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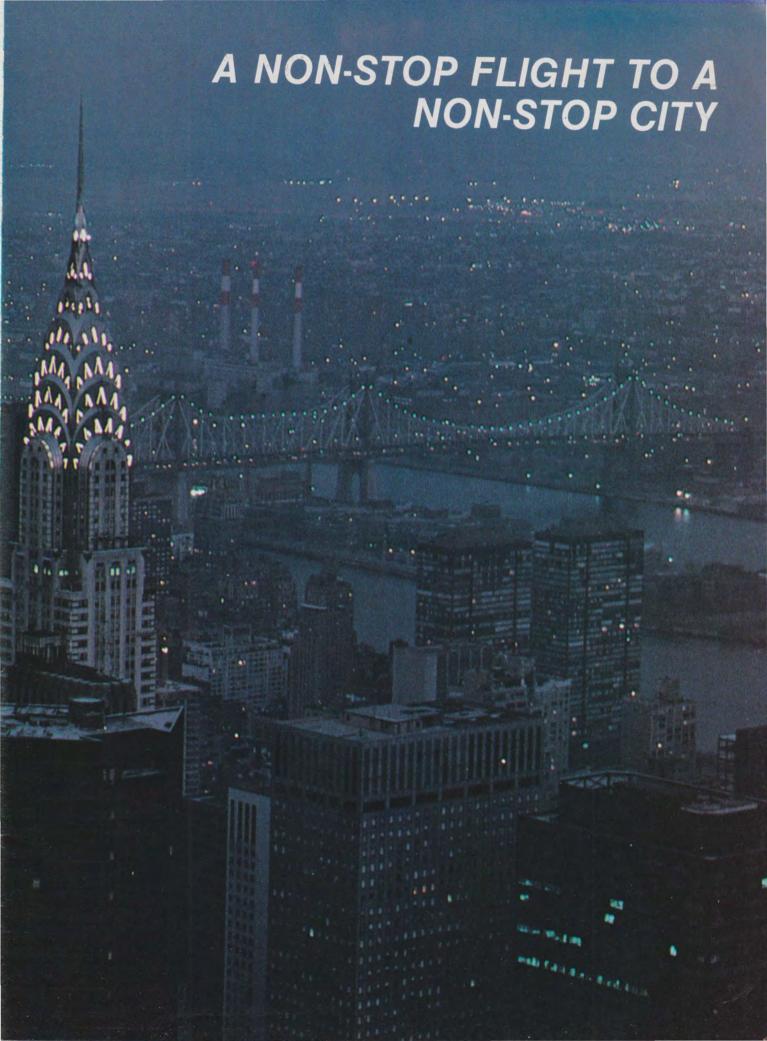
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COVER

The intensity of his eyes is spellbinding. Once he has fixed that gaze on you, you have no more chance of escape than an innocent fly in a spider's web. But if the spider looks like this, who wants to leave? We're staying. Photo by Bill Bader.

CONTENTS

EROS

FICTION: CUMING OUT PARTY/10
NUDES: CLASSIC/17
NON-FICTION: MAN SEX/34
CENTERFOLD: ARM'S LENGTH/39
FICTION: BED & BREAKFAST/63
PICTORIAL: BARE IT ALL/69
LETTERS/82

ENTERTAINMENT

MARILYN MONROE/4 BOOK EXCERPT: GAY AND GRAY/14 TRAVEL: STRANGERS IN PARADISE/52 NON-FICTION: SEX & THE MARRIED MAN/66

FEATURES

MANDATA/30 TURNTABLE/59 TAKE OFFS/74

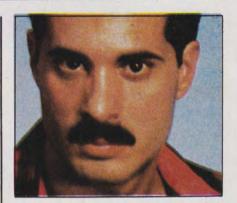
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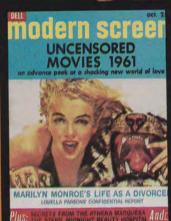






Milton Borle CROWNED LAFF KING













THE ONLY BLONDE IN THE WORLD

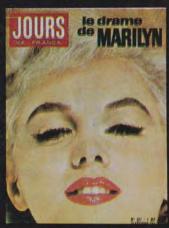
BY FREEMAN GUNTER
ALL ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE COLLECTION OF JERALD MASTROLI

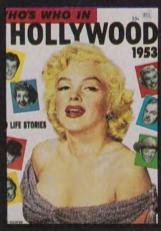
or about ten years, from the early Fifties until her death in 1962, it seemed to be true. Marilyn indeed appeared to be the only blonde in the world. No one else, no movie star, no political, musical, or artistic figure on earth captured the attention and imagination of the entire world as did this glowing blonde woman, Marilyn Monroe. She became a part of the American consciousness as no other had, not even the other actreses, Harlow, Grable, Alice Faye, her predecessors in the great tradition of Hollywood blondes of which Marilyn was the last and most dazzling example.

All America saw itself reflected in her blazing smile and in the hope that radiated from her bright eyes. In foreign lands, she was the symbol of all that was American. At the height of her fame the Russian journal Nadya said, "When we think of the American way of life, we think of bubble gum, Coca-Cola, and Marilyn Monroe." Her every move was top priority news to be reported upon and dissected by the media. She was all things to all people; one looked at her and saw what he wanted or needed to see. For heterosexual men, she was the ultimate piece of ass, the most fuckable girl in the world. Women, when they were not reacting jealously to her overwhelming charms, saw her deep vulnerability and viewed her as an ally, a woman who, like them, could be hurt and yet could overcome all adversity and triumph. Children loved her, too, for her dazzle, her softness and a unique sweetness that she projected, a sweetness that seemed to say, "I like you. We can understand each other and share our secrets." Preachers and the self-appointed guardians of public morals were outraged by her unashamed sensuality and she was denounced from their pulpits as "the most undressed star in the movies." If their "Wrath of

Marilyn is dizzy from the heights of power as she leaves her apartment to head for her last public appearance, President Kennedy's birthday gala at Madison Square Garden. Her publicist, Pat Newcomb, follows her through the lobby to the limousine.













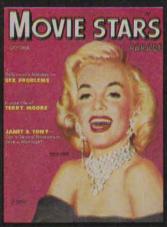










































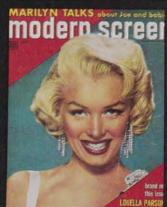










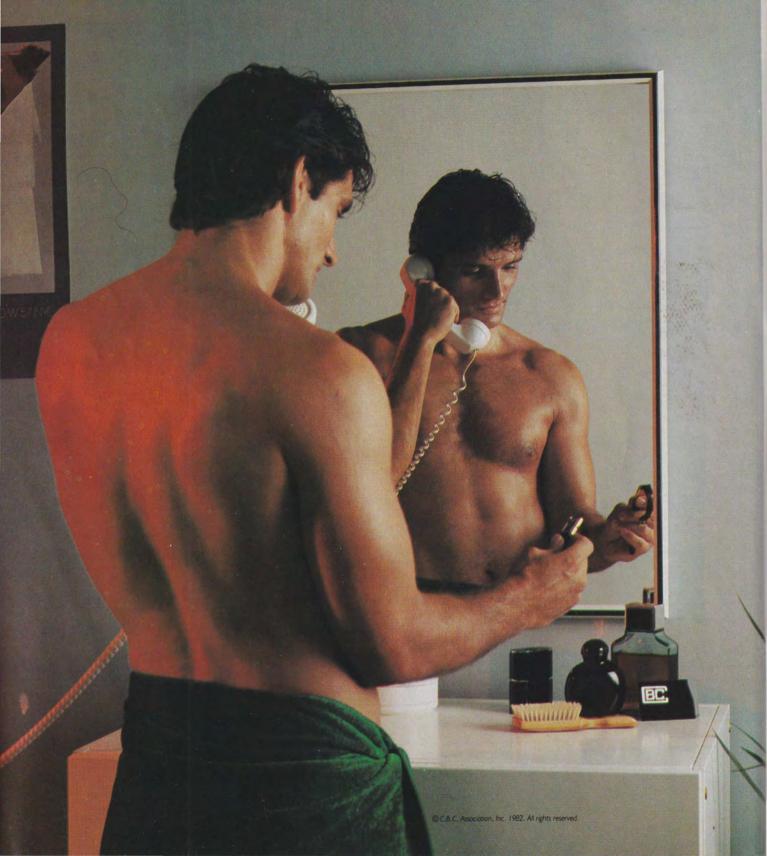


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God" hurt her, it didn't show, so free of any appearance of shame or guilt did she seem to be where sex was concerned. She was a radiant flower child long before this point of view would be understood and accepted.

Gay men and women, blacks, and all who felt themselves to be oppressed identified mightily with this golden girl who seemed to have the world in the palm of her hand and yet was troubled, couldn't sleep at night. Marilyn Monroe was more than just another movie star, more even than a great cultural icon.

And she was glamorous! More glamorous than anyone had ever dared to be before. Or will ever be again. To one who lived through the Fifties with Marilyn Monroe, the so-called glamour girls of today, the completely interchangeable Farrahs, Cheryls, and Pias are a pretty pathetic lot, pallid and watered down to some corporate idea of the lowest common denominator.

But Marilyn was unique. Her uniqueness was recognized by the public at large, as soon as the film studios grudgingly let it be seen. The public made Marilyn a star because they demanded another and another Marilyn Monroe movie. As Darryl Zanuck, her boss at Twentieth Century Fox, was to say after her death, "I didn't discover Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn discovered herself through the eyes of her adoring public." It was true. And, most miraculously of all, Marilyn's public continues to adore her as much as ever, maybe even more than ever before.

Her legend, like that of any true Goddess, refuses to be in any way diminished by time. It actually increases. People who resisted her appeal while she lived among us have succumbed to it at last. And very few who loved her then have forgotten her now.

Her look, that illusion which she so carefully and cannily created for and out of herself, refuses to become dated. It personifed the glamour of the Fifties and then went on to define the glamour of the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties as well.

It seems incredible that Marilyn has been gone for twenty years because she continues to exist for us as vividly as ever. In any given year, her photograph can be seen beaming at us from magazine covers on newsstands, as if nothing had happened to her. Or to us. Although she has taken on an aura of spirituality, she is still there for us in the glory of her adored persona. Marilyn

is still, as she always was, "wet lips and a wiggle, cotton candy and the Fourth of July."

When Marilyn Monroe was in midcareer, her presence was so dazzling and disturbing that no one was willing to believe she could stir us on so many levels, look so lovely and still be talented. Controversy was forever raging as to whether or not she could act. People didn't even seem to want to believe that she did her own singing on the screen, which, of course, she did. Hindsight has shown her to have been a remarkably skillful screen actress whose every comic turn contained surprising resonances. But even if she had not made any movies, the sheer talent she displayed in the creation, maintenance, and projection of her image in the press and in still photographs is formidable in

Marilyn arrived at screen stardom through the avenue of cheesecake modeling and still photography. It took her a long time to get there. She was already twenty-six when she really made her mark but when she made it, it was indelible.

Marilyn seems so spontaneous and breezy that the effect belies the concentration and hard work she used to create it. Emmaline Snively, who ran the Blue Book Modeling Agency and got Marilyn her early jobs, was her first coach and mentor. She taught Marilyn a model's tricks of makeup and grooming. She assessed Marilyn's looks and showed her how to hide the small flaws that she found. Miss Snively was immediately impressed with the girl's determination and dedication and many years later said of her. "Girls ask me all the time how they can be like Marilyn Monroe. And I tell them, if they showed one tenth of the hard work and gumption that that girl had, they'd be on their way. But there will never be another like her.'

Snively showed Marilyn, actually Norma Jean at the time, that the distance between her upper lip and nose seemed too small when she smiled and it made her nose look too long. Marilyn was shown how to move her upper lip down over her teeth when she smiled to balance her face. She immediately recognized the truth of Miss Snively's suggestions and worked tirelessly to make them a part of her. She practised endlessly in front of mirrors until she could do this and other tricks of the trade with ease. But this

Continued to page 81

CURTING OUT PARTY

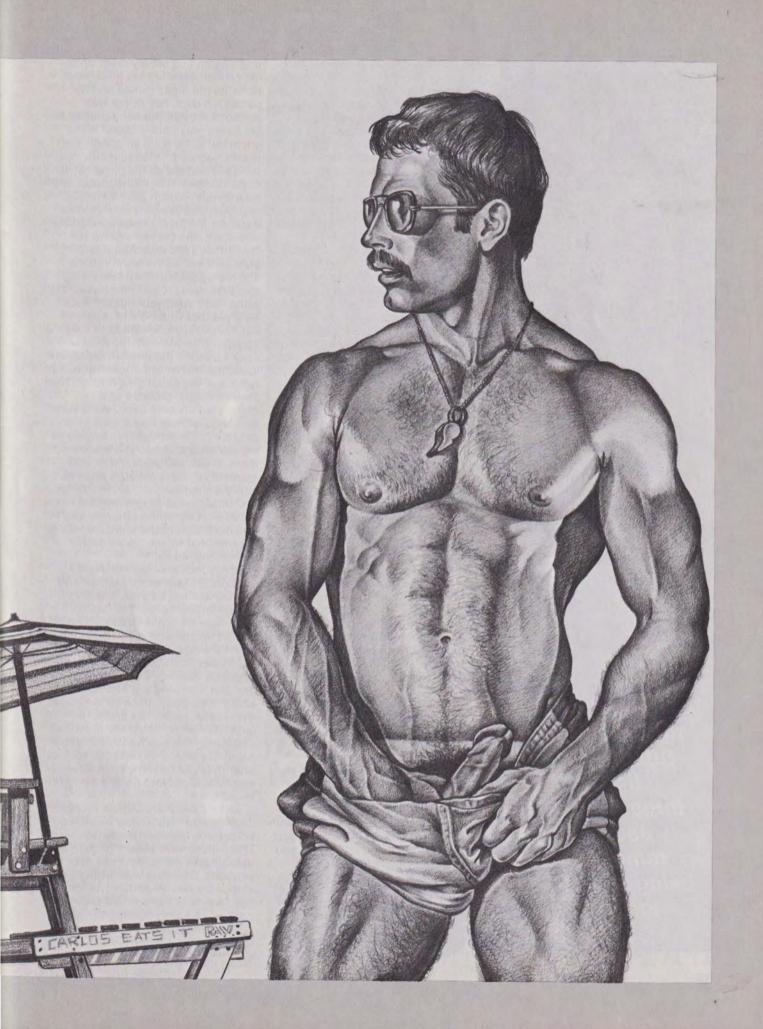
"Jack became so engrossed in the film action that he didn't notice the man who sat down quietly beside him. After a while he felt a hand rest on his thigh."

Jack was somewhat nervous as he and Sandy boarded the ferry for Fire Island. He had heard so much about Cherry Grove. Was it really a "Garden of Eden" or the "Devil's Handiwork"? People said it was both combined. What made Jack nervous was that this trip to Fire Island was his first open experience as a self-proclaimed gay.

It was his roommate Sandy who convinced him to go to the island for a weekend. "The place is fantastic; no automobiles, jackhammer drills, or deafening noises, just a beautiful stretch of beach that runs thirty-three miles. Jack, it's the most restful spot in the world, and to get out of miserable, hot New York City and swim and soak up the sun is like being at a real life Shangri-la."

It sounded enticing. To listen to the sound of the surf had great appeal for Jack. A transplanted Californian and budding architect, Jack was still not accustomed to the overwhelming bigness and noise of Manhattan. Outwardly, Jack looked and even epitomized the well-muscled macho dude construction worker. He was six feet with wavy blond hair, blue eyes, a moustache, and a handsome body, but inwardly, 22-year-old Jack was very introverted. He had always kept to himself, especially when his parents, who were both classical musicians, were killed in a car accident when he was five years old. Jack was then reared by his grandmother and later studied architecture in college.

He always knew he was different from the other boys; not outwardly perhaps because he surfed at Malibu, rooted for the L.A. Dodgers and Rams, even dated lots of girls, but, nevertheless, he was different. All his friendships were superificial; he never had a close friend to confide in, to talk about his attraction for men rather than women. Everything remained bottled up inside of him except when he masturbated nightly with his sexual fantasies about making love to a man, or two



"A moan on his right made Jack turn. In the dim light he saw three more men. Jack couldn't remember ever being so sexually aroused as he was now." men or even more. Yet one day he'd have to confront the situation head on, but he kept pushing the day back until he realized he was a 21-year-old virgin and going nowhere fast.

He thought of moving to San Francisco where so many gays lived, but New York won out because of the never ending building construction boom there. He still had to make a living and becoming an architect was very important to him.

During his first year in Manhattan, Jack, out of habit, kept mostly to himself, but soon his sexual needs became so powerful he had to do something about them. No matter what one's sexual preferences were, it wasn't healthy to remain a hermit as he had been doing all his life. It was time to put his masturbation fantasies behind him and experience some real live sex. He knew he was too inhibited, but didn't know how to proceed until that fateful Sunday morning in late June.

When Jack saw his first Gay Parade marching up Fifth Avenue, he was both astonished and happy. He couldn't believe that so many, many gays from every walk of life were proudly marching and proclaiming their lifestyle. Though he was tempted to join the marchers he held back, but he did follow the parade into Central Park. When he heard all the speeches made in behalf of gay rights, it loosened him enough to make some kind of move that very day. As it was, the warm summer nights and his sex dreams had aroused him to a fever pitch. His dreams were filled with faceless men with huge pricks. They caressed his body and face before sticking their cocks in his mouth and then exploding rivers of semen down his throat.

After the parade, Jack felt relaxed enough to try his first gay movie house. He became so engrossed in the film action that he didn't notice the man who sat down quietly beside him. After a while he felt a hand rest on his thigh. Jack's instinct was to move away, but the man quickly whispered, "Please don't make a scene. I'm married with a family and I swear I'm clean. I just wanted to touch and I'll leave if you want me to." Something in the man's voice made Jack sense he was telling the truth, and when the stranger said he'd do everything without asking for anything in return, Jack said okay, but he was still cautious.

The man's hand touched Jack's

thigh again and slowly crept up to his crotch. Jack felt his prick swell up to its full eight inches and he parted his legs. His zipper was pulled down and the hand groped for his bare penis until it found it and encircled it. "It feels so good," the man whispered. "Please let me suck it." Jack nodded as his pulse raced in excitement. He groaned when the man's warm mouth gripped his dick and then swallowed it down to the base. As the man's head bobbed up and down, the feeling was so fantastic that Jack exploded a huge cum load inside the warm mouth. The man gobbled down every drop and then said, "Can I jerk myself off while I still suck your cock?" Jack said yes, but when the man pulled out his prick, Jack wanted to touch it and did. Now the man moaned as Jack caressed the smooth organ. He loved the feel of the prickmeat in his hand and began rubbing it hard. The man stiffened, groaned and ejaculated his cum over Jack's hand and fingers. Jack had a sudden urge to taste it. He brought his fingers to his mouth and licked the semen off them. It was delicious. From that moment on, Jack realized what he had been missing out of his life for not allowing his sexual desires to be satisfied. Before the stranger left, he told Jack to visit the lounge upstairs if he wanted to see "more action than in the movie."

When Jack entered the lounge upstairs, he was both stunned and excited at what he saw. It was in the lounge where he met his future roommate Sandy, a stocky youth of middle height with reddish blond hair. Whereas Jack was introverted and rather inhibited, Sandy was the opposite. Sandy was proud of being gay and if anyone put him down about it, he could back up his pride with brawn as well as brain. He didn't, however, flaunt his lifestyle. Of course, the way Sandy felt about being gay was only imparted to Jack after they got to know each other. At this time, Sandy was still a stranger to Jack.

As he looked around the lounge, Jack couldn't remember ever being so sexually aroused as he was now. There must have been a dozen guys indulging in the wildest sex acts imaginable. One man was sitting on a chair with two other men standing before him. Both men had their cocks alternately fucking the sitting man's mouth. Then one man began shooting all over the guy's face. As

Jack watched in fascination, the second dude rubbed his stiff prick in the cum covering the man's face and then inserted the cum-covered cock back into his mouth.

A moan on his right made Jack turn. In the dim light he saw three more men. One was leaning forward against a wall, his pants down, his bare ass exposed. A second man had his prick locked deep into his bunghole and was fucking it with firm yet gentle strokes. The third participant was kneeling behind the man doing the fucking. He had the man's buttocks pulled apart and was tonguing his asshole!

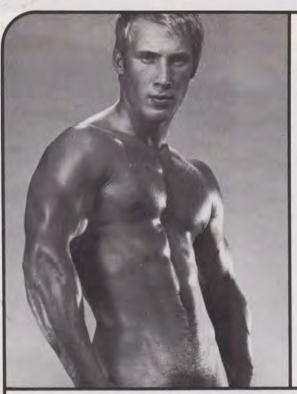
As Jack moved forward for a closer look, a friendly voice spoke in his ear. "Just a quiet Sunday afternoon at the movies, eh?" Jack laughed until Sandy whispered to laugh quietly. "It's impolite to break a horny mood," he said. Jack apologized and then said this was all new to him. "Are you kidding? Or are you just coming out of the closet?" Jack said it was a combination of both and started to explain about his

non-sexual sex life until Sandy politely cut him off. "Listen, man, this really isn't the place or time to get into true confessions. Why don't we get it off first? Then we'll grab some food and you can tell me your

life story."

Jack watched Sandy unzip his fly and take out a magnificent thick cock. He watched Sandy enter the bathroom and followed him. In the bathroom Jack witnessed another scene that almost made him come in his pants. A young naked man with a chunky looking face was sitting on a toilet seat while another fellow had his prick stuffed deep into the young man's mouth. But what drove Jack wild was seeing two other men enter the toilet booth and begin pissing on the chunky man's face! Jack's cock was so hard and hot he had to take it out lest he rupture himself from the strain of his pants. The chunky youth was in total bliss with what was being done to him. The man fucking his mouth pulled out his cock and shook it over the sitting youth's tongue now sticking out. As huge spurts of cum splashed out on the youth's tongue and mixed with the flowing piss of the other men, Jack jerked himself off.

"You should've given your load to Chunky," Sandy's voice said in his ear. Slightly embarrassed, Jack pulled up his zipper and asked who Chunky was. "The golden shower Continued to page 38



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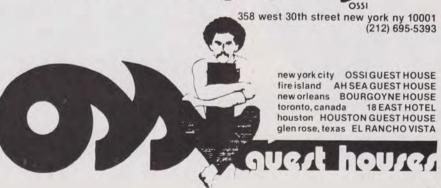
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AYS. RAY

This article is exceeped from Gay and Gray. The Older Homosexoad Man, by Raymond Berger, to be published in September by the University of Illinois Pass. Copyright 1982 by The Board of Trustees of the University of Illinois, and reprinted with permission of the University at Illinois. Press.

Matthew greeted the interviewer a the door of his modest but comb table home. The neighborhood in long since become "dangerous in his characteristic way, Matthe d but. hew was determined to remain in this place in which he had inve-much effort and love. The p rugs, overstuffed chairs, an led so ersian and antique furniture leant a varm Leeling to the living room, and the erviewer immediately felt at easy. With his slight drawl and genteel manner, Matthew was the picture of a southern gentleman. There was an air of calmly achieved success about him. The interviewer could not help but think. "What a lovely grandfather this man would make.

It was during the 1918 flu epidemic that I lost both parents. I was eleven at the time, and my only brother was ten. Father was a physician in the army stationed at a base to a neighboring state, and mother was a nurse who had assisted Father in his duties as a country doctor before he was conscripted into the service. Most people today wouldn't understand how tragic a flu epidemic was in those days. Hardly a family was teft untouched.

While Fall er was away, Mother

went into the military stockade in our little town to administer aid to the men who had taken ill. She was highly criticized for going in among the men, for that was something ladies in that little Georgia town just didn't do in those days. She was so selfless she never bothered to think of herself, until she became ill. Father got a leave and returned home to care for her because it was just impossible to get a doctor to travel out from the city. They were just too busy with the epidemic everywhere.

I saw Father the first night he was home and I didn't see him again until he was sick with pneumonia. Father died and was buried one Sunday, and Mother died and was buried the next Sunday.

There was a considerable fuss between Mother's and Father's sides of the family as to who would have my brother and me. It wasn't a case of not being wanted; rather, too many people wanted us. There was quite a family counsel for several days. It was finally agreed that my uncle, Father's brother, would be the guardian and administrator of the estate, and he was so appointed by the courts. But my grandfather on the maternal side would not give in to it until my uncle signed papers that

BOOK EXCERPT

said we would live half of our time with Mother's people. Consequently, every Friday my brother John and I would change homes. We went to the same school each week but caught different buses.

Unhappily for us, Father had been of one religion and mother of another. So each week, in addition to the experience of a different family, we got alternate doses of two religions. Each time we switched homes we were exposed to a different church and a different minister. This experience made me begin to question organized religion. What the two ministers said often did not agree. and this prompted a crisis in me as to who was the real authority. How much can you regard a minister, and just what is his authority? As I grew older I realized that a minister preaches doctrine; he is not preaching religion. My faith is with God, not a particular church.

By the time I was in high school I knew I was attracted to other boys, but I had no idea that there was anyone else like me. This was the early 1920's in a small Georgia town and boys were expected to date girls, so I did. Dating a girl meant nothing more than having the companionship of someone for the prom, dinner par-

ties, or the like. I always thought girls were pretty and led charming lives—I envied them. I was fascinated by their clothes and jewelry and their freedom to have all the things boys were not allowed to have.

When I was little Father would indulge in the sorts of things that were considered appropriate only for girls. In retrospect, I understand why he did this. He bought me a dollhouse the size of a small room, complete with tiny furniture and running water and gas lights. It was a wonderful thing. I'm sure I was the only boy in Georgia who had a two-story dollhouse. When Father died, my uncle wouldn't hear of allowing me to keep it. I lost my treasure when the property was sold shortly after Father's death. The only thing I have left is a little tea set that was inadvertently packed along with the china instead of with the toys. That was saved for me.

There were other times when Father indulged my taste for feminine things. When I was nine our parents took us to see our first musical comedy, and it was a chorus line of girls with enormous ostrich-plume fans. They waved the fans and danced and sang the song "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its

"I knew I was attracted to other boys, but I had no idea there was anyone else like me. This was the early 1920's in a small Georgia town and boys were expected to date girls, so I did."



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BC. A member of the Club Bath Chain.

Own." To me this was the epitome of everything lovely and beautiful in life. Well. Christmas was approaching. and it was time for our annual visit to the store to pick out our Christmas presents. You see, we were not brought up on myths. There was no Santa Claus in our lives, instead, we were taken to the store and allowed to pick out just one present. One day shortly before Christmas I accompanied Mother on an errand to the department store in town, and in the front window they had a display with big feather fans like the ones in the musical. I tried to get Mother to buy them for me but she refused. Later that day we met Father for lunch, and when he asked me what we had done and if I had seen anything I wanted for Christmas, I told him about the fans. This led to guite a heated discussion between Mother and Father. Mother said I shouldn't be indulged and that the fans were far too costly anyway. Finally Daddy said, "We won't discuss it anymore."

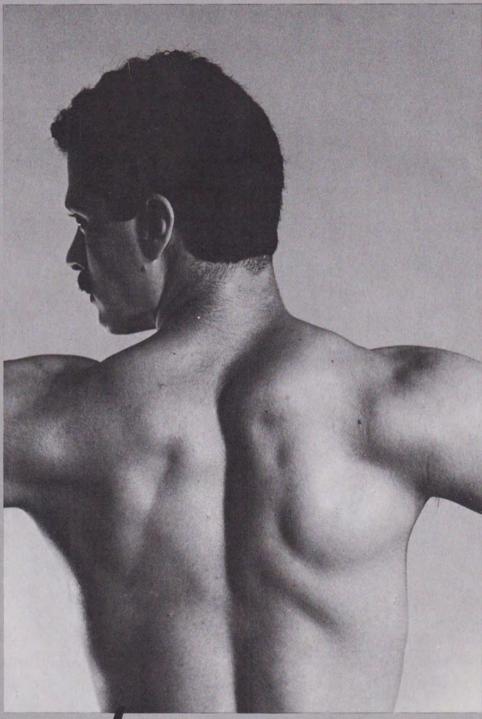
That was the last I heard about the fans until I went downstairs on Christmas morning and found a set of fans under my Christmas tree. I loved Daddy for that. I think that the worst thing that ever happened to me was his death. If he had lived, I would have had more opportunities—he would have seen to that.

Life went on without our parents, and in high school I did so well that I was sent off to college at some distance from home, at the age of sixteen. By then I had discovered masturbation, but I had never had a sexual experience with another person. In college I was attracted to several men and I knew they were attracted to me. I had a crush on one fellow in particular, and I recall being miserable whenever he had something else to do than to be with me.

It happened that one of my favorite high school professors came from the town where I went to college, and the summer after my freshman year I met him there. Mr. Bailev invited me to visit him at his mother's house, where he was staying for summer vacation. He was a young man, I would guess in his early thirties at that time. Of course to me he was an older man. We had dinner and afterward sat on the porch talking. He said, "There were things I could never talk to you about when you were in high school." We talked about how well we had gotten along and I told him that he had been my favorite professor and that I used to

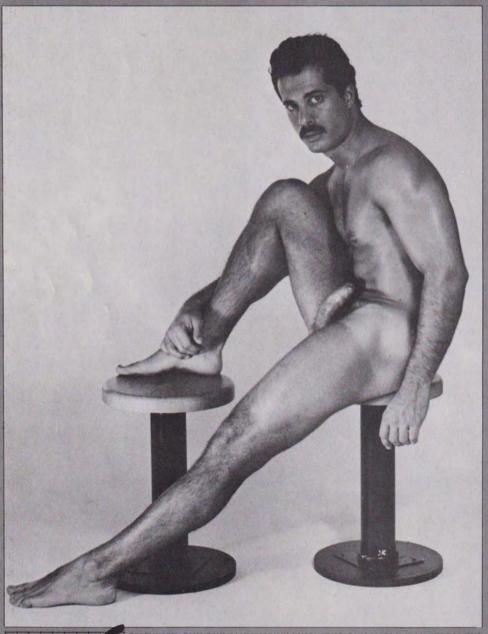
Continued to page 29

CLASSIC



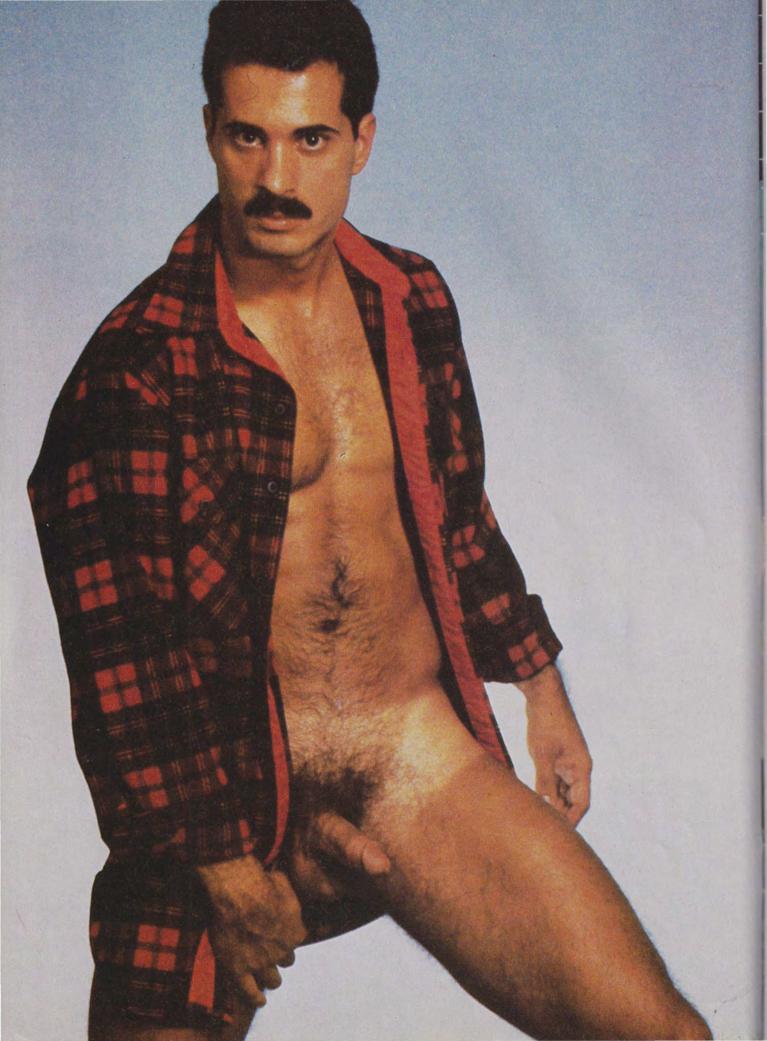
F OUR HANDSOME COVER MAN HAS YOU WANTING MORE, WAIT UNTIL YOU
SEE THE REST OF HIM! HIS DARK GOOD LOOKS AND BIG BROWN EYES ARE A
TURN-ON IN ANYONE'S BOOK. BUT THE FINELY-CHISELED MUSCLES AND
HUNKY MANLY ATTRIBUTES ARE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO PLACE HIM IN LEAGUE WITH MANDATE'S
HOTTEST MEN. GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE RISE, HE'S ANOTHER CLASSIC BEAUTY AT
HIS BEST! PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL BADER

CLASSIC

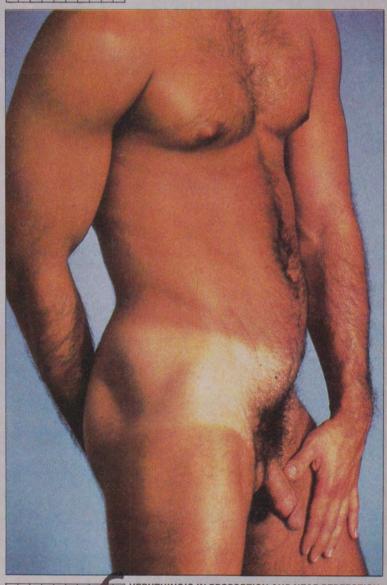


OMEWHAT SHY BUT ALWAYS WILLING, THIS GUY IS ALL MAN. FROM THE TIPS OF HIS TOES TO THE TOP OF HIS CURLY-HAIRED HEAD EVERY PORE IN BETWEEN FAIRLY OOZES WITH JUICY SEX. LINGER ON THOSE BULGING PECS AND WORK YOUR WAY DOWN TO THE THROBBING MUSCLE BETWEEN THOSE HEAVY HAIRY THIGHS. THE SUMMER HEAT SEEMS COOL COMPARED TO THE FIRES AT THE CENTER OF THIS HUNK'S BURNING NEEDS. PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL BADER



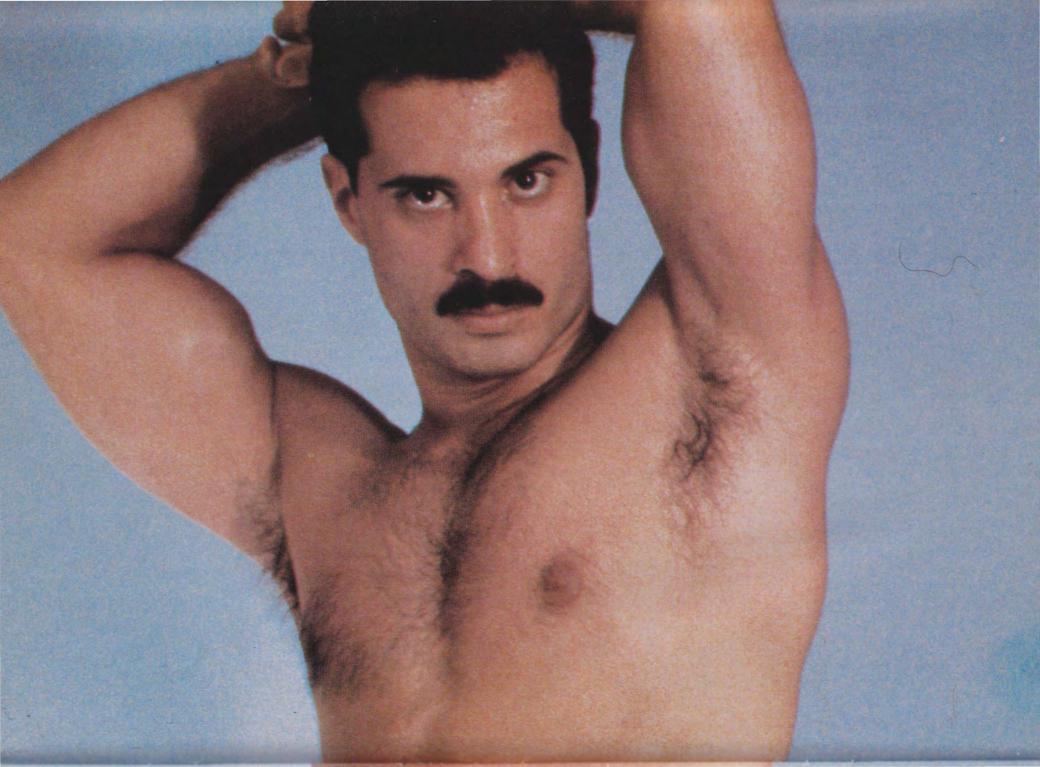


CLASSIC



VERYTHING'S IN PROPORTION AND NEAR PERFECTION.
THIS IDEAL OF YOUNG MANHOOD AT ITS PEAK IS EVERY
MAN'S FANTASY COME TRUE. ONE LOOK AT HIM AND
YOU CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER IF MICHAELANGELO HAD THIS MODEL OF MALE

SEXUALITY IN HIS MIND WHEN HE CARVED HIS OWN CLASSIC DAVID. PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL BADER





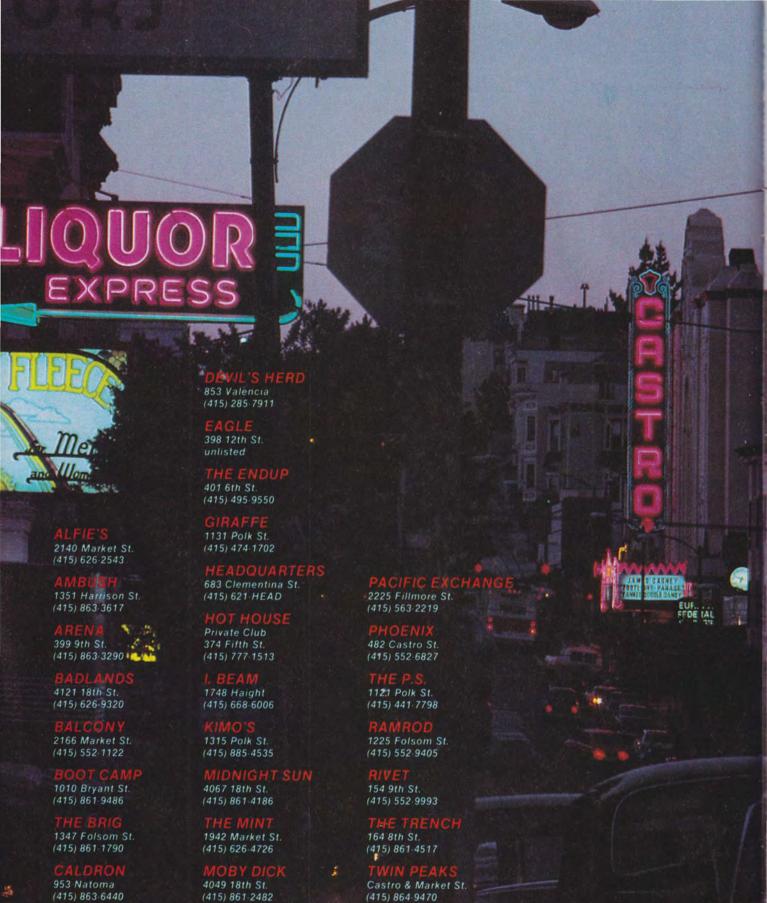


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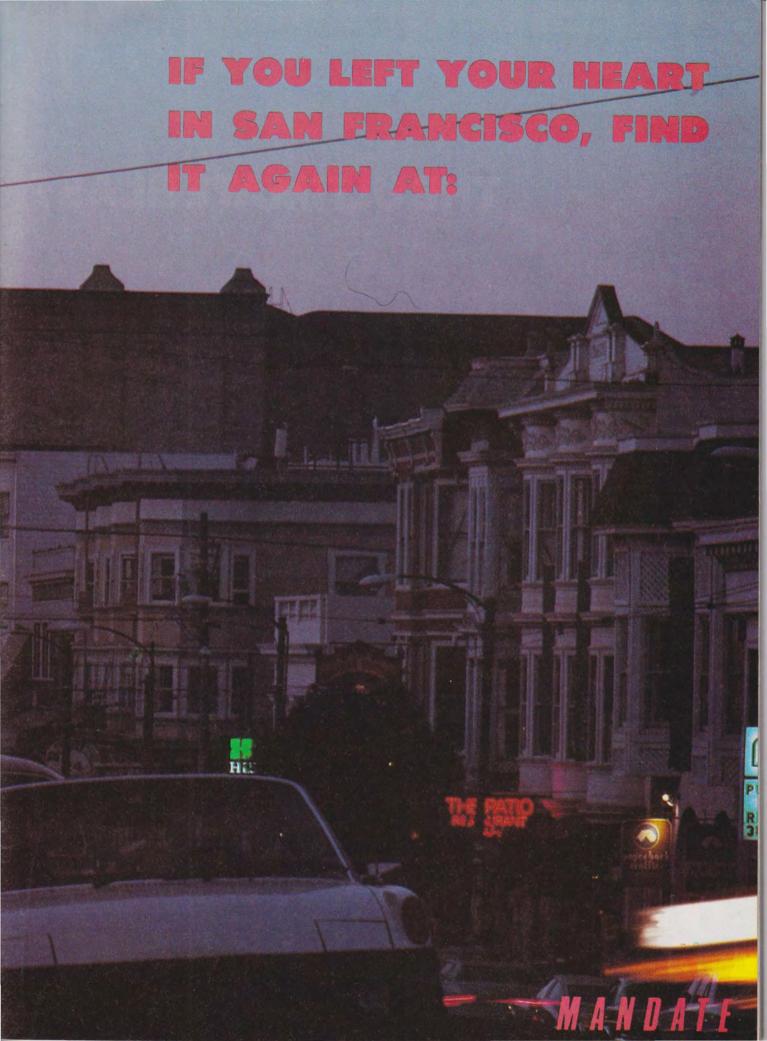
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GAY AND GRAY

Continued from page 16

sit and get pleasure just watching him. He replied, "Well, I'm right then—your are a homosexual."

I was thunderstruck. I had never spoken to another human being about such things. I told him that I had just heard of that word only a few months ago, that I didn't really know about it, and that I would appreciate it if he would explain it to me. I sat there and listened to him for a long time. He was very informative and even explained the various ways two men could make love. When he finished he said something for which I was not prepared. He told me, "If you ever want me for a sex partner. I will be available." That left me feeling so uncomfortable that I soon made an excuse and left abruptly.

As I was walking home, I regretted this terribly and said to myself, "You're not being honest with yourself." I was afraid that he would feel I had rejected him and think that I didn't want him. So I walked back and we talked. But there was still a great hurt between us. I really had the feeling that I wanted this man to love me, but, not being experienced, I rejected the whole idea. I felt that I had hurt him and felt guilty about this

After that day I decided that I would see Mr. Bailey again, but this time I would make the overtures and we would have sex. This never came to pass.

I had my first sexual experience back home during the next Christmas holiday. It was quite unexpected. There was a man who lived in our small town from the earliest time I can remember. Father had hired him as manager of a farm that he owned in the adjacent countryside. When Father died he got a job in town. He was an older man by this time, I would guess in his forties or early fifties. He lived in a small house back of my grandfather's place with his elderly mother.

I passed him in town one day and he invited me to visit him. He said he rarely got out these days because of his mother's poor health. So the following week I got on a horse and rode out to his place. I said, "What did you want with me?" He said, "My, you've grown up to be a pretty young thing." I asked, "Is that what you wanted to tell me?" and he said, "Yes."

He talked about a lot of events from the past. When we were small children he would take a group of us swimming together, or sometimes he would mind us when the other adults were busy. He was a sort of caretaker for us boys. In retrospect, I'm sure he enjoyed looking at our bodies, but he never made any advances.

We talked about the good times we had at the swimming hole where we would all take off our clothes and dive in. Then he asked me if I would take off my clothes so he could look at me again. Now, there had been several years while I was in high school and then college that I had had nothing to do with this man—he was a stranger. But I was ready to experience this new thing that Mr. Bailey had talked about. I removed my clothes and the old caretaker went down on me.

I didn't really feel any desire, and I certainly was not attracted to this man, but the experience was not unpleasant. I felt a great deal of kindness toward him. After it was over I had to deal with the consequences. This was the first time I had actually had a sexual experience. All that year back in college I had been hounded with temptation, but I had held my feelings in check because of the fear that this was something terribly wrong. The one fellow of whom I was so fond asked me for a "Christmas kiss" before he left for vacation, and I complied: then I worried about whether I had done something evil. Now, after the experience with the old man, I knew I had done something really serious.

Had I committed a terrible sin? Was this behavior acceptable in the eyes of God?—Or was I some sort of freak? Did I just happen to meet two people who are this way? So I decided that the following summer when I returned home I would try to locate a minister who could answer my questions.

That summer I decided I had to find a minister in another town. I wouldn't dare talk to anyone who knew Mother's or Father's families. In those days the railroads would have one-day excursions to various cities. During the summer months the rates were lower than the regular fare, and you could leave in the morning and return at night. I took the excursion to Columbus, where I found a Methodist minister, who unfortunately turned out to be a double-crosser. I lost faith in ministers because of him. He managed to find out where I

lived, and he contacted the Methodist minister in our town and told him about my trip and what I had said. He urged the minister to counsel me. Well, the minister tried to counsel me, but my resentment at this breach of confidence was such that I didn't want to have anything more to do with the Methodist church.

But I was determined to get some answers to my questions. I found another excursion and this time traveled all the way to Atlanta. It was Sunday morning and I attended the service at an Episcopalian church, I listened to the minister preach, and he seemed a nice enough fellow. I approached him after the service and told him I had come a long distance to see him, but that I didn't want to give him my name or tell him where I was from. I just wanted to tell him my problem. He asked me to wait in his study. He came in and in a very nice manner asked me what I wanted to talk about. When I had finished he looked upset and said, "If I'd had any idea that you wanted to talk about that, I wouldn't have given you my time. You people that are inclined to find that kind of pleasure in life should be destroyed."

So there I was. I had sought help from two ministers; men who I was taught to believe were sources of wisdom and understanding. One man double-crossed me, and the other one totally rejected me. Where was I to turn? I had to make my own decision without any help whatsoever. From that point on I ceased to believe in churches and denominations. I figured that there was a relationship between me and God, but the churches just confused that. They had become commercial organizations bleeding the people and using them.

Rather than turn to the churches again, I came to the belief that I was born like everybody else and that my life, too, had come from God. If he had not wanted me to love other men, he would not have made me this way. This became a personal creed that I carried inside me wherever I went.

I did not know it at the time, but another event in my life was to substantiate this creed. It was the year after I had finished college. My aunt had stored all of Daddy's medical books and the china and all the mementoes he had left for us, and she approached my brother and me about disposing of these things. John and I decided that we would donate the medical books to the

Continued to page 50

YEAR OF GAYS

The International Gay Association (IGA) has announced that 1983 will be the International Year of Gay and Lesbian Action. The object of this year-long event is to call attention to repression of gays in all countries and to advance the struggle for gay rights. In April 1983 the IGA will hold a preliminary conference in Strasbourg, France to lay the ground work for the International Congress to be held in Washington, DC in June of the same year. For further information, write to the IGA American Liaison Office, 1369 Church St. NW, Washington, DC 20005, or the IGA International Headquarters, 10 Fownes St. Upper, Dublin 2, Ireland.



MISHIMA FILM BIO

Gay Japanese novelist Yukio Mishima (1925-1970) is the subject of director Paul Shrader's next movie. Shrader, whose most re-

cent effort is Cat People, has not yet announced the title of his work or the stars. Mishima, whose gavest novels are Confessions of a Mask (available in a New Directions paperback edition) and Forbidden Colors, (Berkeley paperback) committed ritual "seppuku" suicide, climaxed with a beheading by his lover. Despite his grisly end (which was tied to his right-wing political fantasies rather than to his homosexuality), Mishima wrote with great delicacy about unhappy gay and bisexual men in post-war Japan. Although the abovenamed novels are out of print in hardback, Knopf publishes Mishima's other books.

S.O.S.

Soviet film director Sergei Paradjanov, internationally famous for such works as Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors and Savat Nova. was recently imprisoned for the second time by Soviet authorities. Although he is charged with "consorting with undesirable persons," the main reason for the continued harassment is that Paradjanov is gay. Homosexuality, along with free speech and most religious practices, is illegal in the Soviet Union.

In 1973 Paradjanov went on trial for currency violations, black market activities, and homosexuality. He was acquitted of all charges except homosexuality, and has been the target of official Soviet ho-



IT'S MAGIC

Rollerena, widely known as "New York City's Fairy Godmother," now appears on greeting cards and posters, available from H. Wayne Bardy Enterprises, Box 1497, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10001. One of the more colorful local characters, Rollerena

mophobia ever since.
Paradjanov, 58, has long been politically outspoken, although not to the extent of being a major dissident like Andrei Sakharov and Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

MANDATE readers willing to help towards Paradjanov's release should write to Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, Embassy of the U.S.S.R., 1125 16th St. N.W., Washington, DC 20036. The letter should be politely worded, it should express concern for Paradjanov's welfare and safety, and it should ask the Ambassador to look into the case. Most important, it should urge the Soviet officials to release Paradianov from prison imMarch with an appearance on her famous roller skates. As she waves her magic wand over the thousands marching up Fifth Avenue in the hot June sun, a loud cheer swells from the crowd, and then the good fairy skates off into the Never-Never-Land of her magical city-kingdom.

graces every Gay Pride

mediately.

It is also important to send a copy of the letter to the U.S. State Department, since that agency is the most effective in pressuring the Soviets to release prisoners and to modify jail terms. Send a copy of your letter to Mr. Elliott Abrams, Human Rights Bureau, U.S. State Department, Washington, DC 20520.

In a related action,
French film directors Bertrand Tavernier and Alain
Corneau have gathered
more than 2,500 names on
a petition which seeks
Paradjanov's release and
permission for him to emigrate to France. Showing
its own all-American brand
of homophobia, Variety,

Photo credit: Tamotsu Yato, courtesy of Knopi

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

the show business newspaper, reported on the French petition with no mention of Paradjanov's homosexuality.

GOV'T. OFFICIAL COMES OUT

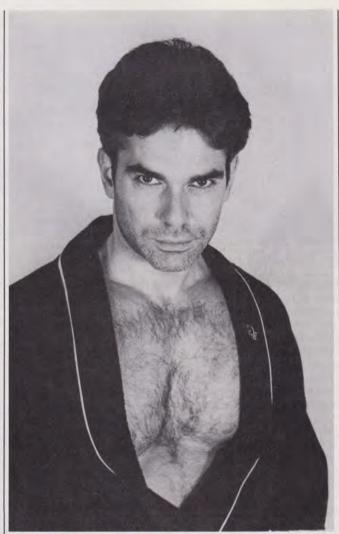
The story of Dan J.
Bradley, the departing president of the Legal Services Corporation, provides a vivid illustration of the anguish and waste caused by living in the closet. Mr. Bradley revealed to *The New York Times* that, after a 15-year government career, he is resigning from his official position and publicly acknowledging his homosexuality.

The 42-year-old lawyer's story is a familiar one to anyone who has had to live a double life, hiding his homosexuality from all friends and career associates while being forced to endure the inevitable and incessant jibes and wisecracks without betraying his "quilty secret." In his statement to friends and the press, Bradley revealed that he lived in terrible agony. "Until I finally came to grips with my sexuality about a year ago, and made up my mind to come out of the closet when I left this job. I lived almost every day in sheer, unmitigated fear," he said, "The fear that you're going to be discovered is always there. gnawing inside you, every time you enter a gay bar or slip off to another city for a gay party." Bradley spoke of the necessity of having to arrange with women friends to act as cover-ups and brag of his virility when the F.B.I. agents came around to make their routine background checks. A particular problem was in having to deal with homosexual issues in the legal services program in a responsible, compassionate manner without giving himself away.

"I remember being at a news conference with the Governor" (Reubin Askew of Florida) Bradley recalled, "when he was asked his position on Anita Bryant's anti-homosexual campaign in Miami and he said he supported it. Then he was asked if he would ever hire a homosexual and he said he would not. I had to loosen my collar to breathe."

Because he was able to have no real sexual identity or honest social life, Bradley threw himself into his work with Legal Services with total conviction. "It was my ministry," he recalls. "All those years when I was struggling with who I was...when I was literally hibernating, Legal Services was my life."

He expects many of the lucrative job offers he has received from law firms to be withdrawn now that he has come out of the closet. "That doesn't bother me in the least," he says. "It is a small price to pay for the burden I have shed. From now on the job will have to fit my life, and not vice versa."



SEX SYMBOLS

Nole Cohen recently appeared in Sex Symbols at The Glines in New York as part of the theatre's sixth anniversary celebration.
The play, written and directed by Arch Brown, is a romantic comedy about an actor on the verge of be-

coming a superstar. The plot revolves around a reporter who is interviewing him for a large metropolitan newspaper. The interviewer, however, already knows a great deal about the actor's past and about his private life. With such smoldering good looks, it will surprise no one if Nole Cohen himself becomes a superstar.



EDWARD II

Bertolt Brecht's rarely seen play Edward II had a recent production in New York by the Riverside Shakespeare Company. It depicts the time in England's history when King Edward II (1284-1327) devoted more energy to his male lover Daniel Gaveston than to his kingdom. The peers of the realm, looking with unsympathetic eyes upon such an alliance, intrigued for years to rid the land of "Edward's whore." One peer compares Gaveston to Helen of Troy as a creator of war and discord; eventually Edward's enemies succeed in murdering the King's lover. Edward never recovers from his grief.

When a confessor comes to his bedside just prior to Edward's own murder by the deceitful peers, the king names various sins great and small that he wants absolved. The priest asks him if he doesn't have some "unnatural vices" to repent of, to which Edward replies, "None at all." Brecht, a heterosexual, showed unusual sensitivity in adapting this play from the work of the same name by Christopher Marlowe, Shakespeare's contemporary. In addition to creating a stirring political drama, Brecht also shaped a tragic love story in which the heroes are both male. The photo shows Daniel O. Smith (left) as Gaveston and Timothy Oman as Edward II.

J/O

There are plenty of sex clubs around, but one that's head and shoulders above the rest is called MEN'S WORLD. It's been going successfully for over two years, and boasts an

active membership of more than 1,500 men. Predominantly devoted to the visual and physical pleasures of jacking off, this club has hot and hunky members in practically every major U.S. city, in Canada, and even some in far-flung places like Guam, Hawaii, France, England, South Africa, and Saudi Arabia.

Each i/o addict who joins receives a 24-page Directory of Members listing name, phone number, city, age, height, weight, and cock size. It also tells the man's erotic preferences. For those who want to remain anonymous, the directory is sent to them but their names never appear in it. The club has weight-lifters, college jocks, truck drivers, artists, and hot men from every walk of life. The common denominator for all is that they are into man-to-man

action, steamy sex, and lots of meat-beating. Phone j/o, which can be bought from some private entrepreneuers for as much as \$50 per orgasm, costs just pennies a call because of the reasonable membrship rates of MEN'S WORLD.

A six-month trial membership is \$15, and a full year's term costs \$25. In addition to the Directory, members receive a monthly supplement of 80-100 new names. All material is sent first-class mail. For further information, write to

MEN'S WORLD, Box 1616, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

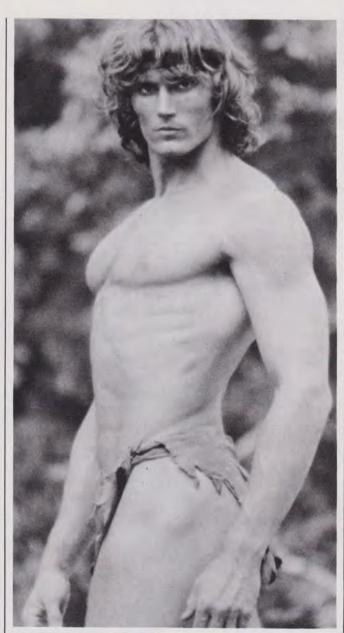


SUMMER RERUN

The third annual Gayrun, held in San Francisco in July, attracted over 1,000 runners. Sponsored jointly by *The Advocate* and by San Francisco Frontrunners, the 5K and 10K races took place in Golden Gate Park, with entrants coming from ten states and several

foreign countries. Large contingents from Frontrunners New York and Los Angeles took part also, and approximately one-third of the runners were women. Merchandise prizes were awarded to the winners, and all finishers received ribbons.

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT



AFTER TARZAN

You won't remember the sound of his voice, but you'll surely recall the

muscled abdomen, barrel chest, tendon-etched throat and strong-jawed face that launched a thousand sighs in Tarzan the Ape Man. Bo Derek's jungle friend was played by hunky Miles O'Keefe, and if he didn't have one word of dialogue, his glistening pectorals, muscled thighs and brooding intensity nevertheless spoke volumes. He has two more pictures in the works. In Adam and Eve, he'll play the title role. Adam, presumably. And in Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, he'll joust, thrusting lances fiercely, with Sean Connery. O'Keefe's career is thus off to a fascinatingly physical start, since he has traded his Tarzan loin-cloth for a presumably smaller fig-leaf. But can he act?

DOWN EAST

Most resorts welcome publicity because it results in economic gain for the town's businesses. An exception, apparently, is the coastal village of Ogunquit, Maine, where some citizens recently became incensed when two gay magazines mentioned the town. Torso, a new national gay publication, listed various gay establishments in town and referred to Ogunquit as "a booming gay village." Limelight, a New England regional magazine, discussed drugs, sex, and liquor in an article on gay life in the picturesque vacation spot. More than fifty residents subsequently met to lay plans for "cleaning up" the town.

According to Kevin O'Neil, chairman of the inquisition, "many people would say it's a defamation of the town's character. We have an awful lot of gay people, but we're not a gay community." The brouhaha resulted in the firing of two real estate agents identified by Torso as being gay. Tom Corbett and Tom St. John had worked with the Century 21 Real Estate Company for 15 months, and had sold approximately \$1.5 million worth of property for the firm before their dismissal. Gays planning to visit Ogunquit should write to express their displeasure with the witch hunt and the firings. Letters should be sent to the Ogunquit Chamber of Commerce, Ogunquit, ME 03907, with a copy to Town Manager Roberta Brown (same address).

JUNK MAIL

Would you like to spend some of Moral Majority's money? If so, get on their mailing list. That way, they will have to pay the postage on every newsletter and fund-raising appeal they send you. As soon as the bilge arrives, you of course will tear it up and throw it in the garbage, the only appropriate place for such trash. If every gay person in the U.S. got on their list, they would suffer a staggering financial setback. Write to: Moral Majority, Inc. 500 Alleghany Avenue, Lynchburg, VA 24501.

MANSEX

BY MAX EXANDER • PHOTO BY NAAKKVE

"Mansex is hard, long, demanding, insistent, sudden, absolute. It is never soft, never mild."

There is sex, and then there is mansex. Mansex is nothing new. It is, really, nothing more than the style of sex the way men want to do it. But it is associated with gay sex because mansex finds its purest expression in the total masculinity of two men together.

Mansex at its best is untainted by female sexuality. It is a complete and ultimate form of male sexuality. It is 100% masculinity. It is found from the highlands of New Guinea to the heart of the Congo. It is more than normal among many native groups—the Sambia Anga of New Guinea, the Axande of Africa, the warriors of ancient Japan, the American Indians, the clones of Castro and Christopher Streets.

Frustrated and unfulfilled mansex is violent, dangerous. If not expressed, the mansex impulse becomes perverted into too many evil things: war, rape, child abuse, cruelty, corporations, and government. It is a powerful universal force of male energy, male need.

Mansex is hard, long, demanding, insistent, sudden, absolute. It is

never soft, never mild. It is strength meeting strength, hardness on hardness, power yielding to power, force possessing force.

It goes all the way to the bone.
Mansex defines masculinity. It is
healthy, fearfully so. Those who
recognize mansex for what it is and
who practice it freely hold a precious
gift of knowledge. Mansex is
esoteric.

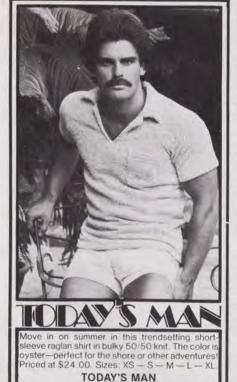
It has physical properties. Mansex begins with a stare, a fixed meeting of the eyes. The face betrays no emotion, and in that blankness is the forceful message: I am a man. It continues, slowly but insistently, in a courtship dance, a visual appraisal of masculinity. Things do matter: muscles, moustaches, beards, big cocks. And they matter because they carry the message again: I am a man.

I am a man. It is more than an attitude. It is more than a little leather draped over a possibly muscular frame. It is a state of being, a completion of knowing oneself fully, of penetrating beneath the surface without fear and discovering that









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VISA and MASTERCARD welcome

California Residents add 6% Sales Tax d \$2.50 (applied to 1st purchase) for our new 1982 catalo buried there is a universal, cosmic being. Call it a soul if necessary. It is there, and mansex expresses at least a part of it.

I am a man. The message is conveyed, is continued when the eyes lock, when the thick strong hand locks on the thick strong thigh, when rough fingers dig into well-worked muscle, when moustache meets moustache. The two forces begin to battle, to merge, the softness of two male mouths yielding and probing the other.

It is exquisite to feel the rock beneath the shirt, the boulder of flesh under the pants, the rising tool grinding against rising tool. Tongues move from lips to ears, to necks, to shoulders. Fingers unfasten belt buckles, unbutton shirts, loosen zippers or buttons. Slowly, inexorably, the rough outer layers of masculinity peel away to reveal two solid hunks of pure manhood.

I am a man. The message is written across the hair on the big chest, down the thin line of hair leading to the curving, rising fat prick, around the thighs, circling the firm globes of a hard ass. Twice it is stated in mansex—two fat pricks prodding the air, two beautiful asses waiting to yield, two very real specimens of masculinity grasping, touching, wrestling, rhythmically, fast, demandingly, muscular.

A rough hand moves its fingers to the soft pink flesh of a nipple, taking the sensitive tit and pressing firmly into it, pinching it, pulling it, sending waves of pleasure and disquiet coursing through the man. Reciprocation, trading off, meeting each as equals and giving and taking—this is one of the essences of mansex, and it begins as soon as the four tits are wrenched by the demanding fingers. Take it, man, it is good.

Mansex requires that the cock be granted at least temporary priority. The cock is king, is the guiding force in the ritual. It is big, thick, throbbing, requiring attention, and the rough hands wrap around the stiff meat, pulling, stroking, caressing, yanking, jerking.

Nothing feels better than a mouth on a cock, and alternately the cocks force their way into sucking throats, sliding in and out of the warmth and wetness of the soft, velvety flesh. Deeper and faster the dicks press themselves to the back of the throats, prying them open, depositing shiny pre-cum, slamming into the face so that the heavy balls

slap up against the chin.

But sucking is preparation for the ultimate act of mansex. It is the natural impulse for every man to fuck, to rut, to shove his dick up inside a hot hole, in front or in back. It is the most manly to fuck an ass, and it is as manly to get fucked in the ass. It is a way of proving masculinity, of demonstrating that one can take it, that one truly desires to absorb and activate the double masculinity, the duplicate hardness of mansex.

To take it up the butt is to state without fear that one has done it, one has ultimately become the most a man can be. One has united a cock with one's own, has drawn an equal into oneself, has claimed that it is possible to be everything that biology deemed a man's body to be.

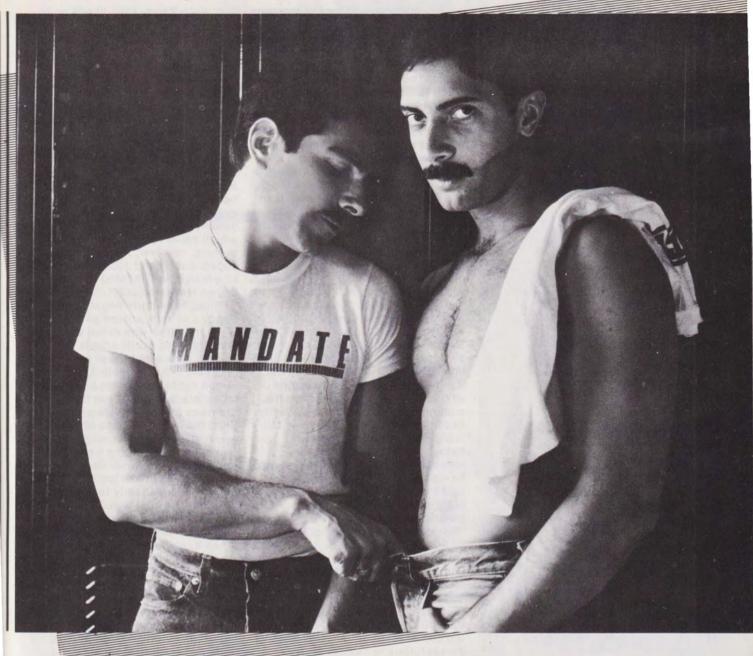
And so, the huge throbbing tool up the ass bears the message: I am a man; you are a man. It rams, it prods, it slams its way into the depths of the red-hot rectum, slides relentlessly in and out of the tight hole, demands acceptance, demands yielding, demands a wet, soft place to deposit the essence of manhood, sperm.

It goes on, it rises, it grows by the moment, higher, longer, harder, faster, stronger. Sweat flows, blood pressure pounds, two cocks swell and beat and ooze their juices, and then, a gate is opened, a frontier is crossed, and there is a certain moment when the inevitable becomes a certainty, when it is a matter of personal style before the volcano forces its final and violent eruption, when both men must work closely and hard, must ask themselves if they want to live further.

But in that one flashing moment, the episode begins its ascent and descent, and the question goes unanswered in the amnesiac blast of force, of pure focused aggression, the absolute moment when masculinity surges and unites. It rises slowly, but it falls fast. The denouement is rapid, moving quickly and surely to the onset of the next meeting.

Mansex concludes in fraternity, in the embrace of strong arms, the gentle kiss of strong lips, the reassuring whisper of strong words. Men have met; men have come together; men have created a moment of pure masculinity in an infinite space of uncertainty.

There is sex, and then there is mansex.



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CUMING OUT PARTY Continued from page 13 boy on the seat. That's his

boy on the seat. That's his specialty, being pissed on. Shall we split?"

"Did you satisfy yourself?"
Sandy smiled. "You mean did I come?" Jack nodded. "Man, you sure are wet behind the ears. Yes, I satisfied myself. I only wanted a quick blowjob. See that middle-aged dude over there?" Jack saw a tough, good-looking middle-aged man leaning against a wall smoking a cigarette. "That's Tiger," Sandy added. "He's a detective on the vice squad, but he's one of us and when he comes in here, he becomes a pussycat just wanting to lap up all the cocks he can get. Let's go."

After leaving the "sinema," they went to a restaurant where Jack told Sandy all about himself. He felt comfortable with Sandy because he was so open, honest, easy to talk to and understanding. When he found out Sandy was a construction worker who worked sky-high in the air, his admiration grew. Conversely, Sandy liked the boyish and handsome tall blond youth. His innocence in today's dog-eat-dog world was refreshing and when Jack mentioned he was a budding architect, Sandy said the firm that was building the highrise he was working on could possibly be interested in Jack. "Besides, one of the owners is gay," he added with a smile.

When they left the restaurant, Sandy invited Jack to his place for a drink. Jack felt more than friendship and admiration for Sandy. He could also learn a lot about the gay life from him as well. That evening Jack learned much about sex including the rapturous sensation of having his virgin ass penetrated by Sandy's dick. And just as rewarding was the taste of Sandy's thick cum in his mouth.

A few months later Jack and Sandy took an apartment together. At first Jack felt uptight about the other men Sandy brought home to entertain, but as he joined in with them his jealousy faded and was replaced by the pure sexual pleasure that three and four men could have together. Sandy was right when he'd say life's too short and we should make the most of it. Jack agreed; having his prick in one man's ass while another cock was in Jack's mouth was making the most of it.

And when Sandy said, "Let's go to Fire Island for the weekend," Jack said yes.

After the ferry docked, Jack was still apprehensive. Despite his sexual relations with Sandy and their mutual friends, those took place in their apartment. To be involved with a large group was something new for Jack, but he was also excited by its possibilities.

The first day and night nothing sexual occurred, but Sandy was right about Fire Island being a piece of heaven. The sun, beach and water were beautiful and the lack of automobiles and all city noises was a high equal to any drug. The next evening, however, the excitement began. Sandy and Jack were invited to a house party hosted by a well-known television actor.

Though the party began at ten, Sandy and Jack arrived at midnight when the affair was in full swing. The sight and exotic smells that confronted Jack was forever emblazoned in his memory. Colored strobe lights flashed on and off as music blared from a tape deck. The aroma of grass, poppers and sex filled the house. A mass of naked and half-naked bodies was everywhere; some men were dancing and making love while they danced. Others talked in low tones, but the majority were already fucking and sucking. The host welcomed Sandy and Jack with handshakes and then passed an amyl to Sandy. Sandy broke it, sniffed it, handed it to Jack who did likewise. As the amyl rushed to his head, Jack was suddenly overwhelmed by the desire for sex.

He turned to Sandy and discovered him on his knees with the host's large cock thrusting in and out of his mouth. A good-looking dude slid underneath Sandy and began sucking his cock. Suddenly, Jack felt an arm around his waist and then a hand on his prick. A tall handsome black lad smiled at him. Jack smiled back and then gasped at the enormous black tool the man had. Without a word Jack knelt down, clasped his hands around the black's ass and sunk his mouth over the large, ebony weapon. It tasted like some incredible kind of satinlike meat. Even as Jack sucked passionately on the magnificent cock, his eyes picked up Sandy and the host. A middle-aged gentleman was now lying on his side beside Sandy sticking his tongue into Sandy's ass. The black pulled out his cock from

Continued to page 85



"Sandy was right about Fire Island being a piece of heaven. When he and Jack arrived at the party, they saw a mass of naked and half-naked men."

En Garde! You're about to have an encounter that you won't soon forget. Our hot fencer is getting his gear together for some thrusts and parries that we know you won't want to miss. And you'd better be fast on your feet because if you make one false move, you're likely to be impaled on that deadly weapon.

Section photographed by Fred Bisonnes



2 m'Sugar

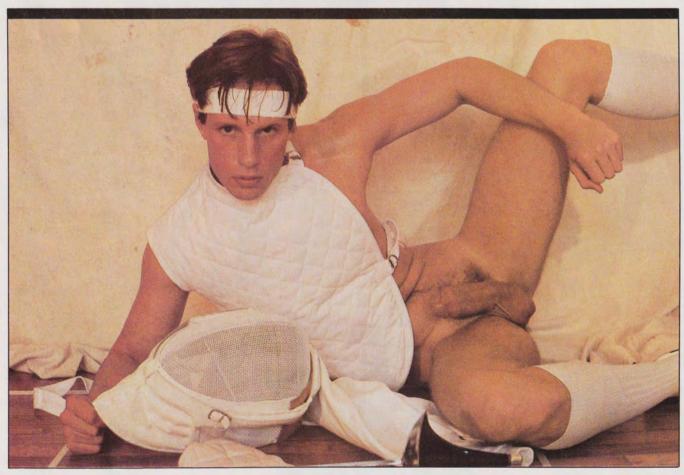
From the looks of things as they stand, our man has the arms. And as you can plainly see, he certainly has the length! He's also got that certain thickness that makes this sport so . . . fulfilling.



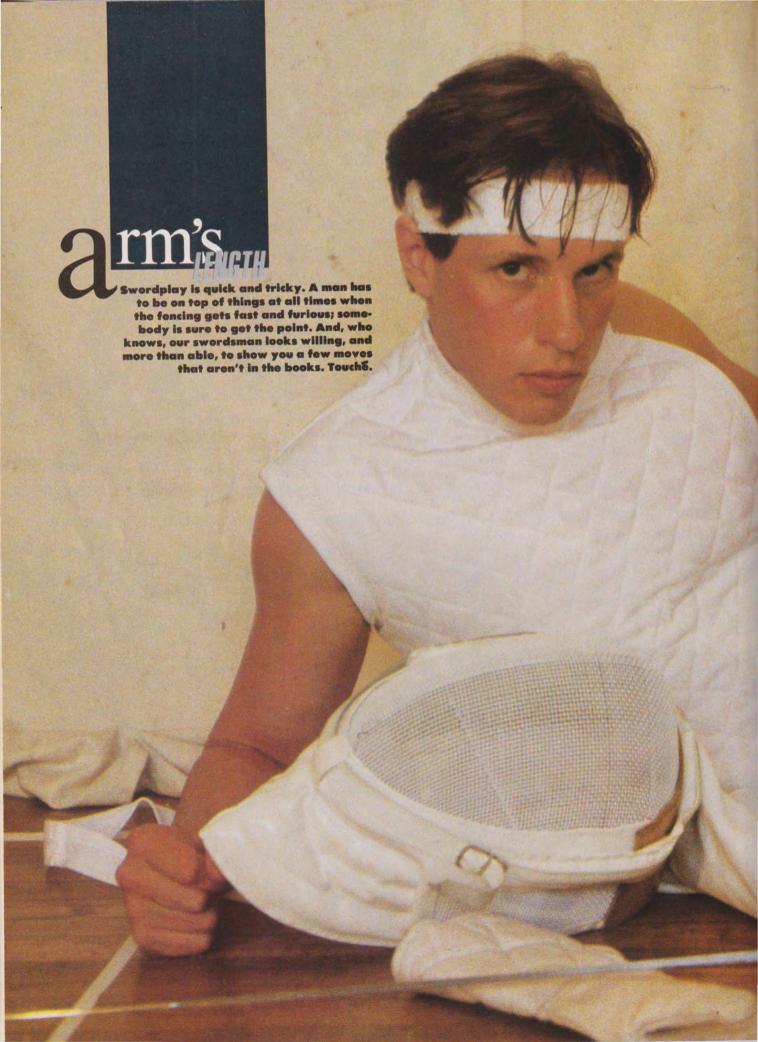


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Instruction in the manly art of self-defense is
essential training for any lad. But with an
opponent like this one, what red-blooded man
would want to resist the onslaught? When
attacked by a guided muscle like this, we'd
advise you to surrender at once and enjoy your
defeat. To the hilt.





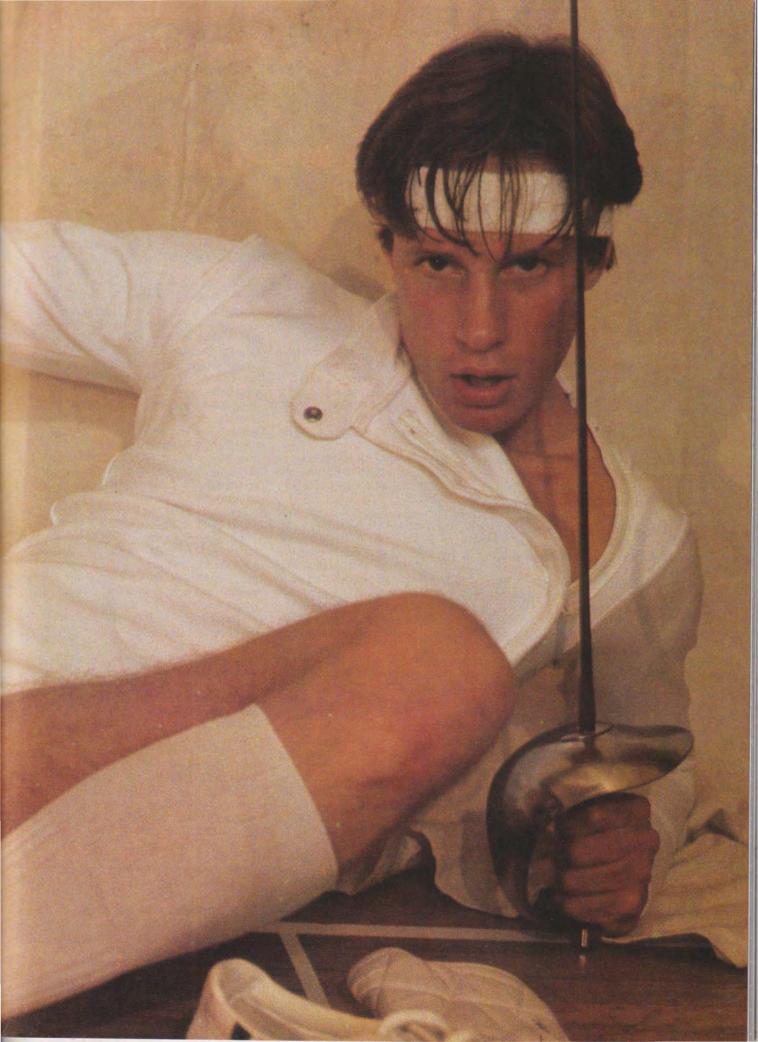












GAY AND GRAY

Continued from page 29

University of Georgia Medical Library and we would dispose of the other things. The medical books were mixed in with all sorts of other books and papers packed away into dozens of big boxes. John had married and was living in Chicago at the time, so the arduous task of going through these books and papers fell to me.

I started taking those boxes out one at a time, and I came upon one box that said "Contents of Joseph's Desk." I opened the box and found among the other papers a stack of letters from a Dr. Allan Pritchard in Wilmington addressed to Father. They were love letters and they were very beautiful. The letters talked about how my father and Dr. Pritchard still had the dream of having a clinic together, so they could work side by side. And they talked of their love for each other.

Both men had married and both had families, but I'm sure they married because it was the thing to do and because it would help them in their profession. They loved their wives—had learned to love them. But their first concern was to present the

proper face to the world.

So I learned that I was not alone in the world. Father, just like me, had these feelings for other men, and he also had a great deal of goodness that he passed down to me. To this day the biggest regret in my life is that I lost my family at an early age. I was never again in my life to feel that I belonged to a family of my own. Had Father lived, I am certain he would have shared his homosexuality with me, and all the struggles I experienced for self-acceptance would have been made easier. But through these letters Father had left me a most valuable inheritance-the beginnings of my self-acceptance.

Soon after I read the letters I traveled to Columbus, went to the telephone company office, and found the local directory for Wilmington. There I found a listing for Dr. Pritchard, still at the same address from which the letters were sent. I was determined that sometime soon I would take the opportunity to drive to Wilmington to see that man.

After college I had taken an interest in upholstery and interior design, and during that year after college I worked for a furniture store. Through this store I became aware of a course

that was being given in Boston by a prominent interior design school. I consulted with Granddaddy and he agreed that I should spend the summer taking this course and he would pay for tuition and expenses. So I went.

On the way to Boston I stopped in Wilmington and called Dr. Pritchard's office. I told the receptionist, "Dr. Pritchard won't know me, but if you will tell him that I'm the son of Dr. Joseph Collins, I think he will talk to me." And he did.

He arranged for me to meet him—not at his office, but in town. In retrospect, I imagine he was being cautious. He was warm and open. He said, "This is a delightful surprise. I've always wanted to meet Joseph's children." He also told me that he hoped I would grow up to be the man Father was. This man cancelled all his afternoon appointments and spent the whole afternoon with me, which was a beautiful thing to do. We drove out to a cabin he had on the lake and we had a picnic lunch and talked all afternoon.

I told Dr. Pritchard how I had come across the love letters to Father, and how I also had the problem of loving other men. I told him I hoped he might answer a lot of questions for me, that I needed his help. In a way I was taking a big risk in saying all this. But I knew that I could drive away from Wilmington that day and never see this man again. I was very frank and honest with him, just as I feel I have always been an honest person. I'm not very good at lyingbut Dr. Pritchard gave me a feeling that I didn't have to be dishonest anymore. And because this was a man who had feelings like I did and still became a reputable physician and was on the staff of a medical college, I felt that he was a wonderful fellow.

Dr. Pritchard spent the afternoon telling me all about Father and all about himself. We talked about loving other men and he answered my endless questions patiently. He provided me with a great relief from all the things that were worrying me. We discussed the religious aspect and relationship of one person to another. We covered the physical aspect as well. It was a very full afternoon, and by the end of the day my brain was just whirling all around.

When I listened to Dr. Pritchard I no longer felt like a freak. I felt that there must be many, many people in this world, both married and unmarried, who suffered with the same

problem I had. I just decided that I wasn't going to be a pretender any longer, that I would try to live my life with a form of dignity and pride.

For me, this was a true "coming out" experience. To most people I imagine coming out means exposing yourself as a homosexual to others—like telling your parents or your friends that you are homosexual. But to me coming out is a matter of self-acceptance. I came out after talking with Dr. Pritchard in the sense that it was the first time I truly accepted myself as a good human being, a person with a right to love and a right to live my life in the way I see fit.

Of course, in later years there were situations where I felt I could not be totally honest with others, particularly with clients for whom I worked as an interior decorator. There was a time when I would wear a wedding ring just to fool my clients into believing I was heterosexual. This was a part of my growing-up process, I suppose. I learned with time that the deception doesn't last for long. Sooner or later the client will ask you about Mrs. Collins, or ask you to bring her over for tea. Well, you have no Mrs. Collins, so then you're caught in a lie or else you have to create another lie to cover the earlier ones.

Just like most people of my generation, I learned early on to live a two-faced life. We had to. I don't think the young people today have quite the problem that we had. I always felt evil living a double life, and I wasn't good at it because I have a poor memory and so had trouble keeping up with the deceptions. I knew that my lifestyle was not acceptable to society, but I cound never understand why.

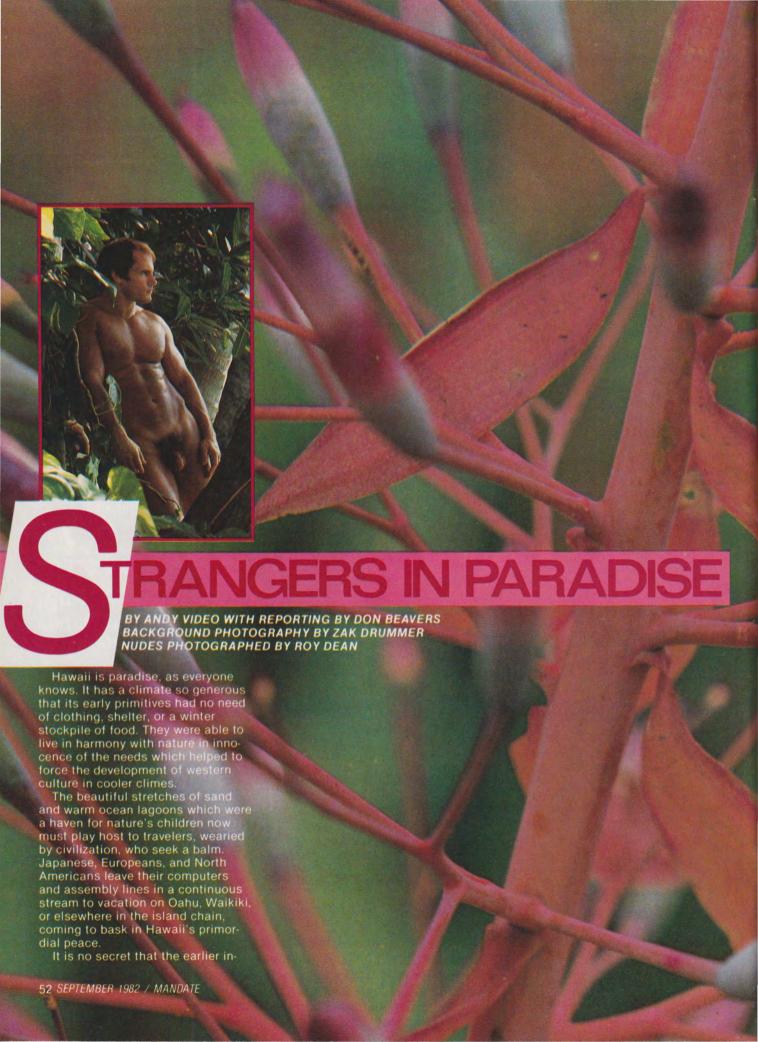
In order to understand what it was like to be a homosexual at that time, you have to know something about the social climate. For the homosexual it was a climate of total rejection. After all, you couldn't take another man to the governor's ball; so you lived a double life. You made certain to have a girlfriend. You socialized with girls, and then you took them home and went home with the boy who was double-dating with your date's girlfriend. You really wanted to be with him all along. You made it a point to be seen with your girl at concerts, picnics, and whatever social events were taking place. And your big problem was never to let the girl fall in love with you. For instance, you might be invited to dinner and told to bring your girlfriend. So you

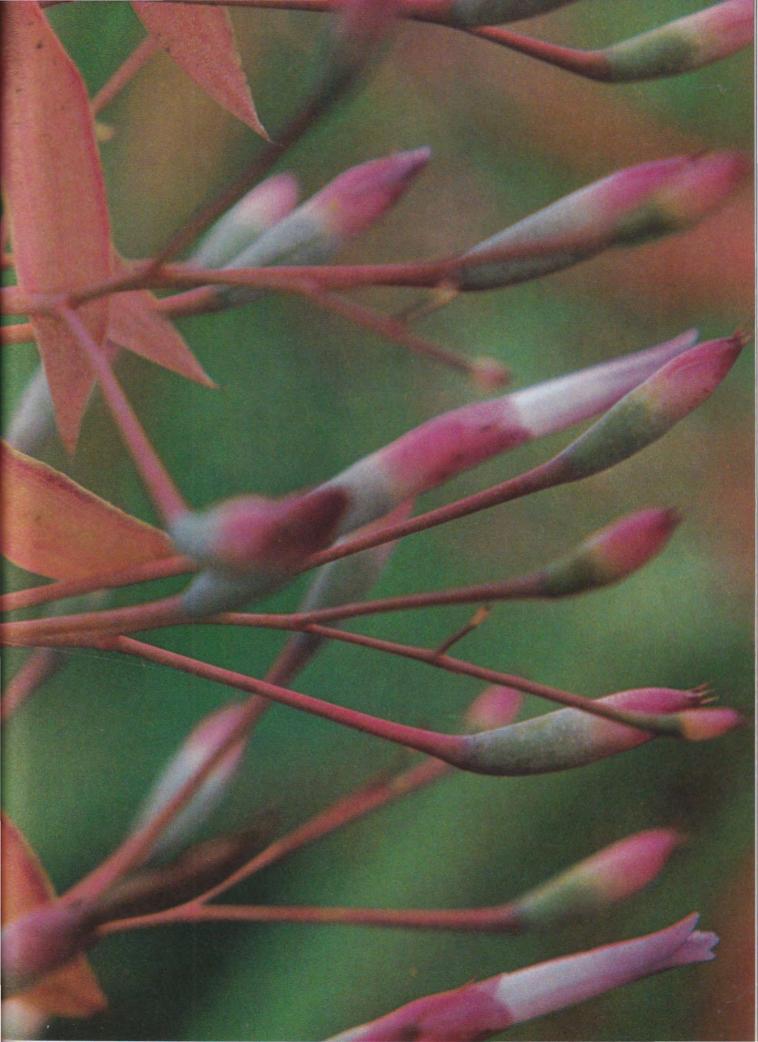
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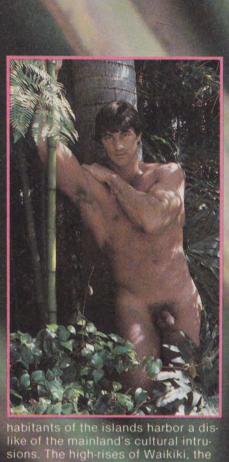


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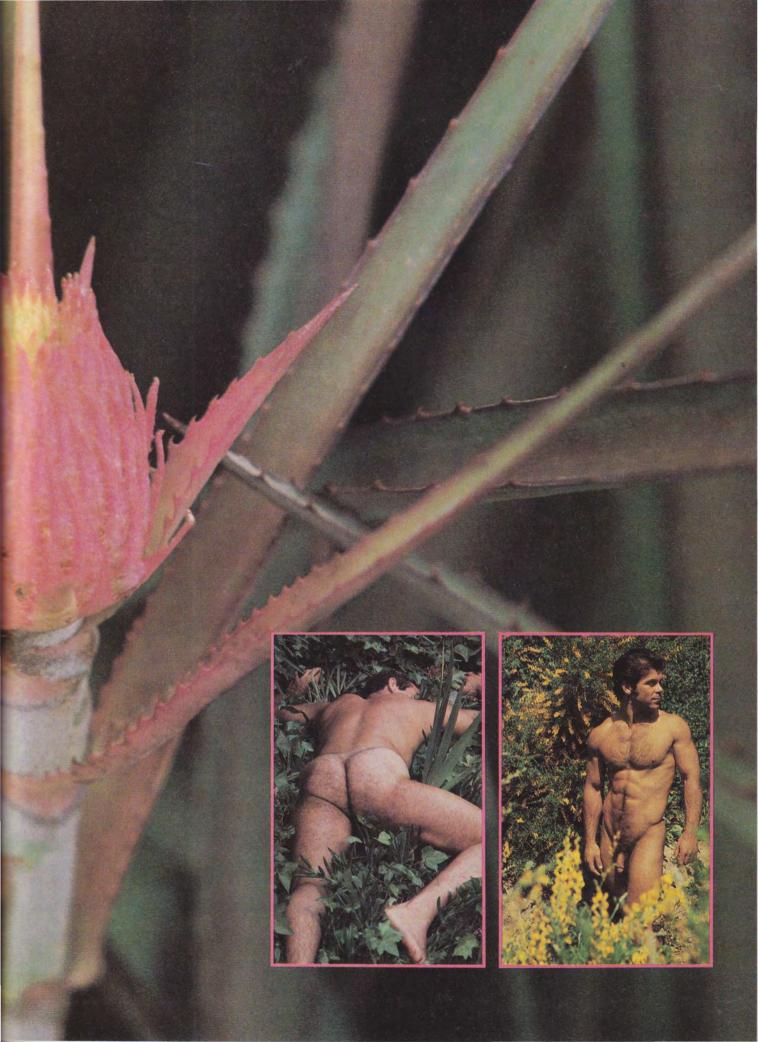




habitants of the islands harbor a dislike of the mainland's cultural intrusions. The high-rises of Waikiki, the islands airports, corporate agriculture, commerce, cities, and roads are like an invasion to the islanders, who tend to see everything from military bases to haute couture as foreign. A city like Honolulu with its

A city like Honolulu with its tourism-based economy can well be expected to have a unique personality. It is a place where the tourist is in the center of the balance between the original culture of the islands and that of the world's modern cities. This may create special problems for the gay male who is accustomed to the urban centers of the mainland with their comparative permissiveness.

Recently in Honolulu we talked with a number of gay men who came





to the islands for a few days of vacation and in many cases haven't left them in years. That is called "getting sand in your shoes," and it is a fairly natural response to the Pacific paradise. We wondered about the urban males from the big American gay centers who were relocating in Oahu's largest city. We discovered that the islands are not paradise for those expecting to find a gay lifestyle as we know it on the mainland.

Even in Honolulu, there are only a half-dozen gay establishments. The gay life is kept in the background; the islanders shun the flamboyance and cloning found in the big U.S. cities, keeping their own sexual orientation more or less hidden. Male-to-male sexual contact is not absent, however. All who were questioned agreed that it was plentiful, if not at a gay establishment like Hula's, then in the streets.

One waiter, the most openly gay of any of our Hawaiian contacts, displayed a detailed knowledge of hustler activity on Kuhio. Like everyone else, he said that he relies primarily on tourists for sexual contact. In so doing, he was expressing his frustration with the gay life indiginous to the island. "Why get involved with tourists?" he asked. "They are just going to dump you tomorrow. I get attached to someone, then they leave the next week and I'm stranded, alone." This waiter had been on the island for three months, less time than anyone else questioned. He was the most ready to return to the mainland. "If I opened an L.A. Times Calendar section, I'd take the first flight out," he stated.

Others feel quite differently. A real estate broker didn't miss the mainland at all. "I got bored with Los Angeles. I wasn't growing. I needed to get away. I was sick of the West Hollywood queens. They are so grand. What a facade. Pose at the gym. Pose at the bars."

The real estate broker told us that he occasionally has sex with local guys from the streets, but basically he uses tourists for sexual contact.

He also admitted to leading a double life. "No one at my job knows I'm gay. I have to live on this island. I just have to be careful. This is a small place; you always run into people. I have to lead two lives, I never let my guard down." The broker was emphatic, however, about staying on the island. He added, "I'll never go back."

Shunning openly gay establishments, he meets most of his partners in the streets and said that many of them were bisexuals and a few are from the military. He described an encounter with someone he had seen from a passing bus. "He was looking into a shop window wearing a pair of white cut-offs and showing a huge hard on. I got off at the next stop and went back. We went up a staircase behind the building to have sex."

Encounters with the local people are in the minority. Most of his sex partners come from among the thousands of tourists who continually arrive and depart from the island. "That way, I know they are not going to stay here. I fool around with very few local guys. You are going to run into the same group of people every day. I have to be careful. None of these people knows my past."

It wasn't a sordid past that led him here. "I came for a ten-day vacation. I was happy here. There is a time in life to move on. In Los Angeles, I was a waiter and I wanted to do more than carry a tray all my life. I mean, how long can you be a waiter?" He laughed and then divulged a secret. "I'm going to be 40 years old tomorrow but don't tell them. Here they think I am 33. This is a perfect place to get your head together. A slower place. It's like starting over."

We interviewed a couple who had been lovers for 25 years. Like most of the others, they wouldn't consider going back and like the others they lead double lives and have been accepted as straights. They had come on a nine day vacation six years ago; they only returned to the mainland to sell everything before coming back to the island permanently.

After six years they dislike the intrusion of the tourists as intensely as do the island's original inhabitants. But it is the tourists from the other 49 states who rate their most vehement ire. "Americans are noisy and uncivilized. I wish they'd grow up. They are terribly loud in public. It is embarrassing."

Loud and embarrassing or not, it looks as though more than a few of the islanders expect the tourists to serve as transitory sexual outlets. Like the sparkle of phosphorescence in the ocean sands, these heady couplings in paradise are soon a memory. And that may be a part of the special charm and lure of these tropical islands.

"Even in Honolulu, gay life is kept in the background; the Islanders shun the flamboyance and cloning found in the big cities on the mainland."



pera lovers often complain about having to hear the same warhorses over and over and of the scarcity of satisfactory modern works. There is truth in these cavils but the fact remains that if no one ever wrote another new opera, there are enough unfamiliar, undiscovered or unjustly forgotten old operas to keep us all busy for the rest of our listening lives.

A case in point, a forgotten and, by most listeners, undiscovered opera of great beauty and charm is *Schwanda*, the *Bagpiper* by the Czech composer Jaromir Weinberger. *Schwanda* is a fantasy or fairytale opera based on a Bohemian folk legend. It was first produced in Prague in 1927 and had its Metropolitan debut in 1931 after triumphant productions in Berlin, Vienna and London. By the time the composer died, in 1967 in St. Petersburg, Florida, his opera, the one great success of his career, had been forgotten.

CBS Records has just released the world premier recording of *Schwanda* (CBS 79344) and it is a brilliant success which offers proof positive that this is a masterpiece of luscious, tuneful music which is highly deserving of attention.

The story, very much in the folk tradition, concerns a simple man whose musicmaking is the pride and joy of his village. By an incurably frisky, good/evil character named Babinsky, Schwanda is led on a series of fantastic adventures which take him to the kingdom of the Ice-Hearted Queen and to the underworld realm of the Devil himself. Schwanda's own goodness and the faith of his wife eventually save the day in true storybook fashion.

The music is of an almost incredible richness, variety and beauty. The general texture is dense, almost Mahlerian in its thickness and yet it has a surface of astonishing lightness and sparkle. The work contains long, glorious orchestral passages and the vocal writing is tuneful and direct. There is a fascinating duality in *Schwanda*: the folk-like simplicity of the story and the actual folk tune derivation of the appealing melodies are supported by a structure of enormous technical sophistication. Contrapuntal sections of great complexity of form abound which are simply breathtaking in their beauty.

Such a moment occurs at the end of Act II, scene I when Schwanda celebrates his deliverance from the bowels of Hell by playing his legendary pipes. The gorgeous, three-tiered climax is built like a magnificent work of architecture. The bottom tier is the fugue-subject, the middle is Schwanda's polka, and crowning the entire edifice is a soaring melody sung by the chorus reinforced by four offstage trumpets. It is "to die" and the opera is full of such moments of pure genius. Although Jaromir Weinberger despaired of being a one-opera composer, he need not have been ashamed of that since his one opera is so very beautiful. Don't cry for me, Ponchielli!

The performance is exemplary with a cast of world-class artists. In the title role is baritone Hermann Prey with Lucia Popp as his wife, Gwendolyn Killebrew as the Queen and tenor Siegfried Jerusalem as Babinsky. They are all perfectly suited for their roles and the playing of the munich Radio Orchestra under Heinz Wallberg is everything it should be.

So don't complain about having to listen to the same old *Madama Butterfly* and *Carmen* if you haven't experienced the glories of *Schwanda*, the *Bagpiper*.

TURNTABLE

BY FREEMAN GUNTER

"The joy and ease with which she tosses off the trills and rips through the runs and roulades has seldom been equalled in any age of singing."



n an old Arabian legend, the beautiful princess Sheherezade has wed the cruel sultan who is in the habit of killing each of his wives after the wedding night. In order to forestall her fate, Sheherezade tells him a series of wondrous tales and each night he spares her for one more day. Eventually, after a

thousand and one nights he relents and

gives up his evil plan.

Sheherezade is symbolic of the kind of Oriental exoticism which intrigued French composers around the turn of the century. Many of the songs of Debussy, Duparc and Faure are colored by this Orientalia which is also a feature of the texts they chose to set, magnificent poems by Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud and Pierre Louys. Maurice Ravel composed a superb cycle of three songs to exotic poems by Tristan Klingsor that he called Sheherezade. Without specifically dealing with the lady herself, it captures perfectly her Arabian milieu with its spires, minarets, dancing dervishes, ancient wise men and smiling assassins



ne of the most exciting records to cross the turntable in many months has the undeniably true but maddeningly vague title, *The Great Voice of Joan Sutherland* (London Jubilee, JL 41011). Perhaps it should have been called "Sutherland sings the Eighteenth Century in her Glorious Prime."

The album consists of music of Handel (1685-1759), Thomas Arne (1710-78), Nicolo Piccinni (1728-1800), William Schield (1748-1829), Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816) and Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747). This music is no less technically demanding than the nineteenth century bel-canto that Dame Joan usually sings and it gives her ample opportunity to demonstrate her extraordinary vocal flexibility and those flights of coloratura for

which she is so justly famous.

Half of the album contains selections which have never been released and are among the first recordings she ever made. Her voice is captured at its youngest and freshest before she had a chance to develop any of the bad habits and droopy phrasing mannerisms which have later marred her singing from time to time. The joy and ease with which she tosses off the trills and rips through the runs and roulades has seldom been equalled in any age of singing. Her attack is clean and precise, her accuracy impeccable and her spontaneity gloriously removed from any trace of the stuffy academicism that one often associates with performances of music of this period. Nothing could be less dull than the sound of this young, healthy voice with the phenomenal size, sheen and splendor of its tone, the ease and evenness of its production and the enthuasiasm with which it addresses this beautiful music. There is an additional satisfaction in hearing the soprano working, for a change, with conductors other than her husband. It hasn't happened in many years. And neither has a recording like this one. I recommend it highly



with their flashing teeth gleaming whitely in black bearded faces. The last of these songs is an enigmatic homosexual reverie in which the poet, sitting in the doorway of his dwelling, spies a handsome youth with a face "shadowed with down, as soft and beautiful as a girl's." Silently, the poet bids him enter but the boy shrugs and walks down the street leaving the poet to watch his "walk, feminine and languid." Ravel said that this song contained the true secret of his personality.

Two of the following three releases feature performances of Sheherezade along with other songs of these French masters and together they offer an excellent introduction to the beguiling world of the French art song.

These songs have never attained the world wide popularity of the German lied but their considerable subtlety and sensuous beauty make them, perhaps, even more satisfying. Although they are called "French Art Songs" in America, the actual terms are "Melodie" and "Chanson." Melodie designates a serious or concert song while the Chanson is a folk song, popular or night club song. The French Melodie is more difficult to master than the more sentimental outpourings of the German lied or Italian song. In French song, the singer must succeed in combining precision with a controlled lyricism which never gives way to overstatement or sentimentality. As in any music, style is the key.

The correct style, without which the songs fail to make their desired effect, requires complete control of the voice and a clear, direct attack with no scooping or sliding into pitch. The listener must collaborate with the performers to a great extent because in music, as in any art, one can only enjoy the pleasure one deserves.

Three recent releases, Elly Ameling sings Faure and Debussy (CBS 37210), Victoria De Los Angeles: A la recherche de l'esprit francais (Japanese EMI EAC-40111), and Frederica Von Stade sings Ravel (CBS 36665), demonstrate the beauty and variety of the Melodie and give a more or less clear idea of the correct style and approach.

Some of the jewels of this repertoire are beautifully performed by Elly Ameling and pianist Dalton Baldwin. Trois Chansons de Bilitis and Ariettes oubliees by Debussy and La Bonne Chanson by Faure are presented in virtually perfect readings. (These songs are Melodies and not true Chansons despite the titles which were given by the poets long before the lyrics were set to music.) Ameling's usual interpretive coolness, a drawback in some music, stands her in good stead in French song. Her attack is clean and honest, her phrasing shapely and her diction perfect. A slight unsteadiness in long sustained notes is the only, and very minor, flaw in this beautiful recital of these exquisite Melodies which depict the various stages of love, sexual enslavement and despair.

Miss Ameling's nearly perfect sense of this style may be checked against the totally perfect style of Maggie Teyte and the perfectly dreadful style of Kiri Te Kanawa on two other records. Teyte sings Debussy's divine song, "Green," on a low priced sampler disk, Great Sopranos of the Century (Seraphim 60274), and her laser beam attack, total understanding of the song's values (the composer himself taught it to her) and perfect steadiness of tone provide a demonstration of absolutely ideal style. Miss Te Kanawa devotes a good portion of a recent recital album (CBS 36667) to some of the loveliest Melodies of Faure and Duparc and her diction is so mushy that one cannot even be certain one is hearing French. Her tentative, scooping attack robs the songs of their shape and meaning.

One of the most beautiful of all Melodies, Duparc's "L'invitation au voyage," which is butchered beyond recognition in the Te Kanawa recital, is sung with an almost magical style and sensuality by Victoria De Los Angeles on her recital along with Sheherezade, Ravel's Cinq Melodies Populaires Grecques and Deux Melodies Hebraiques. The Spanish soprano has long been acclaimed for her uncanny power of penetrating to a song's very essence and her celebrated affinity for French music has never been more clearly and definitively demonstrated than on this

luscious album. The disc, recorded in 1963, has long been out of print but it has been re-issued by the Japanese branch of EMI and will be available from record shops in large cities which carry imported records. It is worth the trouble it may take to find this record because it contains one of the most telling readings of Sheherezade of them all. Her reading of the final song, "L'indifferent," the one that meant so much to Ravel, is the best of all recorded versions of the cycle. George Pretre's sure sense of style and nuance provide superb support for the singer in this once in a lifetimealbum.

Frederica Von Stade duplicates two of the *Melodies Populaires Grecques*, the *Melodies Hebraiques* and *Sheherezade* on her all-Ravel record and gives the first recorded performance of his exotic *Chansons Madecasses* (for once, true Chansons and not Melodies) in many years. Her attractive, warm and firm voice are a positive asset and her style is letter-perfect without managing to capture that elusive interpretive insight that makes the work of Victoria De Los Angeles and Maggie Teyte definitive.

The weakest link in her album, unfortunately, is Sheherezade. Although it is well sung with no serious flaws, the sweep of the melody line and the fragrant poetry are, in one way or another, better served by the others who have recorded the cycle and Von Stade's must rank somewhere behind those of Regine Crespin, Maggie Teyte, Janet Baker, Victoria De Los Angeles, Jennie Tourel and Jessye Norman.

In the Hebrew songs, likewise, De Los Angeles has the edge with her greater feeling of mystery and depth. Von Stade gains ground in the Greek songs. Her recordings are bold and pleasingly spontaneous although she only sings two of the five in the cycle. The Chansons Madecasses, with their unique trio accompaniment and percussive rhythms redolent of days and nights of tropical island magic are the highlight of Von Stade's disk. For a better version you would have to go back to the 1932 recording by Madeleine Grey with Ravel himself at the piano.

The Ravel/Von Stade album is a digital recording which carries a price tag quite a few dollars higher than a normal record. I am tired of this gratuitous improvement which yields no greater satisfaction to the listener. The record does not sound any better than CBS's analog records and it sounds not as good as EMI's impeccable Japanese pressing of the De Los Angeles album which was recorded twenty years earlier. Enough of this audio madness! If the performance is not superior, all the spurious technical improvements in the world are for naught. And when the performance is irreplaceable, as in the 50-year-old Madeleine Grey/Ravel Madecasses, the technical aspects of the recording process are irrelevant. Who is fooling whom?



THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN WHO WANT MORE THAN A TORSO

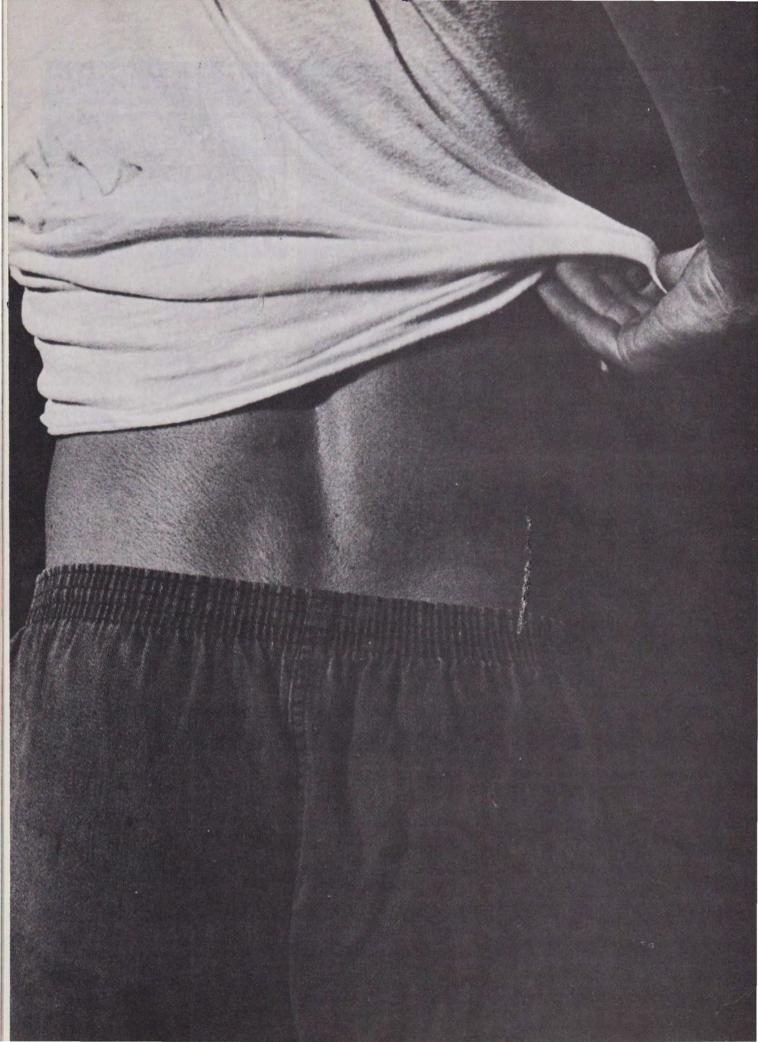
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BED& BREAKFAST

BY CHRISTOPHER SAXON • PHOTO BY DAVID LA CHAPELLA

He was pulling out of my ass.
Vaguely I was waking up, realizing we had fallen asleep with him still it side me. His cock was hard—piss hard. Just as it reached the outer limits of my asshole, he rammed it back in all the way up to his hairy balls.

I woke up fast.

That's the way he wanted it. He pulled out all the way this time and slapped my bottom.

"I gotta piss-come on."

I followed him into my bathroom, kneeling on the cold tile floor. My mouth opened, waiting...

You can have your orange juice and coffee; for me, nothing tastes better first thing in the morning than another man's piss. His was delicious, warm and salty, seemingly endless. Finally, after an eternity, it stopped. His eyes met mine.

"Jesus, kid, we'd better get you in the shower."

Even with my mouth full of cock, I managed to smile; I knew just what he had in mind.

"You like this, don'tcha, kid? Christ, I've fucked you twice already and you're still begging for it!"

Well, who wouldn't? He had seven beautiful inches and, though I've had

bigger, his was extra thick with an amazing upswing at the very end. I had never seen anything like it before and, while it made cocksucking a bit awkward, it also made for one hell of a fuck. And boy, could he fuck!

I met Rob at the YMCA in San Francisco where we both worked out three nights a week. He was 35, perhaps 40. He had a hard, mascume face with a few lines here and there just to let you know he'd been around the block a couple times. His hair was jet black, only in his big, bushy moustache could you discern a few grey hairs. Black eyes that could stare down anyone commanded your attention over a perfectly straight nose. Both his eyes and his Gregory Peck lips seemed to be engaged in constant flirtation in contrast to his voice. which often rang cold. His body was perfect—developed and defined to a state that appeared totally natural, without an ounce of fat or one outof-proportion muscle. Often after a workout I had come home and fantasized about laying my blond head of hair against his heavily matted chest or running my tongue across the ridges of his stomach muscles.

"His body was

perfect—developed

and defined to a

state that appeared

totally natural,

without an ounce of

fat or an out-of-

proportion muscle."

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His hunky thighs promised great legs and they delivered. Those legs of his never looked sexier than when he was wearing his adidas and white gym socks. Every time I saw those legs in those socks I'd gone into heat. Aside from his face, they were his best feature.

Rob and I had spent maybe six months cruising each other, saying only "hi, there" or "how ya doing?"—nothing more. I had always known that if anything were to happen between us, he would want to be the one to initiate it. Last night he had been especially hot and more aggressive in his stares than usual. I prayed this would be the night. As I began dressing to leave, my prayers were answered.

"You got a hot ass, kid."

I'm twenty six and I've been working out for over three years. My body is in good shape but it would need a lot more work to compete with his. I knew my ass was my most "outstanding" feature; apparently he agreed.

"You like getting fucked?"

"Oh, Jesus!" It wasn't much of a reply, but it was good enough.

"Come on, then!"

It was a demand; we left the YMCA and drove to my place in his car.

The water in my shower was hot now. I grabbed the soap and lathered him up slowly. His nipples came in for an extra scrubbing, making him lean back against the wall and moan softly. Reluctantly he allowed me to move down to his abdomen which I'd discovered the night before to be ticklish. After only a couple of seconds he gave a short laugh then turned his back to me. His hairy ass was in my face.

"Clean it out."
"Yes, SIR!"

I soaped it up, rinsed it off, then went to work: spreading his cheeks wide, I began by slowly teasing his asshole with my tongue. More moans, then he became impatient.

"Christ, kid, we ain't got all day." I came up for air. "Bullshit."

He was just about to turn around and smack me one and I knew it. Hurriedly I shoved my tongue all the way in. I don't think he even knew a tongue could go that far. He changed his mind, groaned and grabbed his ankles. I kept it up, diving deeper and deeper. He was going crazy.

"You're a goddamn anteater!"
"ASS eater would be more like it."

I guess I was giving him a little too much sass. He straightened up in a hurry and turned around.

"Kid, you got a mouth on you..."
And to prove it he shoved that fat juicy cock down my throat. Or rather up my throat—that upswing was very pronounced. I was in seventh heaven—what a breakfast: piss, ass and cock! Now if only he'd fuck me again...

He reached over and turned off the shower, bent down and lifted me up off the floor of the shower.

"Hand me a towel, kid."
I did. It was stamped "YMCA."
He laughed again; I loved his
laugh—it had all the warmth that
was missing in his speaking voice.

"Looks like I've got a fucking thief

on my hands."

I smiled and grabbed a towel for myself. ("Hyatt Regency.")

"Put that down, kid, you won't be needing it. I'm going to dry you off myself."

I smiled. He was so romantic.
"Grab on to the door frame and

don't let go."

Huh? His voice rang cold as steel. Without knowing what to expect I did just as I was told. I didn't know much but I knew not to argue. Five seconds later he began drying me off by whipping me all over with that goddamn towel. It hurt like hell but I took it without complaint—at least, I thought, it's my back and not my—"Turn around!"

"Oh, shit." I couldn't help that and I regretted it immediately. He slammed the towel down repeatedly on my already burning ass.

"Now...Turn around!"

I obeyed. The whipping began all over again. Though he stayed clear of my face, he rapidly developed an affinity for my nipples and crotch upon which he alternated his attentions. Tears began pouring out of my eyes.

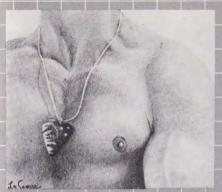
"Stop it—I can't stand crybabies." He redoubled his efforts. With a superhuman effort I managed to stop the flow of tears.

Finally his anger was spent and the beating stopped. I gasped for breath and looked him straight in the eve.

"Kid, we're gonna be good together." Huh? Was he mad? Did he think I'd allow this to happen again?

He took the towel in both hands and threw it around my neck. I flinched but all he did was draw me close to him with that towel. Still

Continued to page 85

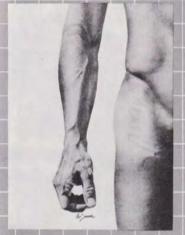


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RL27-85

SEX AND THE GAY MARNED MAN

BY TIM DONAHUE . ART BY RON FOWLER

"Husbands are the best of men and the worst of men. Good tricks, lousy lovers."

There is a natural tendency to think in terms of opposites. Gay or straight. Married or single. Married gays, however, disturb such neat categories. Yet few are surprised anymore when a trick turns out to be married. In 1982, the nuptial knot is fraved. Was it ever whole?

Hardly. The estimable Alfred Kinsey found in the 1950s that ten per cent of young married men were having homosexual sex in addition to the connubial kind. Kinsey thought that if all his married contacts had been fully honest, the percentage would have been higher still because young single gays frequently told him of sex with married men. That was thirty years ago. Ninety-one years ago, Oscar Wilde had his first fateful meeting with Bosie. Wilde was married and a father at that time. The more things change, the more they remain the

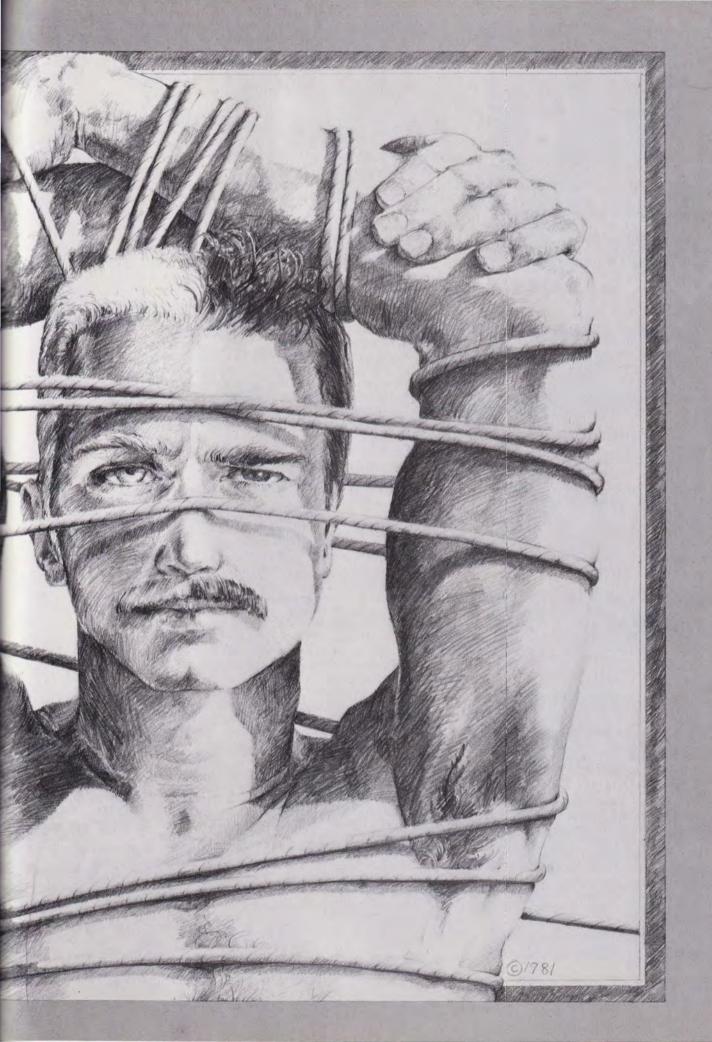
Understanding married gays in 1982 requires, first of all, that single gays be divided into two opposite categories: the Lovers and the Loners. The Lover and the Loner may each trick with married men, but each reacts quite differently.

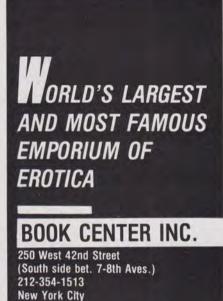
The Lovers

"It is not the perfect but the imperfect who have need of love."—Oscar Wilde

Reports of the death of romance have been premature. Although many people, straight and gay, have found the strength to admit to being Loners without a need for romance, still more folks continue to hanker for love. The Lover searches for one person who will be emotionally faithful, who will be a witness to his life. A Lover, like my friend Fred, may find an affair with a gay married man a learning experience.







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As written up in The Village Voice and Time

Fred was born and reared in the South. His family isn't rich, but they are genteel and Fred's bearing, his manners and expectations of the world, are colored by that background. He went through a brief spell of rebellion in his undergraduate days. Pictures from that period show an unkempt man with stringy blond hair, what was then just a face in the crowd.

By the time I first met Fred, all traces of that were gone. In a word, Fred is beautiful. He is blond, slim, smooth-skinned and pleasant to be with, too. He's well aware of how very attractive he is but being a Lover, not a Loner, mere good looks haven't brought him satisfaction. He taught public school for awhile. He bought a house. He sold men's clothes. He went back to school to study business, never completing his degree. Nothing brought contentment. Many different things interested him, each for its brief time. and one such interest was Barry.

Barry is a teddy bear of a man, tall, broad-shouldered, dark and hairy. He runs a prosperous construction firm and is an excellent manager. He looks people in the eyes and is quick to smile. I've searched for some other way to describe his effect but I'm stuck with the cliche: he has bedroom eyes.

He also has a wife and two children. Barry and his wife, Carol, would appear to be the perfect couple, well-off, involved in community groups and politics, living in a fine home on one of the best streets in town.

Barry and Fred met working backstage at the community theatre. When I saw them at a gay party shortly thereafter, they looked so good together. It's exciting to imagine the two of them in bed. Fred, lithe, young and blond, enveloped by Barry's large dark body. And it's easy to conjecture on the talk after sex, the warm endearments, the compliments exchanged in a darkened bedroom. Anyone who has been around awhile knows that warmth. The experienced man knows better than to create a love affair out of just such easy comfort.

In this case, there was more. Fred told friends that Barry was easing away from his wife, urging her to run for political office, subtly encouraging her to take a lover. Carol knew, Fred surmised, although her husband's homosexuality was never discussed. I remember a story Fred told

of joining Barry, Carol and the family for dinner.

Despite all this, the party where I first saw them together may have been the high point of their affair. Barry, the husband, was never seen at another gay party. Fred, the lover, went alone. It didn't take long for the doubting to start. The story of dinner at Barry's home was retold, with a difference. Fred said, "There they were, the two of them at one end of the table, with me and the kids at the other. I didn't know whether they thought of me as one of the grown-ups or one of the kids."

There were long nights, Fred confessed, when Barry had said he'd come over but left Fred sitting by the phone. Other nights, Fred would return home and find Barry unexpectedly waiting for him. Harsh conversations were played and replayed. "Where were you?" "I didn't know you were coming." "I waited." "Why didn't you phone?" And Fred would find himself ushered to bed, having sex because Barry happened to be free, with little regard for Fred's confusion and mounting resentment. Eventually Fred sought and found confirmation of what he should have known all along: Barry had tricked his way through most of the men involved with the little theatre group where they had met.

When Fred thought about Barry's past and the quality of their present together, he saw there was no future for them. They stopped seeing each other. They even sniped at each other long distance in a childish, ugly way. Fred told a friend that Barry was underendowed. Barry asked the friend rhetorically, why, if that were so, Fred had such a hard

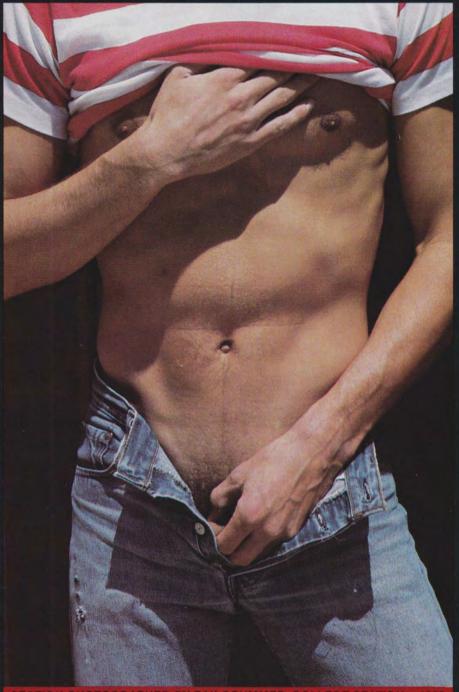
time taking it.

Fred should have known that a married man usually makes a lousy lover. He may come on strong and say flattering and loving things. He's had a lot of practice in wooing at home. No matter what he says, his gay fling will usually be second to his home, his children and, surprisingly, to his wife. With Carol, Barry has recognition in his community, mutual interests in their home and children, a shared history of good times remembered and bad times overcome. With Fred, Barry had... well, sex. For Barry to seek much more than sex with Fred was to risk all he had at home. And after all, for such a handsome man, finding sex is easy.

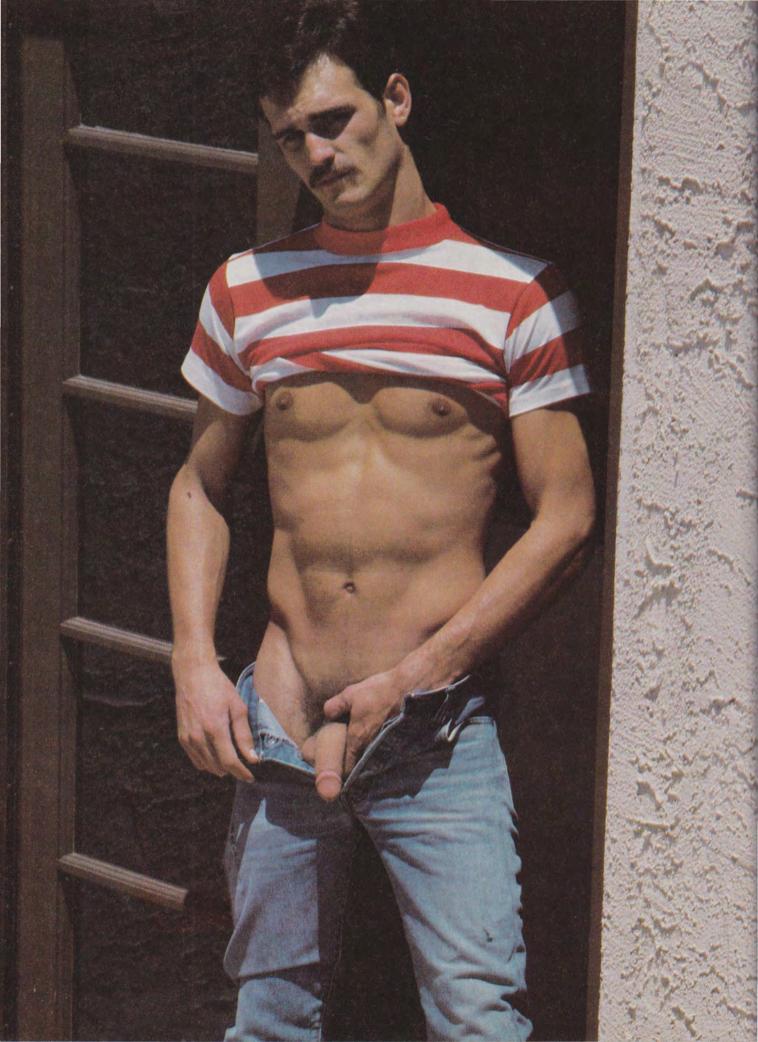
With Barry, Fred had sex, yes, but
Continued to page 87

BAER IT ALL

When that striped tee shirt goes up and those well-worn 501's come down, what is revealed is a slice of heaven. One look at that flat belly and we're hooked. We want to see more.



SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY ZAK DRUMMER, COLLEGE STATION • 1982







BAERITALL

There is plenty more to see and our model,
Joel Baer, is willing to show out. Those jeans
and the shirt form a perfect frame for Joel's
fine, young body. Like any true masterpiece,
however, Joel doesn't really need any aids,
frames or props to prove that he's lookin'
good. He is perfectly happy to dispense with
them altogether.







BAERITALL

In the altogether is the way Joel Baer looks best. With nothing standing in the way of art, we are in a position to feast our appreciative eyes on his slender perfection. And perfection it surely is. Not the obvious, built-up bulk of some, but a tight, trim body of pleasingly symmetrical proportions. Joel seems to have the strength for any task that comes to hand. And seeing the subtle question in those eyes with their hint of an invitation, we could think of quite a few.

TAKE



LEATHER CONTEST

Chicago's Park West was the scene of hot men and even hotter action during





the International Mr. Leather contest. Out of 46 original contestants from all over the U.S. and

Canada the competition was narrowed to 27 entrants before the final judging began. The four semifinalists pictured here are, from left to right: Jeff Jones-The Brig, San Francisco; Charles Hawkins-Mr. Leather, Florida; David Harris-Mr. Leather of San Mateo; Ed Handy-Mr. Interchange, Detroit.

Preliminary judging was done informally at Man's Country Baths. Part of the behind-the-scenes fun was watching great looking guys like Eric Staal, Mr. San Jose Leather, work out before the midday selections.

After four hours of terrific entertainment emceed by Herb and Potato, late of

SLICK

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Gotham, the difficult task of choosing a winner was completed. Luke Daniel, International Mr. Leather 1982, is shown receiving the trappings of his new title by last year's top contestant Marty Kiker.

SEPTEMBER 1982 / MANDATE



1982 Gay San Francisco Map-Guide

POCKET GUIDE

If you have ever visited a new city, had no one to show you around, and wished for an easy-to-use guide telling you what to do, where to go, and how to get there by public transportation, then you will appreciate the Gay San Francisco Map/Guide. Hippocket size, the Map fits comfortably in the rear pocket of a pair of Levi 501s. It is there when needed, but unobtrusive in the bars or at the museums. The Silver Star logo protruding from the rear pocket is a subtle San Francisco code that says, "I'm new in town, but I know my way around."

Bars, baths, restaurants, hotels, clothing stores, sight-seeing attractions, etc., are differentiated by color code, and the bars are broken down by type: leather, business suits, collegiate set, cabaret, lesbian, etc.

To get your indispensable Map/Guide, send \$4.00 to Silver Star Studios, Box 667, Dept. PP, San Francisco, CA 94101.

THAIKE

CUEEN TO DETAIL COLOR

CHEEK TO PETAL

You've certainly heard the song which advises, "If you go to San Francisco, Be sure to wear a flower in your hair." But on your ass? Well, you know what they say about California! This unusual photograph is the work of Victor Arimondi, whose exhibit "Men and Flowers" has appeared in San Francisco, New Orleans, and elsewhere. Arimondi also has a line of postcards and a book entitled The Look of Men. For information on any of these items, write to him at his studio, 551 Haight Street, San Francisco, CA 94117.

76

COLOF THEM HUNG

Your grade-school coloring books were never like this! The cover of Hot Men: An **Erotic Coloring Book** shows just three of the many hot, hung, humpy, hairy numbers you'll find inside. They pose in locker rooms, wear police and fireman's uniforms, get up in leather and punk outfits. A few are covered, but most of them let it all hang out. When you start to color these men, be careful that your wax crayons don't melt. This novelty item is on sale at your local book-

store for \$6.95. Since some booksellers will not be amused, you can order it from the publisher: St. Martin's press, Cash Sales

Department, 175 5th Ave., New York, NY 10010. By mail the cost is \$7.95 to cover postage and handling.



MALE HIDE

Male Hide Leathers in Chicago is the exlusive distributor of these distinctive Nic-Chrome pieces. This very masculine jewelry is plated with high quality chrome and comes in a variety of shapes and sizes. Shown are a cock sheath available in lengths of 2, 3, and 5 inches and diameters of 11/2", 13/4",

and 2 inches \$10.00-25.00, a double cock ring buckle \$7.50, and seamless cock rings \$4.50-5.75. These and other unusual items are available from the shop by mail. For more information or for their latest brochure, write: Male Hide Leathers, Inc., 66 W. Illinois Street. Chicago, Illinois 60610. If you are in their area and want to call, the number is (312) 321-1536. Don't forget to say you heard about them in Mandate!

WINDJAMMER CRUISES

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BON APPETIT

One of San Francisco's most elegant gay restaurants is The P.S. at 1121 Polk Street (415/ 441-7798). The cuisine is continental with an emphasis on French, and the new chef, Paul DuFour, ensures that the restuarant's high quality will continue. Decorated in smoked glass with ferns throughout. The P.S. seats just over 100 people. It is open 365 days a year for lunch, dinner and Sunday brunch. Owners John Adinolfi, George Sanders, and Tom Waddell look forward to welcoming more and more MANDATE readers to their superb establishment in the heart of gay San Francisco. They guarantee that once

GAY TRAVEL COMES OF AGE! PUERTO VALLARTA GRAND CANYON WAGON TRAIN TRIPS CAMPING · BACKPACKING and much more. et other people through our Gay Travel Club e you see the world at affordable prices. 621-2400 549A CASTRO NIETT OUTDOOR

When Great Outdoor Adventures, a San Francisco advertiser, put up this 48 x 14 foot billboard at the insersection of Castro and Market Streets, heads swiveled and eyes gaped at the two same-sex couples playing on a beach. Most people were

delighted with the ad for Windjammer Cruises, but it made one San Franciscan so uptight that he defaced the billboard by hurling a can of paint on it.

PHOTO: FRED BISONNES

you've experienced the

you'll return.

superb food and service



Continued from page 50

dig up some girl and take her to dinner, and she is all wild to think you are fond of her. But you're not. She is just a pawn. It's a nasty little game that fortunately young people don't have to play so often today. It was so unfair.

The meeting with Dr. Pritchard freed me up to live my life according to my needs and to relate to that great society of homosexual men that I now knew existed. Over the years I had a series of lovers, but never more than one at a time. I have never been a promiscuous person, even as a young man. Most of my sex life has centered around love involvements. On the few occasions when I had sex just for the sake of sex—because I was a man and performed the sex simply because I had the

equipment for it—I have felt very cheap. Yet when the other person is meaningful to me and I have a love for him, it is a beautiful event.

My first one-to-one relationship was with a man who owned a small store in a neighboring town. It was just a couple of years after I graduated from college, and it only lasted about a year. I was very fond of Robert, but I felt that he was too involved with his wife and children to give me the attention I needed. I was never allowed to visit him at his house; we always met on the sly, and we could only get together when Robert was able "to get away from the family." Well, I heard that excuse a bit too often, so I ended the relationship. I knew there was no future with Robert.

After that, Bruce and I were lovers

for a time. Bruce is a fellow I first met at college. I had been working in Massachusetts for about four years and I received a letter from Bruce, telling me how unhappy he was teaching in a small college back home and how much he envied my life. There was an opening in the firm I worked for, so he came up to visit, applied for the job, and got it. We lived and worked together for four very happy years. But Bruce was under great pressure from his parents to marry. He was the only son, and they wanted him to marry so as to carry on the family name-the typical sort of thing. He found a girl back home, married her, and brought her up North.

Bruce insisted that I live in the house with him and Mary. On the one hand I loved him, enjoyed him, and wanted to be with him; but on the other hand I felt this was an evil thing. I did move in with them, and before long he started getting up early in the morning, before his wife awoke, and coming to my bedroom. I felt that this was leading to something very dangerous. Besides, I was very fond of Mary and she was always very good to me. She was a lovely person and I didn't want to hurt her. I'm sure she knew what was going on, but there was never any discussion of it to my knowledge. After a time I felt I could no longer stand the deception and I moved out. Actually the relationship ended very amicably, without hurt feelings on either side.

Ralph was my most recent lover. We met shortly after World War II and together built a lovely home which I decorated. The relationship lasted for over five years, and I'm sure it would have lasted longer if it had not been for Ralph's drinking. He became quite an alcoholic and I couldn't cope with that. I moved into another house a half-hour's drive away, where I still live. I needed to do that for my own sanity, even though it meant giving up a beautiful house. After all, what does a house mean? Ralph and I see each other at the Metropolitan Community Church on Sundays, and we get together for dinner often. But his drinking has gotten steadily worse over the years, to the point where he has been disoriented and confused at times, so I find it difficult to relate to him.

By the time I left Ralph, I was in my forties. Since then I have not had what I consider to be a lover, but I have had a number of young men who attached themselves to me. I suppose you would call them proteges. Somehow, after Ralph I began to find that younger men attracted me. I was glad to have them. The relationships were sexual and very satisfying to me, although they never lasted very long. After the relationship is over we are always on friendly terms. In fact, I can't really think of any lover that I had in my life that I'm not still friendly with. Of course, some are deceased. But I never experienced a fuss or a fight when any of these relationships ended.

At this point in my life, my sex life is rather slow. I would guess that I have sex about once a month, always with a friend I've known for a while. There is no commitment, but it is enjoyable. My sex life as a younger man was much more active, but I never felt comfortable with anonymous sex or pickups. Even when I was a young man I could never bring myself to go to one of these cruising areas and pick up a stranger. Sex must be with someone I've known, someone who is a friend and not a stranger.

On occasion I have met people at a party or in a bar. If I see a man I'm attracted to and if he is alone, I might ask him if I can have a drink with him. We talk for a while and if he seems friendly I might suggest we have dinner together, and it might develop from there into a sexual relationship. I have stuck to a funny little personal code that I won't have sex with anyone the first time I meet him. If he likes me well enough to plan a return engagement and we can spend some time getting to know each other, then that's fine. I just wouldn't do it any other way. I could certainly never pay someone for sex. I'm not condemning people who do, but I know that is not my style. Although I would like to have sex more frequently, I won't cheapen myself by going out to find someone just to have sex. It isn't worth that much.

I don't go to the gay bars very often, and I'm even less likely to visit a bathhouse. In a bar situation you have greater opportunity to socialize, to get to know the other person than you have at a bathhouse, where most of the sex is pretty casual. But there is another reason I don't like bathhouses. The only time I will go to a bathhouse is if I am in a distant town. If I were to go to a bath in town I would meet people whom I know, people I've met at church or at the gay rights organization, and if they avoided me I would feel a great

sense of rejection. Out of town, on the other hand, I have no concern about whether I'm accepted or rejected. It doesn't make any difference, since I'm a stranger in town just out for a night of fun.

As I get older I find the bars and bathhouses less and less interesting. People just don't communicate with each other at an intelligent level, and I find that I'm not interested in what the men at the bar talk about. They are mostly younger men, and when they talk about what they did at the beach or how many pickups they had, I get the feeling that these sorts of concerns were so far back in my life that I can no longer relate to them.

I'm much more likely to go to a meeting of the gay rights organization. In fact, I've been a member of the local group here since it began three years ago, and I attend most of the weekly meetings. I'm well aware of the problems in that organization. Financially the group seems to be continually on the edge of collapse. and I'm sure there were several times when the group would have folded had it not been for donations from several wealthy people. There are also leadership problems because there are those who are obviously in it just to satisfy their own inflated egos. This leads to a lot of infighting and wasted energies.

Despite the problems, I'm all in favor of the gay rights organization. When a local minister organized a movement against gay people, the gay rights organization led the fight to protect our rights. And we have done a lot of things that are less noticed but just as important. We do a lot of advocacy. There have been several cases where gay men or women have lost their jobs because of their sexual orientation; we came to their defense, got a lawyer, and raised money for their cases. We also do a lot of educational programming. For instance, at this last meeting we had a speaker on venereal disease among gay people, which is a great problem. We also send speakers out into the community. We also serve a social purpose—many people come to meetings to meet other gay people, and then there are groups that will meet there, like a group of gay alcoholics and a group

of older gay people.

I have also been active in the Metropolitan Community Church almost since it was first started here. Like most people, I initially went there primarily for the social activity. But

later I became more interested in the functioning of the church and in ensuring that it would survive. The church does not follow any particular denomination, and although it is under the authority of the mother church in Los Angeles, each congregation is generally conducted as the local minister sees fit. It's not a wellformulated, well-organized religion at all and it is often difficult to keep things going because of the many different kinds of people in the congregation. The religious backgrounds vary all the way from Episcopalians to Holy Roller types, and then of course there are gay men and lesbians, blacks and whites, and people of different social classes. So there are many conflicts and disputes.

Neverthelss, MCC is a muchneeded haven for so many gay people who are not welcome in their own churches because of their homosexuality. Can you imagine how much easier it would have been for me if MCC had existed when I sought help from ministers as a young man? That is why I am such a strong supporter of MCC today.

My social life revolves primarily around MCC, which sponsors a number of dinners and social events in addition to Sunday services, and with the gay rights organization. But I do have a considerable number of heterosexual friends, because many of the clients in my interior design business have become friends over the years. I have had some very interesting experiences with clients. You see, back even when I was young, if you were an interior designer you were considered to be a homosexual, whether you were or not. There were many occasions where I had to deal with the husband of a client who was interested in more than having his parlor redone. Occasions would arise where you would make your entrance into their life, usually through the wife, and the husband would indicate a desire to see the decorator to find out what he thinks about the work. And he would invariably drop by, say with an invitation to lunch, so that plans for the house could be discussed. But he really didn't have this in mind at all. It finally came down to a sort of blackmail proposition: if you wanted the business, a sexual liaison with the husband was required.

As I got older this became less of a problem, both because I became less desirable sexually and also because I learned to handle these sorts of sit-

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uations. I think as you get older you learn to be more matter-of-fact about sex relationships. You learn to recognize when you are attracted to the other person; you learn to talk about it, and to lay down the law: you may be my client, but you are not my bed partner. If I'm attracted to you, I may be interested; if not, then I just say so.

I don't socialize a great deal with vounger homosexual men. I have reached the point in life where there are few shared interests between me and younger people. I suppose you could say that the younger gays disciminate against me by not including me in their activities, but this is a natural sort of discrimination between the generations. Why should they invite me to the beach to play frisbee? I don't run around throwing plastic disks, so I'd be so much excess baggage. In the same way I am not invited to the baths with younger men. That is understandable. I do get invited to the movies or to dinner. which are activities that are more appropriate to an older person.

I suppose I have more young gay friends than most older people, probably because of my involvement with MCC and the gay rights organization. I imagine most older homosexual men think of younger men as children. They don't have very much to offer socially or intellectually, but they may be very attractive sex objects.

I have known many gay men under thirty who have indicated their attraction to me. On a few occasions men in their early twenties have approached me for a sexual relationship, and I feel that is beautiful. There is no monetary exchange or anything of that sort. Perhaps they are seeking a certain father image; maybe it's a relationship something akin to my relationship with Dr. Pritchard. They are comfortable with me and they feel they can talk openly.

The men I have known between the ages of thirty and fifty are much more conscious of the age difference. They are simply not open to the idea of a sexual relationship with a man in his seventies. After the age of fifty there is a sort of camaraderie. The thought is, "You're in my same age bracket, you've got the same problems I have, and the same urges I have. So let's see what we can do about it."

Growing older brings many changes. The worst thing about growing older is losing the ability to do the things you always took for granted. It's harder to get things out of the bottom drawer. You drop something on the floor and it's an ordeal to pick it up. You have to think about how many steps there are to get upstairs. And you lose a little bit of your mind, too. You become forgetful and a bit paranoid. You are inclined to think, "They are pushing me around because I'm old." But in reality, if you analyzed your life, you would realize that you got pushed around at thirty, forty, and fifty, and you're going to get pushed around the rest of your life if you allow it. As you age you also lose your patience. Things seem to be routine, repetitive. You've heard that opera so many times, you don't want to hear it again.

The best thing about growing older is all the special privileges you get. Instead of being blamed like you used to, you get excused. You are offered the front seat of the car because it is easier than squeezing into the back seat—little things like that. Another advantage of age is that all the things that mattered so much when you were young don't seem so important now. You are upset less easily.

There is no difference between heterosexuals and homosexuals in adjusting to aging. It doesn't matter what your sex life has been like, everyone has to accept that we have no choice but to grow old. The process is much easier if you accept it. I think lying to yourself and to your friends about you age is about the most horrible thing people do. I think it is tragic to try to look and act fifty years younger than you are. You're clumsy at it; you can't do it. If it's time to go to bed, do it! And if you don't feel well today, admit you don't feel well and would rather not do something. Don't go out there and be miserable; it will show on your face and in your actions.

I have never understood why people hesitate to tell their age. Everyone who is younger than I am is looking forward to reaching my age. Living to the age of seventy-two and having done it well is an accomplishment.

This article is excerpted from Gay and Gray: The Older Homosexual Man, by Raymond Berger, to be published in September by the University of Illinois Press. Copyright 1982 by The Board of Trustees of the University of Illinois, and reprinted with permission of the University of Illinois Press.

Continued from page 9

device left Marilyn with the peculiar tremulousness about the mouth which became a permanent part of her screen personality. It became just one of the mannerisms which

made her unique.

All through her career, Marilyn worked tirelessly on such details. Dumb blonde image to the contrary, she had tremendous powers of concentration and carefully calculated and catalogued the means necessary to achieve the ends she wanted. She' would never wear a dress in public until she had tested it, moved in it and determined what it could do for her from every angle. That was simply part of her job. And it was a job, a responsibility which she took very seriously. After all, it had given her the only real and vivid identity she had ever known and she never let it down, even when it threatened to become an albatross around her neck. As Marilyn moved toward more serious ambitions as an actress, she never could quite persuade herself to give up that glittering identity, at once spurious and genuine, which had become the real Marilyn Monroe.

Her look and personality as Marilyn were a unique phenomenon, and the publicists had no choice but to compare her to her harder edged predecessor Jean Harlow and to stress the "sex bomb" side of her appeal. But this only told part of the truth; what emerged from the sex symbol image was an unmistakable honesty, softness, gentleness, confusion, depth and an enormous amount of sensitivity to all people and things around her. She may have been largely self-created but Marilyn Monroe was no phony. In the final analysis, it was the inner reality of this very human woman which took her to the top and has kept her there for the twenty years since her physical death. Now that the nation's sexual mores have more or less caught up with Marilyn and she no longer shocks anyone, we can perceive that, really, it was not how she moved but how she moved us that made her important.

In spite of, and perhaps because of, her fame and success, Marilyn Monroe was one of the most selfconscious people. Her deep-seated insecurity about many things is quite possibly one of the very factors that made her so real to people. Being a superstar has to be a very grotesque

experience and someone as sensitive as Marilyn had to be constantly aware of the absurdities of such a life. She was, by all accounts, a very trusting person who was willing to believe the best about people if she possibly could. Thus, she attracted many hangers-on who gravitated to her, drawn to her all-too-visible needs and who stayed on to use her in every possible way, for money and to bask in her reflected glory. Marilyn was aware of this and at the same time she was still vulnerable. Near the end of her life she made the following statement to a journalist who inhabited that vague territory between acquaintance and true friendship: "Sometimes I think the only people who stay with me and really listen are people I hire, people I pay. And that makes me sad. Why can't I have friends around me all the time, friends who want nothing from me?" Unfortunately, her position, her fame and glory, kept most of these people away from her. She knew, better than most, what it was like to be misunderstood. It was a way of life for her. And it certainly made her sensitive to others who were misunderstood.

To the same journalist she said of her friend and soulmate Montgomery Clift, "People who aren't fit to open the door for him sneer at his homosexuality. What do they know about it? Labels-people love putting labels on each other. Then they feel safe. People tried to make me into a lesbian. I laughed. No sex is wrong if there's love in it.

"I sometimes felt I was hooked on sex," she continued, "the way an alcoholic is on liquor or a junkie on dope. My body turned all these people on, like turning on an electric light, and there was so rarely

anything human in it.'

Marilyn was often aware of being trapped by her image as a sex bomb. "There were times," she said, "when I'd be with one of my husbands and I'd run into one of these Hollywood heels at a party and they'd paw me cheaply in front of everybody as if they were saying, 'Oh, we had her.' I guess it's the classic situation of an ex-whore, though I was never a whore in that sense. I was never kept; I always kept myself. But there was a period when I responded too much to flattery and slept around too much, thinking it would help my career, though I always liked the guy at the time. They were always so full of self-confidence and I had none at all and they made me feel better. But

you don't get self-confidence that way, you have to get it by earning respect. I've never given up on anyone who I thought respected me."

All of her life, Marilyn fought for respect, both as an artist and as a person. People in control of her seemed to sense that, by withholding respect and approval, they had a means of controlling her, of using her without allowing her to participate in her own power. The 1953 musical Gentlemen Prefer Blondes marked the beginning of Marilyn's undisputed status as a top star. And vet the studio was holding her to her original contract in which she made only \$500 a week while her co-star Jane Russell made \$200,000 for the eleven weeks of the production. On top of this, Marilyn was having trouble getting the studio to assign a dressing room to her. "Remember." they kept telling her, "you're not a star!"

"I may not be a star," she told them, "but this movie is called Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and whatever I am, I am the blonde!"

She later reported that the first time she really felt like a true star was when she sang for thousands of American GIs in Korea. When she felt their tremendous outpouring of love, she knew that she had arrived.

Marilyn's objective in becoming a movie star, the biggest and best movie star, was not money. Money interested her as a symbol that she was doing something right but not for its own sake. In the affluent Fifties, she alone told us that money was not everything. "I don't care about money," Marilyn declared, "I just want to be wonderful." Has anyone in history ever been more successful in achieving their goal?

Another measure of Marilyn's success is the high regard with which her professionalism was held by her colleagues, both in motion pictures and in still photography. "She was very easy to work with," said Richard Avedon. "She gave more to the still camera than any actress-any woman-I've ever photographed. She related to it as if she were giving a performance. She worked very, very hard, so it was always a joy. She understood photography, and she also understood what makes a great photograph. And she knew it was up to her to fill the page. Her concepts were very original; she was completely creative.'

The late Natalie Wood, herself no slouch in the movie star department,

Continued to page 94

LETTERS

SUNKISSED

Dear MANDATE.

I've been reading and looking at MANDATE for years and have seen many wonderful men who set my head spinning with unforgettable fantasies. But seldom have I seen a man who filled me with thoughts of

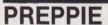
desire as does the model called "Sunkissed" in your June issue.

The sight of this sublime blond god stretching his lithe body as he lies in the sunlight beside all that still Key West water gave me a tremendous thrill. I have spent several very pleasant nights using my imagination to place myself between those superb blond thighs. But one

thing puzzles me. What does his face look like? You published profiles and shots of him with his head back but there is not one really clear view of his face. Now, don't think that I am ungrateful for all that you have given me, but, please, MANDATE, can't I see his face? And, of course, some more of that heavenly body?

A smitten man, Hobbs, New Mexico

Here he is from another angle. The lucky ole' Sun gets to spend his entire day kissing this handsome blond hunk. Wouldn't you gladly change places with him? Since that's a bit difficult to arrange, here is another photo at right to keep you drooling all summer long.



Dear MANDATE:

I've just bought the May issue and I'm crazy with lust for Rick Kennedy, the Ivy League model. If he's a student at a well-known school, I guess he has a big intellect too. I will be beside myself waiting to see if you print my letter, and if you do, can you also give me and all other MANDATE readers another look at Rick? He is the best thing that has happened to me so far in the eighties.

Sincerely, E.V.

Lynchburg, VA

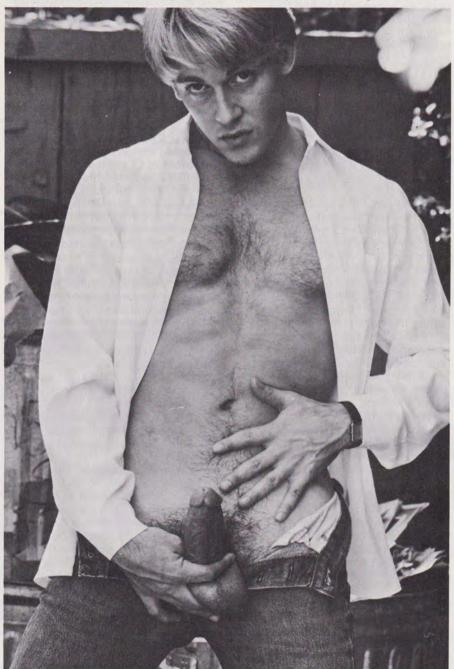
Rick is a prize student at a very good school. We're told that he has a brilliant head on his shoulders too. The photo at left offers further evidence of his endowments.—Editor

ACID DROPS OF DISC SCENE

Dear Sirs,

For obvious reasons Mandate is likely to find its way to many a bedside. Although I personally would love to see more leather and/or tattoos in Mandate, the glorious pictures of Byron Hawkwood or Rod

Photo left: Rick Kennedy photographed by College Station Photo right: Sunkissed photographed by Phil Flasche







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Without overlooking other fine articles, the high quality of both the artwork and the studgallery, for me Freeman Gunter's contributions present a strong reason for purchasing Mandate.

Freeman Gunter is among the men in *Mandate* I would love to spend some time with! Needless to say, I'll try to promote your magazine for here is a publication that deserves a lot of praise!

Sincerely yours, M.E.

Amsterdam, The Netherlands

DRAMATIC PROOF

Dear Editor:

I'm thrilled to find your review of my *Politics of Homosexuality* in the March issue of *Mandate*, and such an intelligent and perceptive review at that. I think that you and your magazine are dramtic proof that gay liberationist efforts have been successful, certainly as dramatic as all the other manifestations of gay life we see all around us today.

Best reagrds, Toby Marotta San Francisco

THANKS FOR SAGE

Dear Editors,

I want to thank you for the article called SAGE in the March 1982 issue of *Mandate*. It was most informative for me, and very rewarding to know how people are responding and caring for our Senior brothers and sisters.

I hope you won't mind, but our California counterpart to the Eastern organization will be reprinting parts of the article in its newsletter to be published in March. I think it will help many to know what has been accomplished in such a worthwhile cause.

Though our organization is less than a year old, we will be having ribbon cutting ceremonies at three offices to serve the gay/lesbian senior by the end of March. The community in the West has responded warmly and generously to our appeal for support in funding the project which eventually will include housing for the Senior.

Thanks again for CARING enough to publish the success story of gays reaching out to help each other.

> Sincerely, Tony Knapp Board Member S.S.G.L.C.

BED AND BREAKFAST

Continued from page 64

holding on to it he brought my face close to his and kissed me.

"I got a lot to teach you, kid. You never had a man rough you up before, have you?"

"No, sir." The "sir" was automatic. He noticed it and smiled. "You're learning fast, though."

I smiled too. He grabbed my aching ass and I lost my smile fast. "Hurt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good." What a wicked smile this guy had. He took my hand and placed it over his hard cock. He was in complete control. I turned and walked towards the bed. Just as I got there he stopped me with that cold voice of his.

"Bend over. Place your hands on the bed and spread your legs." My entire body was screaming with pain—my ass included—but my asshole had a mind of its own. This is what it had been demanding ever since Rob had pulled out this morning. Once again I obeyed instructions. Rob positioned his cock, sheathed in spit, against my asshole. Before he could make another move I thrust my ass back and buried his rod all the way up my hot ass.

I caught hell for that later. But that's another story.

CUMING OUT PARTY

Continued from page 38

Jack's mouth and replaced it with his balls. As Jack licked the huge black balls, another white man moved in behind the black. Jack touched his thick prick and kept his fingers on it as it prodded at the black's asshole. The prick then

slipped inside the black's chute and began fucking it. The black put his cock back into Jack's mouth and seconds later he tensed and erupted a furious load. Jack swallowed most of it, but kept some in his mouth. Someone broke a popper under his nose and he sniffed it. Totally aroused, Jack took hold of the cock that had just been inside the black and mouthed it, covering it with the remaining cum. The prick ejaculated instantly and Jack swallowed every drop.

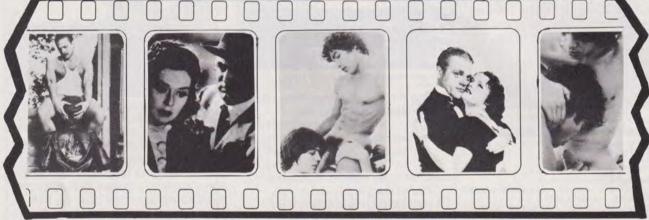
A few seconds later Jack recognized a face he hadn't seen since the day he met Sandy at the movie theatre. It was the youth named Chunky. By now, hands, cocks, and mouths were floating everywhere, touching, grasping, jerking, fucking and sucking. Chunky was in the doggy position, his mouth being fucked by a handsome, silver-haired man. Another man was underneath Chunky sucking his prick. Jack saw that Chunky's ass was available. His prick honed in on the opening like radar. He couldn't believe how open and wide Chunky's ass was. Chunky, meanwhile, was in seventh heaven. As Jack gripped his hips, the man fucking Chunky's mouth detonated his load. Then someone spoke up and said, "Chunky wants a shower for dessert.'

The man now began pissing on Chunky's face. Two more men joined the peeing scene and aimed new streams on Sandy. Some of it splattered on Jack, and he couldn't believe how aroused he was. He gave Chunky one last deep stroke and began shooting inside the hole. Jack was so beside himself with raw lust that instead of taking out his prick after he came, he, too, began pissing inside Chunky's ass!

The rest of the evening became a blur of one orgiastic scene after another. He didn't even remember going back to his cottage with Sandy. But the next afternoon when he and Sandy hit the beach, at least a dozen guys including the television star welcomed Jack and pummeled him affectionately. The host said he was the "star" of the party. "You don't remember singing 'If They Could See Me Now' on top of the table?" Jack didn't remember, but he did remember that he had certainly found himself and not just sexually, but as a man who knew that the gay lifestyle was something he could be proud to acknowledge. By next summer, Jack and Sandy had their own

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SEX AND THE GAY MARRIED

Continued from page 68

also long nights by the phone, disappointments, sudden demands to simulate a warmth he didn't always feel.

Fred's story is just one incident. Such affairs may not always turn out this way. Yet when it is so hard to create a good and lasting relationship between two single gay men, what chance does one ever have seeking romance with a married man?

The Loner

"I can resist everything except temptation.-Oscar Wilde

Passion, it need hardly be noted, can have little to do with romance. Some of us are expert enough to go from ignition to lift-off to splashdown in a quarter hour. A moon and a blue lagoon in June are nice, but hardly necessary. To the Loner, the bachelor gay who feels this way, a married man may be just another

Incidentally, if you don't like the terms "Lover" and "Loner," there are other ways to describe the same two types. A recent book refers to "home builders" and "excitement seekers." A Kinsey Institute study contrasts "closed couples" with "functionals." (Functionals? Call me a Loner. please!) A friend of mine coined the terms "roommate" and "back-

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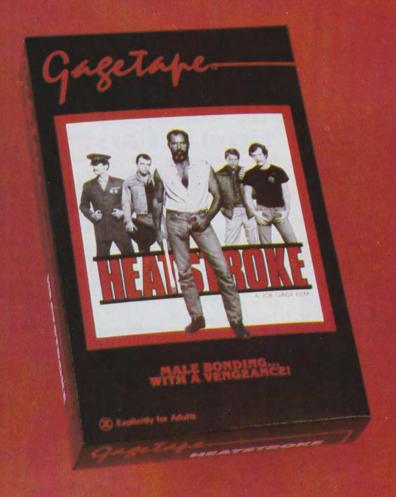
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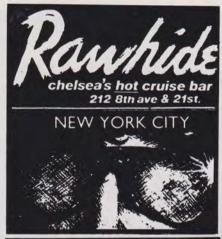
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and fathers don't have time to waste and so make the most of any opportunity.

A wedding ring doesn't automatically turn a man into a slouch either. The ones I've met have been beautiful men. Perhaps they are more attractive than many single gays because they aren't in the gilded cage of the latest drinks. drugs, and duds. There are married trolls out there, too, I suppose. I just wasn't interested in meeting them. A Loner may be knowledgeable about married men without its becoming a fetish.

If I've had more than my share of husbands as tricks, it's not the result of long nights at the bars. The Loner will rarely find married men in bars. Husbands fear they'll be seen entering a gay dive. They can't get away nights. I first got an inkling there were so many married men around when I was out-of-work for a spell. I found them during the day at the peep shows and the parks and the tearooms. In Laud Humphreys' famous study, Tearoom Trade, 54 per cent of the tearoom participants he interviewed were married and living with their wives. Married gays I've met are salesmen and doctors, college professors and students, or others who don't work nine to five. Or they are executive types who can take a two-hour lunch and not be missed.

A married man can't invite tricks to his place so if the Loner's place is off limits, the two guys will just have to improvise. I've had sex with a married man, for example, in the morgue of a state hospital for the insane. I was horny, he was hot and had the key. The room wasn't used as a morgue any longer and was more attractive than some bathhouses I've been in. One of the best trysts I've ever had took place on the floor of a laboratory in a major midwestern research hospital with a married lab technician. A Loner believes sex is where you find it. With that freedom, there's no reason sex can't be found with a married man.

Husbands

"Nowadays, all the married men are like bachelors, and all the bachelors are like married men."-Oscar Wilde

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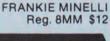
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the potential for heartache, is the married man himself. His life can be full of guilt and anxiety. Like an embezzler, he alway fears being found out. If word gets back to his wife, all hell may break loose. That can happen in a variety of ways: a jilted lover, an interrupted phone call or an intercepted note. A married Republican congressman tricking in a Capitol john was caught in a nasty arrest. Perhaps the worst way a wife may learn that her husband hasn't been faithful is the way that is hardest to guard against—venereal disease.

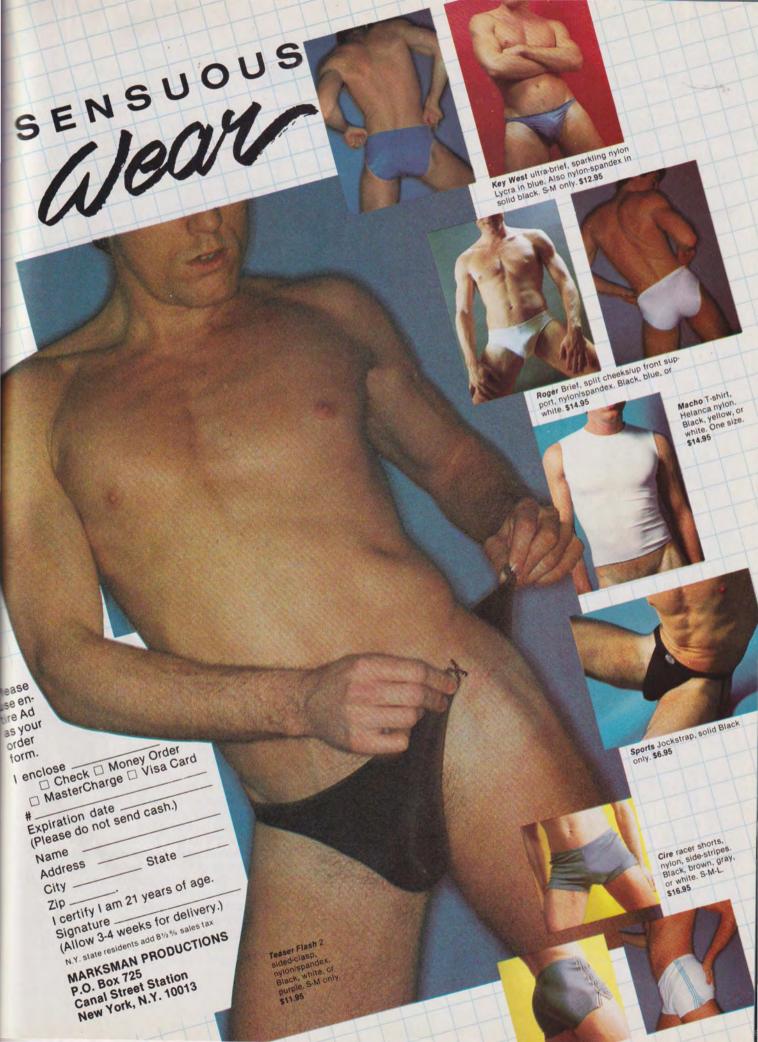
Joe calls me now and then to talk. He's a graduate student in computer sciences I met in the school library. He's a cute redhead whose laid-back manner belies an aggressive sexual appetite. Married men like Joe lead me to think that at least some husbands trick in search of sex of a vigor they cannot find at home.

Over the span of three recent weeks, I got a series of frantic phone calls from Joe. There was something wrong with his penis. Maybe it's just urethritis, I told him, but he'd better go to the health department. He called me next day to say he had gone to the clinic and was telling his wife that a sinus attack was giving him such headaches he didn't feel like sex. Could he keep that up for two weeks, he wondered. Maybe the test will come back negative, I encouraged him. Next day he got the word from the clinic and the word was "clap." What could he do? I advised him to talk with his wife's gynecologist.

A suspenseful week passed. Finally he called again to tell me that things were looking up. His drip had stopped and he had managed to convince the gynecologist to test his wife without her knowledge. (I think Joe would make a great salesman; the gynecologist is a woman!)

Joe spent the following days on proverbial pins and needles. The test might remain a secret but if treatment were required for his wife, there would be no more secrets of any kind. It's no wonder then that a recent study, Male Homosexuals by Martin S. Weinberg and Colin J. Williams, found that gays who lived with their wives had more guilt and anxiety than any other gay group. What's surprising is that the married gays studied showed no notable psychological problems.

Luckily the test on Joe's wife turned out to be negative. Although



Joe had a scare, I ran into him later in the week at the peep shows.

Joe's wife doesn't know that he's gay and if Joe's incredible luck holds, she never will. Only one thing keeps most married gays' home life together: lies. Or as Big Daddy in Cat on a Hot Tin Roof put it, mendacity. The married gay may lie to his single lover, probably lies to his business partners, and almost always lies to his children if not to his wife. But when you hear him talk, the married gay is to be pitied most of all because he has lied to himself. He didn't admit to his desire for other men until he was already married. Or else he knew he was gay but told himself, the well-worn lie that the love of a good woman would straighten him out. Even the most honest ones-those who knew they were gay and always intended to stay that way but married for money or a career or to gratify a parent's wish for grandchildren-lied to themselves in their conviction that no one would get hurt.

Perhaps things are changing. The Joy of Gay Sex allots two pages to a discussion of married gays. It concludes that the pattern of such marriages is changing to one of courageous and honest communication between husband and wife about their true desires. This doesn't always work. Probably honesty most often ends in tears, bitterness and divorce. But it works for some.

The lab technician I mentioned earlier took honesty a giant step further. He and his wife were weekend regulars at the local gay bar. He got little support from single gays for his courageous honesty. In fact most of the bar's patrons found the couple laughable.

The truth is, the single gay, whether Lover or Loner, and the married gay are two very different sorts of homosexual. The husband envies and pities the bachelor. The Lover, in turn, finds the husband a hypocrite. The Loner may envy the married man's home and security. The husband may be jealous of the Loner's famous and over-rated freedom. Donald Webster Cory, in his visionary book, The Homosexual in America, put it just right when he wrote that the married homosexual tries to share in two very different worlds and so winds up nowhere at

Understanding sex and the gay married man comes down to Lovers, Loners...and Losers.

Continued from page 81

was a great Monroe admirer. She once remarked, "When you look at Marilyn on the screen, you don't want anything bad to happen to her. You really care that she should be all

right...happy."

Much has been said over the years about the lost, tragic Marilyn because it makes good copy. But many, many friends and fellow workers remember her gaiety, her wit and her extraordinary sense of fun and mischief. Marilyn loved life and adored happy times of sharing with friends. And, because she knew how it felt to be hurt or lonely, she became very good at making people feel at ease. Countless people have reported that, no matter who you were, whether the President or a flower vendor in the street who happened to recognize her, she showed a real interest and found ways to draw you out. She always remembered the names of coworkers, assistants and their families and she always remembered to ask about them with real concern.

Dame Edith Sitwell, the poet, was introduced to Marilyn in Hollywood by journalists who hoped the two would feud and, thus, make some juicy copy. Instead, Dame Edith had this to say: "In private life, she was not in the least what her calumniators would have wished her to be. She was very quiet, had great natural dignity, and was extremely intelligent. She was also exceedingly sensitive. What will power she must have needed in order to remain the human being she was, after the cruelty with which, in the past, she was treated! That is over now, and she is accepted as the fine artist that she was. It arose partly, I think, from the envy of people who are devoid of beauty, and partly from the heartless stupidity of those who have never known a great and terrifying poverty. There are people, also, who cannot believe that beauty and gaiety are a part of goodness...She knows the world, but this knowledge has not lowered her great and benevolent dignity; its darkness has not dimmed her goodness."

It is obvious that Marilyn was loved, even more than she knew. And that she is missed by a world which has chosen to keep her alive rather than lose or replace her, an impossible task.

But what if she had lived? What roles awaited her? Blanche Dubois

("the kindness of strangers..."), Nana, Anna Christie. Imagine her as Desiree in A Little Night Music! Contrary to the tragic predictions of her fear of aging, Marilyn Monroe had some very realistic thoughts about this inevitable fact of life. She wanted to mature into a stage actress and even looked forward to ultimately shedding her image and becoming, in her words, "a marvelous character actress, like Marie Dressler." Can you imagine her as one of the little old ladies in Arsenic and Old Lace, gleefully slipping poison to the lonely little old men to put them out of their misery? "I like old people," she said near the end of her days, "they have great qualities younger people don't have. I want to grow old without face-lifts. They take the life out of a face, the character. I want to have the courage to be loyal to the face I've made. I sometimes think it would be easier to avoid old age, to die young, but then you'd never complete your life, would you? You'd never wholly know yourself."

"You're trapped in your fame," she later remarked. "Maybe I'll never get out of it now until it's over. Fame has gone and I'm old. What should I do then? I don't think it'll throw me. I have ideas. I'll be interested in everything. Character acting, poetry reading, yoga, travel-everything. That's the way to stay alive."

But Marilyn didn't manage to stay alive, did she? She wasn't allowed to complete her life and her extraordinary light was snuffed out. Was it suicide? None of her close friends really believes that it was. Marilyn was changing, evolving into maturity with marvelous grace. Did she, herself, even really know how well she was doing it, how beautiful, in an entirely new way, she was becoming?

Was she murdered? Rumor to that effect has been circulating, increasingly, for years. When her longtime intimate friend, Robert F. Slatzer, wrote his startling and revealing book, The Life and Curious Death of Marilyn Monroe, in 1974, Norman Mailer wrote the following: "I think Robert Slatzer has done enough good investigative work to begin the case that Marilyn Monroe was murdered. In fact, I would say on the basis of hard evidence he has collected it would now be more difficult to prove she took her own life than that she was killed." The italics are mine and we will explore his conclusions and other findings in next month's continuation: Marilyn, The Destruction of a Woman.

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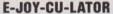
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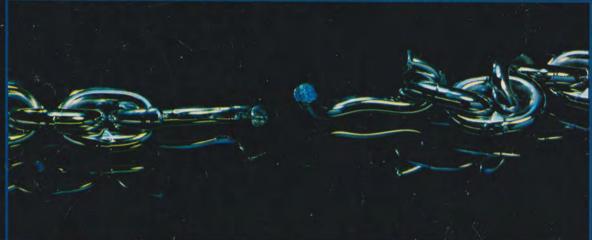
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Enclose \$1.00 for postage & handling.

MD. MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS GREAT LAKES PRODUCTS, INC. P.O. BOX 44288, FED. STATION INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA 46244

☐ I certify that I am over 21, Signature:

NAME -

"WORLD'S FIRST CHOICE IN NITRITE-BASED ODORANTS"