted a source terming it "slimy beyond belief," and apparently Universal heard that before. The movie was pulled from a scheduled November release and, if it goes out at all, it will be retitled *Guyana: Mystery of the Century* and put in a wide saturation

# SHOW BIZ



Robert Howland

pattern designed to get it in and out of theatres as rapidly as possible.

## CASTING NEWS

Handsome Sam (*Flash Gordon*) Jones is proving he's not just a Flash in the pan, film-wise. Dino de Laurentiis has signed Jones to a two-picture deal, both sequels to the \$35 million production which brought him to the filmgoing public's attention... Mary Tyler Moore will costar with Tim Hutton in the film version of Judith Guest's novel *Ordinary People*. Of special interest here is that it marks the directorial debut of Robert Redford.

## X-RATED VISIONS

**PG OR NOT PG:** To ensure a PG rating—and the millions of kiddie dollars that go along with it—*Superman II* has deleted a long-awaited, much talked-about scene. So Clark Kent still won't lure Lois Lane into the sack, or vice versa. But, after all, with his x-ray vision, Superman can eyeball anyone he wants.



## IN THE MONEY

Star salaries reach new heights, courtesy of Steve McQueen, who won't even look at a script without prior stipulation that he will get \$5 million up front against 15% of domestic gross *plus* 15% of the overseas net. McQueen was paid \$3 million plus for his latest film, *The Hunter*, and turned down \$4 million to co-star with Sophia Loren in Carlo Ponti's *Manhattan Project*, about nuclear terrorism. (One is reminded of Glenda Jackson's comment in the February, 1979, *Mandate*: "A million dollars per film. Who is worth that? I mean, is any human being's output, no matter what it is, worth that much when millions of people are starving all over the world daily, going without a modest day's rations that amounts to mere pennies? I think it's insane.") Jacqueline Bisset copped a cool million for *Inchon!* and will get more than that for her starring role as Coco Chanel in the film version of B'way's *Coco*. Then there's Bo Derek who received only \$35,000 for being the perfect 10 and was offered a half million bucks to star in *High Road to China* and a cool mill for *Brenda Starr*. . . . Edward Albee is adapting Nabokov's *Lolita*



**LIZ'S PET ROCK:** *Rock Hudson as Rhett Butler? Mrs. Sarah Taylor [Liz's mom] casually mentioned to a friend of Mandate that her daughter Elizabeth had been signed for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in the sequel to Gone with the Wind, and that Liz is insisting that Giant co-star Rock Hudson play the dashing Rhett, firmly believing him to be a much underrated actor. In the meantime, Liz continues to shed excess poundage, in*

*anticipating her portrayal of Dixie's most defiant daughter. Playing Southern roles has come naturally to her over the years, as she played Susannah Drake in Raintree County, Catherine Holly in Suddenly, Last Summer and that quintessential sultry rebel, Maggie Pollit, in Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, all Oscar-nominated performances. An interesting footnote: Liz' one-time actress mother had an unusual stage name: Sarah Southern.*

for the stage and wants Donald Sutherland for the role of Humbert Humbert, immortalized in the film version by James Mason. . . . When Alexis

Smith opened in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, director Tommy Tune clutched her at curtain time and said, "Remember, you're going out there a great big star and you're coming back a whore!" . . . In Los Angeles for his one-night performance of *An Evening with*

Quentin Crisp, the Englishman was asked if he was a practicing homosexual. Crisp quipped crisply, "I don't have to practice. I'm perfect." . . . *The Muppet Movie* won a G-rating from New Zealand censors after being scissored for violence. *What?* It seems the folks in Wellington objected to a bar-room brawl scene. Well, that's better than being banned *altogether* which is what happened in some Middle Eastern countries which consider swine most unholy and the star of the film, Miss Piggy, unclean. She ought to go over there and beat them with chains! . . . Frank Langella and Lesley-Anne Down are costarring in *Sphinx*, shooting on location in Egypt. The Land of the Pharaohs seems to be the place right now. Omar Sharif organized the Cairo bridge tournament and, with finesse, invited the top Israeli card players to participate. Following suit, the Israelis rebid and asked Egyptians to the Holy Land for an American-sponsored card tournament. . . . Lauren

Bacall will return to the stage, which hasn't seen her since she won a Tony nine years ago for *Applause*. She'll make her debut this summer at the prestigious Stratford Theatre, Ontario, where such luminaries as Maggie Smith, Peter O'Toole, Christopher Plummer, Brian Bedford and Carole Shelley have trod the boards to much acclaim.



Active on Manhattan's cabaret scene: Richard Burke. Photograph by Jeanne Nicolosi.

## MUSIC MAN

Handsome Richard Burke is gifted with much more than good looks. His musical talents have made him much in demand on New York's cabaret circuit, and his most recent accomplishment was writing the music and lyrics

for a show entitled "I've Got This Song." The revue starred Julie Kurnitz, Ira Siff, Karen Miller and Roger Whitmarsh and enjoyed a successful run at the Duplex, one of Greenwich Village's most popular cabarets. Keep an eye on both Burke and the Duplex for more class musical acts.



## 'MORE TALES OF THE CITY'

Continued from page 43

"How the hell should I know? There hasn't been a secret queer handshake since 1956."

# LOVE ON A ROOFTOP

The Hampton-Giddes were the first to arrive from the ballet. "Fabulous latticework," gushes Archibald Anson Gidde, appraising his host's new rooftop deck.

Peter Cipriani nodded. "I found this gorgeous twink carpenter in the Mission. Dirt cheap and pecs that won't quit. Jason something-or-other."

"They're *all* called Jason, aren't they?"

Peter snickered. "Or Jonathan."

"Was his ear pierced?"

"Nope. But he wore cut-offs to *die*. And knee socks with Lands End come-fuck-me boots. He was hot."

"How is he with kitchens?"

"Who knows? I can only speak for bedrooms, my dear."

"Ooooooh," said Archibald Anson Gidde.

"He's gorgeous, isn't he?"

Michael shrugged. "If you like big thighs."

Staring out to sea, Mary Ann sighed.

"I think he likes me, Mouse. Help me figure out what's wrong with him."

Minutes before midnight, the deck was crowded with A-Gays, tastefully atwitter over glissades and pirouettes. Charles Hillary Lord lifted a spade of cocaine to Archibald Anson Gidde's left nostril.

"I talked to Nicky today."

Arch inhaled the powder noisily.

"And?"

"I think he's going in on it."

"Good," said Arch indifferently.

"That should help you a lot."

"We don't need *help*, Arch. It's a sure thing. I just want you in on the ground floor."

"Then you won't be hurt if I say no."

Chuck Lord sighed dramatically and swept his arm over the rooftops of Russian Hill. "Arch...do you have any idea at all how many faggots are out there?"

"Just a sec. I'll check my address

book."

"There are—and this is conservatively speaking—one hundred and twenty thousand practicing homosexuals within the city limits of San Francisco."

"And practice *does* make perfect."

"Those one hundred and twenty thousand homosexuals are going to grow old together, Arch. Some of them may go back to Kansas or wherever the hell they ran away from, but most of them are gonna stay right here in Shagri-la, cruising each other until it's pacemaker time."

"I need a Valium."

"Goddammit, Arch, don't you see? We're O.K. We've got houses and cars and trust funds and enough...assets to pay for Dial-a-Model until we're a hundred and two, if we want to. It's those fuckers on food stamps and ATD, selling crap at the flea market and painting houses in the Haight, who're gonna need this when the time comes."

Arch's face grew serious. "Doesn't that smack of exploitation to you, Chuck?"

"Oh, for God's sake! *Somebody's* gonna do it! You know that, Arch. Why shouldn't we be the first?"

"I don't know. It just

Get what you deserve ...EVERYTHING!

**THE MARLIN BEACH HOTEL**

The  
Complete  
Resort

17 S. Atlantic Boulevard  
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33316  
(305) 467-6551  
(800) 327-2246

- OVER 100 BEAUTIFUL ROOMS
- AWARD WINNING POOP DECK RESTAURANT
- LOWER DECK DISCO: 40,000 LIGHTS
- QUARTER DECK: A WESTERN LOUNGE
- DAILY TEA DANCES
- GREEN PARROT SNACK BAR
- NANA'S MASTER HAIRCUTTERS
- ENTITY, INC.: CLOTHIER
- VOCALIST, PIANIST, NIGHTLY
- OLYMPIC SIZE POOL WITH AQUATIC LIGHT SHOW AND POOL BAR.
- LIVE POOLSIDE ENTERTAINMENT
- LIVE SHOWS WEEKLY
- FIRST RUN MOVIES ON MONDAYS
- UNDERGROUND TUNNEL TO BEACH
- PHYSICAL FITNESS EQUIPMENT
- VALET PARKING
- FULL SECURITY SYSTEM

Directly on the  
Ocean



the INTERNATIONAL  
**GAY GUIDE**  
OVER 7000 LISTINGS  
FOR FUN & PLEASURE

From AKRON to YOKOHAMA, from ATHENS to ZAGREB no matter where you live or where you travel - in the U.S. or throughout the world - you can meet the "right people" and make the friends you always wanted to make! For a one night stand or forever! Let the International GAY GUIDE do the trick for you. Get 180 bulging pages listing the names and addresses of hotels, bars, beaches, baths, parks, restaurants, theatres, clubs and & much more... where you can meet the people that are right for you. Do it the easy way - order your passport to happiness - today!

an international best seller • 4th BIG PRINTING  
Published at \$10 • For a limited time only \$4.95

send to InterGuide • Ste. 609 • Dept. 4507  
6255 Sunset Bl. Hollywood, CA 90028

## SWINGERS HOT LINE

• NAMES AND PHONE NUMBERS OF SWINGING GIRLS, GUYS  
COUPLES & B's IN YOUR AREA ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU  
• **FREE SERVICE Since 1966**

If No Answer Call 1-800-238-5758  
P.O. BOX 22705 Memphis, Tn. 38122

Introducing...

CRYPT TONIGHT  
RUSH  
HART ON  
JOCK  
DISCOROMA  
HARD WARE  
CLIMAX  
LOCKER ROOM  
BOLT  
NATURAL BRUTE

**MACH III**  
**A LIQUID INCENSE**  
1/4 OZ.

Novelty incense dispenser prolongs aroma.


**MACH III Liquid Incense**  
1/2 oz. \$5.50. 1 1/2 ozs. \$12.50.  
Novelty Dispenser \$9.50  
Wicks \$3.50 per doz.

**SPECIAL:** 1 1/2 ozs. MACH III —  
Dispenser & 12 wicks ONLY \$20.

**MACH III, Dept. 4507**  
6311 YUCCA ST., Los Angeles, Ca. 90028


*Demand Attention and  
Command Respect  
with*

# The Arab Strap



They'll know you mean business the moment you enter a room when you're wearing *The Arab Strap*. Not only does this amazing harness display your stuff with proud arrogance, the magic strap and built-in cock ring keep you long and hard.

This is the real thing, a true "piece of work" that will have them on their knees in admiration and envy the instant you decide to let them see your stuff! So, if you're a man who doesn't mind drawing a crowd, **send for your Arab Strap today!**



**Valentine Products, Inc. Dept. AS 161**  
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

**Gentlemen:**  
Enclosed is my check or money order for **\$12.95** plus **\$1.00** for postage and handling. Please rush my Arab Strap to me in a plain package. If I am not delighted with the results it offers me, I may return it in 14 days for a complete refund. No questions asked. **Code #798**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
(I am over 18 years of age.)

Canadian residents send order to: Valentine Products Inc.,  
P.O. Box 4077, Station "A", Toronto M5W2A6

seems... risky."

"Risky? Arch, it's social history! It's *Wall Street Journal* stuff! Think of it! The first gay nursing home in the history of the world!"

Arch Gidde turned and looked at the city. "Gimme some time, O.K.?"

Chuck flung an arm over his shoulder and adopted a more affectionate tone. "Nicky's even thought of a name."

"What?"

"The Last Roundup."

"Oh, for God's..."

"Don't you see? A tasteful butch Western motif, with barn siding in the rooms and little chuckwagons for the food—"

"Let's not forget the denim colostomy bags."

Chuck glared at him. "You joke, but I know you see the profit in this!"

Silence.

"Look, Arch: it's very civilized, in a way. I mean, we could have a steam room and everything. The orderlies could be Colt Models!"

"That's always nice to know when they're carrying you to the toilet. Look, Chuck, everybody's different. This is *your* fantasy. What are you gonna do with, like, the drag queens?"

"We could—I don't know—we could have a separate wing."

"And Helen Hayes look-alike contests?"

"Well, I don't see any reason why—"

He was cut short by Peter Cipriani, shouting excitedly to his guests. "O.K., don't crowd. One at a time, gentlemen, one at a time." He handed a pair of binoculars to Rick Hampton, who aimed them in a northerly direction.

"Which building?" asked Rick.

"The shingled one. On Barbary Lane. That little house on the roof, see?"

"Yeah, but I don't—"

"The right window."

"Jesus Christ!"

"What?" asked Arch, as the others crowded around.

"Oh, Jesus, look what he's—"

"What's he doing?" shrieked Arch.

"Wait your turn, Mary. Oh, Jesus, I can *buhleeve*... How long has this been going on, Peter?"

"A couple of weeks, at least. There's a woman he's watching in that white building."

"He's *straight*?"

"Apparently."

"Apparently."

"He *can't* be! Straight people don't have bodies like that!"

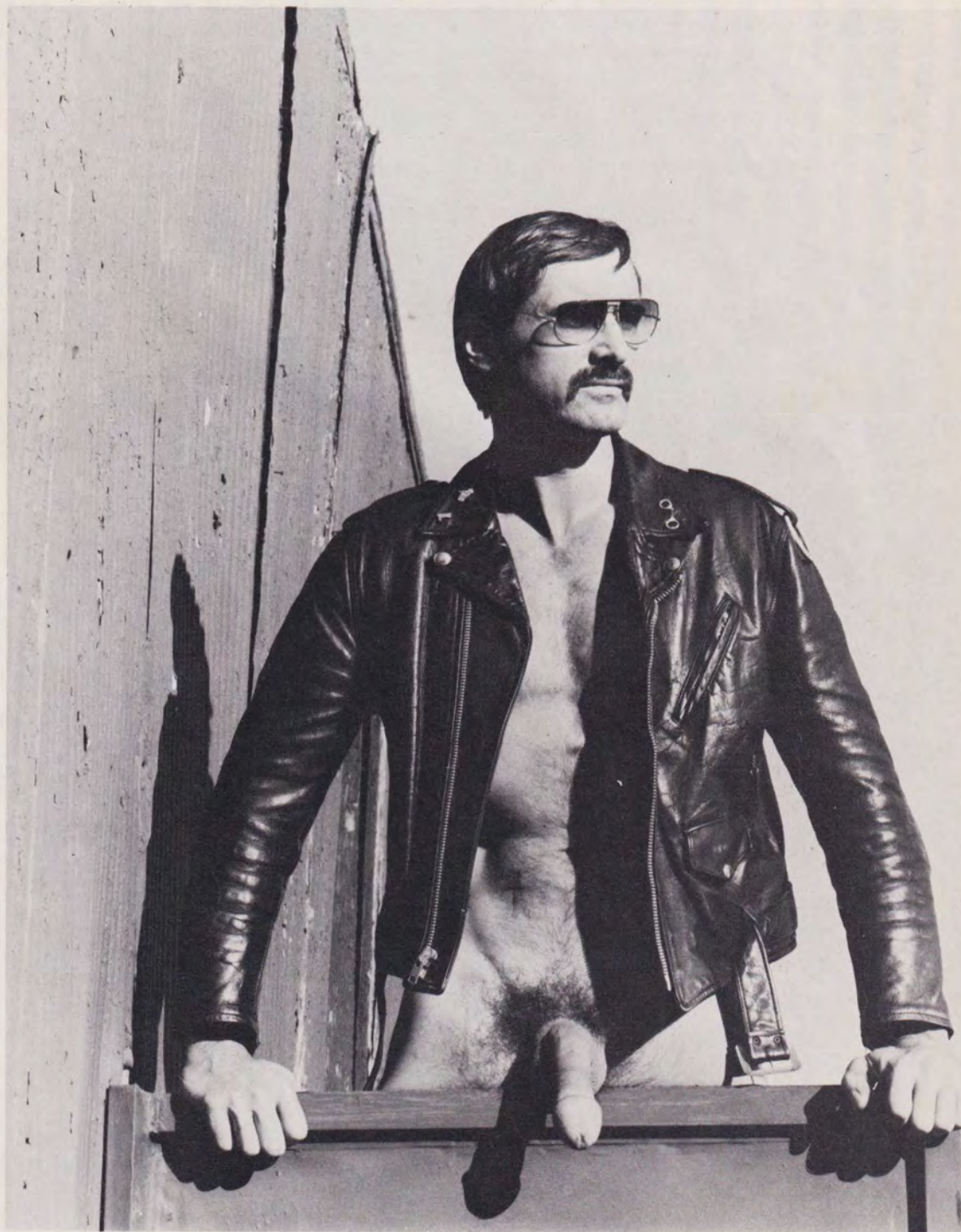
"Lemme see!" said Arch.



# LEATHERMANIA!

That's the more than slightly apropos title for Target Studio's newest magazine in their popular Ramrod series. Some of the many studs performing in that hot publication are captured here... captured but definitely not tamed. The action of these wild animals is simply too hot for us to show here, but they certainly hint excitingly at things to come.

Photographs by Target

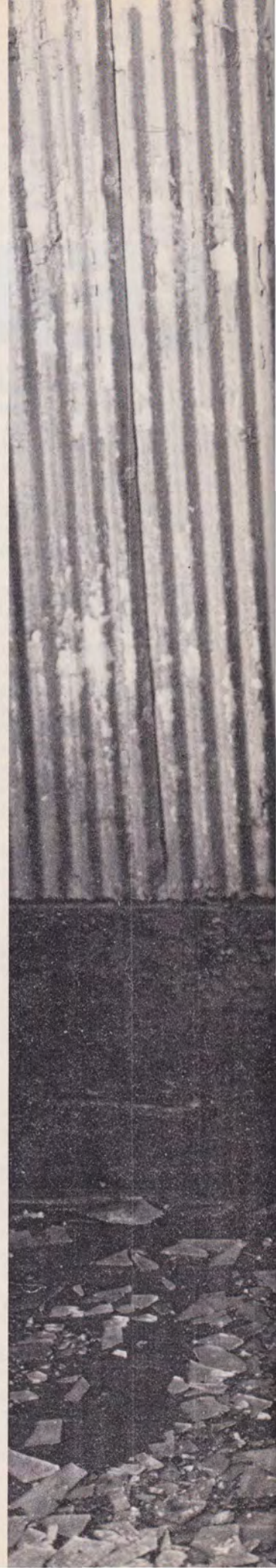
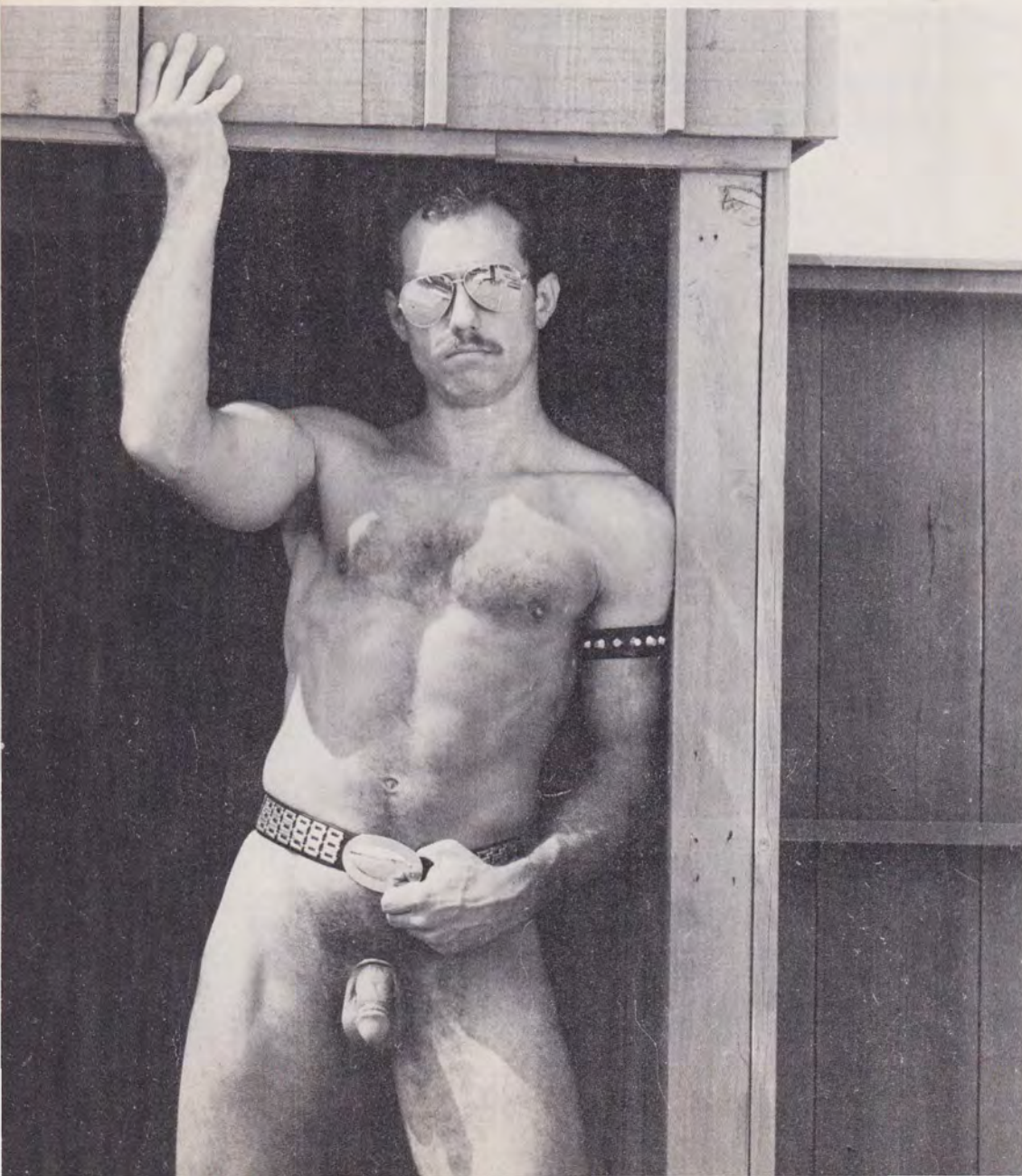




# LEATHER MANIA!

A couple more looks at the men of *Ramrod #4*, *Leathermania* ought to have you hot and bothered. It contains 52 pages of action photos, 16 in color, and is priced at \$8.50, plus \$1 for first class postage. You'll also want to check out Targetpak 2 their lavish portfolio which shows their entire line of movies, magazines and artwork, including several full-color brochures. \$4 includes postage and handling. Write Target, P.O. Box 692-Z, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013. Target products are for men only, so please state that you are over 21.

Photographs by Target



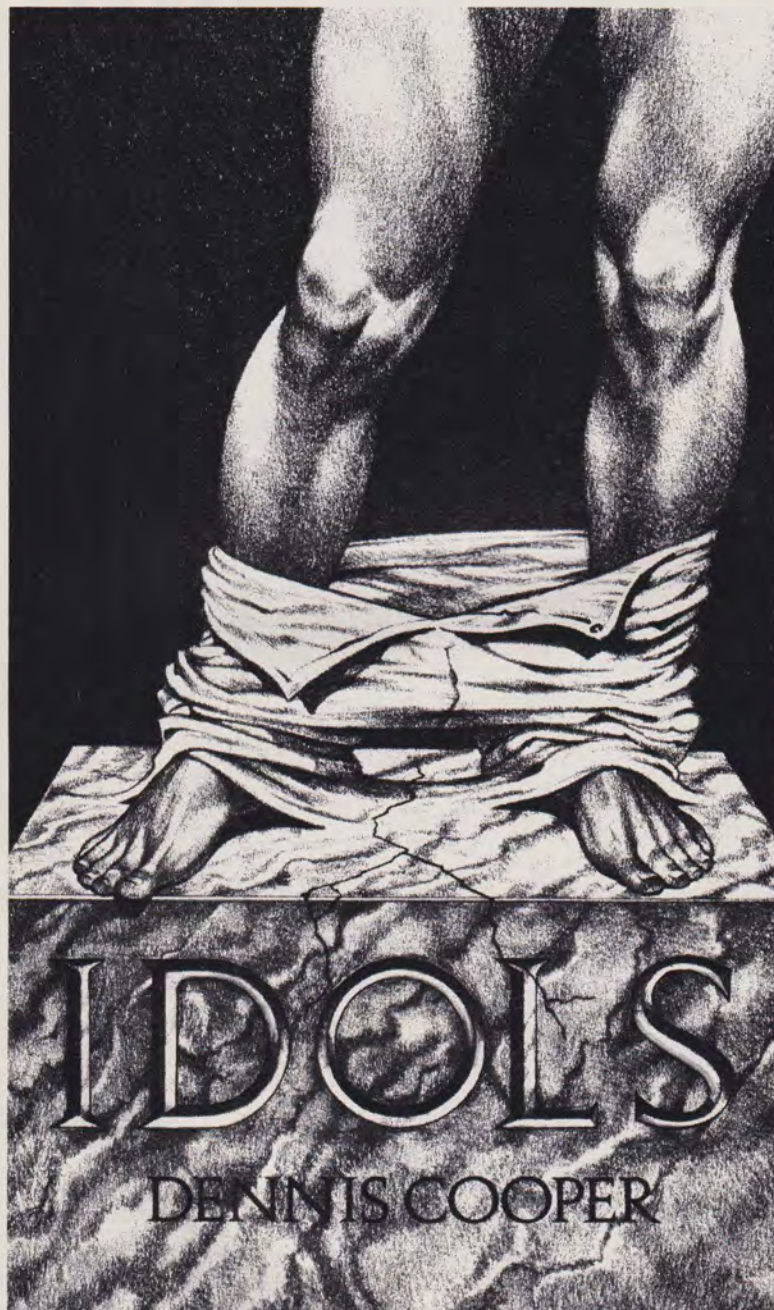






"One of the most passionately anticipated volumes of gay male poetry in recent years"

BOSTON GAY REVIEW



ISBN. 0-933322-02-X \$4.95

Available at fine book stores  
or write: The Sea Horse Press  
Box 509, Village Sta.  
N.Y.C. 10014  
\$4.95 plus 1.00 handling  
N.Y. State Residents add 8% tax

## Mae West

Continued from page 13

bit too gamey to put on public display. You know...the kind of pictures taken in jest, but that sometimes give a different impression afterwards. I also got stills of me in several costumes designed for my movies, that were too daring to be allowed to be seen on screen in those days—backless dresses, halter tops, peek-a-boo pieces and one or two see-throughs.

"They're all perfectly tame now, though. We've really come a long way, baby!"

The nerve center of Mae's penthouse hideaway, of course, is her regal bedroom, all pink and white and gilt. The huge round bed draped in pink satin dominates the room. On an ornate gilt nightstand by the bed is a framed photo of a handsome, raffish-looking middle-aged man. Paul Novak, one of Mae West's famous musclemen featured in her acts in Las Vegas and across the country, is her current boyfriend. He serves as her chauffeur, valet, companion and knight in shining armor. The two have been together for more than 10 years, most of Ms. West's contemporaries having long since passed away.

"Although I always have and always will continue looking at other men," she declares matter-of-factly, "Paul is all the man I need at the moment. He's from the old school of chivalry. He treats me like a lady, which I expect from any man. When I'm in the mood, he's romantic, but he doesn't push himself on me."

"I've never thought of marrying any of my gentlemen friends because I'm not the marrying kind—I'm single because I was born that way. I've lived the same way ever since I can remember. I concentrate on myself most of the time. My whole world evolves around me. I don't think I'm egotistical, but every woman ought to be able to decide for herself how she wants to live. I like plenty of men around me, and I know I'd never want to concentrate on just one."

"I don't shut myself off from anyone, though. I've always liked people, men especially." She gives a jolly wink.

"My interest in men is stronger than ever. I have a double-thyroid, ya know; the doctor told me about that in the 50s. It means I have twice the average energy and twice as much sexual vitality. That sort of thing runs in the family. My father was a boxer and my mother was famed far and near for her hourglass figure—she was New York's top corset model at one time. And one



of my grandmothers had three breasts!"

In her best-selling autobiography, *Goodness Had Nothing to Do With It*, Mae revealed intimate details about several of her past and recent lovers. One passage in which she described a 15-hour session with one of her favorite men shocked many readers but contributed to the book's incredible sales. "Most men don't know what their own capacity is," she offers charitably. "That's why when people say older men aren't as good lovers, I have to laugh, because baby, I know better! Personally, I prefer men over 30—under that age they're a bit too inexperienced."

"Of course, it's nice to initiate a young man into sex, and I've been responsible for many a younger man's becoming spoiled for other women... why, one young stud who couldn't have me all for his own eventually wound up a celibate in a monastery, or so I hear. On the other hand, a man over 40 has more lines in his face. That means he's suffered more, and he's a better man for a woman like me; he knows how to please—and how to be pleased. Honey, the score never interested me—only the game. It's not the men in my life that count, it's the life in my men!"

The authoress of several plays and novels is at it again, and has almost completed a new book on sex and astrology, two subjects on which she is definitely an authority. Mae's skirmishes with ghosts and the supernatural are well known, and the actress notes that she is almost constantly aware of being in communication with a supernatural presence. She periodically holds seances and sponsors lectures by leading young psychics, to which she invites friends like director George Cukor, Anthony Quinn and George Raft, who did a cameo role in her *Sextette*.

"I've seen ghosts in my bedroom," she says with all seriousness. "Handsome male ghosts, in period costumes with monocles and old-fashioned ways of speaking. But it's best not to fool with the Forces, because they can be dangerous; one night, the men walked through my bedroom wall and came up to my bed. I said, 'Hold it right there, fellas,' but they wouldn't go away. It took hours of concentration and pleading before they disappeared. I've also had dead friends of mine materialize out of my television set years after they passed over."

"I have several spiritualist friends, and although most seances I've

"The most lucid portrait we now possess of America's gay subculture."

—Felice Picano, author of *The Lure*

**"Fascinating"—Christopher Isherwood.** "And deeply disturbing. This amusing and colorful tour...uses the predicament of the homosexual minority to demonstrate what is very wrong with the social health of this country."

**"Consistently smart and funny"—Fran Lebowitz.** "Edmund White is one of the few living writers (my least favorite kind) who has the capacity to turn me into a good listener."

**"Unique"—Richard Sennett,** author of *The Fall of Public Man*. "White has an anthropologist's sense of community and a novelist's sense of character. *STATES OF DESIRE* shows the different ways gay people live in different parts of America and destroys many stereotypes about gay life."

**"Irresistible"—Andrew Holleran,** author of *Dancer from the Dance*. "Simultaneously the most delicious gossip, and a moving statement of one man's ideal of a just society, it makes all of us more aware of what our brothers are doing to be both American and gay. This is one trip everyone should take."



\$12.95 at  
bookstores  
now.

**DUTTON**

E. P. DUTTON  
2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016



attended seem pretty phony, I have communicated with Rudolph Valentino—a few decades after his death. He was very pleasant, always was fond of me in more than a merely friendly way. He revealed to me and my guests in New York that he had not died a natural death. He was murdered... Another time, before World War II, I discovered an excellent psychic who foretold the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the fact that President Roosevelt would die before the war was over. Well, with enough evidence like that, who's not going to be convinced?"

The still-voluptuous Brooklynite's preoccupation with love and sex is especially celebrated, of course, and she proudly claims, "Everyone comes to me for moral support: the women's libbers, the gays and now a group called the Gray Panthers, who want senior citizens to have the same rights young people do. They also want to change the attitudes about older folks having sex."

"My feeling is, who's to tell you you're too old to make love? I know some pooped-out teens who act as if their lives are practically over and they're waitin' to kick the bucket any day now. Many of the men I know are more eager to make love than lots of people in their 20's. A relationship should ideally be based on more than the woman having the same rights as the man, but sex for its own sake is nice, too. I've said it before and I'll say it again—I like a man what takes his

heartly meals a day.

Her health routinem, which she discusses in her forthcoming book, is a bit more complicated. By taking care of her body, she has managed to retain her youthful features. All her pearly white teeth are her own, and she claims never to have had a face-lift or undergone other plastic surgery. Every day, she indulges in enemas—or specifically, colonics—to "purge the body of its poisons. Colonics are the greatest things goin' and I absolutely swear by 'em."

A young male manicurist helps keep her long silver fingernails looking beautiful, and she believes in zone therapy of the feet, to ease any aches in the back and neck. But her best beauty secret, she feels, is her own attitude and her insistence that she will never retire. "They're always sayin' I'm making a comeback," she says, "but I've never been away. *Myra Breckinridge* wasn't a comeback, because I've been busy for years doing Vegas, nightclub acts, writing books, making records and personal appearances."

"It's true I haven't made too many movies, but that's because everything has to be to my satisfaction. None of these demanding, quickie flicks for me! My films have to be satisfactory in every way. I write my own lines, if not the entire film, and everything has to revolve around me. I've never co-starred with another woman, because I never found another actress who could compete with me. No one

West while reclining on a satin sofa with one hand on her well-padded hip. "Problem is, I can make an innocent sentence sound dirty. It's not what I do, it's how I do it, and kid, when you've got it, you've got it!"

Naturally, Mae is confident that when her film is rereleased, word of mouth will build it into a hit. But then, it doesn't really matter, for she's already planning several other projects, including a campy version of *Macbeth*, in which she plays Lady Macbeth—to music. She's also hoping to begin production soon on a Cukor-directed color version of her classic *Diamond Lil*, and, shortly before his death, she announced she intended to co-star with John Wayne in a Western "before he gets too old to ride tall in the saddle!" If that one comes off, she'll have to hold another seance. Her only previous Western was *My Littler Chickadee* with W.C. Fields. Says Mae, "Whatever happens, you can be sure of one thing: I'll always be where the action is. My motto is rock with the rock and roll with the roll. What's more, I always said, keep a diary, and someday it'll keep you!"

## KANSAS CITY

Continued from page 30

the community. In the eyes of the "Sisters," a really good social event is a "pasture party," a rip-roaring drunken orgy held on a blazing summer day in the middle of someone's remote farm. When one guest went to a recent pasture party, he was shunned because he had a bad reputation for being a gay activist. He had to be reintroduced to people he had known for years, even old friends who had been to his house many times. All day the party kept drifting away from him.

There are very few gay entrepreneurs in the city (fewer than twenty) who have the courage or the inclination to hire gay employees. One lesbian who appeared on television on behalf of gay rights was unable to find a job afterward, despite the fact that she had a doctorate in sociology. She now lives in New York, where she has landed a good job but is no longer active in gay politics. At the New Earth Bookstore, a lesbian-feminist oasis, I spoke to a woman from California who has been in Kansas City for eight years. She longs to return to California but stays on because she believes so much work remains to be done. "There's a huge gulf between lesbians and lesbian-feminists in Kansas City,"

## Mae West sleepwalking? The tireless comedienne insists her next film will be a campy musical version of 'Macbeth.'

time! None of those quickie one night stands for me. I think romance is still as relevant today as it was in the unhurried 30's."

Apart from her private activities at her apartment and at her beachhouse in Santa Monica, Mae West leads a busy social life and attends more parties and black-tie affairs now than she did in her Hollywood heyday. But the trim star watches what she eats and tries not to give in to temptation. She eats few starches and desserts, and often prefers to drain her steak of its juices, drinking the proteinous juice and skipping the calorie-loaded meat. Her diet is basically simple, however, and she admits she eats two

smokes on my sets—that's in my contracts—and my fans expect certain things of me. I havta make sure I have affairs with all the leading men and end up owning everything! Besides, my askin' price is pretty high, 'cause when I make a movie, I give it all I've got—which is plenty! I don't need to make films for money, so I do them for a good time; my own and everyone else's."

*Sextette* was indeed a box office failure, because it was only released in a few key cities, supposedly due to the distributors' nervousness over Mae's controversial lines and unerasable sex personality. "They're still censoring me, after all these years," smirks Ms.



# THE NEW MEN FROM COLT



**KARL MANN**

Our man of the year with the kind of muscle power you could really sink your teeth into.

Available in slides and prints

N32 ..... 8 b/w prints 5x7 ..... \$6.00  
S157 ..... 6 35mm col slds ..... \$6.00  
CP2 ..... 6 col prts size 5x7 ..... \$9.00



**GUY MCCOY**

This new all American favorite has the hairy chest and super humpy body to match any campus stud.

Available in SPURS #3 magazine and color slides

SPURS #3 ..... \$8.50  
MS4 ..... 6 35mm col slds ..... \$6.00



**MIKE BETTS**

Sleek as a Mercedes and twice as flashy, this powerful bodybuilder is COLT class all the way.

Available in slides and prints

O33 ..... 8 b/w prints 5x7 ..... \$6.00  
S161 ..... 6 35mm col slds ..... \$6.00  
CP5 ..... 6 color prints 5x7 ..... \$9.00



**HANK DITMAR**

Available in slides and prints and a new film "LOVE, SWEAT AND BEERS".

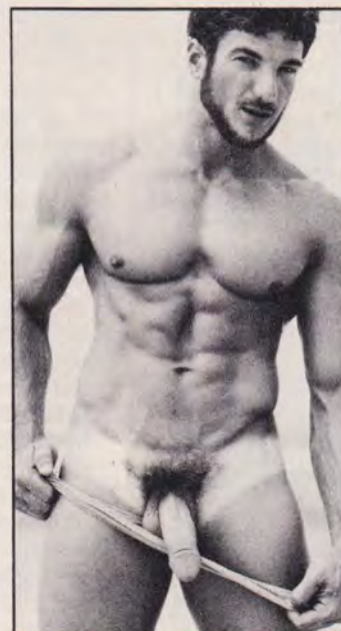
N31 ..... 8 b/w prints 5x7 ..... \$6.00  
S156 ..... 6 35mm col slds ..... \$6.00  
CP1 ..... 6 color prints 5x7 ..... \$9.00  
MV48 ..... 200' super 8 color ..... \$25.00  
MV488 ..... 200' regular 8 col ..... \$25.00



**WAYNE GENTRY**

The youngest of our new discoveries is delicious but not too far from innocence. Available in slides and prints

O32 ..... 8 b/w prints 5x7 ..... \$6.00  
S160 ..... 6 35mm col slds ..... \$6.00  
CP4 ..... 6 color prints 5x7 ..... \$9.00



**RICK WOLFMIER**

The most sensational body to come our way in a long time, everything about him is hard and thick.

Available in slides and prints

O34 ..... 8 b/w prints 5x7 ..... \$6.00  
S162 ..... 6 35mm col slds ..... \$6.00  
CP6 ..... 6 color prints 5x7 ..... \$9.00



**FRANCO ARBRUZZI**

Our hairy, Italian, 100% pure beef stud. Available in COLT MEN #6 magazine and a new film "WATER PUMP".

COLT MEN #6 ..... \$8.50  
MV49 ..... 200' super 8 color ..... \$25.00  
MV498 ..... 200' regular 8 col ..... \$25.00



**BYRON HAWKWOOD**

Unpredictable, playful and oh, so sexy, this massive dude quietly slips across the line between man and beast.

Available in slides and prints

O31 ..... 8 b/w prints 5x7 ..... \$6.00  
S159 ..... 6 35mm col slds ..... \$6.00  
CP3 ..... 6 col prints 5x7 ..... \$9.00

## THE COLT PORTFOLIO

Send today for FOLIO 5 and enter the masculine world of COLT in films, slides, prints, magazines, etc. \$4.00



## TOLL FREE PHONE ORDERS

24 hour service for Visa and Mastercharge: call 800-423-2355 Ext. 505 (California residents call 800-232-2175 Ext. 505)

**COLT STUDIO BOX 1608J STUDIO CITY CALIF. 91604**

Colt is for adult audiences: you must state you are 21 or over.



# RUSH® Recreates The World's Greatest Lovers

See details on Back Cover.

RUSH® Sensual Body Lubricant™ contains a unique new combination of laboratory tested antibacterial preservative ingredients which effectively resist product contamination by the specific bacteria which spread venereal disease.

Available at retail stores everywhere or  
telephone order with your VISA or  
MASTER CHARGE—Call (415) 621-4911

## MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS

PAC WEST MAIL ORDER MD 480  
P.O. BOX 3867  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94119

I certify that I am over 21 ☐

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE  ZIP

Payment enclosed: Check ☐ Money Order ☐

Money orders receive same day service

Charge my Visa ☐ Master Charge ☐

Insert Card number below

<input type="text"/>															
Interbank No.: <input type="text"/>															
Exp. Date: <input type="text"/>															

☐ RUSH @ \$6.00 ☐ AMBER RUSH @ \$7.00

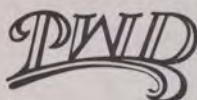
☐ BOLT @ \$6.00 ☐ SUPER BOLT @ \$7.00

2 for \$10.00 2 for \$12.00

☐ BOLT SNAPPAK (10 Snaps) @ \$6.00

☐ RUSH SENSUAL BODY LUBRICANT @ \$2.95 each

All orders under \$10.00 add \$1.00 postage and handling



© 1979

Pacific Western  
Distributing Corp.

RUSH® Sensual  
Body Lubricant



RUSH™ Liquid Incense®

The world's largest manufacturers  
of Liquid Incense

she told me. "Though two hundred gay people protested Anita Bryant when she came here to address a conference of Southern Baptists, that was one of the two or three times a larger number of lesbians or gay men has come out of the woodwork here. Most gay people, women and men, think that gay life and gay identity are synonymous with the bars, pure and simple."

One morning a gay activist had breakfast with me. He was a man with a low voice, clear skin, straight hair; he looked as though he had lived a virtuous life and his manner was simple, honest. His body was of more-than-ample proportions and he conducted himself with innate dignity. When he was sixteen, living in a small town in Indiana, his stepmother discovered that he was part of a circle of older gay men that included several cops and the mayor himself. She created a tremendous fuss and Evan, as I'll call him, was slated to be sent off to a state mental hospital. Somehow he escaped and ran away. "For a year I lived in a little town outside St. Louis under a fictitious name. Then I joined the Army. After I was discharged I enrolled in a bogus beauty school. When I graduated I didn't even know how to give a haircut. So I worked at a shit job for three more years to save up the money to attend a proper beauty school for one year. Finally I received my license from the State of Kansas; I earn my living now as a hair stylist. My being active in gay politics is risky, since the state could always jerk my license—there is a clause about immoral character that has been used to put several gay hairdressers out of business."

I asked Evan how he had become that *rara avis* in Kansas City, a gay activist. "Well," he said, "six years ago I was arrested for 'soliciting.' In fact, I was in a bar and I said no to a drunk vice officer in disguise. The cops send out handsome decoys into the bars, but we all know not to speak to strangers. In one bar if the owner sees a regular talking to a stranger, the owner eavesdrops so that he can serve later as a witness." Despite Evan's precautions, the officer arrested him when he came out of the bar. The case was tried in the municipal court, where thirty decisions are handed down every hour and where you are always guilty. The judge instructed Evan to see a psychiatrist; after four visits to a doctor chosen by Evan's lawyer, his record was stamped

"Cured." Had he been convicted of sodomy as well as soliciting, he would have served six months in prison (until recently the sentence was two years to life).

"I got off lightly," Evan said, "but my lover didn't. He had rheumatic fever. He also drank too much; he had never been able to accept his homosexuality. When he heard I had been arrested, he went to bed and drank himself to death. He was just forty-one. His relatives descended and stripped our house bare. When I removed my own things, they accused me of stealing them. They still call me at work to harass me. I have no legal rights. Though we'd been together for years, we weren't married. It was an illegal relationship. That's when I became an activist."

Evan's chief goal is to end police harassment. A few years ago cops beat one of his friends with pool cues during a bar raid. During the last Republican convention, Kansas City, Missouri, cops (much tougher than those on the Kansas City, Kansas side) threatened to arrest homosexuals if any pro-gay leaflets were handed out. The Missouri police force regularly practices entrapment of gays. On the previous Memorial Day, Missouri cops set up a roadblock at the exit from a gay event; everyone was questioned and thirty-one people were arrested. When Evan talked to the Police Chief about such tactics and argued that the Constitution guarantees even homosexuals the right to assembly, the Police Chief replied that where there are so many homosexuals there is bound to be solicitation; since solicitation is illegal, any gathering of homosexuals must be equally illegal. Q.E.D.

"Queen, eat dirt."

In Kansas the police stage raids on public restrooms and parks. The cops have installed a telescope on top of a hospital overlooking notorious Memorial Park; periodically they turn dogs loose in the bushes. One afternoon Evan was strolling through the park when a policeman stopped him. He said that a woman had accused Evan of "waving his penis" at her; the cop solemnly informed Evan that if he was ever seen in the park again the police would "ruin" him. When Evan asked to see the woman, he was refused.

One weekday afternoon I visited the baths next to a "Teen Mission," a religious center for rescuing adolescents. The baths were dim and under



repair and there were only about six or seven souls padding about. No pool, no sun deck, just a dangerous-looking hot tub and one forlorn barbell on a pressing bench. A young man in his early twenties fluttered past in his towel. He was wearing a silver choker on which bits of green glass had been threaded. His teeth were stained and broken; his expression was at once sweet and nervous, like Jane Wyman's. He asked me, "Are you from up here in Kansas City?"

"No, New York."

"I hear that's chocolate city."

"Chocolate... oh. Don't you like black people?"

"I like to dance with black chicks, but these black men are so pushy. They think you're just dying for it. When my lisp starts coming out, they get so excited. One of them says to me, 'If you keep asking for it, you're going to get it.' Some of them are pretty nice, I have to admit."

One had the feeling he'd take up with anyone who bothered to court him. He was ready to be courted. When he saw I wasn't going to, he nimbly decided that I would be if not a suitor then a sister. He sat beside me on the pressing bench in this room where the air conditioner was losing its battle against the day outside. The heat stole over me like a lover, trailing fingertips of sweat down my body. My friend smiled conspiratorially; there was a gala glint in his eye. He was up in Kansas City, where they've gone about as far as they can go.

"I grew up in a town of 2,500 people, where I thought I was the only gay, but I ran into a high-school classmate in a gay bar in Columbia and he told me half of our graduating class of eighty is gay. Now they're all married except me. My first old man was an officer in the Army. I answered an ad in a gay paper, but the soldier who had run it had decided in the meanwhile he was straight, so he gave my picture and phone number to his Army buddy. I went with that guy for a while, but he ditched me when I got too old."

"How old?"

"Twenty-one. Now I live with my grandmother and I'm a nurse in the hospital. Lord, if all the gay people on the hospital staff got together and screamed you'd hear us clear over in St. Louis. Of course, I think all men are really gay."

"All?"

"Maybe some are bisexual. My mother's second husband was gay. Before she married him, she was warned by his ex-girlfriend, but

Mother just thought that woman was jealous. I never slept with him, though he tried plenty hard."

"Why not?"

"She'd liked to have died if I'd tried; we're very close. Got a third cousin who's gay. I met her at a party and after we talked a long time we figured out we're kin. She works in a rest home—big fat beer-drinking dyke." After he imparted each unit of information he subsided into silence until a new happy thought sprang into his head.

"Right now," he said, brightening, "I'm excited over this man at the ice cream drive-in back home. He's very... what's the new word? Macho? Yeah, he's that. He's always eyeballing me. The other night he asked me to stick around till closing time. Then we went out in his car someplace and smoked some weed. He kept swearing and saying 'Faggot this' and 'faggot that.' Finally I upped and said, 'Look, leave my sisters be.' He said, 'Thank God' and took off his pants. He may have looked... macho, but he was queer as a three and had me inside him in two seconds without Vaseline." He subsided. Sighed. "There's not

much going on where I live. Did you hear the Ku Klux Klan has taken over Joplin? Now, they're dangerous. It was a nice town but it's gone red."

"Red?"

"Redneck. There's a bar here in Kansas City for reds called the Red Door." He inched closer. "Did you ever go in drag?"

"Not really. When I was thirteen I wore makeup on the streets—I was a flame queen."

He nodded. "I wear drag only at private parties, though once—this was the wildest moment of my life—I stood in the square in front of the courthouse in my hometown. I was wearing hot pants and hose. The pants were real cute: two rows of sequins above the cuffs and outlining the pockets and fine silver threads dangling down. No one was out; it was ten at night and everyone was in bed. If someone had rode by, honey, I'd of rushed to my car. But I stood there in the town square and I just screamed and screamed." He shrugged. "I don't know why. But I couldn't stop screaming—that's how gay I am."

As we talked a man in his fifties, his



**P.M. PRODUCTIONS**  
1604 BROADWAY · N.Y., N.Y. 10019

**PRESENTS THE VIDEO CASSETTE OF FRANCIS ELLIE'S**

# MEN COME FIRST



**Also Starring**  
**Brian Granger**

**\$65<sup>00</sup>**  
**ONLY**

VHS or BETA

MAIL TO: P.M. PRODUCTIONS, DEPT. M; 1604 BROADWAY, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

SEND ME ☐ VHS ☐ BETA VIDEO CASSETTES OF "MEN COME FIRST" at \$65.00 each. TOTAL ENCLOSED \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: SIGNATURE REQUIRED TO FILL ORDER  
I/We understand that I/We are acquiring these video programs for home and non-theatrical use only. All other rights including broadcasting are reserved and duplication is prohibited. I confirm by my signature that I am of legal age.

(Signature) \_\_\_\_\_

**SEND \$1.00 FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF ALL PM PRODUCTIONS VIDEO CASSETTES**

**INCREDIBLE!**  
Things Never  
Seen Before!  
First "All Male"  
Daredevil Stunt!

**X-Rated**  
**Color**  
**All**  
**Male Cast**

**Guest Star**  
**GEORGE PAYNE**

ORDER FORM

ORDER FORM



## PHYSIQUE FLATTERY

- AT HOME
- POOLSIDE
- DISCO
- QUICK WASH
- QUICK DRY
- NO IRON



Style #341.  
Show off your manly physique in this silky, nylon jersey jumpsuit. Full front zipper with shirred waist gives you guaranteed sex appeal. Black, White or Blue.  
SIZES: S-M-L

**\$1999**

Add \$1.75 for postage & handling. 6% Sales tax. For C.O.D. enclose \$5.00 deposit. Allow 2 to 6 weeks delivery.

Regency Square, Inc., Dept. 4507  
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca. 90028

## EMPIRE ESCORT and MODEL service



**New York**  
**(212) 873-4554**

powerful body covered with white hair, kept finding excuses to walk by. We were, after all, among the very few people available for cruising. When my friend went off exploring, the older man engaged me in conversation. His earnestness almost embarrassed me, as though he had grown up in a world that demanded more complete honesty than mine did. He was a retired Army officer, and he possessed an admirable military directness. How else can I explain his ease in telling me so much so quickly? To be sure, he had a need to talk and must have welcomed someone willing to listen. He told me that he'd been in Kansas City for eight years, ever since his retirement; his wife was from Kansas and owned a house here. Until two months ago he'd been drinking so heavily that his liver was now shot. Recently he started attending a gay AA which as few as three, as many as twelve people go to.

"I think I drink because of my homosexuality. I attribute being gay to the fact that as a child I had a heart murmur, which made my mother over-protective. I've always been gay. I like to suck cock. I admire beautiful bodies."

"You have one yourself," I said.

"I'm working on it. I swim every day. But I'd like much bigger arms."

He paused. "I don't want to be gay," the man said unemphatically, as though he had just turned the page and read the first sentence he found there. "I like straight people. I'm used to it. I like playing bridge with other couples too. But I'm afraid things may fall apart with my wife. She's slim, she's a good dancer, she knows how to draw people out, she's an ideal companion. But sex with her..." He looked away. "For years she thought I was just undersexed. Now she knows I'm gay; I told her. We read *The Homosexual Matrix* out loud to each other. We went to a marriage counselor for two months (he was a real fool). My wife wants me not to jack off or go to the baths; she thinks that will make me so horny I'll want sex with her. But it won't. I wish she had a lover. What do you think I should do?"

"I have no idea," I said, feeling that it would be presumptuous to offer advice to someone in a situation so foreign to my own experience. I did suggest they could move to a more liberal community where his wife might receive some support from understanding friends—but I wonder if such a place exists. I could have offered examples of other people's

Barry Gable presents:

After Bob and Kip Noll  
two more of the  
**EXCITING NOLL FAMILY**  
in Sensual Color



**A \$20.- VALUE**

★ **BOTH for only \$15.00**  
including postage from:

## HOUSE ONE

6047 Vineland Avenue  
North Hollywood, Calif. 91606

*I am over 21, and authorize you to send to me your special offer:*

**MARC and JEFF NOLL**  
**Both for \$15.00**

M

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....  
STATE.....ZIP.....  
SIGNATURE.....  
enc: ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.  
☐ MasterCard ☐ BankAmericard  
Bank Charge #.....

Expiration Date.....



Ex. Date



(Canadian Residents add \$1.- per magazine)



## Free Phone Sex

GET OFF OVER THE PHONE

Call Our Sexy Ladies or  
Have Them Call You!

If No Answer Call 1-800-238-5759

P.O. BOX 22705 Memphis, TN. 38122

## TEN INCHES POSSIBLE!

Would you like to have an 8, 9 or 10 INCH COCK? We can give it to you! All you need is the **DESIRE** and to make the **DECISION TO ACT TODAY**, and in **SIX WEEKS OR LESS**, depending on how you respond, you could have a **COCK UP TO 10 INCHES LONG**. No fancy creams to use, no capsules to take and no artificial appliances to wear. Experience the pride of displaying your **BIG COCK** to your favorite playmate, she will be amazed and delighted at just the sight of it. Imagine the erotic sensations when you slip it into her, filling her completely. Don't wait the sooner you order the sooner your fantasies will be realized. We can't guarantee that everyone will acquire a cock ten inches long but it will be a **MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES**. Send \$6.95 to **ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES**, Dept. 4507 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

## FREE SEX ACTION PHOTOS

Plus GIANT "NO BULL CATALOG" featuring the greatest selection of sex products, films, photos, books, magazines, etc. Plus a valuable **FREE GIFT**. Adults 21 or over, state your age. Just send \$1 to cover postage & handling to: Parker Sales Co., Dept. M4, P.O. Box 203, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

## PREVIEW VIDEOTAPE!

**20 X-Rated  
All Male Films  
as shown in the  
finest Gay Theatres  
on a one-hour  
VHS or BETA  
Videocassette  
for only  
\$65.00**

(Or send \$1. for our complete catalogue.  
Catalogue sent free with cassette order.)

Please Send Me \_\_\_\_\_ Preview Tapes  
(\_\_\_\_\_ VHS, \_\_\_\_\_ BETA)

At \$65.00 Each Plus \$3.50 Per Cassette  
For Shipping and Handling  
(N.Y. Residents Add Sales Tax.)

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE.

I am enclosing \$\_\_\_\_\_ in ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O.  
or charge it to my ☐ Mastercharge ☐ Visa

ACCT. NO. \_\_\_\_\_

EXP. DATE \_\_\_\_\_ INTERBANK NO. \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

(SIGN YOUR NAME AS IT APPEARS ON CREDIT CARD)

MAIL TO: DEPT. M

# LAMBDA VIDEO

P.O. BOX 323, EAST ROCKAWAY, N.Y. 11518

arrangements, but each depended on the couple's creativity, freedom from convention, emotional resources, money, and so on. My favorite professor in college lived with his wife and children, his wife's admirers, his own leather boys and assorted strays in a great house on top of a hill—but this menage was built on his wife's wanting a complex, fascinating husband and on the husband's tireless energy in inventing and sustaining new forms for love. It also depended on her considerable wealth.

What could *this* man do, however, he who truly loved his wife and felt uncomfortable among gays? Was he to abandon their bridge games for smoky discos? What saddened me the most was the thought that he and she might have been happy together had they found a form to accommodate their dilemma, a way of naming and imagining their relationship. Our society, with its single word *love* and its single institution of marriage, is pitifully impoverished.

That evening I hit the bars with a man who seemed to like me though he did say, "You have a touch of larceny about you." We went everywhere. Most Kansas City gays live in the Plaza area and there can be found the best bars. The Dover Fox was my favorite, a disco with a tiny but crowded floor. A remnant of the past is the Redhead (some call it the Deadhead). We had to push a speakeasy button and wait to be rung in. The bar is circular, dramatic red fabric draping the top and crystal drops inside the canopy. On the walls are mirrors, sconces and murky "Old Master" oil paintings—the "elegant" gay taste of the past. The owner, of course, is heterosexual. Another popular disco is the Sundance. These bars are all within walking distance (though no one walks) of Country Club Plaza, a fifty-five acre Spanish folly, the nation's oldest shopping center. A nearby restaurant, Places, open twenty-four hours a day, is a hangout for gays after the bars close.

Kansas City, in spite of (or perhaps because of) its conservatism, is a thriving center for hustlers, male and female. Black hookers were all around my Holiday Inn, wearing blue cotton athletic shorts trimmed in white and knee-high athletic socks, even in 103-degree weather. One woman drove past me in her Thunderbird and called out, "Wanta date, honey?" The boys—scruffy, loud, dangerous—hang out in and around the Patio, a bar with an Aztec motif. One black hustler, glam-

## THIRD WORLD STUDIO'S BLACK KNIGHTS



20 HOT NEW BLACK MODELS  
and you'll get our quarterly bulletin  
\$8.50 Post Paid—Sign over 21



## THIRD WORLD STUDIO

P.O. BOX 520 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60690



**FOR A LIMITED TIME!**  
All the magazines and books you want. Very HOT, very RAUNCHY, very GAY. Loaded with sizzling action, thrilling colors and explicit text to please every taste and desire. Retail prices up to \$10. They can be yours for as low as \$1 each. NOT A GIMMICK!

☐ 5 Magazines only \$6 ☐ 5 Books only \$6  
☐ **SAVE!** all 10 above only \$10  
add \$1 extra per order for postage



J. MASON TOWER Dept. 4507  
7471 Melrose Ave., L.A., CA 90046

**5 FULL COLOR PORN REELS!**

ANY 125 50  
REEL REELS REELS FOOT REEL

ANY 10 15 25 3.00  
REEL REELS REELS CATALOG

RBG COLOR IMPORTS • Box 39604, Dept. M4 • L.A., Cal. 90039

**Just Imported from Sweden**

**Super-Sale 200 ft. 9mm**

**Gay**

- #1-Sucking Singles
- #2-Virgin & 14" Stud
- #3-4 Way Daisy Chain
- #4-Lollipop Sucker
- #5-Wrangler & Young Buns

## GROW MASTER PUMP

**GUARANTEED TO ENLARGE** your PENIS from flaccid to **MAXIMUM SIZE & ERECTION**. This could mean a 1 to 3 inch increase in length and up to 1/2 inch in thickness! No pills. No lotions. No artificial devices to wear. The **GROW-MASTER** induces dilation of the tortuous arteries which in turn cause swelling of the cavernous erectile tissue thereby **ENLARGING the PENIS**. We guarantee that our **NEW GROW-MASTER** will **PROMOTE EXPANSION** of the erectile tissue and **DEVELOP YOUR PENIS** to maximum possible thickness and length. Send \$19.95 to **GROW-MASTER**, Dept. 4507 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

**\*NOW ONLY \$1000**



## VIBRATING BUTT PLUGS



Butt Plugs with or without REMOTE CONTROLLED VIBRATOR. Designed to STAY PUT without a strap. Made of smooth rubber for easy insertion & cleaning. **WON'T COLLAPSE.** Jumbo 6"x3" dia. at largest point with or w/o vib. \$19.95. Large 5"x1 3/4" with or w/o vib. \$15.95. Small 4 1/4"x3/4" \$10.95 (no vib on small plug). **PLUGS**, Dept. 4507, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

☐ Jumbo ☐ Lg. ☐ Vib. ☐ No Vib. ☐ Sm.

**8mm 200 ft. FIVE DELICIOUS! GAY FLICKS!**

**ALL FIVE \$50.00** (each \$12.50)

**MEN WHO LOVE BOYS**

- #1. Young Peter
- #2. Long Dong
- #3. Backdoor
- #4. Macho Stud
- #5. Group Way

LES - Box 61, Dept. M4 Glendale, CA 91209 **CREME OUT**

## WHEN YOU'RE HOT YOU'RE HOT!

**NEW! EXCLUSIVE! and AVAILABLE ONLY BY MAIL**

10 all boy magazines bulging with guys that are masculine and hung. See hot solo action or perhaps you like erotic play with plenty of stroking fingers, great chewing & sucking scenes and glorious butt-pounding. Even more mouth watering are our prices!



cover prices are \$6, \$7.50, \$8 & \$10

**OUR PRICES**

any 2 for \$6  
any 5 for \$13

**OR**

all 10 for \$20 plus:

**FREE \$10 GAY GUIDE OF THE WORLD**

☐ DYNAMIC DUOS ☐ HEAVY EQUIPMENT  
☐ GOOD HEAD ☐ COCKSURE  
☐ MAN TO MAN ☐ YOUNG, HUNG & READY  
☐ SPECTACULAR STUDS ☐ SHAFT  
☐ DING DONGS ☐ DELECTABLE BUNS

Add \$1 per order for postage & handling

order from: **ACADEMY DISCOUNT** Suite 609, Dept. 4507  
6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028

NAME (print) \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

orous behind white sunglasses, a purse under one arm and a *Vogue* under the other, pranced three steps ahead of his weary, more mundane "husband" with a tweezered mustache, a pleasant round face, and a Banlon shirt holding his belly as though it were a baby asleep in a sling. The bartender, a fifty-five-year-old redheaded woman, listened patiently to the hushed, nonstop rap issuing, like hissing, gurgling spring water, from an obvious glandular case. In the toilet one graffito read, "Wanted Hot Young Dude 6" Want Regular Blow-Job Whites Only Apply." It was followed by the response, "You to Illiterate For Me You Ofay Whore."

My companion, whom I'll call Hank, drove us to his "town house" in a "village" twenty minutes out of town. The real estate boom has not yet sent prices up in Kansas City. At the time of this writing a modest house sells for \$25,000; a two-bedroom apartment in the fashionable Plaza area goes for less than \$200. Hank's town house, which he owns, costs just \$250 a month in mortgage payments; he pays an additional forty dollars to the community for the upkeep of the lawn, the pool, the recreation center.

I had never visited such a "village" before. We drove beyond the city limits and into lush farmland. A turn-off brought us into the community, masked by thick trees from the highway. The streets described graceful arcs. Frosted globes on slender poles lit the clipped lawns and the walkways to the houses. There are four "units" in each building; Hank is the second owner of his unit and accordingly the oldest resident in the village. Half the people here are single, and of these, five are gay men. "Last Saturday we took over one end of the pool," Hank said, laughing. "I'm sure the straights must know."

Since Hank was terrified I might describe him, I'll say nothing more beyond registering that he regards Kansas City as more congenial than the other cities where he's lived. He detested the coldness and competitiveness of New York and the drugginess of Los Angeles. Seattle came close to the mark but Kansas City hit bull's-eye. Only in Kansas City has he found an unpretentious set of down-to-earth gay friends and a congenial way of living well without great expense. I suppose a city can't be all bad where FFA still stands for "Future Farmers of America."

**BE A BETTER LOVER!**  
No Pills - No Gimmicks.  
SIMPLY APPLY CREAM AND SOFT  
LATEX SUPPLEMENT OVER  
HEAD OF PENIS.  
ADDS INCHES  
IMMEDIATELY  
SHIPPED IN PLAIN WRAPPER

**ENLARGE YOUR PENIS... SECRETLY**  
NO ONE WILL KNOW EXCEPT YOU!

only \$4.95

MKG CO. • BOX 2127, DEPT. M4 • TOLUCA LAKE, CA 91602

## BIG COCK

Latex Rubber Penis

**FREE GET ACQUAINTED OFFER**

LIFE-LIKE IN EVERY WAY! FOR MORE FEELING! INTRODUCTORY OFFER INCLUDES FULL SIZE COLOR CATALOG—RUSH \$1 for POSTAGE & HANDLING

Cap Dist. • Box 85067 Dept. I/M4 • L.A., CA 90072

**ADULTS ONLY!**

## 3 FREE

**ALL MALE SEX BOOKS**

Just send \$2 to cover postage & handling

ADONIS  
Dept. 145071, 6311 Yucca St.  
Los Angeles, Ca. 90028

or 10 BOOKS for only \$5

**GUARANTEED NOT A GIMMICK!**

**NEW!**

## A LONGER THICKER PENIS

**This PROVEN NATURAL WAY**

Penis enlargement is now possible with our new **TRANSVERSE VACUUM ENLARGER** — a precision instrument, easy to operate, extremely durable and scientifically designed to make the male organ LONGER and THICKER. Also helps control premature ejaculation. See results the first time you use your enlarger. See how really BIG... how FAT... how LONG... how HARD and STIFF your own penis can get! And it feels so good to use!

Reg. \$35 • Our factory direct price only **\$19.95**

**FACTORY DIST.**, Suite 609 Dept. 4507  
6255 Sunset Bl., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

## ENLARGE YOUR GENITALS

Not satisfied with the size of your penis? Now a NEW 6" x 9" book pursues all possible penis enlargement methods in detail 60 actual HOW-TO-DO-IT photos. Also includes before and after photos. Must be 21 years or older. State your age.

send \$6 to: **ALL MAN** Dept. 4507  
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028

**ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

## SUPER SEX PACKAGE

— SELECT ANY FOUR —

- 6 Hard Comics • Gay Sex Novels
- Peter Pleaser • Adult Playing Cards
- Suck movies • 25 Male Snapshots
- Penis Creme • Boy Magazines

One per customer so we can introduce our NEW giant color catalog!

**RUSH: SUPPLIES LIMITED**  
ENCLOSE \$2 REFUNDED ON 1ST ORDER

**CAPPIE**  
BOX 85067, DEPT. M4  
LOS ANGELES, CA 90072

## HARD CORE COMICS

Your all time favorite comic strip characters - Popeye • Jiggs • Dagwood • Orphan Anne • Superman and many more in a variety of sexual adventures.

25 EXPLICIT COMICS \$3.00  
FULL 8MM FILM \$4.00  
BOTH FILM & COMICS (save \$2!) \$5.00

**FREE! MOVIE VIEWER WITH EVERY ORDER FREE!**

E.B. Comics, Box 8476, Dept. M4 Universal City, CA 91608

☐ FREE 8mm MOVIE VIEWER!

## FEATURE LENGTH HARD-CORE COMICS! 8mm CARTOONS

ALL NEW - THRU THIS AD ONLY

☐ SNOW WHITE ☐ EVER HARD  
☐ 3 SAM SADDLESORE ☐ PRINCE VALIANT

6 COMIC STRIPS & COLOR CATALOG \$2 SENT FREE WITH EVERY ORDER

**CARTOON FILMS**  
Box 39604, Dept. M4  
L.A., CA 90039

**LOW DISCOUNT PRICES**  
1 for \$3  
2 for \$5  
ALL 4 for \$9





# Your Favorite Photo Enlarged to a GIANT POSTER

**We'll Blow Up Any Photo Or Picture to a  
GIANT WALL POSTER IN FULL COLOR OR BLACK AND WHITE**

Send us any color photo or picture and we'll blow it up to a GIANT SIZE poster, with all the clarity and more of the details than the original. Of course, the better the original, the better the poster.

Turn the special photo into a poster for your bedroom, den or office. Give a memorable eye-catching, impressive gift to anyone you want to please. Fast service. Your original photo returned undamaged.

## PRICE AND SIZE

1½ Ft. x 2 Ft.—Full Color .....	\$16.95
2 Ft. x 3 Ft.—Full Color .....	\$22.95
2 Ft. x 3 Ft.—Black & White .....	\$ 9.95
3 Ft. x 4 Ft.—Black & White .....	\$14.95

## \*LAMINATION SPECIAL

Laminated color photo poster will not tear or buckle. Can be washed. Lies flat, won't curl. Permanent hanging device.

## \*Add to color photo price:

1½ x 2' .....	\$7.00
2' x 3' .....	\$8.00

Black-and-white posters made from any B&W or color photo or Polaroid, cartoon or magazine photo. Mail handy order coupon or list your photo and poster orders on a separate sheet. Please give exact quantity of each poster wanted.

In sending negative or slide, add \$1 per poster.

Print your name and address on the back of each photo to ensure prompt return.

## S.G.A. Inc.

800 2nd Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Enclosed find photo(s) for Posters as indicated.

(Add \$1.85 postage and handling per poster.)

*Sorry: No C.O.D.s  
Allow 3-4 weeks  
for delivery.*

\_\_\_\_ (qty) Color, 1½' x 2' @ \$16.95 ea.

\_\_\_\_ (qty) Color, 2' x 3' @ \$22.95ea.

\_\_\_\_ (qty) B&W, 2' x 3' @ \$9.95 ea

\_\_\_\_ (qty) B&W, 3' x 4' @ \$14.95 ea

I enclose payment of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

(N.Y. residents, add sales tax)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

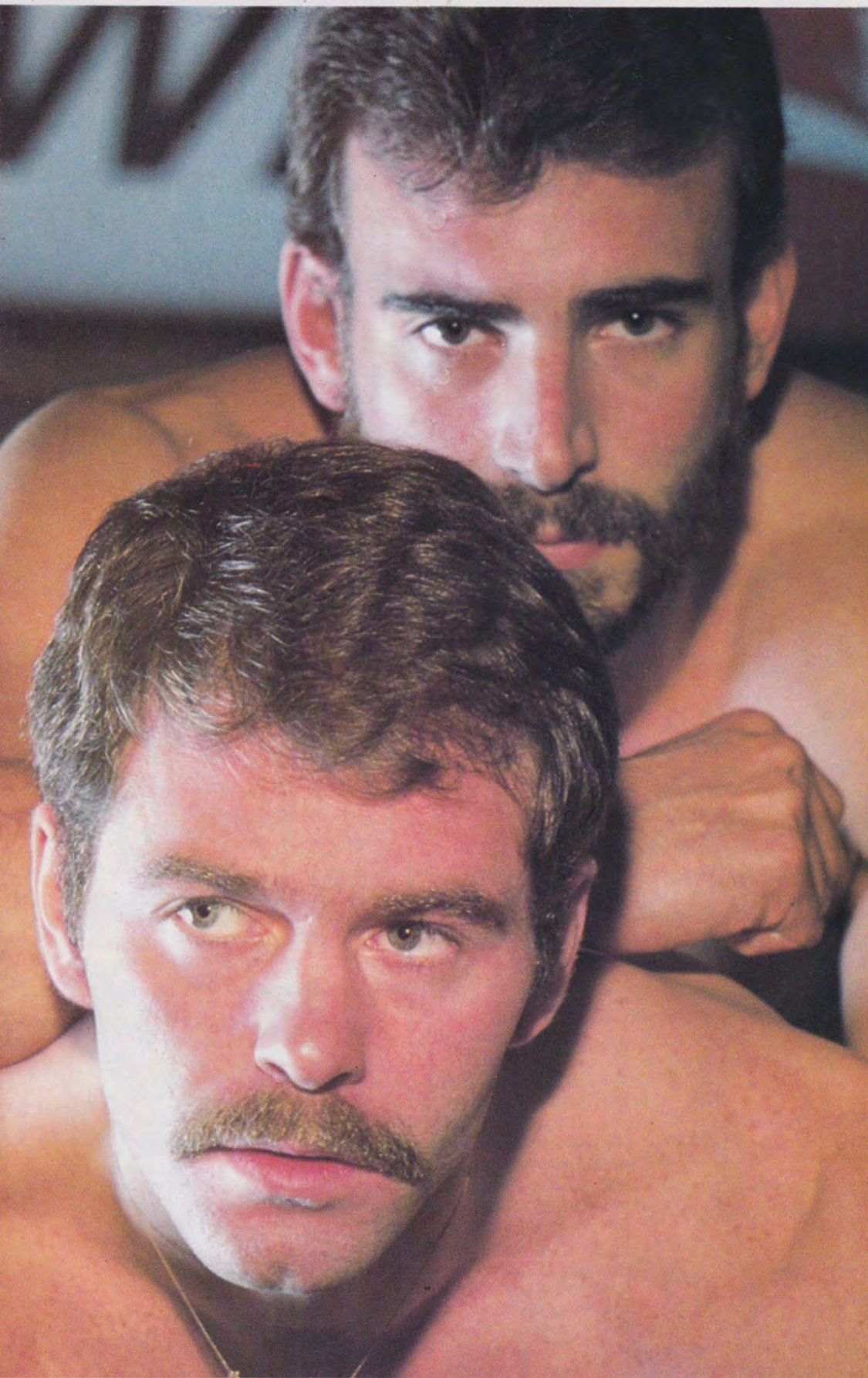
STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_





# SKIN: PITSTOP

One of the attributes of the *Mandate* Superstars (see page 44) is their remarkable staying power. These men aren't ones who pass through a photographer's studio for a one night stand of posing. They're men who linger in your memory and imagination.

Certainly Al Parker has proven that he is a fixture in the pages of numerous magazines, on the stage in nationally toured live shows, on the screen in dozens of skin flicks.

Al has decided that the time is ripe for his own independent venture into the world of skin, and the result is the new Surge Studios. To join in his debut, Al has chosen one of the few men who could be his match in front of a camera: Humpy Buck Stevens displays raw sexuality that matches Al's. The two of them are the stars of the latest, and one of the hottest, skin magazines we've ever seen. *Pit Stop* is a fantasy of sex between a racing car driver and a mechanic. The grease flows, the pistons churn and the valves are tuned in this sizzling hot publication.

It gets *Mandate*'s A-1 rating for hot!

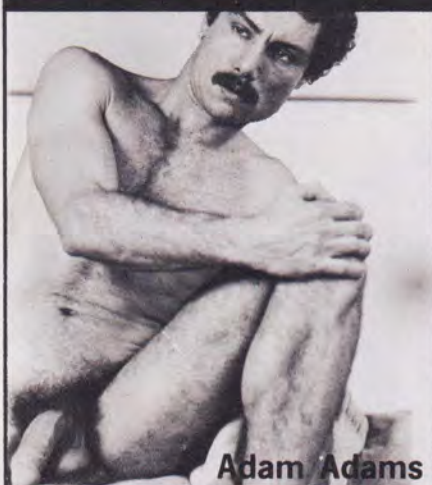
To get your copy of *Pit Stop*, send \$8.50 to Surge Studio, Box 624, Hermosa Beach, California, 90254. Make sure you state you're over 21, since this one isn't for little boys!

Photograph by Surge Studio



TARGET presents  
THE BULLSEYE COLLECTION

# Uncut!



Adam Adams



Ed Wiley



Kyle Hazard

AT LAST—  
THE MOVIES YOU HAVE BEEN ASKING  
FOR—WITH THE MEN YOU WANT TO  
SEE—ARE AVAILABLE NOW!

If you are one of the many asking to see our superstars in up-front action movies, your time has come. These BullsEye Productions happily maintain the standard of excellence that is the hallmark of our own films. Nowhere else will you find men like these in films like these embodying the hunkiest dudes around, superlative camerawork and high-quality color prints.

#### BELOW THE BAYOU

Starring ROD MITCHELL & KYLE HAZARD

Two very hot studs in a lushly romantic setting. Rod is cruising down the river on his houseboat when Kyle's canoe hoves into sight—and quite a sight it is! In a matter of moments Kyle is on and his clothes are off. Rod's hospitality leaves Kyle limp, but he's not complaining and neither will you! (400 ft. color)

BEP-100...Super 8...\$52.00

BEP-108...Reg. 8...\$52.00

#### FULL CIRCLE

Starring BRUNO & ROD MITCHELL

Rod gets around and this time he's on Fire Island helping his workout buddy Bruno through his paces. But Bruno's idea of a good workout has nothing to do with sit-ups and Rod has a few ideas of his own as well! Together they manage to work off their excess energies in a more interesting manner, starting on the deck and working their way into the bedroom. But no bed can confine these two mighty titans for long and soon they're back outside again for the second double-whammy climax! (400 ft. color)

BEP-200...Super 8...\$52.00

BEP-208...Reg. 8...\$52.00

#### BEDTIME STORY

Starring ED WILEY & ADAM ADAMS

We've cornered the meat market in this tale of a sultry day on the New York piers. Hunky, levi-clad studs saunter along the docks, eyes at crotch-level. Among them,

Rod Mitchell



Bruno



two stand out: the dark and sensual Adam and the hawklike Ed. Contact is made. "Let's go to my place." "Sure." Home. The bedroom. Mounting excitement as plaids and bluejeans give way to hard muscular flesh. "Wow!" "Let's do it!" Yea! (200 ft. color)

BEP-300...Super 8...\$35.00

BEP-308...Reg. 8...\$35.00

ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

TARGETPAK-2: Our lavish portfolio with several full-color brochures illustrating our line of movies (including the new BullsEye line), magazines, artwork, etc., plus samples and information on how to get on the confidential Target mailing list....\$4.00  
SPECIAL OFFER: Order any one of the films in this ad and we'll send you Targetpak-2 free! Please state that you are over 21.

PO BOX 692-Z, CANAL ST.  
STA., NEW YORK CITY 10013

# Target



"If it Fits,  
Print It"

# The Venice Times

THE WEATHER

Cool in canals  
Balmy on bridge  
Sultry at San Marco

VOL. MCMLXXIX....No. 2

©1979

VENICE, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1754

40 Lira  
beyond Alps

25 LIRA

## PASSION AT PALAZZO

RUSH LIQUID INCENSE BLAMED

Casanova Clarifies Crazy Carousing

VENICE, Saturday, June 1 — G. J. Casanova, former army officer and Secretary to His Eminence Cardinal Aquaviva, explained today in an exclusive interview the circumstances surrounding last night's frenzied escapades at his palazzo in the exclusive San Marco section of Venice. Casanova stated that he had invited several young ladies for a Friday evening of chamber music. Late in the afternoon, he received a small bottle of RUSH Liquid Incense® from a friend, who whispered certain unbelievable claims concerning it. Casanova placed the gift aside and thought no more about it; until, during the evening, one of the ladies inquired as to its strange nature.

In attempting to open the jar, Casanova alleged that his arm was jarred by the fiddle player's bow, and the incense spilled upon the carpet. Claiming the grounds of chivalry, Casanova refused further comment on what ensued prior to the scene represented (at right) by our roving artist who arrived at the palazzo at 4:00 am.

Casanova's only further comment was to inquire as to where he might obtain more Rush "whatever the cost." Investigation reveals that Casanova was expelled from the Seminary of St. Cyprian at age 16 for "scandalous behaviour." Unconfirmed reports suggested that his lengthy vacation in Paris last year may have been prompted by certain threats made by several irate Venetian husbands.



To get your RUSH Liquid Incense® or Sensual Body Lubricant™ by mail order, see our coupon on page 64 of this issue.