

ALTERNATE

STILL
150

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 6

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BILLION
DOLLAR
BABY

DALLAS
NUDES

NEW
KINSEY
REPORT

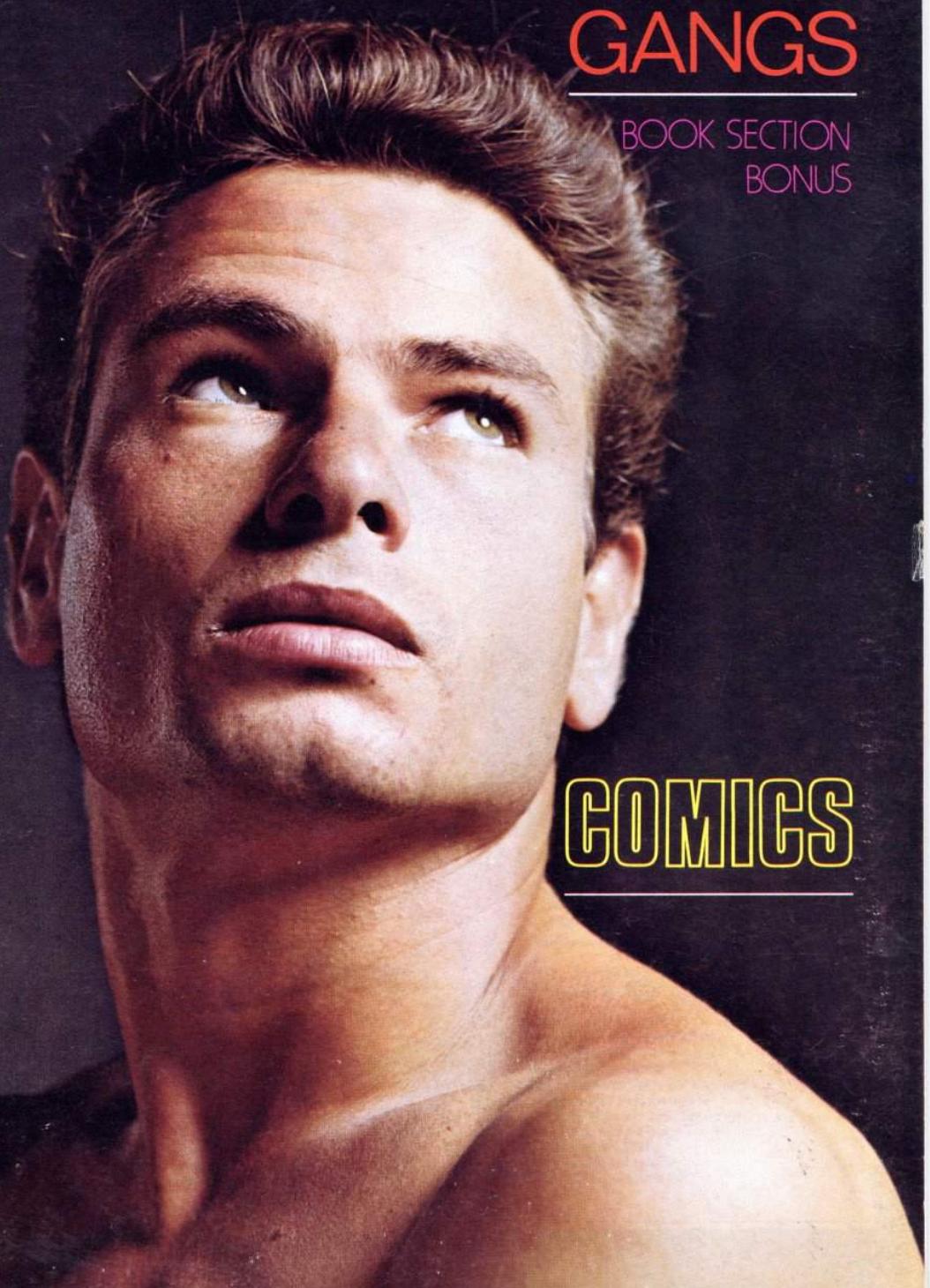
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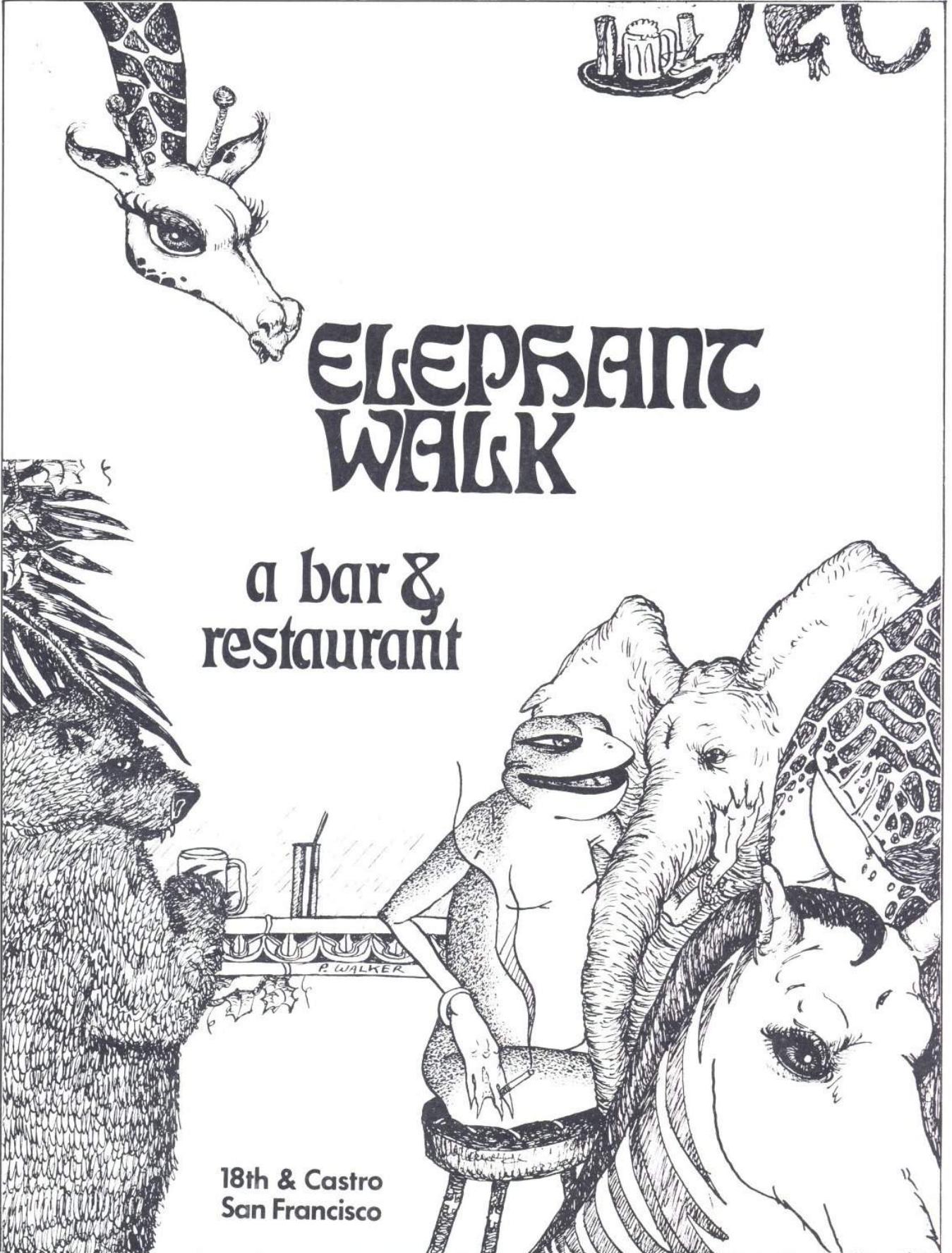
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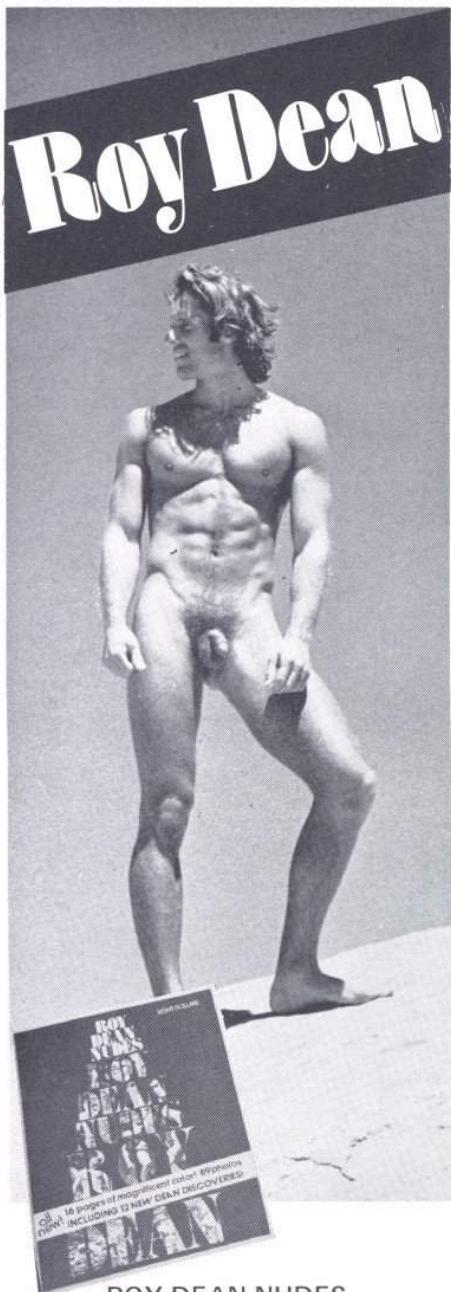
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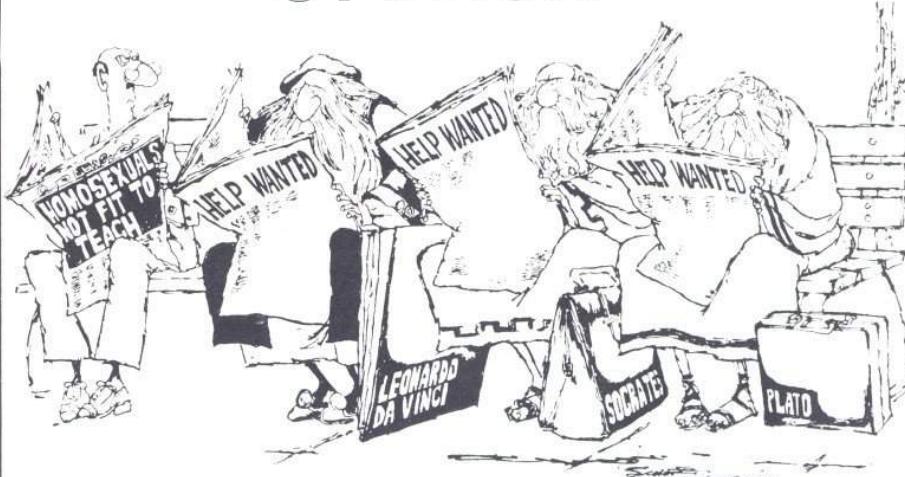
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OPINION



ALTERNATE FUTURES

In light of recent repressive events the time has come to contemplate alternatives to the future gays appear to be facing. We refer to the repeal of equal rights legislation and the proposed repeal of more such legislation in various American cities; to the proposed anti-gay teacher initiative in California, and to the sudden rise in anti-gay sentiment echoed by the conservative and fundamental right wing.

While a great deal of time, money and energy have been spent on the slow process of re-educating non-gays that we are indeed a viable, tax-paying class, the social temperament indicates that it is perhaps all for naught.

Self-rule is a heady subject, one apt to send a lot of gays rushing back into their closets with core-ten steel reinforcements barring the door. But self-rule and autonomy need be considered if we are to become anything other than the collective scapegoats of a heterosexual orientated civilization.

How does a coalition of diverse cultures like the gay community emerge autonomously? The answer goes to the heart of what any class represents: a special interest of individuals that, to survive individually and as a class, must be governed exclusively by their peers.

The future of gays, not only in America but throughout the world, hangs in the balance. Intergration or autonomy? Subjugation or self-rule?

The Alternate will begin exploring, in depth, alternative futures for gays as a class. The optimum? The best possible conditions for the insurance of one's human rights. Join us in our exploration.

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION

It occurs to us that an overlooked effect of the Briggs Initiative would force gays to support, through taxation, their own discrimination.

Gays would be forced, through taxation as citizens, to support the Public School System and forbidden, through law, from representation in that system. Representation, in fact, would be a crime.

If you remember your history lessons, taxation without representation was the catalyst for the American Revolution.

— John W. Rowberry

ALTERNATE

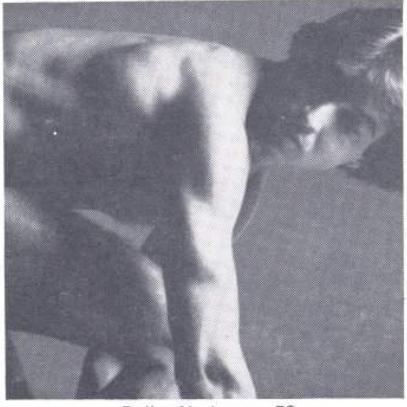
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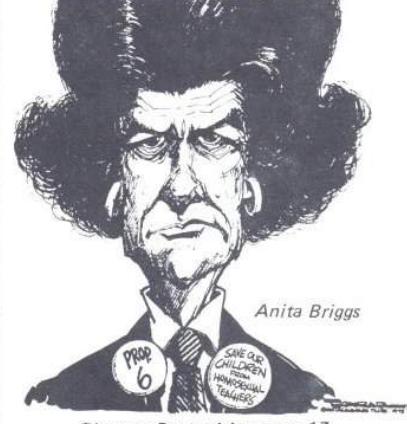
Billion Dollar Bullshit page 14



Women Recording Women page 43



Dallas Nude page 59



Obscene Proposition page 17

6 DIRECT CURRENT / LETTERS

8 ALTERNATE CURRENT

The Kinsey Institute releases its new study. California prepares for the upcoming anti-gay elections. Anita makes an appearance in Boston and violence breaks out. France votes on legalizing gays.

14 JOHN BRIGGS' BILLION DOLLAR BULLSHIT

The California Senator is planning for the state to spend over a billion dollars looking for homosexuals in school closets. Forms and questionnaires come in triplicate, so que up now.

17 THE OBSCENE PROPOSITION

California Assemblyman Art Agnos tackles the Briggs Initiative and knocks out the hot air, then advises how to prevent its passage.

19 QUOTES ON BRIGGS

The Alternate asked a number of leading citizens what they thought of the Briggs Initiative.

20 PEOPLE

Crime goes to San Quentin, Madness takes its toll on Castro Street, un-gay Bob gets mad over doll, TIME stereotypes it, and the beautiful people carry on.

23 SEXPLOITING THE DALLAS COWBOYS

The team decided to make the cheerleader into a professional sex symbol. We think they deserve the same treatment.

26 LIVE WIRES

The Alternate's pick of the best most visible humor.

27 BOOK SECTION / PRISON GANGS

An excerpt from Frank O'Rourke's explosive exposé of gangs behind bars; their scams, their rules, their sex lives and their influence on the outside world.

33 BEAU

In the tradition of DRUM, Bill Ward launches a new cartoon series. Marie Antionette, eat cake!

37 SUPER CLASSIFIEDS

The Alternate begins what will become the biggest classified ad section available to the gay community.

43 MARKET PLACE / OLIVIA RECORDS

Lesbian and women recording artists, finding no place among the star stables of the record industry conglomerates, create their own.

48 LOOKING FOR THE CLASS MURDER

A closeted newspaper editor, a hustler in scuba gear, a murder. Arthur Bell investigates and is almost engulfed.

51 ROUND UP IN RENO

Efren Rameriz went to the Second Annual Gay Rodeo looking for cowboys and horses. The main attraction is again outside the arena.

55 RECORDS

Howie Klien reviews Chuck Mangione's newest adventure.

56 FILMS

*Steven Seid looks at the cult of the American hero in *The Driver* and *Who'll Stop The Rain*.*

59 DALLAS NUDE

Charles Collum's lavish and revealing look at the citizens of Dallas brings nude photography to a new high. Collum promises Moscow next.

63 BOOKS

Gay Sunshine's first book of interviews makes its long awaited appearance and Felice Picano's first book of poetry is a success.

66 PARTING SHOT

Cover Photo: The magnificent photography of Charles Collum is displayed in a special section beginning on page 59.

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DIRECT CURRENT

DARK WIT

Ouch! How stinkingly satirical can you get? I refer to the "black hole" article on Oklahoma and the razor-sharp item about why gays should have backed Prop. 13 in your current (July?) issue.

The spirit of Swift, Pope and Twain lives on. My congratulations.

Name and Address withheld

BEYOND DEATH

Many of us were interested in the "Journey Beyond" by Charles Lee Morris, in which he describes a period of illness in which he had the sensation of floating above his body while doctors hovered over him, and of being interviewed by a "being of light" who said, "I'll bet you never really expected to get *here*, did you?" (emphasis added), and who later asked whether he had felt "fulfilled." Morris suggests that this was an actual encounter with some supernatural being who sent him back to the land of the living to get fulfilled, and that otherwise he would have been dead. Morris indicates that the "being of light" was warm and comforting, and that this encounter makes death less awesome. As Morris indicates, this same type of report has been made by many persons who have been extremely ill, and of course all of us would be pleased to know that death was reassuring rather than *prima facie* objectionable.

What struck me about the account was where Morris believed "here" was, when the "being of light" was ready to "bet" that he never really expected to be there. Obviously, Morris never left the bed on which his body lay, and the "here" was what occurred in his head. Even if we were to concede that the little drama which was being played out in his head was placed there by some supernatural being of light, still what occurred, occurred in his head, and there was no "here" to be observed. The real question is how does the "being of light" recreate the same scene when there is no longer any living mind within which the scene can be portrayed. Then, there is no "here" for the visions to function.

The second thing which comes to mind is how one knows when he has been "fulfilled." Does anyone ever really believe that he has "fulfilled?" I doubt it. Life is too open ended to have fulfillment. We strive for this and that, and sometimes succeed, but we are always aware that our failures exceed our successes, and that no matter how much we accomplish, there is much more to

be done. We are always in the process of fulfilling, and are never fulfilled. Furthermore, if any one of us could know what fulfillment is, we would have a full time unfulfilled job of telling others.

I think the experience of Mr. Morris and others in this twilight zone of imagery may be far more profound than normal dreaming, and very rewarding to them, but it leaves many unanswered questions.

*G.M. Bergman
Los Angeles, CA*

13 NOT VERY GAY

While reading the Alternate (Vol. 1, No. 5) I was dismayed to see an article entitled "Advantages of 13" by the "L.A. Homo Home Owners for Prop. 13." Unaware that there *were* any advantages to Prop. 13 I apprehensively examined the article.

I was distressed, to say the least, to see that among the so called "advantages" was a drastic reduction in school funds. As a gay student I can only say that if gays wish to express their disapproval of discrimination in schools they certainly could find a more articulate means of doing so then by reducing the budgets of our already pitifully underfunded school systems. Turning out a generation of illiterates with no skills will not in any way lead to the end of discrimination in school hiring.

I was appalled to see that they were again using Prop. 13 as a vehicle to express their anger about discrimination in fire and police depts. But while we may be able to live without police (and in fact might prefer it that way) I think fire departments are the sort of things one would wish to keep running smoothly at all costs. Especially if one was a homeowner.

The article did not mention Prop. 13's disadvantages such as the drastic loss of funding for parks and recreational facilities — youngsters gay or straight find so necessary. Not to mention the loss in public transportation funding which provides the only means of transportation for those too young (or poor) to own cars.

I was especially disturbed to see gays, usually a progressive force, supporting a petty and cheap blow at social welfare legislation. And what's more doing it in the name of Gay Liberation! I can understand the wish of gays to show displeasure with the government, but this is not the way.

— A Gay Student and Victim of Prop. 13

WRITING SCALE

Thanks a lot for *The Alternate*. I'm delighted to find that your scale of writing covers such a varied horizon.

I was also glad to find out that you are gastronomiques, also. The article on *New Sigan in Dining Out* shows clearly that to write interestingly of food one must possess even other qualities than hunger.

I've shown *The Alternate* to some of my friends and every one of them has said, "Great, just what we need to break the tide of porn." Keep up the good work!

Rauli Vettenranta
Tampere, Finland

(Mr. Vettenranta is a well known Finnish poet who has received a number of literary awards in his native country. A collection of his work is expected to appear in English translation this year. Editor)

THE WORM TURNS

I recently ran across this exchange in the *Albuquerque Journal* between one of their readers and Action Line's G. Ward Fenley and Louise Miller:

Q: My son had to quit two jobs recently because he was harrassed by fellow workmen who were homosexuals. Of six workmen on a job for a construction company, three were homosexuals. Don't these employers know their employees are homosexuals and why don't they protect (non-gays) others who are harassed this way?

A: Lady, we can't answer your question. In this day, when discrimination is the watchword, we just imagine that employers are not allowed to come out frankly and ask each potential employee if he is a homosexual. Possibly some employers couldn't care less if he is a good workman.

Isn't it nice to know we have such macho jobs in Albuquerque and the red polyester pants, white patent leather shoes, cheap jewelry are the symbols of the straight citizens?

Remember when it was gay who got harrassed from the straight construction workers? The worm turns — does it not?

R.K.
New Mexico

MORE GAY, LESS DUSTY

I like your great variety of topics, but wish you'd have more articles on gays as people. Your article on gay youth should have had more statements from the teenagers themselves.

I appreciate your attempt to be non-sexist.

However, I wish you and other gay magazines would stop writing about Dusty Springfield's attempts to go back in the closet!

Name and Address Withheld

ENJOYED EXILES

I very much enjoyed your article, *Exiles in Paradise*. It's reassuring to know that the subject (gay teenagers) can be discussed in a non-exploitive manner.

Alice Adams
Little Rock, AR

NOT GAY ENOUGH

I really can't see why you spend your time writing about farmworkers and abortion when these areas are not gay and don't relate to gays. I think you should spend more time covering things that are strictly gay oriented. Besides, what do farmworkers and people pushing for abortions ever do for gay rights?

D.G.
Chatsworth, CA

IMMACULATE CONCEPTIONS

Your article about the Lesbian couple in England arranging to bear a child through the use of artificial insemination points to a change in reproduction that is becoming more obvious each day. Medical and scientific "techknowledgy" has reached, or soon will, the point where male-female coupling will no longer be the only option in reproduction.

I might add that artificial insemination has been around for a very long time, in one form or another.

The possibility of cloning (should it prove possible) will strengthen the alternative methods by which homosexuals can come into their own as parents. There is no reason to expect a Lesbian to engage in sex with a man in order to have a child. Or a gay man with a woman.

As the science of alternative reproduction grows, so will the church dogma against it; but persevere, the day is soon when civilization will be deciding its own moral code.

Jim Winter
New York, NY

PUNK GARBAGE

I can see that the *Alternate* has gone the way of all the "straight" media and given punk rock more undeserved space. It's garbage music for trashy minds. Why even bother?

The author, Howie Klein, found something redeeming. But it seems more like a con job for little minds. The way I see it, punk rock is just right wing music for frustrated teenagers. How can anyone take it seriously? And how can anyone, including Howie Klein, feel that the "youth rebellion" is productive when something as worthless as punk music represents the anthem of alienation?

With all the great music around why does punk rock have to get so much attention?

Ronald S.
St. Louis

TERROR COVER

Last night I bought my copy of ALTERNATE, Vol. 1, No. 5, and chills ran down my spine. The statement on your cover, "Coach, all I got to do is claim that you're gay and your ass'll be grass," has been said to me using my own name instead of the word *coach*. I know the fear that runs through a person's life when he is threatened with blackmail. In 1956, at the age of 18, I left home and joined the Navy. Coming to San Francisco was a dream of mine. Honey, it was nothing like I thought it would be like. By the time I was to leave the Navy in 1960, I knew it would be safer for me to live in my closet than to go back to Florida, where a witch hunt was going on by the Johns Commission. Well, it seems to be in the air again with Anita doing what Senator Johns was doing in Florida 20 years ago. The damage of living in fear took many years to heal the wounds. Today the sun shines, will it be shining tomorrow?

Thank you Steven Sied for an article much needed to help others understand the problems many of us forget or just don't want to remember about our problems of being young and gay. Again fear keeps many from helping young men because of our repressive laws.

The letter in this issue about drag queens is just too much. There are a lot of different factions in life. We will never be free if we discriminate among ourselves. We are all drag queens when you realize that whatever we wear is nothing but a costume to fulfill a fantasy. In my life I have filled many roles created by me. I have been Queen Mother, Mother of the Year, Lonesome cowboy, Butch truck driver, Witchdoctor, Businessman in a suit and tie, Socialworker, Farmer, Chef, Dishwasher, Handyman, Laundry women, Writer, Poet, Artist, and many more I'm sure.

Looking forward to your next issue.
Crit

BRIEF HAND

"UNNATURAL ACTS" (Vol. 1, No. 4) — alone worth price of the magazine!
Mildred Garson
Oakland, CA

BEGRUDGINGLY HETERO

As a straight man living and working in San Francisco I begrudgingly give male and female homosexuals the legal right to be homosexual.

But when I see, as I often do, homosexuals openly flaunting their lifestyle by fondling one another in daylight on public streets with carefree abandon, it is enough to make me want to throw up.

John Boynton
San Francisco

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photo by B. Hoffman

Gays at Disneyland

Over 15,000 gay women and men flocked to Disneyland on May 25 for a benefit sponsored by Studio One disco and the Tavern Guild for the Gay Community Services Center.

"It was the largest private party Disneyland has ever had," announced Scott Forbes of Studio One. He said that the Disney officials were "very happy" with the crowd, but were non-committal about the likelihood of repeating the event next year.

Forbes added, "I've been to many gay bashes where I was glad no straights were around to see some of the behavior, but at Disneyland I hoped there were 15,000

straight people there to see how well we all behaved. I don't think there could have been a person there who could not have felt proud to be gay."

Many gay parents brought their children, and some gay children brought their parents. Performers in live shows and bands claimed they could not remember such appreciative audiences.

At press time, Forbes was not sure exactly how much money was made for GCSC. The first 7000 tickets paid 25c each, and the remaining ones gave an additional 50c. He noted there were other costs to be taken into consideration, so that finally the Center might end up with approximately \$4000.

L.A. Police Under Fire

CITIZENS DEMAND AUDIT

A group calling itself *Public Employees for Lower Taxes* has used the tool of Proposition 13 to light a fire under the Los Angeles Police Department. Demanding that the fat be cut from Chief Daryl Gates' boys in blue, the group wants expenses looked into for possible cuts.

Under fire from the citizens group are areas like providing technical advice to outside agencies; which might include the common practice of the LAPD to provide press releases to the media on any number of subjects which it feels deserves its comment.

In the past the LAPD has been instrumental in airing misconceptions about child molestation statistics which later had to be denied. Other areas in which

the LAPD has been the prime source for the media have included, but not been limited to, the effect of gay police officers on the general public, the motivation behind homosexual sadomasochistic sexual practices, the organization and practices of child porno rings, homosexual prostitution, ad nauseum.

Gates, newly appointed to the LAPD, claims there is no waste in the Department, echoing sentiments long held by his predecessor, former Chief Edward Davis.

During his administration, Davis turned the LAPD into the most elaborate paramilitary organization in the country.

PELT has alleged that a great deal of police routine is duplicated and unnecessary. The group feels using outside employees for such common job classifications like receptionist, clerk, typist, and others, would allow for a much lower police budget.

Nix on Six

INITIATIVE UNCONSTITUTIONAL

The language of Proposition 6 on the November ballot is so broad and imprecisely worded that it would violate both the due process and free speech provisions of the U.S. and California constitutions, according to a legal opinion released by Assembly Speaker Leo T. McCarthy.

The opinion was requested by McCarthy and written by the Legislature's chief legal counsel, Bion Gregory.

Proposition 6 would require the dismissal and prohibit the hiring of school personnel who engage in public homosexual activity or conduct. It defines "public homosexual conduct" as the "advocating or promoting of private or public homosexual activity . . . likely to come to the attention of school children . . ."

That definition, according to the Legislative Counsel, is too vague to meet a court test of the due process of law provision and would unconstitutionally inhibit the first amendment's guarantee of free speech.

For example, a teacher who campaigned against the initiative could be subject to dismissal regardless of whether he or she is homosexual. A teacher who is a member of an organization which supports homosexual rights or who publicly speaks in favor of homosexual rights, even while out of the classroom, could also be dismissed.

This would restrict fundamental personal liberties beyond the legitimate legislative goal of regulating a teacher's conduct in a classroom, Gregory concluded.

The opinion noted that previous court cases have held that due process is violated when a law "forbids . . . an act in terms so vague that men of common intelligence must necessarily guess at its meaning and differ as to its application."

Because Proposition 6 fails to provide explicit standards for school districts to evaluate charges and determine an individual's fitness to teach in the classroom, the possibility of arbitrary and unequal enforcement is increased, the opinion stated.

The opinion also found that Proposition 6 would not violate the constitutional guarantees of equal protection of the law or an individual's right of privacy.

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Word Is Out, Almost Nobel Peace Prize

BUT NOT IN CANADA

The famous documentary, *Word Is Out*, barely made it past the Canadian censors board intact. While the film is being shown, it is screened with a restricted rating (comparable to an American X rating) limiting audiences to those over 18 years of age. In Canadian theatres, bringing your parents with you doesn't help.

The qualifications for a restricted rating are that the film would contain "sex, violence, or bad language." *Word Is Out* hardly qualifies on any of the counts.

The obvious conclusion is that the theme of *Word Is Out* worries the censor. A similar occurrence is Luis Malle's *Pretty Baby*, which contained no scenes of violence, sex or bad language. That a film might treat prostitution or homosexuality in a favorable light seems to be more than the bi-lingual Canadian Censorship Board can tolerate. While *Word Is Out* is at least being shown, *Pretty Baby* was banned.

Want to complain? The Ontario Board of Film Censors is located at 1075 Millwood Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4G 1X6. And while the standards appear to be different between Canada and the U.S., the postage rates are the same.

Nobel Peace Prize

Imelda Marcos, wife of the dictator of the Philippines, Ferdinand Marcos, has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. Ms. Marcos is a former commoner and beauty queen. Her name was put in nomination by four prominent Filipinos.

Ms. Marcos was cited for her involvement with the end of a Moslem uprising that had lasted six years in the Southern Philippines.

While the rebels involved with the Moslem uprising were hiding from Philippine police, Ms. Marcos met secretly with their leaders. She was alleged to be instrumental in negotiating an end to the insurgency.

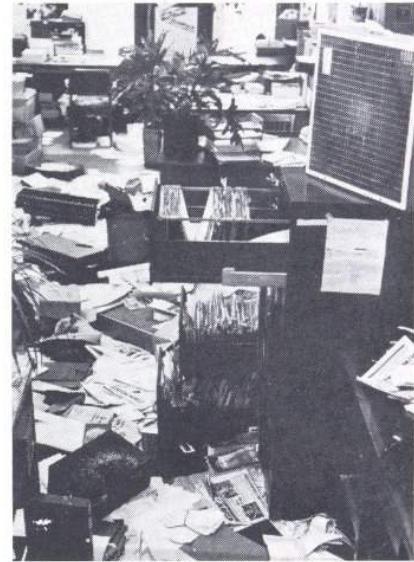
Ferdinand Marcos is not as popular with the citizens of the Philippines as is his wife Imelda. It is rumored that she is, however, his chosen successor. Ms. Marcos' political philosophy has been consistently to the right of her dictator husband.

It comes as no surprise that the Nobel Committee, which nominated Richard Nixon for the Peace Prize for ending the Viet Nam war, would seriously consider allowing Ms. Marcos name be entered.

Punk Concert Gays

In times of darkness, light will emerge from strange corners. With the Briggs Initiative casting its grave penumbra upon California, the New Wave bands of San Francisco decided to do something about it. Being law-abiding citizens, a benefit concert to raise funds seemed most appropriate. On September 11, some of the City's finest punk bands — the Readymades, the Liars, Crispy Baby — gathered at the Mabuhay Gardens for a freakish festival entitled "Save the Homos." New Wave nubiles from all over the Bay Area found their way to the Mabuhay and proved that the blank generation could come up with \$2250 for the United Fund to Defeat Briggs. It was no Jerry Lewis Telethon, but they're only punks.

Crime, one of the more popular bands and quite uniform in their appearance, participated in the benefit because "the Briggs Initiative is one grain of sand in the nazification of America." The long range ramifications are quite frightening, but Crime also saw a more immediate threat: "There isn't a punk rock initiative on the November ballot, but there could be." Beyond "repaying a debt" to their gay fans, the punks are also fighting for survival.



NEWSPAPER RAIDED Break-In and Death Threats

The downtown Boston office of *Gay Community News*, a political gay news weekly, was ransacked. The break-in followed a week of media excitement regarding the visit to Boston of anti-gay activist Anita Bryant. Bryant had come to Boston to support the campaign of homophobic Senatorial hopeful Howard Phillips. (See People story on Phillips and Bryant.)

At a press conference, Phillips held up a copy of *Gay Community News* for the television cameras, describing it as "the sort of inflammatory literature being circulated by militant homosexuals."

GNC Managing Editor Richard Bucus was quoted in the Boston Globe as saying "this gesture by Phillips may have targeted the newspaper for anti-gay vandals."

Staff members entering the newspaper office on Sunday afternoon following the press conference with Phillips and Bryant found file cabinets ripped apart and toppled, windows smashed, desks and equipment overturned and printed material scattered everywhere. The damage occurred despite the recent installation of iron bars on the windows and doors of the office.

The break-in was the fifth such attack on the paper in the past year. Shots have also been fired through the newspaper office windows, and an increasing number of death threats have been made to newspaper personnel.

Porn Tarzan Sued

TARZOOM SHAMED

The producers and the distributor of an X rated cartoon, *Tarzoon, Shame of the Jungle* have found a suit filed against them for \$3 million.

The family of the original Tarzan creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs, have filed the suit in New York against International Harmony Products Inc. for allegedly trying to destroy the "good, wholesome, attractive image of Tarzan."

That the cartoon is sexually explicit doesn't seem to bother the family company, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., as does the fact that in the cartoon Tarzan appears "weak, stupid, physically unattractive, cowardly, lewd and sexually inadequate."

"This is a grotesque, distasteful and vulgar film" the family said in the complaint.

The co-producers are film companies in Brussels and France.

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photo/Playboy

Repealing Seattle

Anita Bryant has joined forces with Seattle policeman David Estes in his attempt to overturn that northwestern city's gay right ordinance. Bryant has pledged \$100,000 to Estes' group, *Save Our Moral Ethics*.

The Seattle repeal would be voted on during the November election, providing *SOME* can raise 17,000 signatures in time for qualification. Should the pro-family group raise 36,000 signatures, however, a special election would be called; a tact Bryant is pushing for in her daily mailings to supporters. "This kind of issue gets buried in a general election," Bryant advises . . . hoping to recreate her successful Miami smear campaign of appealing to the voters' ignorance and fear.

Anita Turns to TV

Bryant has announced, via a direct solicitation from her followers, her plans to produce a special two-hour television show to be called *The Anita Bryant Family Special*. The solicitation is for funds to produce this "return to the God-given ways so respected by our founding fathers." She has not announced, however, the specific details of the proposed program; such as if it is being produced for commercial television, cable access or strictly religiously-owned stations.

She has alleged that gays are responsible for her absence from the television medium. She has gone as far as to accuse gays of having her blacklisted in the en-

tertainment industry.

Bryant hopes to help America return to "good clean fun" that she feels will be honorable "in God's eyes."

She intends to help the television viewing public achieve once again "the good old traditions like motherhood, baseball, hot dogs and apple pie." Obviously Ms. Bryant has not recently been to a major league baseball game, where the language and drunkenness of the audience would make Madelyn Murray O'Hair blush.

Ed Dean Is Queer

N.A. Diaman has written the first Roman-a-cerf about the former Miss America contestant in his witty and vicious *Ed Dean is Queer*. The novel concerns a milkmaid who finds religion, her husband whose business keeps him constantly out of town, her children who never open their mouth until it's too late, and her campaign to rid America of gays. There is also a Puerto Rican news journalist who comes to San Francisco in search of the truth about homosexuals and finds out the truth about himself; there is the election of the first gay to public office; and unforgettably a wonderful character, a black lesbian feminist artist who becomes the premier of the world's first gay country. It's very quick and to the point, very biting, very funny, and the sweetest conceivable revenge.

It's also only available from: Persona Press, Box 14022, San Francisco, CA 94114. The book is \$5.00, which includes postage and handling.

Benita Ryan will just shit her britches!

Lambda Funded

After five years of functioning with volunteer help, the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, this winter, established the position of Executive Director and in February, retained an attorney, Ms. Barbara Levy, to fill the post part-time. Now, seven months later, Lambda has just received grants from the Aetna Foundation, the Playboy Foundation and the Eastman Family Fund, in addition to CETA funding for a full-time staff position.

Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund is a not-for-profit, tax-exempt corporation authorized to practice law under New York State law. The organization provides legal representation or assistance in cases which have the potential for developing positive law on gay rights issues.

The increase in funds and the addition of a second staff person, Ms. Linda Barr, will enable Lambda to begin expanding its services to the gay community. Ms. Levy commented, "The funding will first be used to meet office expenses and litigation costs in our major cases. We then hope to initiate several projects, including a series of educational pamphlets on aspects of the law which are of particular concern to gay people."

Le Gays Legalized

The second chamber of the French Parliament, the Senate, has passed a bill abolishing all the existing laws against male homosexuality. The French government itself proposed the change in the law, which passed the Senate unanimously.

Aleph, the information center for homosexuals in Paris, issued a statement welcoming the government's decision. Aleph pledged itself to working for gay equality in areas outside the criminal law.

It is expected that the bill will pass with full approval when it comes to the National Assembly.

Canadian Ban

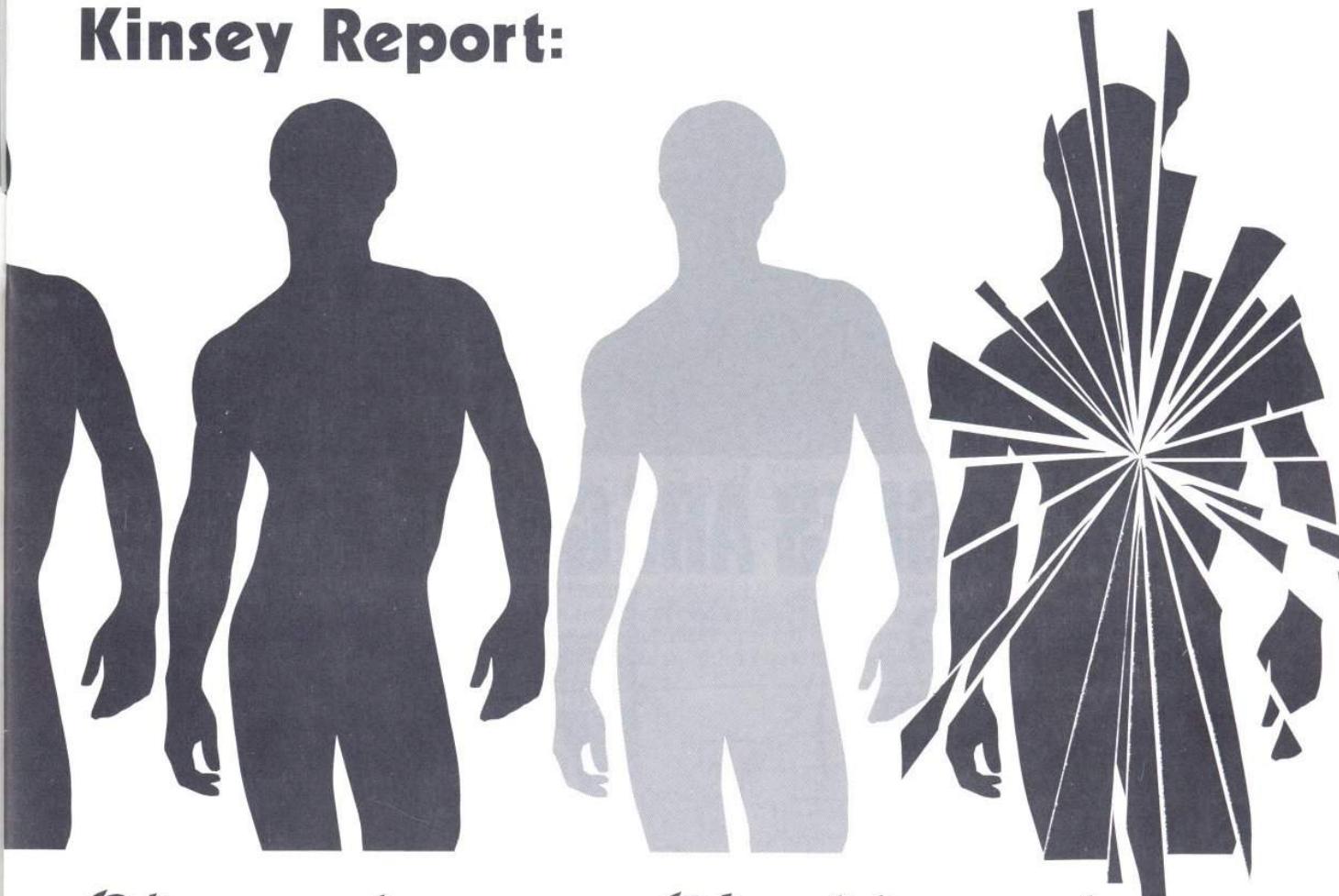
"Indecent, immoral, treasonous and seditious"

The Canadian Customs has been exercising their newly granted censorship powers with increasing fervor. Most recent victim of the border bandits was the July issue of *Christopher Street*, a high-brow gay journal that has been called the *New Yorker* of gay magazines. This time the terms 'indecent, immoral, treasonous and seditious,' the criteria by which the Customs officials refuse entry into Canada, have been defined to their breaking point.

Canada is currently undergoing its own born-again backlash revival; censorship has reached an all time high with police raiding and confiscating materials from *The Body Politic*; Hemingway and Salinger being removed from public libraries, and the Parliament planning to grant the police and courts new sweeping powers in the regulation of what it considers obscene.

While the Customs department claims only to spot check mail entry, the sudden rash of gay publications and books being returned; even the non-sexual *Christopher Street*, points to a more practiced, thorough operation.

Kinsey Report:



Stereotypes Shattered

Stereotypes have always been a weapon of ignorance. By encumbering a particular minority with specific attributes, broad statements characterizing the entire group, can be issued in an effort to move mass opinion. The use of stereotypes, generally descriptions of distorted or erroneous modes of behavior, supersedes reason, allowing individuals to cast blanket judgements based on easily constructed but gross perceptions. They appeal to ignorance, because they require little intellect to decipher and demand no intimacy with the group described. What could be more expedient and appealing than a judgement that banishes an entire minority from rational scrutiny?

In recent years, no group of people has felt the constricting burden of stereotypes more than the homosexual. To many heterosexuals with little or no direct experience with homosexuals, the gay man is a promiscuous, unstable, hairdresser and the lesbian a cold, castrating taskmaster. Homophobic factions have deviously applied many of the vicious gay stereotypes, shaping the easily pliable

masses for their own pernicious purposes. Sensationalist reporting of alleged gay crimes and intrigues reinforce stereotypes until they carry the unquestioned authority of fact. Something must be done.

And finally something has been done.

In August, the prestigious Kinsey Institute will release the results of a comprehensive study exploring the lifestyles of gay men and women living in the Bay Area. Preliminary results have been issued and they promise to shatter all the erroneous perceptions that have plagued the gay population.

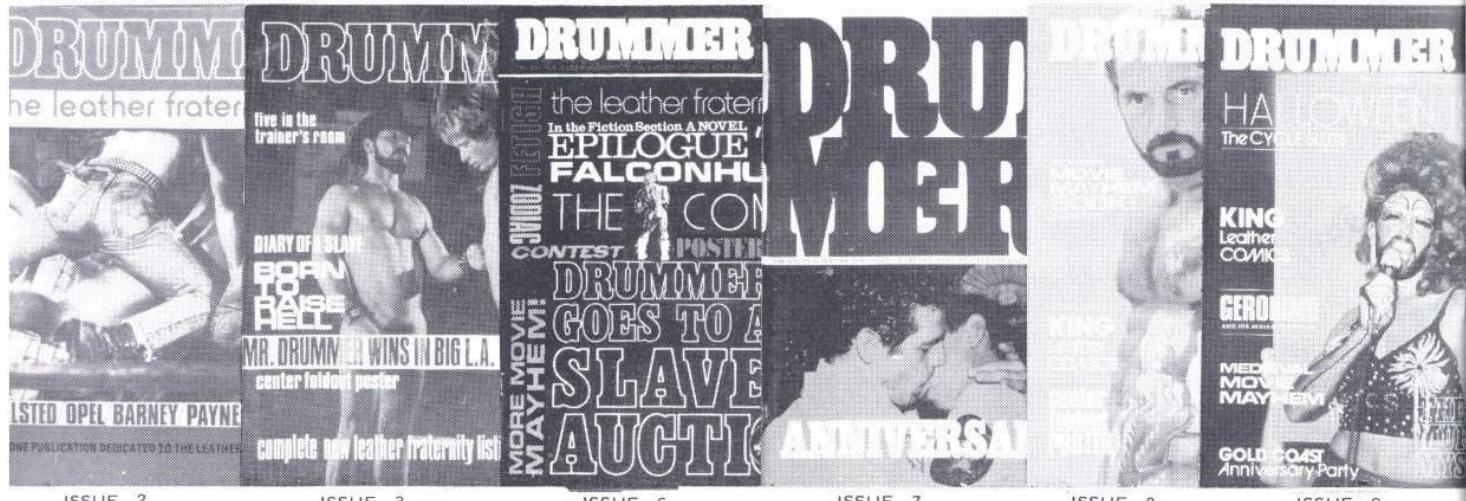
Alan P. Bell and Martin Weinsberg, the authors of the report, stated that "relatively few homosexuals conform to the hideous stereotype most people have of them." Only a minute percentage of the nearly 1000 homosexuals interviewed resemble the stereotypical portrait that straights have of gays: that they are outlandish in their sexual behavior, that they are bundles of neuroses, and that they threaten the social structure.

In what is the largest undertaking of its kind, the researchers, using a method called probability sampling, contacted and interviewed 1000 gays and 477 heterosexuals as a control group. To insure a true cross section, subjects were sought through gay publications; in bars and baths; through organizations and mailing lists, and in public "cruising" areas. The general outcome showed that gays display as much diversity of behavior as heterosexuals and that they were as well adjusted as their counterparts in the control group. "An important lesson to be learned from our data is that homosexual men and women are best understood when they are seen as whole human beings, not just in terms of what they do sexually," stated the authors.

Of the gays interviewed, 10 percent of the men and 28 percent of the women were living with same-sex partners in a monogamous relationship. "They hardly differed at all from the heterosexual sample and in some cases appeared better adjusted. We might have concluded that

Continued on page 13
ALTERNATE 11

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE



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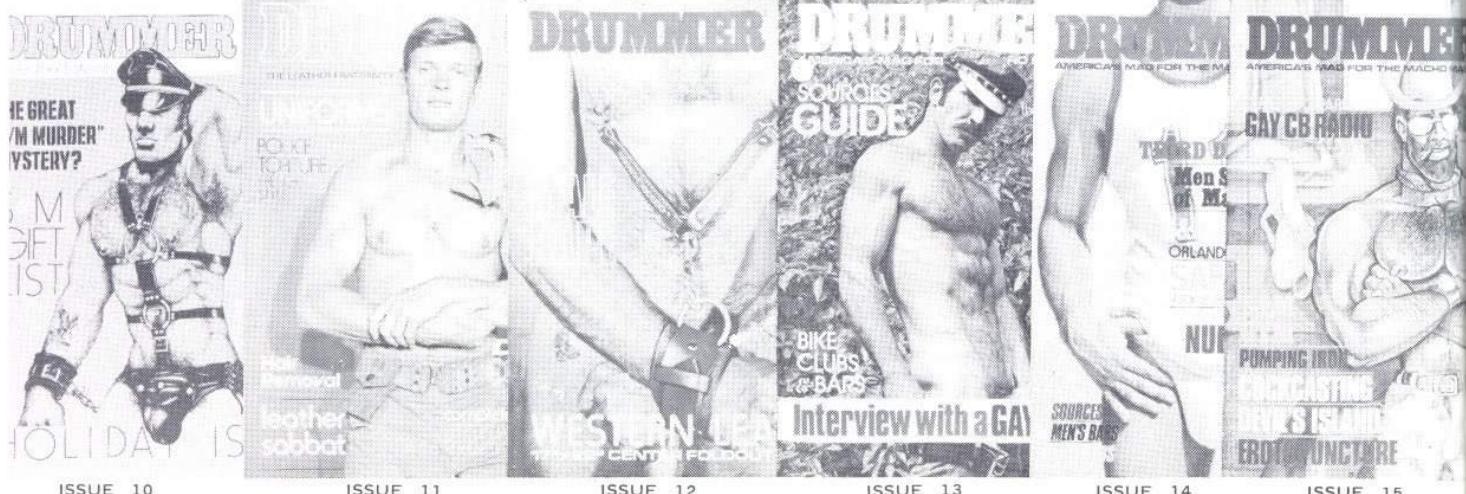
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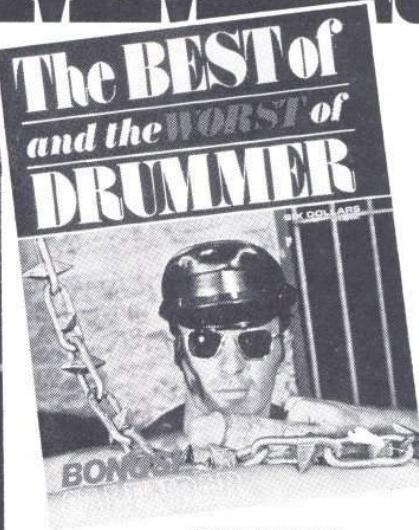
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the chief difference between the two groups involved only the nature of their sexual preference."

The same observation held true for the group of single homosexuals that the authors classified as "swinging singles." Fifteen percent of the gay men and 10 percent of the lesbians fit this classification. These people were "least likely to regret being homosexual, cruised frequently and generally displayed a great deal of involvement in the gay world. Of all the groups, they were the most interested in sex, the most exuberant and the most involved with their friends. In addition, they had the fewest psychosomatic symptoms."

Couples who were living together as mates, but continued to seek relationships outside the home were found to be less content than either the "swingers" or the monogamous couples. "They were not happy in their circumstances and tended to seek satisfaction with people outside their partnerships." Of the 1000 gays interviewed, 18 percent of the men and 17 percent of the women were actively involved in "open-coupled" arrangements: a situation found in equal numbers among straight couples.

Lowest in the scale of sexual activity were the men and women classified as "asexual." Sixteen percent of the men and 11 percent of the women found themselves under this survey umbrella. This group reported "few sex partners, narrow sexual repertoires, rated their sex appeal very low and tended to have a fair number of sexual problems."

The group most resembling "the stereotype of the tormented homosexual" was deemed as "dysfunctional." "They are troubled people whose lives offer them little gratification, and in fact they seem to have a great deal of difficulty managing their existence. Sexually, socially and psychologically." Only 12 percent of the gay men and 5 percent of the lesbians fell under this heading.

A large segment of the entire sampling, almost one-third, could not be classified under the five categories mentioned above. Many gay men and women display behavior patterns that are too complex for simple classification.

The Kinsey study, financed by a \$500,000 grant from the National Institute of Mental Health, lists literally dozens of conclusions relating to homosexuals and their likes and dislikes, work habits and recreational rituals. Of particular note are the following:

Only ten percent of the gay men worked in occupations thought to attract homosexuals — hairdressers, interior decorators etc. And only ten percent of the lesbians worked in occupations thought to be masculine.

Most gay cruising is done in gay bars and baths: men do much more cruising



photo by Tim Grant

Strange Bedfellows

Howard Phillips, a democratic candidate for the Senate from Boston, mouths homophobic verbiage while ex-beauty contestant Anita Bryant counts the number of media microphones at a recent press conference.

Says Phillips, as part of his campaign platform, "I do not feel that homosexuality is a right to be protected, but a disability to be overcome."

Bryant, looking older than last year, seems overcome. Perhaps she's considering the rash of attacks on gay rights organizations that came as a result of her appearance.



than lesbians who are more likely to be involved with a single mate.

Lesbians, while apparently more stable in their personal relationships, were less stable as far as employment. Almost half of the gay men had not changed jobs at all in the past five years.

The majority of lesbians have had fewer than ten sexual partners during their lifetimes; a quarter of them have had fewer than five.

About twenty percent of the gay men and more than a third of the lesbians had at one time been married to a member of

the opposite sex and half of them had children.

Diversity seems to be the key notion that arises out of the new and highly ambitious Kinsey Report. Gays are not a deviant group easily described by superficial stereotypes. They are a variegated, amorphous group, reflecting the same infinite variety of the general mass of society.

Now that the facts are known, the stereotypes can be destroyed. That is, if anyone can shed their conformity long enough to see the truth. □

BRIGGS HAS CREA
STATEWIDE SCH

BRIGGS' BILLION DOLLAR BULLSHIT

The line seems interminable. It's like the queues extending infinitely from fast foods windows. In single file, men and women, stand anxious, stamping feet, restless in anticipation. There is little to distinguish one from the next, except for the red and blue triangles on the sleeves of this endless congregation.

At the terminus of the line there are two windows. It is here that the line splits as if color coded: red triangles to the left, blue to the right. And then the myriad forms, also color coded: red for the certified employees, blue for the classified.

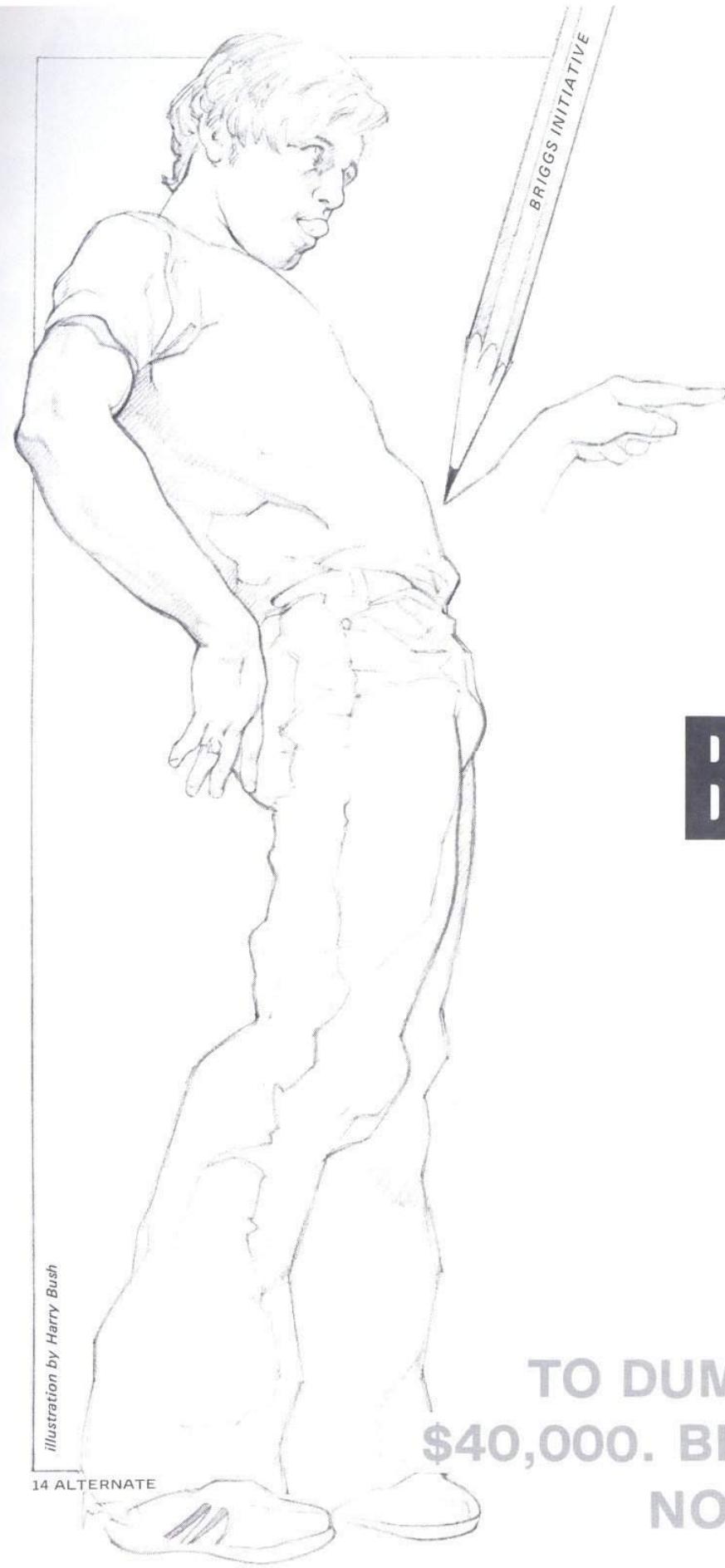
The poor clerks. So many forms to register, so many blank, listless faces to pinning a guy wasn't so easy, especially if he was heterosexual. But we had our methods for that too. We could get rid

TO DUMP JUST ONE ACC
\$40,000. BRIGGS HAS GIVEN
NO DIFFERENCE WH

Illustration by Harry Bush

14 ALTERNATE

BRIGGS INITIATIVE



CREATED 383,240 POTENTIAL HOMOSEXUALS SCHOOL SYSTEM, ALL SUBJECT TO BLACKMAIL

of the ungrateful ones, the upstarts. That was the beauty of the Briggs Code in the early days. It was all so simple and cost effective.

Then if concrete evidence was produced — a photo of two women walking arm in arm, a tape of someone saying “sure I’m gay, there’s nothing to be depressed about.” — the material was sent to the Office of Hearings. Some modest encounter. One little clerk, passive and enervated, mutters a sacred mantra, “235,077 . . . 148,163,” over and over again. The other clerks, saw him slowly fading under the burden, realizing that there were 383,240 people to process. But this is only the beginning.

The schools are closed now that all the employees have been accused of homosexuality. Sure the Kinsey statistics, the ones we relied on, said that only 12% of the population were homosexuals, but the rules said if a complaint is issued the employee must be investigated. So, right now, as far as the judicial process is concerned, there are 383,240 alleged homosexuals employed in the statewide school system. We’ve got to follow those rules. If we don’t there’s nothing but anarchy.

It all happened as a kind of fluke. One day, through a combined effort of the students, every employee in the school system was simultaneously reported. They waited, those conniving buggers, waited till classified employees came under the jurisdiction of the Briggs Code. Originally, it only included certified employees, administrators, teachers, teacher’s aides, librarians, counselors. But then the grey area was eliminated. Classified employees, janitors, bus drivers, clerks, cafeteria workers, were in constant contact with students. What if they were homosexual? Or even advocates? We couldn’t be too sure. We had to tighten the noose around certain behavior.

Early in the game, things seemed so simple. An office was opened to accept complaints. Just a few clerks, not much money involved. Then a secondary de-

partment was established to do follow-up investigations on the complaints. That operation was quite expensive. Who knows how far an investigation can go? Sometimes it meant following an employee for days — slinking into bars, taking shots with a telephoto of the guys playing cards in a Motel Six. Sometimes changes occurred in this department. Originally, the accused appeared before a hearing comprised of members of the administrative board. But then it was decided that the administrators also came under the jurisdiction of the Briggs Code. So if they defended the accused, they were immediately brought before the Board on charges of advocacy. The problem was alleviated by bringing in professional adjudicators. But I’ll tell you, these guys don’t come cheap.

With a defense attorney beside him, the accused appeared before the Board. Oh, yeah, the System had to pay for a defense attorney. Due process was still a diehard icon. Then the complaint was aired, the evidence debated, and the decision made. If found innocent, the employee returned to his job, a little hesitantly. If found guilty, the defendant usually appealed the decision. That meant additional investigation — firming up the damning evidence — and another hearing. Once again found guilty, the obdurate sons of bitches, generally appealed the case right into the State Courts. You could just hear the coffers emptying. Every appeal added one more pothole to the State’s highways.

I mean a couple of clerks wasn’t too bad. What’s that 40 or 50,000 bucks a year? And we figured the investigations couldn’t be too much either. What with just a dribble of complaints coming in. You must remember there couldn’t be more than 20% of the employee load that is queer. That would be approximately 76,000 homosexuals that had to be weeded out. And maybe 5% of the complaints would be red herrings, complaints issued as vindictive acts. You know once an employee was brought

before the hearing board, his reputation was forever tainted. And he became a — what do they call it — fellow traveller through dislocation. I know, I’ve seen it happen. Anyway, we figured over a number of years, we’d have to investigate 85,000 employees at about \$2,000 a head. Then the evidence would be forwarded to the Office of Hearings. Now with the professional adjudicators, a hearing runs around 7 or 8,000 dollars. The appeal, including the cost of additional investigation, \$10,000. And the final appeal outside the school system, well, that could be upwards of \$20,000/case.

It was expensive. To dump one homo, it could cost as much as \$40,000 plus various clerical fees. And we assumed there were 76,000 homos max. But that is still \$324,000,000. Add to that the cost of bogus investigations to the tune of 5% and that’s another \$40,000,000. So we had the budget ready for an impact of \$364,000,000 spread out over the next 4 or 5 fiscal periods. A lot of money, yes, but we were dealing with the welfare of our children. Homosexuality is like a tattoo; after it is surgically removed there are always scars.

That was until that dismal day when the students turned in every god damn employee in the State School System. That means we have to gear up to investigate 383,240 employees and 20% of them will have to go through the entire hearing process. More clerks, more investigators, more adjudicators, more defense attorneys, more paperwork. And the schools aren’t even open, because all the employees are suspended, pending further investigation.

The kids are going wild in the streets. Drugs on every corner. And every one of them — you’re not going to believe it — every one of them is illiterate. Weeds are coming up through the asphalt in the school yards, 381,365 employees are still waiting at a window where a clerk just died of a coronary. It’s a bureaucratic nightmare. And where are we going to come up with ONE BILLION DOLLARS?

USED HOMOSEXUAL CAN COST AS MUCH AS ANYONE THE TOOL TO DESTROY. IT MAKES AT THE VICTIM’S SEXUAL PREFERENCE IS.

NEW YORK POST

“ The publishing business has its *Rocky* stories, too, and Charles Collum's offbeat but exceptionally beautiful *DALLAS NUDE* is one of them! ”

Linda Stevens, Book Editor and columnist

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Linda Gillan

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“ *DALLAS NUDE* is being acclaimed by art and photography critics from one end of America to the other. Collum's photography is elegant. The nudes are all done in black and white, with highly stylized lighting and shading. They are understated and low-keyed, while at the same time filled with dramatic impact. ”

Bob Greene, nationally syndicated columnist

PLAYBOY

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DALLAS TIMES HERALD

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Michael Carlton, Book Editor

AFTER DARK

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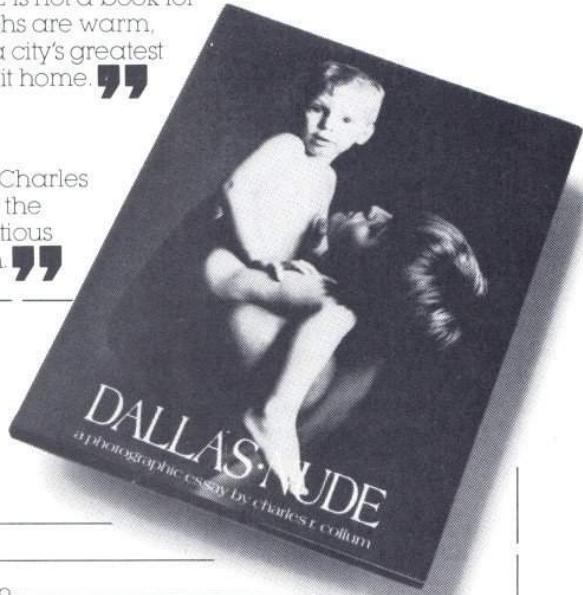
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THE OBSCENE PROPOSITION

BY CALIFORNIA ASSEMBLYMAN ART AGNOS

I have continued to speak out against this obscene proposition because it is my strong belief that there are no separate futures.

We are one spirit, one humanity, one earth.

Gay Americans have the fundamental right to live and work in peace, free from discrimination. As we seek that goal, we are encountering an old enemy.

What has come to be known as the "New Right" has seized this issue as a new device to gain power in this country.

Where they failed in the past to win or bust up our progressive coalition on issues like: busing, welfare fraud, affirmative action, amnesty, gun control, day care/child care or sex education. The "New Right" think they've got a winner in gay rights and Miami confirmed it for them. St. Paul confirmed it again, Wichita again, and Eugene again.

All this happened because of the tremendous ignorance and prejudice about

what I believe is the most unpopular civil rights issue of all time, gay rights.

The New Right think they can break up traditional coalitions which formed: the farm workers movement, the anti-war movement, the black civil rights movement, the peace movement, the pro-environmental movement, women's liberation, bilingual/bicultural education, senior power, and labor unions.

The New Right believes it can plant new roots in a social upheaval finding expression in the traditionalist, individualist, fundamentalist movement.

This movement wants to reemphasize: family, respect for the elderly and safe communities. We must not let right wing seize those issues from us.

I love my family. I respect the aged. I want a safe community, I was shot in the streets in 1973. I respect freedom of worship. But, I also support gay rights and I see no conflict.

Indeed I know that, gay people love their families, respect the elderly, want safe neighborhoods, want to go to church . . . so bad in fact that they had to start their own.

That message must go out and the issue must not be taken away from us so that by default we are accused of being against those traditional values embraced by majority of Americans.

The new right is really led by the old right guard of the 50's plus some new additions like: Senator Paul Laxalt (Nevada), Senator Orwin Hatch (Utah), Senator Sam Hayakawa (California), Congressman Larry MacDonald (Georgia) and Congressman Phil Crane (Illinois).

But, basically it's the same people who have been around since Joe McCarthy and the beginning of the John Birch Society. But now they're wrapping themselves in cloth of the "family" instead of racism and super-patriotism.

Their new symbolic enemies are easier to pick on, homosexuals who molest children, abortionists who kill children and the liberated women who don't want children.

"Pro-American" has become "Pro-Family." We must remind religious minorities like the Jehovah Witnesses that when the Nazis forced their religious

brothers and sisters to wear purple triangle, gay people had to wear pink triangle. We must remind other ethnic peoples like our Jewish brethren that there are elderly gay people in the world today who still have tattooed inside of their arms the same kind of concentration camp identification numbers that many elderly Jews do. And that between 1937 and 1945 a quarter of a million homosexual people were put to death in the same ovens of the extermination camps.

We all understood and fought that barbarism. Now, we need their help to fight the new barbarism, suppression of basic human rights for gay Americans. Some may argue that barbarism is too strong a term.

On September 12, 1977, Variety Magazine (a highly rated entertainment trade magazine) ran an article in which the Screen Actor's Guild denounced a drive to blackball gay performers and writers.

In particular, the article referred to a flyer calling for:

- *banning homosexuals and sympathizers from TV networks, movies and all similar places of employment;*
- *censorship of "any sympathetic depiction" of homosexuals from television, newspapers and magazines;*
- *removal from libraries and schools any work of gay authors.*

I suppose that means we must shred Socrates, smash Leonardo De Vinci's works, censor Walt Whitman's poems, destroy Tchaikovsky's music, and repaint Michaelangelo's Sistine Chapel.

For those who still think that barbarism is too strong a term, listen to Anita's latest pronouncements in the May issue of Playboy. Not only does she tell us that she favors prosecuting homosexual Americans as felons with prison terms up to 20 years because it might make them think twice, she says that her religious beliefs convince her that Jews, Moslems and persons of other faiths who do not accept Jesus as their savior will go to hell.

How do we fight back? I would respectfully suggest a 3 point plan to fight back:



Unintimidated Art Agnos

“... IT’S THE SAME PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN AROUND SINCE JOE McCARTHY AND THE BEGINNING OF THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY ... WRAPPING THEMSELVES IN THE CLOTH OF THE FAMILY INSTEAD OF RACISM AND SUPERPATRIOTISM.”

1. Unity: I believe we need a new generation of gay freedom fighters, one who represents the real gay community, the doctors, teamsters, teachers, plumbers, musicians, heavyweight boxers, carpenters, priests, nurses, police, businessmen and soldiers who make up the gay community.

We must end bickering. We must provide a place for the silent majority to become involved.

2. Integrate into the struggle straight people, parents, friends and religious leaders, labor unions and environmentalists.

No civil rights movement has been successful alone.

3. Educate: We must form educational lobby groups such as the NAACP or Jewish Anti-Defamation League at the national and state level.

We must demystify homosexuality for the American public so they may learn about and come to understand who 10% of themselves really are.

We must teach America that homosexuality is not deviation from humanity. It is a stable variation of humanity. It is a constant percentage of the human condition.

We must destroy, through education, the myths which have perpetuated this prejudice.

MYTH: Homosexuality is a sin.

FACT: It depends on your religion.

Some religions claim it's a sin to have abortions. Yet many Americans have a legal right to abortion. Other religions state it's a sin to drive a car. Still others to eat pork. Still others to drink liquor, coffee, tea or coca cola.

But, despite these sins, all of their members have the right to work.

The bottom line is that the U.S. Constitution upholds the division between church and state. So, must we differentiate between legal rights and sin?

MYTH: All gays are potential child molesters.

FACT: Educators, penologists, police, psychiatrists, psychologists all agree that the child molester is a straight or heterosexual male, usually married, usually middle aged man, who is known to child victim of the family on a friendly basis.

FACT: In 1976, the San Francisco Division of Child Protection Services said:

“of all cases referred on child abuse, only 1 involved a homosexual.”

FACT: The annual report of the Children's Services on Child Abuse in Oregon showed that in 1973-75, 85%-90% of child sexual molestation was done by the father, stepfather, foster father, grand-

father, brother, uncle, and mother's boyfriend. Another 6%-10% was done by men known to the family.

So, if we are really worried about child molesters, we need an initiative to ban fathers from teaching, not gay people.

MYTH: Gay teachers will provide a gay role model for children.

FACT: It is impossible to convert or recruit a heterosexual child into homosexuality.

The same is true about homosexuality. It is impossible to convert a homosexual person to heterosexuality. Homosexuality is not taught, it is felt.

The notion that children or adults will become homosexuals in their private lives is as silly as suggesting that Protestant children will become Catholic by having teachers who practice Catholicism in their private life.

We must educate the American people that gay Americans are neither evangelists for their sexual orientation nor are they rapists.

Gay rights will not license bad conduct in the classroom, the office, squad car, hospital, television station or anywhere else.

We must educate Americans that gay people like straight people are just as capable of separating their private lives from their public behavior.

FACT: A number of school boards in America have passed anti-discrimination laws for gay teachers with no problems in classrooms:

1. Washington, DC., Board of Education, May 12, 1972.

2. Portland, Oregon, 1974, Board of Education.

3. San Francisco, 1975, Board of Education.

4. New York City, New York

Fourth point in my strategy to fight back:

Politicize!

1. Register to vote in both parties.

2. Organize political clubs in both parties.

3. Support good candidates with money and volunteers.

4. Raise funds.

5. Lobby.

In this way, a united way, I believe we can be successful in defending existing rights and winning additional rights that all Americans now enjoy.

My pledge is that no matter what the effect on my political career, I will not abandon this fight for human rights.

Art Agnos

California Assemblyman

“QUO

I am strongly opposed to the Briggs Initiative. I believe it to be unconstitutional, and a violation of the spirit of our American democracy. This city has taken the lead in demonstrating that all citizens are entitled to civil liberties and protection under the laws, and we can ill-afford to turn back the clock with dangerous measures like the Briggs Initiative.

George R. Moscone
Mayor of San Francisco

The Briggs Initiative is a piece of evil legislation. It provides a chance for people not only to express their sexual hatreds; it gives them a chance to enact them into law. If the Briggs Initiative becomes law, it will mean that only anti-homosexual ideas can be expressed in the schools. The right-wing is terrified to see its norms and beliefs and stereotypes being questioned, and that is why we are seeing such awful efforts to shove things back to the way they were. People are usually afraid of change and it takes great courage for reformers to know when they are correct and when the status quo is wrong. My new novel, *Among the Carnivores*, explores this theme of the gay militant attempting to fight long-standing ideas of “immorality,” and I hope that I dramatize the difficulty of the struggle. Somebody has to be brave enough to change the world.

If the Briggs Initiative becomes law and is not immediately declared unconstitutional, I think teachers and others affected should chain themselves in the classroom and never give in. Never! The majority has no right to inflict its bigotry on the whole society. Minority rights cannot be left in the hands of the voters. How many blacks would have equal rights if the matter were left up to the voting public? And I don't mean fifteen years ago — I mean right now! How many Catholics would have been allowed to teach — and possibly indoctrinate their students with Catholic dogma — if the matter had been left to the voting public earlier this century? Democracy is simply too important to be left in the hands of ignorant voters.

Gay people have made tremendous strides in the last ten years and by god we aren't going back. I get livid with homophobes who talk about gays ‘flaunting’ their lifestyle, when Anita Bryant and John Briggs flaunt theirs as if only they possess the truth.

Daniel Curzon
Author

OTES"

"The Briggs Initiative strikes at the very heart of our human rights. Consequently, we should pay close attention to its provisions.

This measure does not address the need for improvement in the quality of education. Also, it does not address the qualifications of teachers and administrators to provide that education. These things should be our major concern. Instead, this measure seeks to punish teachers and administrators because of their sexual orientation.

The Briggs Initiative is an attack on our human rights. Additionally, it is a reminder that we should not relent in our fight for human dignity.

*Willie L. Brown, Jr.
California Assembly Member*

"This dangerous measure would strike at the heart of our democracy and sanction wholly unjustified discrimination against gay citizens."

*George Moscone
Mayor of San Francisco*

"The State has no place in the bedrooms of the nation."

*Pierre Trudeau
Prime Minister of Canada*

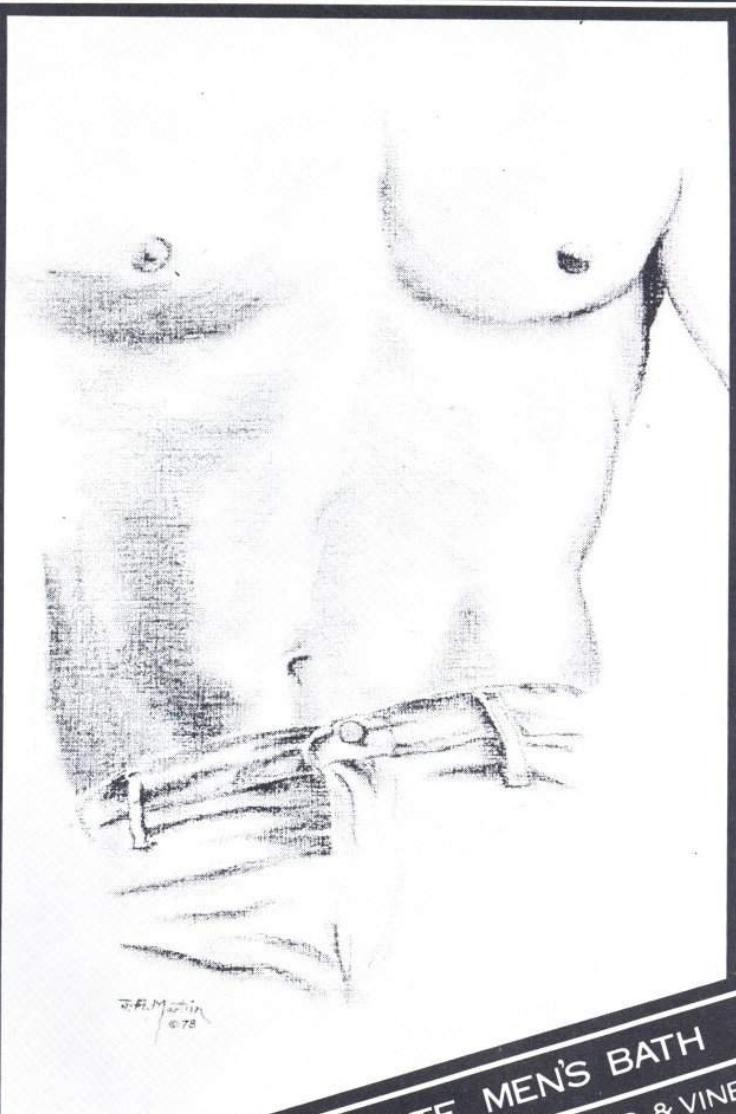
"I'm tired of the John Briggs talking about false role models . . . He is lying in his teeth and he knows it . . . but, I'm even more tired of the silence from the educators and psychologists who know that Briggs is lying and they say nothing about it. I'm tired of their silence more than of Briggs' lies. So I'm talking about it."

*Harvey Milk
San Francisco Supervisor*

"The initiative is *not* a survival issue for gay people; we will be around after November to carry on our struggle to live openly and freely. Eventually, we will win. No one can vote on who we are. Homosexuality will not disappear because someone votes against us. To suggest it will is as absurd as suggesting that voters can elect the rain to fall or the sun to shine.

"It is crucial to remember that as civil rights struggles go, ours is very, very young (about 30 years). Jews battled 2,000 years for their rights and black people in America 200. I believe most of us will live to see gay freedom and humanity recognized in the United States."

*David Goodstein
Publisher, The Advocate*



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THE
HOLLYWOOD
SPA

PEOPLE

DOING THE DISCHARGE DRAG

In regulation uniform, Staff Sgt. Little B. "Bill" Douglas spent his last day on the Fort Carson base September 6, picking up the honorable discharge he'd applied for in June. It was a startling change from his appearance in the 1-20th Field Artillery mess hall five days before in full-tilt drag, protesting the discharge delay.

"They were dragging their feet," said Douglas, "so I thought I'd do a little dragging of my own."

Douglas stated he thought the reluctance to let him go stemmed from his job expertise. A six-year veteran at 25, he is an honor graduate of the Army Quartermaster School and Enlisted Cooks Course.

Douglas had requested the discharge in June after being stalemated in a disciplinary action by threatened exposure. He immediately complied with Army regulations, signed a statement attesting to his "active" homosexuality, submitted to psychiatric examinations (possibly "fabricated," said one doctor, never having seen one of Bill's performances at a local bar), but drew the line at the demand he obtain affidavits from three sexual partners.

"It's a definite victory for gay rights in the Army," Douglas said. "Gay soldiers — men and women both — should realize now that they don't have to violate their civil rights by revealing who they've been to bed with."

"Shock treatment" was Douglas' phrase for his lunch salad with cross-dressing. "I hated to reinforce the stereotype — obviously, most gay soldiers aren't effeminate at all and female impersonators are less than 1% of male homosexuals —" he explained, "but it was the only way I could get to the brass."

Responses from co-workers and enlistees were generally supportive but officers expressed varying degrees of homophobic shock and unconscious humor. Col. Amil J. Eckhard, division artillery commander, told a local reporter, "It goes against the ideals of manlihood, willingness to fight for one's country."

"We just can't let them out on word alone," said Lt. Col. Harry Hagwood Jr. "No," agreed a fellow officer, "because then all of them will want to do it."

Maj. Robert Mitchell denied any official concern: "There's been no heartburn over this thing."

"In that case," Douglas responds, "I hope they don't have collective indigestion if I decide to reenlist."



WORD IS OUT, AGAIN

The nucleus of the Mariposa Film Group shows their delight over the recent success of their documentary, *Word Is Out: Stories of Some of Our Lives*.

The film, a full-length theatrical feature that covers 26 different gay experiences through conversations and interviews, has been scheduled for national television airing on the Public Broadcasting Service during October.

Delta Books is bringing out a complete, uncut version of the film in book form, including 130 photographs from the documentary.



WINNERS AND LOSERS

Jerry Pritikin, wearing the number one jersey, is lifted high on the shoulders of his teammates after their well-earned win over rival Sutter's Mill Golddiggers. It gave the San Francisco softball championship to Pritikin's alma mater, Oil Can Harry's Oilers. It was the third game in a three-game play-off that promised to send the Oilers against the Police team and on to New York for the Gay World Series.

Beating the police was 17-1 easy for the hot Oilers, but it wasn't until they landed in the Big Apple that they heard having too many non-gays on their team disqualified them for the national championship.

Pritikin, the Oilers, and the bulk of the San Francisco softball teams have vowed not to take this ungentlemanly slight lying down.

Too many non-gays on their team? We've come a long way.

PEOPLE

SOUTH APES BRIGGS

Louisiana Representative Lane Carson has announced that he will author legislation similar to California Senator John Briggs' Proposition 6. Lane was the author of an earlier anti-abortion bill that has become state law. The abortion bill is considered the most repressive in the country.

Lane has also asked ex-beauty contestant Anita Bryant to sing at the dedication of a new church in his district. Bryant has agreed.

A coalition of gay and non-gay groups is planning to respond to Ms. Bryant's appearance. The group also plans to begin work towards defeating Lane's promised new legislation.

Louisiana area gays wishing to join the coalition may contact the group, The Pink Triangle Alliance, by writing: Box 51012, New Orleans, LA 71012.

UNGAY BOB MAD

A Canadian government worker, Robert "Bob" Yuill, is planning a class action suit against the American creators and makers of the Gay Bob Doll. Mr. Yuill claims that since the doll's creation he and other persons named Robert (and Bob and Bobby and Roberto and Manoles) have become the butt of gay-inference jokes.

He has asked that everyone named any of the above join him in his suit. In part he is claiming that naming the doll Bob violates his and others heterosexual privacy.

So far, Mr. Yuill hasn't revealed exactly how many persons are indeed going to become co-filers in his suit. You might ask him, or: you might want to join. His phone number is (416) 224-6151.



SANDY HUFFAKER

Homophobic *TIME* Magazine responded to the whole Gay Bob affair with a giggly mention and illustration redesigning the "G.I. Joe" lookalike doll it was marketed as to the above stereotype, antagonizing, if not Bobs, at least Gays everywhere.



CRIME AT SAN QUENTIN

Labor Day saw *Crime*, one of the hottest new wave bands, following their intuition into San Quentin Penal Institution for a special concert for the inmates.

Dressed in their law enforcement best, *Crime* played and swayed for the work-shirted crowd (which was hipper to new

wave than the group's grandmothers would have guessed).

Crime sometimes resembled the guards, most time the avant guard, as they broke new ground in both the music and penal institution code. Next? Well, the group might play the Bermuda Triangle.



WHITE LINE FEVER

"Walking from one end of California to the other, speaking out against the Briggs Initiative, taking 87 days to cover 1203 miles is not exactly my idea of fun. I can think of a large number of other things I would much rather do. However, I feel it was a good way to make a positive statement."

Frank Vel said that at a press conference after the fact. The trek that began in extreme Southern California on June 19th and ended at the Oregon border in September received good local press coverage and perhaps changed a few minds along the way.



MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL

A crowd of more than 20,000 people frolicked in the sunny San Francisco afternoon during this year's Castro Street Fair. The annual event, celebrated along two blocks of Castro Street, drew its largest crowd ever, with fairgoers coming from all across the country.

SEXPLORING THE DALLAS COWBOYS

Fame is the name of the game, football notwithstanding. Becoming a pro ball player, or thrower, or catcher, requires more than just the desire. You have to start as a small tot in a mini-Rams helmet being dumped on the front lawn by a bigger brother or a past-his-prime armchair jock father.

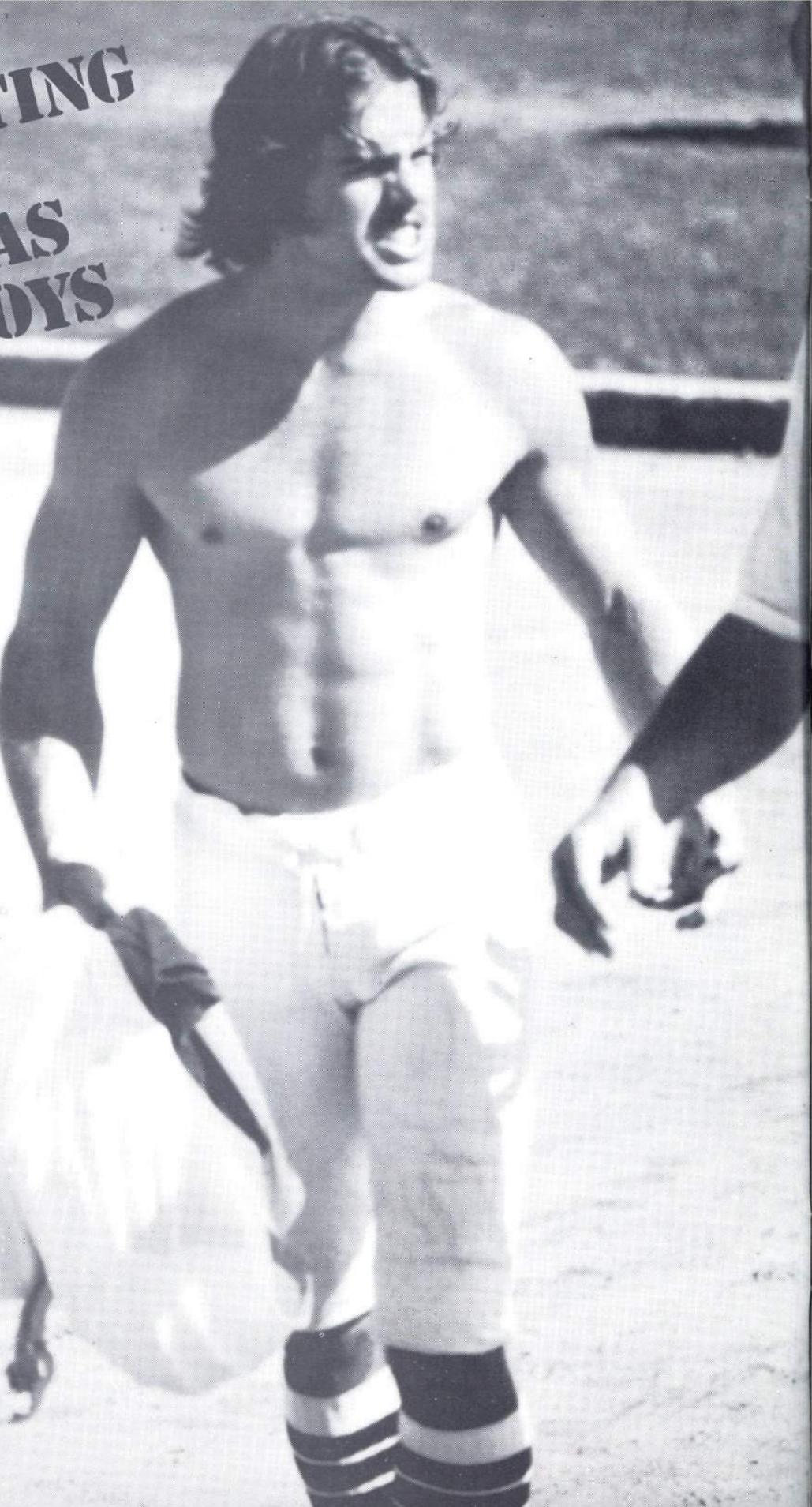
Next comes the little league, where for about \$80.00 you get suited in a regulation mini-uniform and get to go to the reconverted vacant lot on Saturday afternoons for practice. Little league games are played on Sundays so that after dad has armchained his way through cutting the lawn, he can tank up a few brews and root for his pro-prodigy in the bleachers.

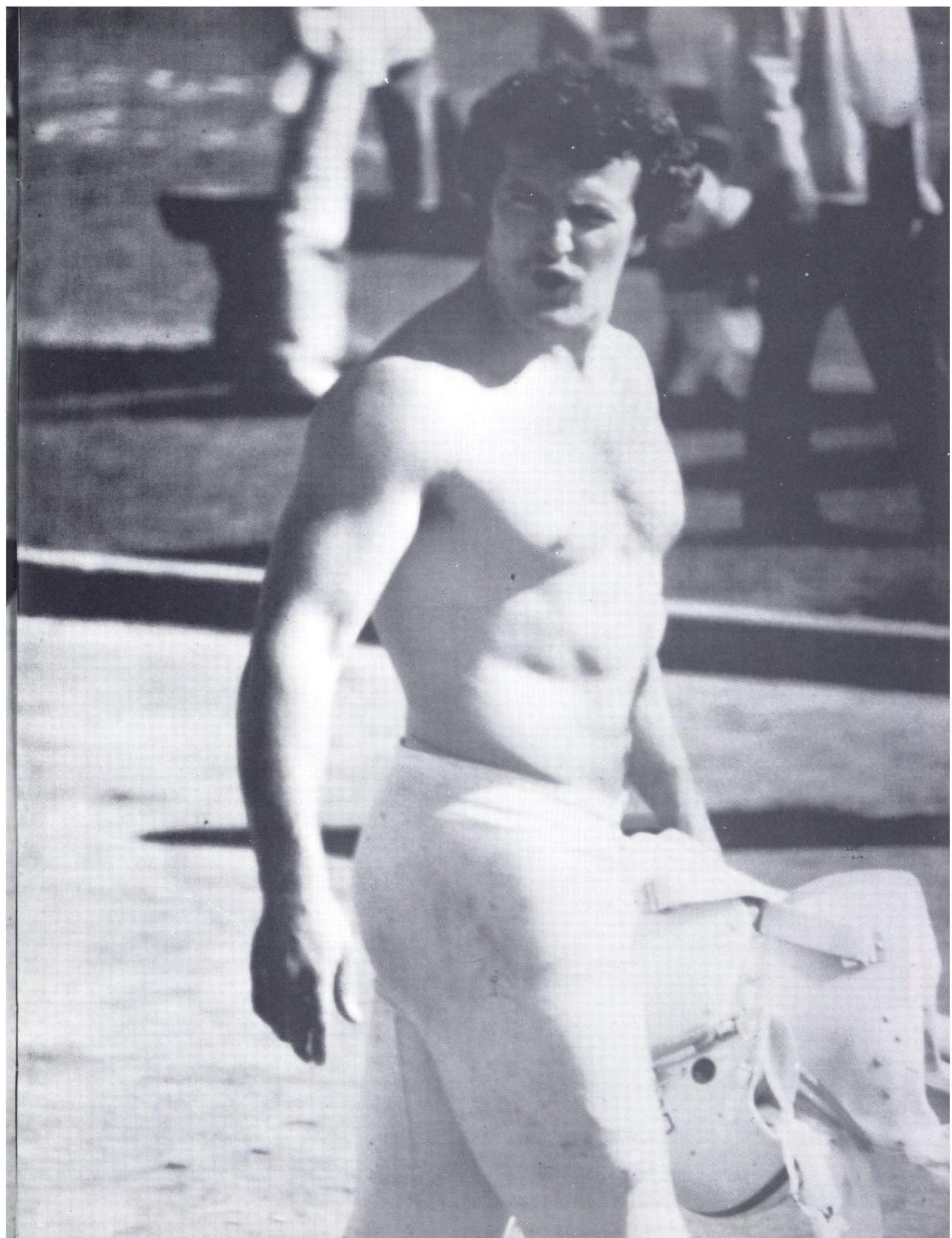
If you survive to adolescence and high school, glory is indeed on its way. Once admitted to the cloister of the high school football team you can look forward to (1) being among the least intelligent in your class (2) being an all-American red-blooded Christian square-jawed jock or (3) having discovered the best way into the locker room raising the least amount of suspicion.

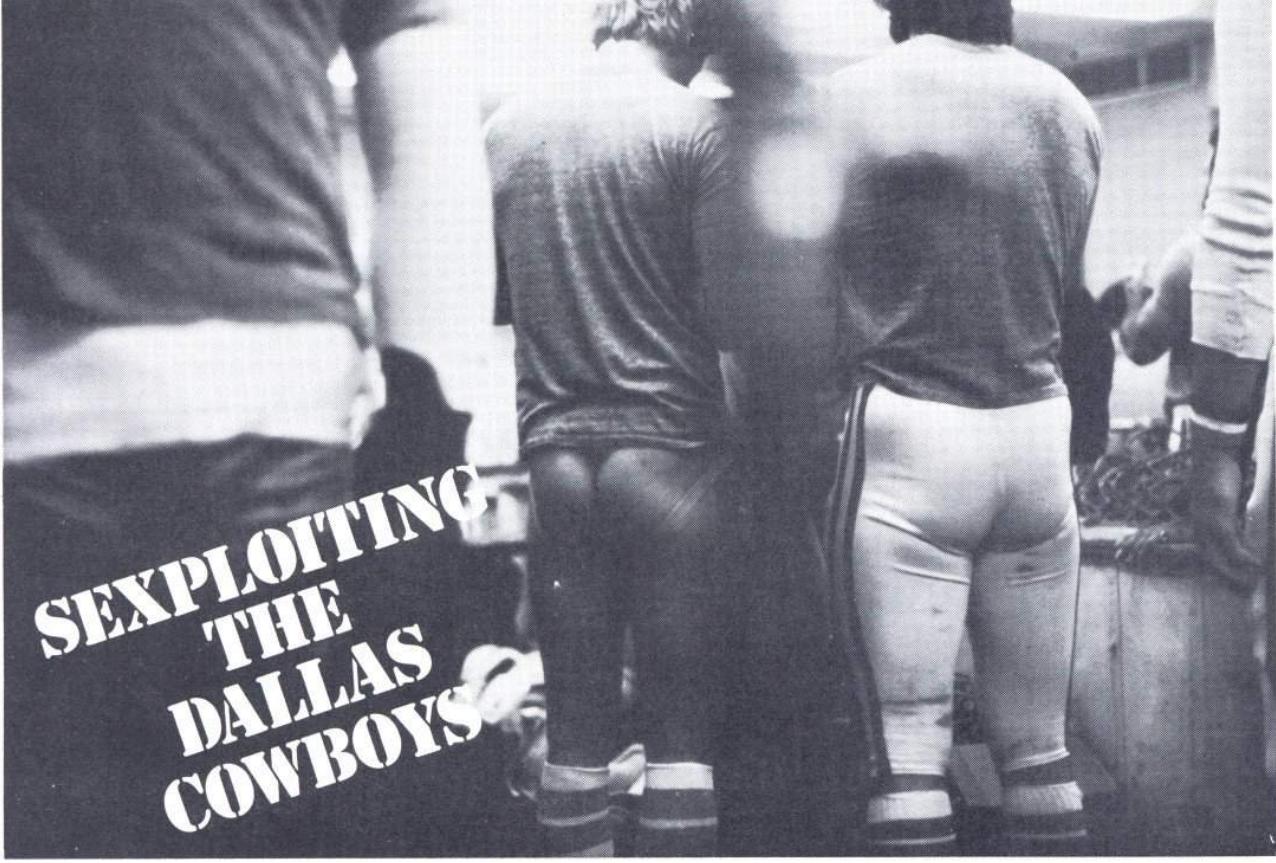
Indeed, the high school locker room is a sacred place among the macho institutions of today. It is here that the rites of manhood are sprung and the plans for the next weeks defense hatched.

But there is more. After high school you can look forward to attending a university with a football team in residence either because you are big, tough, impossible to knock down and can run on both feet for at least ninety yards without forgetting where you are; or you passed all your classes, want some way to reconcile your intellect with the great build you developed working out in high school and still have a thing for closed locker rooms.

If you live through college football and don't drop out to become a movie star, olympic wrestler, used car salesman or decide to coach little leaguers; then pro-ball is in your sights.







SEXPLOITING THE DALLAS COWBOYS

The other side of Tits & Ass; if the Cowboys were to follow the image of the cheerleader, it's obvious where their assets would lie.



You could get drafted (not in the military, we don't do that anymore) or you could apply to the team you have developed the most affection for during your many years of being knocked around while growing up.

Either way, it's on the road to the training camp, on the road to play some other home town's team, on the road home, into the play-offs, into obscurity, or onto the Superbowl.

The Superbowl isn't for bowling, it's for the football game of the year. Whoever wins this one can be guaranteed of getting at least a million dollar contract next year, maybe a new car, and offers to tout television staples like razor blades (all macho men shave), beer (all macho men drink), after shave (all macho men wear after shave with macho names and odors like panther piss), and a host of other all-American products.

You might even get invited on the *Dinah!* show for a sit down lunch.

Chances are you'll be immediately surrounded by a hoard of football superstar groupies; which brings us to the next item: Cheerleaders.

Now being a cheerleader used to mean that you were one of those girls who joined everything; the glee club, the reading club, the Young Christian Assembly Prayer club, the girls' track team, etc.

If you were a guy and joined the cheerleaders, you were probably (1) gay (2) a dance major (3) a hairdresser who wanted to appear to be a dance major (4) a joiner like the girls on the cheerleader squad. Anyway, your career ended in high school — no pro team in their macho right mind is going to have male cheerleaders at the Superbowl.

In college, girls who became cheerleaders always belonged to a fraternity, usually got pinned in their sophomore year, got a car as a grad gift from their fathers, planned on going to modeling school or Hollywood (whichever was closer) and dated the quarterback.

Usually cheerleading as a profession ended there.

No more. Thanks to the Dallas Cowboys (which is what this is all about) the cheerleader has evolved into a full-time pro athlete like her brother, the football superstar. She can expect to make \$38,000. a year jumping and shouting for her team while the big guys take the beating on the field.

She can plan to travel, stay in motels, eat in Denny's, write a lot of post cards, and occasionally make television appearances en masse showing the folks at home what they do on the astro turf.

However, while the qualifications for being a cheerleader are not as involved as for being a football superstar; she must be above average.

She must also possess a mane of hair that, while it might give a lioness pause over the appropriate hair conditioner, will toss and bandy about in the wind. She must smile constantly, even when her



team is getting its ass nailed into the ground.

She needs a peaches and cream complexion, nice legs and arms, and ample tits and ass. Tits and ass are important considerations for a pro-cheerleader. If the football team represents a vicarious virility to the average armchair jock, the cheerleader completes the sexual fantasy. The football fan can assume he is Bart Starr or Joe Namath pounding other guys (Communists, Liberals, Blacks, whatever turns you off) in the face, sweating through two hours of back-breaking exercise, then turn to the all-American cheerleader and hustle her off to a motel for

another hour of pounding thighs. She'll cheer, yell, jump up and down and tell him what a wonderful stud he is for making her and America safe.

Well, if the Dallas Cowboys can do that for their public, then we should do no less for them. Here they are, in all their macho glory; muscles, stomachs, thighs rippling with power, jaws clean shaven, apple pie waiting just after the game. Ogle them, cut out their photos and paste them to your pillow, pin their torsos to your wall.

The name of the game is beefcake, and sex appeal, and getting off. Exploit them well. □

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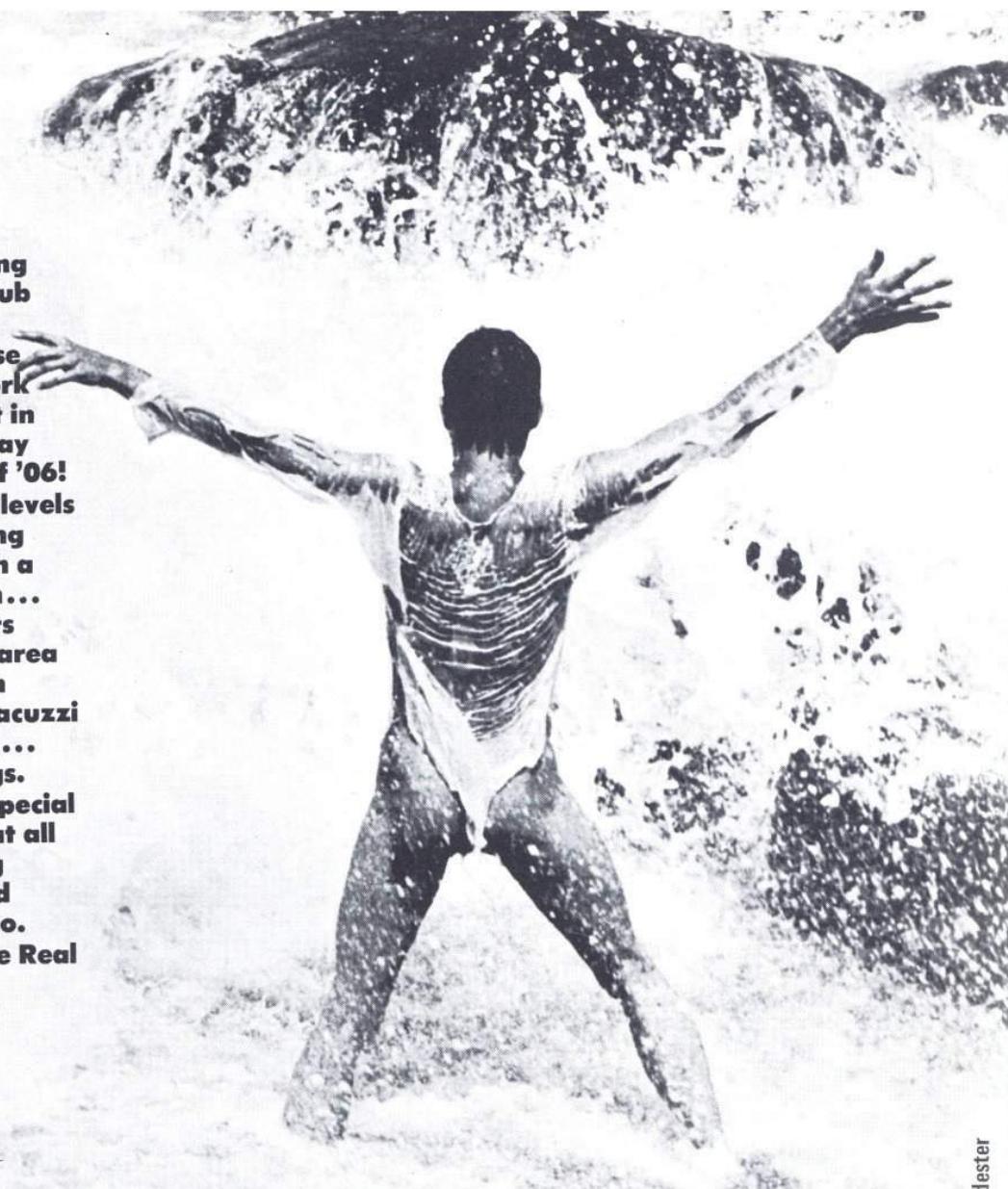
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Photo by John Marshall Chidester

ALTERNATE
BOOK SECTION

**WHO REALLY RUNS
AMERICAN PRISONS?**

**THE
PRISION
GANGS!**

**WHO CAN GET YOU
DOPE, A PIECE OF ASS-
OR JUST GET YOU?**

**HOW FAR DOES THAT
INFLUENCE EXTEND
TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD**

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

Drawing by the late Steve Masters



Prisons have always been the breeding ground for the violent male. This aspect of aggressive masculinity has become more evident in recent years through the emergence of prison gangs which strike terror in the hearts of other prisoners and prison guards. The power of the prison gang only intensifies. Throughout the intricate pattern a thread of sexuality, sometimes covert, plays an important role.

Sometime ago in the California State Prison at San Quentin a "wildcat" beer brewer, who was not affiliated with any of the gangs that normally control the illicit making and distribution of alcohol within the prison, ran off a batch of brew in a rusty can. One buyer of the maverick brew died on the floor of his cell, his body torn by violent convulsions. Another man went blind. The wildcatter was inexperienced and was out for a quick profit. The San Quentin brewer was killed by friends of the victims.

At Folsom prison, an inmate owed five cartons of cigarettes to a prison "loan shark" whom the borrower didn't know was a member of a prison gang. When the lender attempted to collect the debt, the borrower turned away with the words, "You're paid, punk." That evening, the "debtor" was burned alive in his cell with lighter fluid.

At another prison in California, normally reserved for multiple offenders, a young first-time prisoner arrived and after a short time in the quarantine unit was assigned to Cell House Number One. A gang member approached him with cigarettes and candy which the young man took as an honest offer of friendship. He should never have accepted the gifts, but he did. The gang member followed it up a few days later with an effort to seduce him. The frightened new man rejected the overture but not so strongly as to provoke trouble. If he had reacted violently, the gang would have respected him and

understood — at some later date he might even have been invited to join their ranks.

One night after supper, while the greater part of the cell-house doors were open, he was lured to a cell farthest from the guards. A group of gang members were in the cell, including his new-found "friend." They seized him, gagged him, and quickly stripped off his clothing. Ten gang members then brutally raped him.

When it was over, his "friend" let him know that from that time forward he belonged to him. For a long time afterward, the young man was prostitute — forced to service his "friend," or any other prisoner who had the cigarettes to buy him, in any sexual manner demanded.

The more sophisticated gays who repeatedly enter prison are aware that they could become the property of some gang, so they form sexual alliances with men who are physically attractive to them and who will afford them the real protection needed against the rapacious gangs.

Usually, the free-lance prostitutes are physically unattractive.

But even this free-lance life style is fraught with dangers, especially if the gang comes to believe that the sexual entrepreneur is cutting into their own prostitution ring. In this case the "queen" may be found with his throat cut; this occurrence also acts as a warning to other free-lancers.

Prison gangs try to fill the illicit demands of their captive clientele for goods and services not available through normal prison channels, such as: alcohol, gambling, sex, and narcotics.

They are racially constituted and were originally formed for self-protection. An applicant for membership has to prove his worthiness, usually by killing someone — another prisoner or guard. A man who tries to give up his gang affiliation becomes marked for death. This best states the basic gang principle of

blood in, blood out!

Prison officials are notorious for minimizing the role of gangs in the operation of the prisons, and claim that homosexuality is carefully controlled. Critics feel that the staff orchestrates incidents just to prove they can effectively control the gangs.

The exploitation of gays is denied, while they shrug off any criticism of compulsive prostitution of gays and non-gays with the rationalization that, if they didn't want to do it, they could always seek protective custody. Protective custody is a sentence of death. The gangs can always find means of executing the man in these close custody units.

The gangs are a fact of life. They have spread their tentacles to federal and state prisons. They control intra-prison life. Although they differ in makeup and even purpose, their methods and operations are similar. Bitter hostilities exist between the various gangs.

Their development and influence is strongest in California, where their operations have taken an ominous direction.

Prison gangs have always been a threat within prison walls to other prisoners and prison guards. But now, they are invading the central valleys of California and the urban areas, like Los Angeles and San Francisco, and are posing real dangers to the well-being and welfare of its citizens.

California law enforcement officials have become increasingly alarmed over their activities and believe they have been responsible for more than 25 deaths in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys in the past year. A special task force has been created in the office of the Attorney General of California to study the problem they pose.

To better understand how these pernicious events came into being, it is necessary to examine California prison gangs from an historical perspective and how they evolved to this present state of affairs.

It should be remembered that many of these gangs have grown in other states and can be found in such federal institutions as the United States Penitentiary at McNeil Island, Wash., and Leavenworth, Kan.

CALIFORNIA

Twelve institutions make up the California prison system with a population of approximately 25,000 men and women, or 18 percent of the national figure. California's recidivism rate is about 63 percent. Two institutions are specifically designated for what are termed "problem homosexuals" — the California Medical Facility, Vacaville, and the California Men's Colony (East) at San Luis Obispo. Departmental regulations specifically forbid any *passive* homosexuals being sent to the maximum prison at Folsom.

Four of the 12 institutions are the primary centers for gang activities: Folsom, San Quentin, DVI (Dueul Vocational Institution for youthful and young adults), and Soledad. The latter institution has been euphemistically called, the "gladiator school," since many young men there have been initiated into the art of killing.

The gangs have gotten out of hand in California and officials can no longer minimize their deadly effects. In 1971 alone seven prison employees were murdered in California institutions; there was no historical precedence. The murders were all gang-linked. Seventeen prisoners were also killed during that year (80 percent believe to have been gang instituted). 1972 saw 35 prisoners and one staff member murdered. Although the numbers have gone down somewhat in recent years, it has not stopped: there were about 20 gang-related killings last year and 14 so far this year.

The California Correctional Officers' Association was alarmed at the deaths and assaults on its members. It compelled the Department of Corrections to institute a system of identification, classification, and segregation of gang members. In their anxiety to protect themselves, administrators and line guards eagerly accepted the labelling of certain prisoners as gang members by other prisoners, not questioning the motives of the latter. As a result, a number of innocent prisoners

sought protective lockup in order not to be killed by opposing gang members who accepted this slip-shod identification.

In terms of current activity the most important gangs are the Mexican Mafia, the Mexican Family, the Aryan Brotherhood, and the Black Guerilla Family. No less dangerous are the Black Muslims, the Nazis, and the Texans.

The Mexican Mafia, also known as *LaEma* after its first initial, was found in 1957 at the Dueul Vocational Institution, Tracy, a youth-offender reformatory. Within the prisons the Mafia has close ties with the Aryan Brotherhood, especially when gang warfare threatens to erupt with black prisoners. Its members come primarily from the *barrios* of east Los Angeles. The leadership of the Mexican Mafia has no serious program of political activism in prison. Its main thrust today lies in organizing on the outside of prisons. This new phenomenon will be discussed later.

The Mexican Family, (*La Familia Nuestra*, "our family"), is the largest Chicano gang. Originating in Soledad in 1966, it is composed of central California valley and rural Mexican-Americans. It formed as protection against, and as an alternative to, the Mexican Mafia. War broke out between the two factions in 1972 and has not abated appreciably since then. This was brought about by the death of a Mafia chieftain in the Palm Hall behavioral modification unit at the Chino institution when the Mafia chieftain was released from his cell to exercise with a group of known Family members. In fairness it should be mentioned that prison officials are trying to minimize contacts between the Family and the Mafia by keeping known members of the Family at San Quentin and Mafia members at Folsom Prison. In the prison the Family fights for its piece of the illicit traffic in drugs, prostitution, and other rackets.

The Aryan Brotherhood (AB) are white supremacists. They do not fully subscribe to the Nazi philosophy of racial purity since they have had Jewish members. At its inception in San Quentin in 1968 the AB was formed by members of the Bluebird Gang. It is the single largest white gang operating in California prisons today. Philosophically, it is basically nonpolitical, although some members possess the knowledge and sophistication for revolutionary dialectics. No strikes or major disorders in California have occurred without its sanction and participation.

The Black Guerilla Family is an amalgamation of blacks from such groups as the Black Liberation Army, the Black Panther Party, the Republic of New Africa, and disaffected Muslims. The most politically oriented of the gangs, it nonetheless participates in a number of illegal operations. The early 1970s saw the Black Guerilla Family almost torn apart by internecine warfare between an accommodationist faction and a committed radical group. It was the stance of the accommodationists that a peaceful rapprochement could be effected with prison officials on reform. The radicals rejected the proposition that the "man" could be dealt with in any other manner than violence and revolution. The radicals' commitment to violence, even against their brothers, insured the success of their cause. Too many blacks had witnessed attempts to reach some accommodation with "whitey" in their lives only to see it meet with failure, betrayal, empty promises, or some sort of tokenism. Older blacks who shrank from violence gave their tacit support to the radicals. Against the AB and the Mexican Mafia, the Black Guerilla Family has found an ally in the Mexican Family.

The Texans (*Los Tijanos*), or *La Maravilla* (the inland empire), is made up of El Paso area Mexican-Americans and Mexican nationals. They are dedicated to the Mexican culture while rejecting American (Anglo) values and ideals as efforts to alienate them from their cultural heritage. Only their ferocity against other gangs has prevented them from being absorbed or broken up by the two larger Chicano gangs. They also manage to wheel and deal in the various rackets in the institution.

The Nazis, members of the splintered National Socialist

White People's Party, are numerically small. The Nazis are close-knit and rigidly disciplined. Many members are also in the AB. They tend to ignore the economic and political views of Nazi Germany while the racial concept of the "Final Solution" is inculcated in its members. The Nazis are a satellite of the Aryan Brotherhood and could not survive without its support.

The Black Muslims, (followers of the late Honorable Elijah Muhammad), remain apart from gang endeavors. Their religious services are serious and important. When they enter the prison chapel, members submit to a body search by a paramilitary group, the Fruit of Islam, who also oversee the service. The use of Tobacco and alcohol, as well as narcotics, is strictly prohibited; violations of these prohibitions can result in excommunication. Although they actively seek proselytes, their puritan ethic is not attractive in an already austere environment. The power of this group was best seen in September 1971 during New York's Attica Prison riot when the Muslims stepped forward and guaranteed the safety of the hostage guards, a guarantee which none of the rioters dared to challenge. The emergence of Wallace Muhammad as the leader, after the death of his father, indicates a less strident attitude vis-a-vis the whites. Although the Black Muslims in prisons have not sought any accord with the whites, they would appear not to be a disruptive force. Of all the groups mentioned, the Muslims have the lowest recidivism rate.

Passing mention should be made of the Black Panthers since they have seen their heyday in California prisons. Today they are numerically small. The policy of the outside leadership is one of non-involvement with prison authorities; they stress the importance of its imprisoned members rejoining those on the outside. The old-time "Cleaverites" see this attitude as a cop-out, a surrender for Establishment recognition and perquisites. They have joined for the most part the Black Guerilla Family.

To better understand all the ramifications of the illicit activities of the gangs they must be examined separately.

THE LIQUOR STORE

The distillation of alcohol (variously known as "home crew," "white lightning," and "hootch") is as old as prisons, but it took the gangs to make it into the base for a small financial empire. A parallel can be seen in the effect the Volstead Act had on organized crime in this country for financing the rackets.

In a prison society denied alcoholic beverages, the skilled brewmaker is an important figure. The gangs possess the organization to steal the yeast and fruit to make it, and they provide the cellhouse hustlers to market it. Most importantly, they guarantee the product's safety, as the earlier story about the "wildcat" brewer at San Quentin illustrates.

Brew making is by far the least lucrative business run by the gangs, but it does provide a *modus* for coming into direct touch with those men who tend to stay as far away from the gangs as the close confines of prison walls will allow. Even a man who is merely trying to serve his time with the least trouble will need an occasional easing of tensions and the cellhouse runner with his ever-ready jar of brew is not viewed as such a terrible person.

Booze leads to gambling, where a portion of the brew money is directed. In the colorless and boring daily routine of prison the man who bought a jar of brew needs at times to be able to take a chance even when only cigarettes are up for grabs. Every man thinks he is smarter than the oddsmaker and it makes watching or listening to sports events more interesting. Bookmakers walk the recreation yard, the cellhouses, and the work areas taking bets on horse races, professional boxing matches, baseball games, and college and professional football games. Quite often the oddsmaker is not a gang member but one hired for a 25 percent cut of the take after the cost of getting the betting slips typed by some prison clerk. The bookie cannot afford to have too many serious losses because he will find himself out of business — possibly permanently.

Card games, dominoes, and even the marble-shooting rings a gang-controlled and they take their cut of the games.

THE BANK

Loan sharking, euphemistically referred to as "three-for-twoing," is an important source of gang financing, ranking second only to trafficking in narcotics. In prisons, cigarettes are the medium of exchange. The gangs will allow a borrower to have two packs or cartons for three packs or cartons in payment. These loans might be for a few days but they are never longer than a month. Sometimes one gang may even have to go to another gang in order to amass enough cigarettes to exchange for cash so a sizable narcotics buy can be made. These short-time loans — many times only for hours — are paid off in cigarettes and a piece of the narcotics shipment.

Strong arming has always been used as an inducement for the borrower to pay up. Killing a man or forcing him to request protective lockup in segregation because he can't pay is just bad business, since the gang will not be able to recoup a cent. Much of the gang's approach in dealing with defaulters depends on the individual borrower. A guy who receives money from home regularly or has a good paying job in the prison industries will be given leeway at usurious interest rates.

However, as the anecdote about the arrogant borrower at Folsom demonstrated, a gang will react brutally to any attempt at showing it up. While that was an extreme situation it is not entirely rare. In the case of a humble debtor, the gang would probably give him a sound beating as a lesson to others and use him in one or another of its ventures with his cut of the profits going toward retiring his debt.

MOST MEN SUBLIMATE THEIR SEX DRIVES BY SHEER FORCE OF WILL, BY PARTICIPATING IN TIRING SPORTS, OR THEY GIVE VENT TO IT THROUGH MASTURBATION.

The median age in California prisons is around 32 and the denial of a normal sexual outlet poses a serious problem. Most men sublimate their sex drives by sheer force of will, by participating in tiring sports, or they give vent to it through masturbation. While less than 15 percent have homosexual experiences, homosexuality has proven to be a very serious problem. The gangs have taken over the role of procurers, providing temporary or long-term release from sexual tensions for those who possess this particular outlet.

Overtly effeminate and self-declared homosexuals are kept at the California Medical Facility, Vacaville, and the California Men's Colony-East at San Luis Obispo. While only "aggressive" homosexuals, that is, "topmen," are supposed to be sent to Folsom Prison, the Department of Corrections does not adhere to this policy. In California institutions gays are to the bottom of the social heap. They are discriminated against by fellow prisoners and prison personnel.

The supply of male prostitutes does not always meet the demand since many overt gays tend to remain outside of the clutches of the gangs by finding a permanent lover and protector. The case of the enslavement into prostitution of the young prisoner described at the beginning of this article is typical of the recruitment methods used by the gangs to maintain this valuable link to the general prison population.

When these brutal rapes occur, word spreads throughout the prison very quickly. The guards smile at the victim as if to say "you're all faggots and queers, just the scum of the earth." The other prisoners eye the victim with contempt because he gave in and became a "jailhouse punk." The jocks wonder how he will be in bed. Others only thank God that they are old, fat, or ugly. In time, the rape victim will be sold to some



jock who is looking for a permanent cell and bed partner. If the jock is paroled first, he will then sell him to someone else.

Prison administrators are aware that homosexuality is rife in the prisons but they give tacit sanction to it.

On the other hand prison-wise gays have caused controversies and murders by reporting real or imagined slights to their lovers. A point in fact occurred about four years ago at Vacaville where Juan Corona, serving a life sentence for murdering farm laborers, was almost killed. A young stud, sent from Folsom to participate in the stress assessment program in order to be considered for parole, was standing in a Jenner unit entryway with his P wing "girlfriend." Corona, an arrogant man with a tortured mind, swept into the unit, harshly brushing against the "girlfriend" without any apology. The stud thought nothing of it, but the "girlfriend" was incensed at the imagined slight. After a lengthy and bitchy diatribe about how the stud didn't really love her, the jock, a member of the Aryan Brotherhood, got other members together, went to Corona's cell, entered and found Corona dozing on his bunk, and stabbed and beat the hapless victim. Corona lost the sight of one eye and suffered multiple stab wounds. Unfortunately, these senseless displays of ego have tended to lend credence to the canard that gays in prison are troublemakers.

DRUGS

For a number of years narcotics have played the major role in the gang economy. With the assistance of venal guards and the gang's own ingenuity, California prisons have become flooded with heroin, barbituates, LSD, and marijuana while prison staffs on their own part have introduced a mind-boggling array of dangerous psychotropic drugs under the aegis of the Department of Corrections to control unruly prisoners.

A pattern of death is woven into the drug trade and drugs have been the single greatest factor for gang warfare and many deaths and assaults in recent years. Overdoses, tainted drugs, and thefts of incoming shipments have all taken their toll in human lives. The guard with the bleeding heart, the one with

rich habits, or the homosexual guard, are forced into becoming "mules" bringing the narcotics into the prison in their lunch pails or making contacts so large delivery arrives in industrial or institutional supply shipments. When these guards are discovered they are not usually prosecuted but merely resign. Small amounts make it in by way of the visitor's mouth, passing it on to the prisoner in the welcoming kiss. The prisoner swallows a plastic-wrapped packet, knowing that he will pass it in his stool later unless there is a defect in the bag which will cause his death. Other small amounts come wrapped in individual newspapers from small towns addressed to a particular prisoner. The actual drug is not always the cause of death. Hepatitis from dirty needles and eye droppers takes its own toll.

PRISON GANGS TRY TO FILL THE ILLICIT DEMANDS OF THEIR CAPTIVE CLIENTELE FOR GOODS AND SERVICES NOT AVAILABLE THROUGH NORMAL PRISON CHANNELS, SUCH AS: ALCOHOL, GAMBLING, SEX, AND NARCOTICS.

The drug flow is a serious problem which is only curtailed to a limited extent by three methods — interception, shakedowns (searches), and informers. Spot checking visitors to known prison drug dealers and occasional searches of incoming goods has slowed it down in a small measure. Shakedowns of cells, work areas, and prisoners have only a limited impact since the prisoners are more cunning in discovering out-of-the-way stashes or hiding places. Informants are the major sources for staff control.

THE INFORMERS

While prisoners and staff find informants to be a repugnant lot, they are real and must be used and coped with. Most prisoners cannot understand why a group of prisoners will flirt with death by informing, since men suspected of being informants are shunned and are targets for the gangs. The most valuable stool pigeons are those not known to most of the staff and to none of the prisoners. If the informer is a gang member, or close to a gang, he is especially valuable. Usually, one staff member deals with the informer, paying him with cigarettes and other canteen items confiscated from other prisoners, or promises to assist him when he appears for parole consideration. A stool pigeon is unquestionably a valuable tool and most staff members will do anything to protect their identities.

The length to which some staff will extend its cloak of protection can best be shown by an event which occurred at Folsom some years ago. A gang member was close to discovering an informer who knew all the particulars on an incoming narcotics shipment from gang friends on the outside. The stool pigeon possessed an uncanny sense of self-preservation and told the guard lieutenant, his protector, that the gang member was about to blow the whistle on him to the gang. The lieutenant had the gang member thrown in the hole (disciplinary unit) on the trumped up charge of having contraband in his cell. Another informer was told to spread the word that the gang member in the hole had tipped off the staff on the incoming shipment in order not to be punished. The shipment was intercepted. The man locked up was not aware of what had transpired and in a few days was released to the main line. His best friend, a fellow gang member, met him in the cellhouse and stabbed him to death. In time, a guard who hated stool pigeons leaked the story and the informer whose anonymity had been protected by another man's death was transferred to another prison and put into protective lockup.

From a sociological standpoint there are three distinct groupings of prisoners: those who wish to serve their sentences without becoming involved in anything that might jeopardize their chances for an early release; those who progressed through youth-offender institutions to adult prisons because they lack any real desire to remain out of prison; and those who are committed to the criminal role both inside and outside of prison.

Most of the gang members are preponderantly criminally oriented while there are a number of "institutionalized" men who see gang affiliation as status in the prison society. Membership entails a totality of commitment to the gang role.

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When the leadership of one gang decides to go to war with another, every member must do his part. The gang offers the prisoner a sense of identity, purpose, and assurance that his problems are their problems as well. The member is incorporated into a family to which he owes his loyalty, his love — and his life.

By eliminating the indeterminate sentence and the Adult Authority (parole board) last year, penologists assumed gang problems would no longer plague prisons since these men would be able to look forward to accelerated paroles. This has not been the case. The assumption was that speedy paroles — which have not come to pass — would bring about an easing of intraprison manipulation and warfare. The concept has proven to be too facile in the light of gang commitment to criminality as a *modus vivendi*.

Department of Corrections' officials have not addressed the fact that our prisons are outmoded and exacerbate rather than correct the difficulties in personality remotivation. Men are thrown together into a macabre melange of living conditions, made to perform make-do work or no work at all, and are given no real hope for the future. Basically, the attitudes of line guards and administrators are the prime inhibitors for change, since they consider convicted felons as some sort of subhuman species and are intolerant of lifestyles as seen among gays.

In this type of narrow ambience gangs must be expected to proliferate. It is not surprising, if alarming, that the gangs are expanding their operations into the outside world. The past couple of years have seen over 25 murders of ex-convicts, workers in prison reform programs, and law enforcement officials. These deaths have been ascribed to the Mexican Mafia and the Mexican Family. Over \$16 million of federal and state funds have been siphoned from parolee assistance programs to finance illegal narcotics operations in the Los Angeles area and throughout the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys.

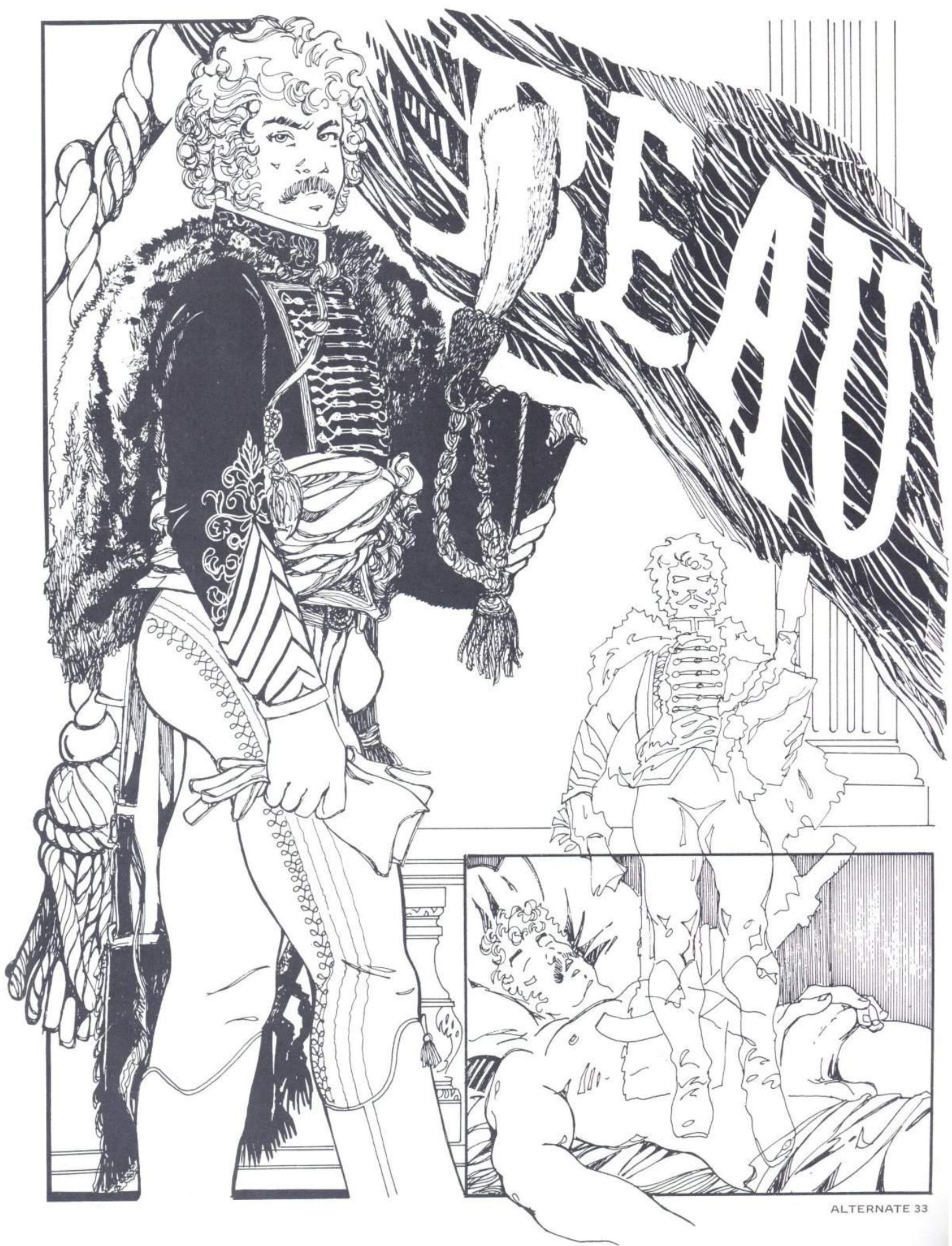
For some time now organized crime in California has been becoming progressively ineffective due to the advanced age of its leadership. Eastern Families have been eyeing the drug racket and pornographic industry with a view of taking them over. Although the gangs lack the organization and sophistication to intrude successfully into these fields of criminal endeavor, there are signs that they may well attempt to challenge the established criminal organizations.

NEXT MONTH:

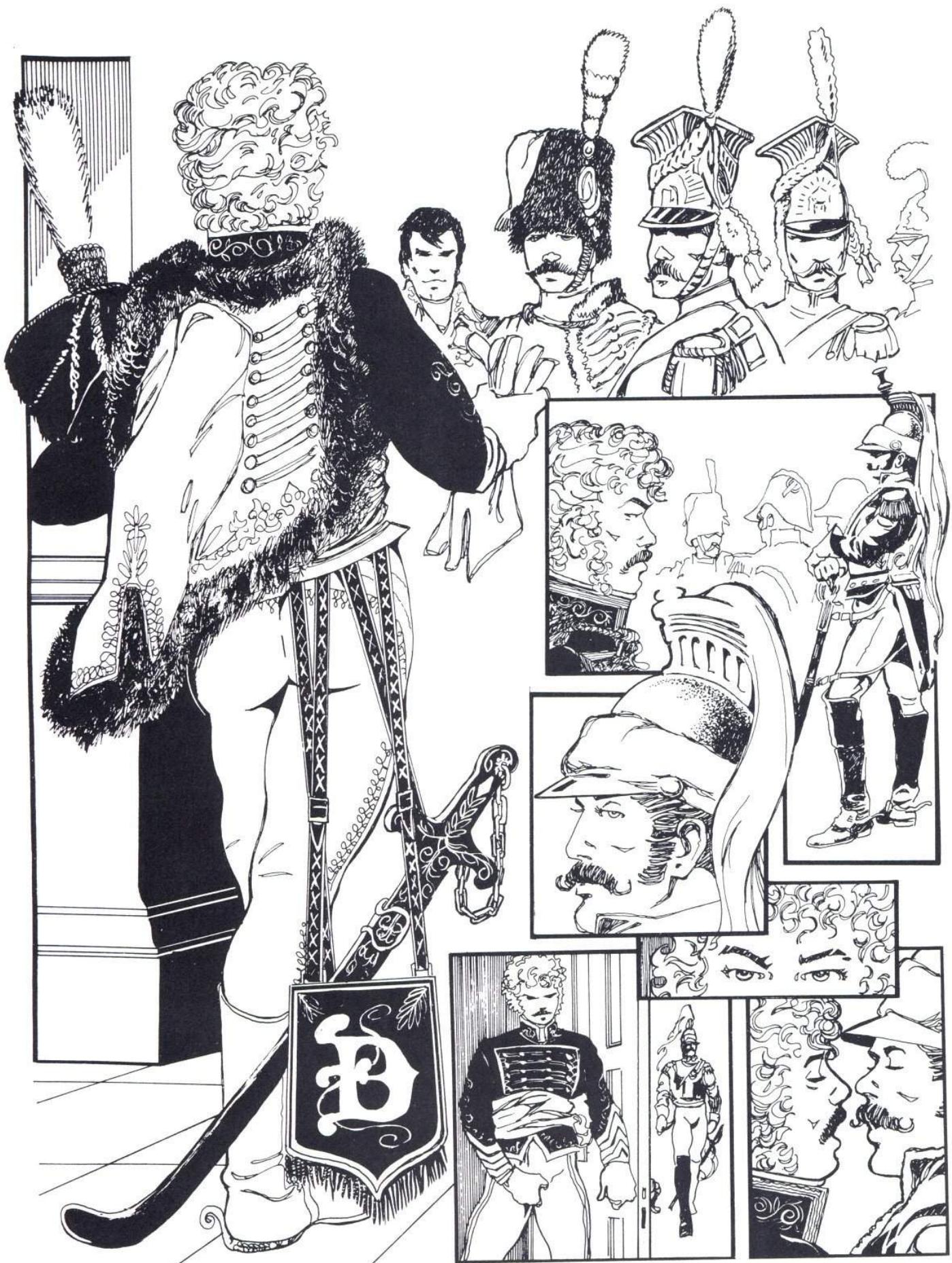
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The Bay Area Committee Against the Briggs Initiative is a single-issue coalition trying to defeat the Briggs Initiative on the California ballot for the general election in November. Your help is needed. Write to: BACABI, 330 Grove St., San Francisco, CA 94102. Call (415) 621-6246 or 922-2837

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Open discussions every Tuesday, 8:30 pm, \$2 donation. Women's Discussion Group every Wednesday, 8:30 pm, \$2 donation. Dance on the 2nd Saturday of every month. Street address: 37 Ninth Ave., New York City. Mailing address: Box 611, Old Chelsea Sta. New York, NY 10011.

PERSONALS

ALABAMA

HANDSOME, FUNLOVING LEVI/LEATHER Harley Rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10", 160, white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish buddy to 50. Digs motorcycle riders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breeches, horses. Mustache/beard a turn-on. Seeking permanent friendships. No fems, fats, drugs. Box 451A

CALIFORNIA

HAYWARD. M. Capricorn, 39, 6'3", 190, 7", Black, wants to meet White, Latin or Asian masculine man, 18-45, for total oral services, body worship, humiliation, verbal abuse, w/s, tit work. Face sitters preferred. Photo and frank letter will get prompt reply. Box CAD 201.

L.A. FILTH.

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

NORTH BAY AREA

W/m, 52, 6'2", 185. If you are the same and love motorcycles, leather uniforms, horses and saddles, tall polished boots and britches, spurs and chrome, then let's ride off together. No freaks, please. Must be very straight appearing and discretion an absolute must. Photo please, either mounted or unmounted, Box 308A.

LOS ANGELES — S Taurus, 45, 6'4", 210, white, 9", experienced seeks slaves for a week in the woods. Bike run, California. Box CAB202

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CIGAR freak, M, seeks gutter mouth top in V/A, humiliation, degradation, w/s, exhibitionism, booze, whatever. (Read my story, Issue 22, pg. 11-12) Consider all kinks. Dig cigar, chains, pics, correspondence, Box 408D.

FAT COPS, BEER BELLIED TRUCKERS AND OVERSTUFFED CONSTRUCTION TYPES

and other big, masc. guys wanted by masc. guy, 5'10", 33. Write: Box 9114, Glendale, CA 91206. Photo/phone appreciated, all answered.

SPANNING WANTED

Goodlooking 23-year-old w/m cop, 5'11", 165, brn/brn, moustache. I dig nice feet, too. W/m's to 30 only. Photo a must. Nude preferred. No fats, fems, drugs. Correspondence on subject welcome. I am completely new to this scene. Box 362. Great Neck, NY 11021.

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

SUBMISSIVE WHITE MALE seeks Dominant Black Master to serve. I am very young (28) and obedient. Write to: Occ., Box 36527, Los Angeles, CA 90036

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

BRUTAL MASTERS NEEDED to enforce permanent slavery through real brainwashing with torture, electricity, hypnosis. No limits. Box 36433, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

LOS ANGELES. S. Aquarius, 22, 5'11", 150. White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Tough, hot looking Levi/leather boss gets total service from submissive, wild-assed, hungry bootlickers. If they work for it, they'll get his Levis and all the sweaty meat, grease and piss in 'em. Put yourself in real good hands. Box 294V8.

BONDAGE & SLAVE GAMES

W/m, 28, 5'10", 140, digs young guys (over 18) who inflict light S&M, tit & C/B work. Strip and force me. Box 934, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675.

ORIENTAL MASTER

SAN FRANCISCO. S. 34, 5'9", 140, Oriental, 7". Hot looking in full leather, like dirty talk, giving tit work, but also well-educated, sane, inward. Wants goodlooking, masculine, white M in chaps for sex and intelligent conversation afterwards. Photo, Box SFL210.

SAN FERNANDO, M, Capricorn, 35, 5'10", 170, 8", white, very handsome, seeks S to work out my/his cigarette/cigar fantasies/fetishes. Ashtray fine but no burns or scars. I am G passive, F active, like w/s. Clean-cut and shaven, collegiate, hairless, want my tits worked on. Box CAK-321.

WATER SPORTS ONLY

Want to hear from w/s givers and takers; object: get togethers, correspondence, exchange ideas, photos, places, positions, contacts. Box CA-666.

MONTEREY AREA

Well built, hairy father in 40's needs younger, smooth and thin fellow to be spanked and loved like a son. Box 375C.

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

BORN TO SERVE

Need to worship big, muscular body, know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 155, slender but muscular build and prefer someone in their 30's, tall, at least 6', well endowed, muscular, ruggedly goodlooking, hairy chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box 58.

SAN FRANCISCO MEN

Hunky w/m, 27, 150 lbs, 5'8", black hair, brown eyes, Gemini jock, gets into almost any scene with hot, bearded, husky men. No scat or blood. Turned on by Military, jocks, leather, tattoos, dirty talk, body-builders. Send photo & letter to: J.C., 660 O'Farrell, No. 4, San Francisco, CA 94109.

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

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

WHITE MASTER. 23, 5'10", 150, 7" cut, seeks goodlooking, young, serious slave with desire to serve, learn and obey. I am a clever, energetic Master who knows how to use you effectively. Box 130Y.

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

LIVE-IN MASTER WANTED by Total Slave, 34, seeking total ownership, bondage, etc. Will cook, clean, make a real home for you in Glendale, Sir. Stu Grossman, 526 N. Kenwood St., No. 7, Glendale, CA 91206

LOS ANGELES, M, Aries, 38, 6', 145, 7", clean cut, well built, into kinky scenes, tit, cock and ball torture, temporary piercing, music, playroom; seeks virile, masculine S, big balled, older OK. Box LAP 301.

OAKLAND, S. Libra, 40, 5'10", 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable, experienced, discreet, masculine, goodlooking dude, well equipped with toys seeks slim, submissive partner to 26. Should be clean shaven, clean cut. Box 052G.

S.F. BOUND
White Master, 26, 5'11", muscular build into B&D, w/s, FF, more. Moving to San Francisco area late fall from Arizona. Seeks masculine, well built young studs, top or bottom, for good hot times. Box AZF101.

SAN FRANCISCO. S/M. 41. 7", 5'10". Previous experience as an S, but leaning toward M role. Prefer a dominant who respects limits. Seek under 40, 5'10" and over, over 6" endowment, dressed in full leather. Box 136H.

SAN FRANCISCO. Cancer. 36. 5'10". 130. White. Bearded bottom for rim and/or scat. Bear or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions. Horst (415) 282-8550, 10 pm to midnight. Other times answering machine. Write: Box 101SF.

S, 5'10", 150 lbs., 23, 7", cut looking for White M to 29, goodlooking, submissive, cut, subserveant and masculine. Southern California area. Must be smooth, not hairy, not into playing games. Must follow orders. Box 130Y.

LOS ANGELES. SM. 40. 6'. 190 lbs. 8" uncut, experienced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoors scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain or force. Prefer the experienced. Box 318V2.

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

CONNECTICUT

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

MILFORD M/S. 47. 5'10". 190, 6", cut, old hand looking for honesty, realism, sobriety, and intelligence. Box 309.

GREENWICH. Cancer. S, 40, 5'11", w/m, needs good M who wants bondage, cock, domination. Experienced leather and levi master. Tit, ass, ball play. Leather toys. Letters answered immediately. Box 451F.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

READY & WILLING
Washington, MS, Cancer, 40, 5'5", 166. White, 6", knowledgeable, willing to try anything with the right person, 25-45, who respects limits. Am waiting. Box DCW101.

HAZING & INITIATIONS
and other cruel sports turn me on. If your fraternity, team, military school or whatever had naked fun and games, let's swap experiences. Also interested in torture, interrogation, brig/prison or reformatory discipline, any area where the hard and horny have the naked and vulnerable at their mercy. Write: John Barton, 735 Eleventh St. NW, Washington, DC 20001.

WASHINGTON, DC. M, 37, 5'11", 155, athletic, lean, muscular, rugged goodlooks. Interested similar S types. Erotic B&D, whips, your pleasure. No fems, fats, Box 408A.

FLORIDA

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

MIAMI, SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 160, white, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Only boot, breech, uniform fetish need reply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus (discretion assured). Include phone number and uniformed photo if possible. Box 408C.

MIAMI AREA MASTER
Young 40, 5'10", 142, sincere, trustworthy, S&M, requires live-in slave or houseboy, masculine, slender, 25-40, who will serve, get into humiliation, asshole/ball worship and licking, some S&M, other scenes. Novice OK. Share good life. Must relocate. Write with photo. Larry/Box 375F.

MIAMI DUDE

Leather/Denim, versatile S&M, feet, w/s, films, hot language, humiliation, young 40, slender, honest, sincere, sports, music, anyl, drink, cooking. (305) 661-4006

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS
SM. Taurus, 25, 6', 165. White, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Butch studs only with boot, uniform fetish need reply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo and phone. Box FLW201.

WET LEVIS

Turned on to pissing in my levis, wet beds, diapers. Anyone else? Let's get together or correspond. Especially Florida/South West coast. Am 33, 5'11", 190 lbs. Box 491E

GEORGIA

ATLANTA W/M, 27, 6'3", 200, 8", seeks dominant and passive good-looking studs for hot action. (404) 633-7453

IDAHO

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

ILLINOIS

LIKES TO SERVICE HORNY GANGS

Hot W/M, 24, will pull group action and/or let you spank my firmly rounded buns. Send photo & phone to: Jeff, 323 S. Franklin, Suite 804, Desk 0-5, Chicago, IL 60606. Satisfaction yours!

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

CHICAGO. Cancer, 31, 6', 150, brown mulatto, 8", novice seeks clean, patient, hung stud. Black or White, mature father image to 50. Teach me right. Send photo. Box ILM101.

MASTER. 26, 200 lbs., 6', w/m, seeks total slave for complete ownership. Into B&D, S&M, FF and heavy punishment. Will train novice under 35. Respond to: Fred, 615 S. Maple, Oak Park, IL 60304. Call (312) 383-4290.

STUD CHALLENGES OTHER STUDS

Muscular, 6', 185 lbs., blonde hair, blue eyes, topman, 43, challenges other muscled topmen to sexual dominance/endurance contest to submission. If you are muscular, trim and man enough, I'd like to find out just who is top stud. Local area only or able to travel. Photo if possible. No drugs. Dave, Box 612/C-25, 323 S. Franklin No. 804, Chicago, IL 60606.

KANSAS

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

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

KENTUCKY

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

MISSOURI

WRESTLING

KANSAS CITY, 37, 6'1", w/m, 170, turned on by wrestling, sweat, jocks, struggle. Also into fantasies, B&D, body worship. Box 375M.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEW HAMPSHIRE, MAINE, MASS. — M, 28, 5'10", 145, beard, seeks B&D, physical testing, S&M in isolated settings. Box 451E.

NEW JERSEY

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

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

JERSEY CITY, M, Libra, 34, 6', 163, White, 6 1/2". Novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage & spanking while spread eagle. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me any way he wants & let his friends use me too. I'll serve as third to Master and slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ

BARE ASS THIS SLAVE and give him fifty lashes apiece with the toughest strap you can find! Box UC103.

NEW YORK—NEW JERSEY. M, Aquarius, 32, 5'6", 130, white, 7", uncut, beard, attractive, very masculine bottom man seeks aggressive top man into heavy Greek and French action, including toys, FF, w/s, dirty talk, fantasy trips. I want to be totally and completely used by the right man. I'm into the leather/levi scene. No fems, fats, pain. Box NJR201.

NEW YORK

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN
Fishermen, sewer men, etc. Hip-booted, gasmasked w/m, 25, 5'7", seeks you for heavy j/o, piss and friendship. Must own and truly love heavy black rubber hipboots, waders, raingear, even inner tubes. Let's hose each other with water or piss, slosh in the rain, or slog through the mud. Call (212) 662-0447.

GYM JOCK

Gym sock jock wants to rent Levi j/o buddy. Send photo. Box 414, 166 W. 21 St., NYC, NY 10011.

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

WANTED: YOUNG GAYS OVER 18. I'm goodlooking, Italian, married, 29, 6', 170, hung, Daytime, your place only. Box 154, Westchester Sta., Bronx, NY 10461.

HUNG STUD w/m, 36, good body, hot tongue for young hot meat. Will travel, answer all comers. Orgies welcome. Box UC101.

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

NASSAU COUNTY. SM. Taurus, 45, 5'9", 172, 6". Uncut, White, Knowledgeable. Imaginative in either role. Seeks serious, macho leather/levi partner to 48 with reasonable endurance, into S&M, spread eagle bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fems, fats, fakes. Box 185R

NEW YORK. 45, M, 5'8", blond, dig macho male any age, levi, leather, tattoos, motorcycles. Write: Box 285 Downstairs, 166 West 21 St., New York, NY 10011.

NEW YORK, NOVICE SLAVE seeks white Master with mustache who likes to smoke cigars. I'm 25, 5'6", 150 lbs, white. Box 408B.

FRESH MEADOWS. M. 34. 175. Taurus. White. 6". Uncut. Seek mature, adult, macho male with head together. Levi, leather, construction, I can take orders. Blonde, blue-eyed German seeks anything but drag. Box 052H

Replies to a coded ad?
See form on page 42.

NEW YORK. M. Aquarius, 38, 5'8", 145, white, 7", masculine and obedient but needing training and discipline from rugged master over 40 who believes in keeping his slave naked and spread eagle and ready to service him and his buddies. Box 070T

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

CIGAR SMOKING STUD Bearded, tattoo, 37, 6', 170, 8", into uniforms, leather, boots, w/s, S&M, FF, all far out scenes. Playroom. Want to meet same type. Send photo. Can travel. Box 451C

ANGEL FACE OR SPANISH Be dominated by man (40) who will subdue you and work out fantasies. Must be affectionate after you have been had. Ed, Box 582, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10003.

NEW YORK BEEF Big Mac, lean 100 per cent beef, 6'3", dominant, 34, goodlooking, wants to slip into firm, round buns. Side order of hot FR! Box 387, New York, NY 10028.

EX-SERVICEMAN Scorpio, 26, 5'11", 170, clean cut, would like correspondence, photos, get together with masculine, stocky, dominant men (30-60) into uniforms, tattoos, sweat, fantasies. Write Box 772, Franklin, WV 26807.

BOXING MANHATTAN, 23, 5'9", 140, into all matches. Write: Box 393, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10003. If Boxing's your hottest fantasy, contact me.

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS W/m, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slap pecs, cone shaped tits that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big breasted guys into lont lit workout sessions. Live your nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine. Heavy breasted torso friend available for three-somes. Box 451B.

NEW YORK. M. Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking, clean cut novice seeks macho, goodlooking, dominant partners. Likes verbal abuse, humiliation and w/s from masculine, clean cut top men, 25-50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn on. Box 220K.

NORTH CAROLINA

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

OHIO

DAYTON. S, Sagittarius, 33, 5'10", 165, white, 8", knowledgeable, will provide skilled application of humiliating leather cock, ball, tit work. Leather a plus, deep throat a must. No fems, fats. To 45. Send frank letter, photo, phone. Box OHM 101.

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



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THE MARKET PLACE

WOMEN ON RECORD

BY EVAN HOSIE

Is it possible to start a record company with only \$4,000 but plenty of spunk? When Olivia Records, a women's record company was founded in Washington in 1973 they only had that piddling sum (by the music industry's standard) and five women who were determined to create a record label that would be owned, controlled, and record women's music. A note on the back of one of their artist's records reads: "Our purposes are to make high quality women's music available to the public, to give women musicians access to the recording industry, to offer training in the technical, musical, and other fields related to the recording industry, and to provide jobs with decent pay in non-oppressive conditions."

They used the initial \$4,000 to put out a single that they sold by mail with a letter asking for donations. It brought them \$12,000 which was immediately used to produce the label's first album, *I Know You Know* by Meg Christian.

Now, four years later, Olivia Records is headquartered in a funky Victorian house in Oakland, California, (after a brief stay in L.A.) has a staff of 15 women, an artists roster that includes well-known singer/songwriters such as

photo by Kate Winter



Cris Williamson and Linda Tillery, releases two or three albums a year and still runs primarily on spunk.

The Olivia organization includes the women who staff the Oakland office, their artists, producers, engineers, session players, and the nearly 100 women who distribute the records nationally. From start to finish, the operation is owned, controlled and run by women. At a typical recording session there isn't a man in sight, not even behind the board. Olivia is training women to be engineers, one of the last bastions of a male dominated industry, so that it is now possible, (at Olivia they do it all the time) to record an album with experienced women handling everything.

Since the average record company still starts women as secretaries and receptionists, and they have to fight their way up the totem pole, Olivia offers a great opportunity for many women who want to train in the field. Occasionally, women at Olivia move on to other record companies, but you can bet they don't settle

for answering phones.

Because they are a women's organization, a strongly feminist/lesbian one at that, they encounter occasional hostility, yet seem to meet it with surprising good humor.

"We're basically a feminist, lesbian organization, that's true," says Liza Williams, who has been with Olivia for almost two years, "but we are directed towards all feminist women, not exclusively directed towards lesbian women."

Many of the women who run Olivia Records haven't had much prior music experience, but Liza Williams knows more about the corporate workings than she'd ever care to. She started as a free lance writer, worked her way into Capitol Records as a publicist, heading what was then referred to as the 'underground product dept.' and ended up as president of Island Records in 1973 (just after Island signed a U.S. distribution deal).

A sprightly 50 year old, she is warm, articulate, with a keen, sometimes brittle



Olivia artists (clockwise), Cris Williamson (above), Linda Tillery, Teresa Trull, Meg Christian, Pat Parker, Linda Tillery (below)



sense of humor that has obviously been her buffer through some hard times. She has lead a colorful, exciting life that included free lancing for the L.A. Free Press, working at a radio station, 11 years in Africa, running around Capitol Record's L.A. office in bare feet and floor length caftans, and teaching a class at Cal. State Long Beach called "Rock n' Roll Reality." But you can tell from the tone in her voice and the gleam in her eye that she finds her work at Olivia just as challenging as anything she's ever tackled, and much more fulfilling.

Even though the story is about Olivia Records — "Don't make me a star," she kept saying — I can't resist telling a few stories from her past. Liza's struggle was a common experience for many women involved in the music business.

Accompanied by her dog, Price, we went to a park for a quiet conversation. However, the backdrop was a fight between a large, hairy construction worker and a band of neighbors who didn't want cement poured into their green haven.

Liza started at Capitol records writing press kits. "I didn't know what they were, so I just wrote any old damn thing. I didn't know anything about corporate strategy. I was so naive, I thought it was wonderful — paper clips, watts lines, carbon paper — big stuff!"

"After about a year I was in charge of the so-called 'underground product.' In some vague way I was hip to them. I could relate to the rock groups, so when they were giving a tour of the building, giving them what we used to call the 'zoo



tour,' they'd bring them up to this little section on the ninth floor and introduce them to us — the token hippies!"

We break off at this point to watch the drama unfolding behind us. Two neighbors have parked their Toyotas so the concrete mixer is wedged between them. A standoff. The police and Channel 2 are supposedly on their way.

That reminds Liza of the time she camped out in an office at Capitol Records — on Women's Working Day — and refused to get out. This was in '68 and she had officially been told by a Capitol executive that they didn't approve of women executives.

"I suppose they sent memos to each other about me. They never officially said it was my office but I kept it. I really should have had my own office!"

From her hard won little office on the ninth floor Liza moved to Island Records, and when the President quit, she moved into the spot. By the time she left the company, after two years, she was administering everything, from the time the tapes were mastered all the way down the line.

"I quit partially because of problems of being an older woman working in a very sexist, youth oriented business. People didn't take me seriously and it was frustrating. There was so much hostility and resentment." As she talks her brow creases.

"For instance, I couldn't go in and say 'Listen, whey the hell didn't you ship out . . . blah, blah.' I'd have to go in and say, 'How's the wife? The kids? Do you think you could ship out, please . . .' because that's the only way they could relate to a woman. It wasn't worth it for me so I quit and ran off to Mexico for a while."

Totally disillusioned with the record biz, Liza began teaching a rock n' roll

I'd learned at other record companies," says Liza. A major record label may sign as many as 80 new acts a year (that's not including acquisitions from other companies), release more albums a month than Olivia issues in a year, but size is obviously not the important difference between the huge conglomerates, and the Oakland-based record company. What really sets them apart is the underlying philosophy.

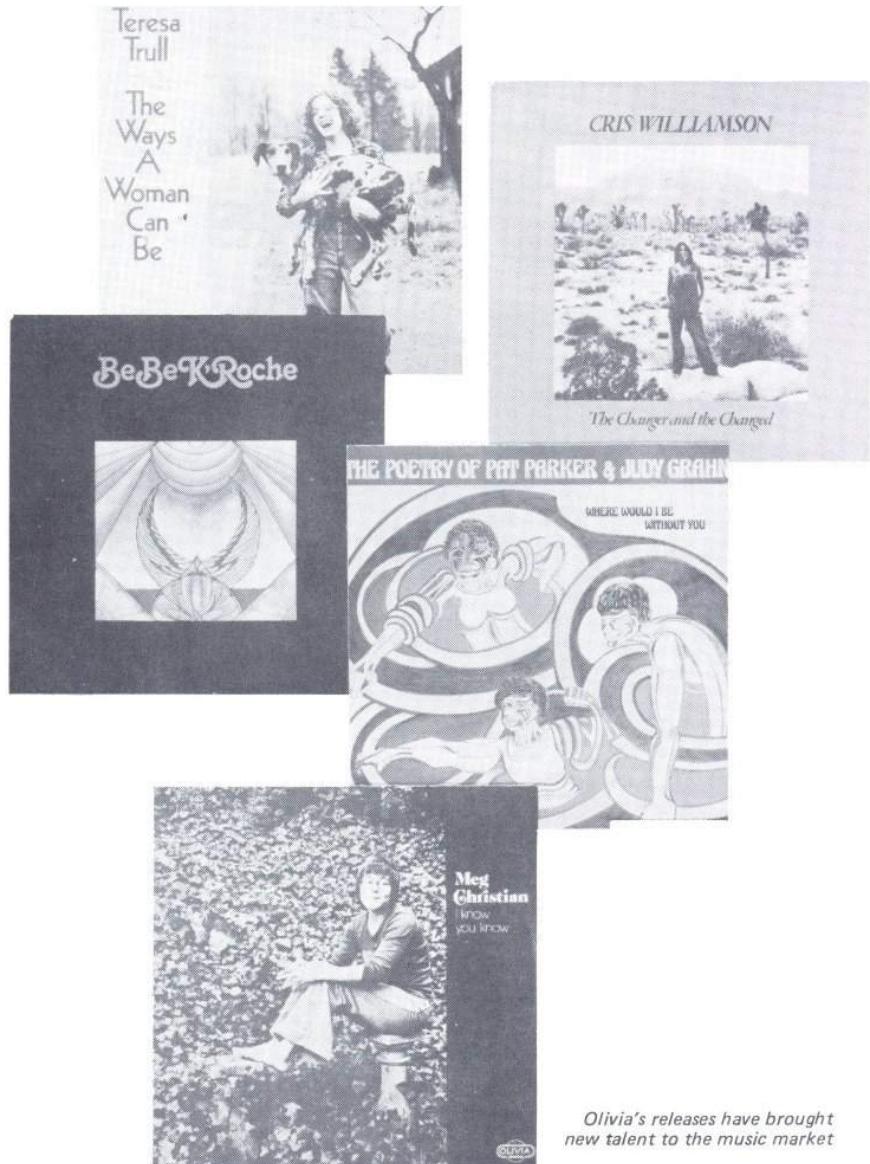
Besides the unusual fact that it is organized by and for women, Olivia treats each artist as an individual, not just as a product to be marketed, distributed, and hopefully, made money from. At a huge company music is big business and money is the ruling factor, whereas at Olivia, they can afford to have different priorities, partly because of their size, but also because they have different goals. The artist always comes first, she is given complete artistic freedom — there's no high-powered producer pressuring her to include this or that tune so they'll have a guaranteed hit — and the record company is viewed as a vehicle for getting good women's music out to other women. If someone isn't racking in huge album sales, it doesn't mean disaster, or that the artist will be dropped either. Matter of fact, there aren't even any official contracts at Olivia, it's all based on trust, and the informal arrangements are made for one album at a time, compared to the standard five year, two lp option, have-your-lawyer-phone-my-lawyer dealing. And the women at Olivia receive a salary based on their needs. ("We're all comfortable," Liza assures me.)

After all this, it seems only natural that internally the company is run in a unique fashion. The biggest shock for someone who is used to the system at a major company is the non-hierarchical structure — there is no boss.

"We wanted a non-oppressive, non-exploitive, (I hate using those words all the time) situation," explains Liza. Decisions are made by consensus, at weekly meetings.

Because no one can ever rise in the power structure, simply because there isn't one, the women at Olivia are free to take both wild chances, or consult anyone without worrying about giving away ideas or not getting credit. As Liza points out, "It eliminates all that b.s. competitiveness, all that devious junk. Whereas in a big corporation 80% of the time is spent jockeying around corporate politics — sending lots of memos, which is all negative thinking, we can concentrate on actually working."

Another major difference between the little Oakland record company, and what Liza calls 'the regular companies' is their anti-star system. While a major record company is trying very hard to create a super star out of one of their acts, Olivia does exactly the opposite. It goes along with their philosophy of not exploiting



Olivia's releases have brought new talent to the music market

anyone, and that includes their audience.

"We do a lot of concerts for women, the point of which is to show women that we can take control of a situation, that we can run everything — lighting, sound, the door — and that's the best example of what women can do. We don't want people on stage to seem apart from the audience, so we try to imply some sort of 'regularness.'

"Towards that aim, the performers go onstage in non-descript dress, and the album cover usually displays a comfortable photo of the artist. None of the glamour trip."

One of the problems Liza personally encounters with this philosophy when trying to market an artist is that she has to be constantly aware of political concerns. In a society that is geared to being exploitative, it makes her job doubly difficult. "That means we can't do what a regular record company would do," she laments. "I always have to think *is this proper?*"

Apparently, it's all worth it in the end. Linda Tillery, the big voice on *The Loading Zone* (a rare album that is now out of print) and one of the seven artists who record for Olivia Records, was attracted for the same reasons as Liza.

"I was tired of dealing with the big record company crunch. I get a lot of personal satisfaction working with Olivia. I'm never hampered artistically, plus I am getting to experience working with other women in a supportive environment. I might never have made another record if it hadn't been for their support."

As we leave the park, the city vs. the people battle seems to be in a holding pattern. The plucky neighbors are still sitting in their little cars blocking the cement truck and the driver is sitting in the cab drinking a beer.

"A little energy goes a long way," says Liza, looking in their direction, but she could just as well have been speaking of the little record company that could. □



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Buena Vista



THE BEST CHOCOLATE CAKE IN TOWN

by W. Yates

The stairway leading to the club was dark. A strong bass beat found its way to the landing and tumbled down around my feet. I felt safer. If there was music, it couldn't be too dangerous. Then I thought about the detective films where they always turned the radio way up just before the roccoo spit a big chunk of lead into someone's waiting stomach.

"Oh, heck," I muttered and grabbed the rail with a vise-like claw. Ascending the stairs, the music grew with intensity. Then a face emerged from the darkness. It was a woman: tight-cropped hair, white shirt and tie, tight levis, boots. I pretended I was a regular. And smiled.

"Two dollars admission," she said with a sharp voice.

"Oh, is that all," I gasped, knowing that what I really expected was brass knuckles in the solar plexus. Then I added, "I'm here covering Buena Vista. I'm on the guest list." Gulp. It worked and I was in.

In the dim light, I could see women sitting at small circular tables, made eerie by candles that glowed in glass bulbs. Buena Vista was on stage, but strangely inactive. Strangely, because this rock ensemble if anything was nonstop hyperkinetic stuff. If the three lead singers didn't have thyroid problems, it had to be drugs. Then Rach Ztarr brought out a deformed French horn and began playing "Happy Birthday." It was Freddie's thirty-something-cause-for-celebration.

The cake was wonderful. A light chocolate frosting with a ridged granulated substance that poked at the tongue, reminding it of not so sweeter days. Descending, the palate then collided with a wispy, aerated cake, yellow in color with a subtle lemon touch. Oh, and more chocolate like the mortar for a finely honed construction.

I wanted the evening to go on forever.

A few discordant grunts brought me

back to my sonorous senses. Yes. Buena Vista was back on stage. Nathan Woodruff, Terry Hutchinson and Michael Gomes were doing it to the microphones. I don't mean that literally. I mean it laterally. Nathan at the far left, lean, lanky with very fine features, and sullen eyes was singing the deeper regions of *Back In Love Again*. Terry was filling in the mid-range; he was huskier than Nathan, large, expressive hands and a serious histrionic glimmer. Finally, Gomer, as they call him, was the higher and lighter side; a thin, restless body topped with a head of hair that resembled an opulent tennis ball. And his falsetto, well, it was crammed with the ooh-wa-ooh-wa's that Frankie Valle lost about five years ago.

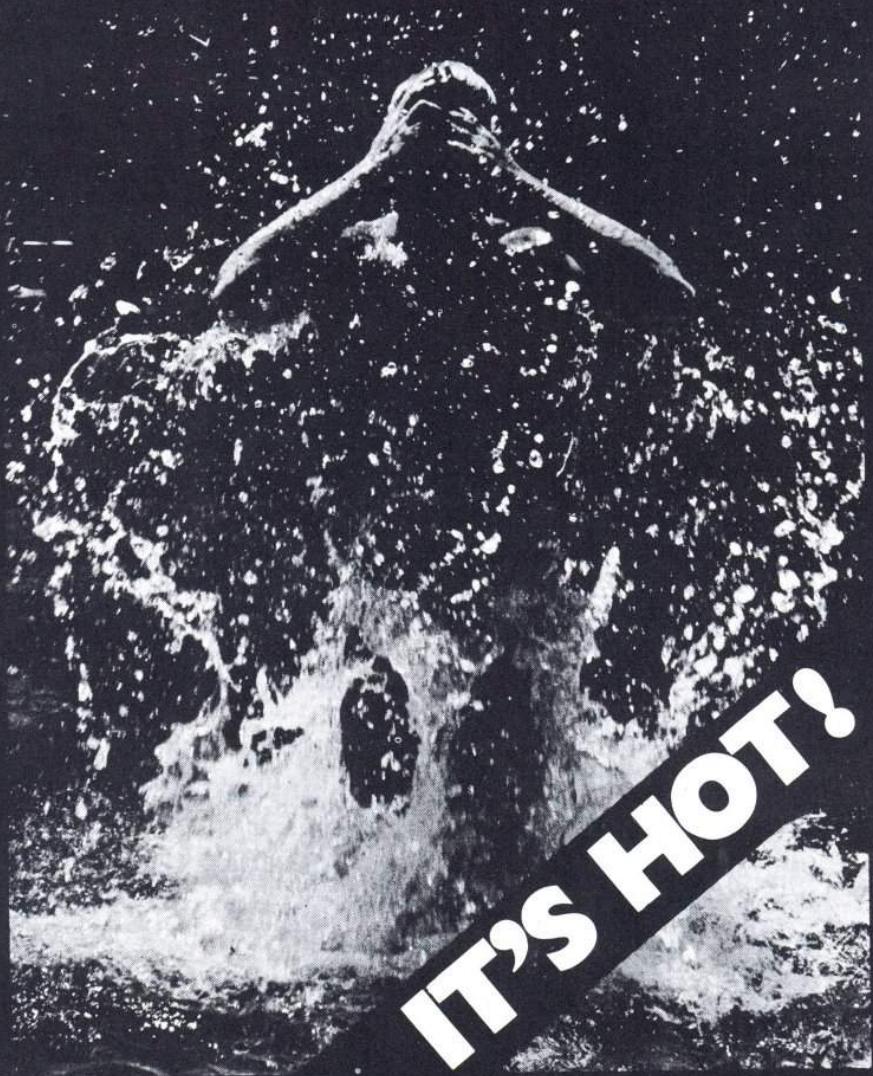
The show was hot; something like The Supremes strained through a male sensibility and then spewed out with a lot of lust. The constant chaos kept your eyes searching for someplace to rest. No place available during *Signed, Sealed, Delivered*. During *Respect*, I managed to scan the rest of the group. Freddie Gray, on bass, was happy; his birthday meant he was one year closer to retirement. Next to Rach Ztarr, and also on horns, Arthur Feinstein looked like a buzzed out Juilliard graduate. Then off in the corner, barely visible, was the rhythm section: Dickie Dworkin, drums; Naux, guitar; Paul Ferris, keyboards.

Everyone was dancing, wildly. A sensual soiree. *Hot Magazine*, a Buena Vista original, talks directly with your feet and then goes straight to the crotch. With *Funklogic*, a crew from Bekins removed all the chairs. There'd be no sit-ins during this or any other set. Terry, Nathan and Gomer kept plunging into their vocal vortex, deeper and deeper. Higher and Higher. Someone with a pacemaker ran from the room, seeking a battery charge.

I was going to leave, but I thought about those dark stairs. I figured I'd sneak out with the band.

MAKE A BIG SPLASH IN THE BIG APPLE

Photo by PAULAN



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THE CLUB BATHS

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BY ED GUTHMANN

The elements are all perfect. The Hustler and the Heir. A double murder. A gay murder. A story rich with drama: about power, about class struggle, about money and sex and retribution.

Perfect, that is, for no one more than Arthur Bell, New York's star gay reporter who specializes in crime and gossip. In December 1975 Bell's *Village Voice* editor called with the assignment: "Get your ass on a plane to Philadelphia" and cover the John Knight murder case.

The facts: Knight, 30, is the heir to the nation's largest newspaper chain, a budding Citizen Kane. A closet gay. He gets killed by Felix Melendez, a 19-year-old Puerto Rican hustler from South Philly. The two started out as whore and trick, but now Melendez loves the newspaper heir because no man had ever treated him kindly before. In a jealous rage, he enters Knight's apartment with two hoodlum accomplices, and stabs him to death. Melendez in turn is killed by his two accomplices.

Bell does his usual exemplary job of reporting, covering the murder trial and talking to the victims' families. But there's something extraordinary about the case. "I became almost possessed," Bell told me, "with finding out everything I could about Knight." As his personal life became emmeshed with his research, Bell decided to write a book from it, to leave nothing out, and to tell it from a personal, openly gay perspective.

The book is *Kings Don't Mean A Thing/The John Knight Murder Case*, an October release from William Morrow. It could be called the first gay nonfiction novel, a gay *In Cold Blood* or a gay *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. Bell says it's not really a gay story at all, that it's about "a clash between two classes."

Bell spent two years on the project. It was the biggest murder in Philadelphia's history, but Bell's acute curiosity and attachment to the story ran miles deeper than the daily headlines. "I was fascinated by Knight's life," Bell said recently.



Arthur Bell, gay reporter at the Village Voice, stalked the truth in the John Knight case.

THE HUSTLER/JOHN RELATIONSHIP EXPLODED WHEN MELENDEZ GREW TO LOVE KNIGHT.

DER

"AMONG HIS PEERS HE WOULD SNEER AT 'FAGGOTS' AND BOAST OF THE WOMEN HE'D SCREWED. FOR SEX, HE'D SEEK ENCOUNTERS IN PHILADELPHIA'S CENTER CITY."

in his Manhattan apartment. "On the surface he was perfect: he was talented, he looked fine, he was rich. But he was absolutely miserable."

Knight, an editor for the *Philadelphia Daily News*, was completely closeted, Bell said, and very protective of his two separate lives. "Among his peers, he would sneer at 'faggots' and boast of the women he'd screwed." For sex, he'd seek covert encounters in Philadelphia's center city.

The hustler/john relationship between the two men exploded when Melendez grew to love Knight. "He was the only man who'd ever been good to him," Bell said. "To Knight, though, Melendez was a trick and a bother."

It was this situation, not unlike Theodore Dreiser's theme of class conflict in *An American Tragedy*, that precipitated two murders where all involved were victims, where the true killer was a class-stratified society.

On December 7, 1975, Melendez was shooting up methedrine with the two men, both straight, who eventually killed him: Salvatore Soli and Steven Maleno. They didn't know Melendez hustled, or that he was gay. "I know a rich faggot," Melendez told them. "Let's go rip 'im off." Soli and Maleno, thinking it was a cut and dry burglary, went along.

Knight had spent the evening entertaining and drinking with a college friend — a heterosexual doctor — and his wife. The couple had fallen asleep when the three men entered Knight's apartment at 3:30 a.m. Melendez apparently mistook the doctor for a lover of Knight.

"Melendez went berserk," Bell said. "He ran from room to room, screaming 'Why did you do this to me, John?'" Soli and Maleno beat Knight while Melendez put on Knight's scuba diving outfit and started brandishing the scuba knife. Over a period of three hellish hours, Melendez raged through the apartment, stabbing Knight nine times and eventually killing him.

The next day, December 8, Soli and Maleno took Melendez for a drive to New

Jersey, and shot him in the woods outside Camden.

Soli and Maleno went to trial in May 1976, and Bell was sent to cover the story for the *Voice*. As it became a media sensation, Bell found his own life torn between the trial and his new lover in Philadelphia, a florist.

"He accused me of paying more attention to these dead men than to him," Bell said. "I was coming from the courtroom where people were screaming and having heart attacks, and he'd go on with this idle chitchat about geraniums."

Bell has interwoven the story of this relationship, along with his trips into hustler bars and the Philadelphia underworld, into his narrative. "The four main characters in the book," he said, "are Knight, Melendez, Soli and myself."

Today, Soli and Maleno are both serving consecutive life sentences for the two murders. There is a strong possibility, though, that the information Soli gave Bell after the trial, which was never revealed in court, could reopen the case.

Bell took the book's title from the haunting lyric to "Street of Dreams," an early-50s recording by Lee Wiley.

*Love laughs at a king.
Kings don't mean a thing,
on the street of dreams.*

"I don't know if it was written by a gay person," Bell said, "but to me it's the quintessential gay song." During his research, the song kept going through his head when he would walk along Spruce Street, Philadelphia's equivalent to Christopher or Castro. Later, Bell would play the song to put himself in the mood to write the book.

Bell, 38, has one previous book to his name, *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*, a 1971 Simon and Schuster release that chronicles his involvement in the infancy of gay liberation. "It was ahead of its time," Bell said, and failed to find an audience. Today it's a collector's item.

In 1971, Bell's *Voice* career began, covering the gay political scene and Manhattan cultural milieu. Before that, he'd

written book jacket copy at Viking and Random House. In 1975, his column, *Bell Tells*, was born.

A lot of people don't like Arthur Bell. People have called him negative, ruthless, divisive, mean. When his *Looking for Mr. Gaybar* piece ran in the *Voice* two years back, people felt ripped off. They said Bell's bleak portrait of back room sex and waterfront bars was bad PR for gays, that he wrote it out of his own frustration. He can't get laid, they said.

"If I worried about all the things people say about me," Arthur told me, "I'd have gone crazy years ago." His life's been threatened more than once, and he's incurred the wrath of everyone from Barbra Streisand to the New York producer of *Crimes Against Nature*. This past summer Bell panned the San Francisco-based play about gay survival, and when *Crimes* closed two months later, producer Howard Solomon angrily called Bell to blame him for its failure.

Not a pussycat, not at all. But entertaining, yes. His hilarious piece on *Asexuality/Everybody's Not Doing It* was the *Voice*'s biggest seller next to the Daniel Schorr/Pentagon Papers issue. Pointed and accurate and perceptive, yes. Committed, yes. No one has reported more thoroughly and with more passion on gay issues, and — considering his status as the nation's only upfront gay columnist on a straight publication — he's done more to legitimize the gay movement than his detractors care to admit.

With the publication of *Kings* Bell's toehold in the big leagues will be firm and final. Following the October 23 publication date, Morrow will send Bell on a promo tour to Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and Detroit.

"This sounds terrible to say," Bell told me, "but it's a marvelous book. I really think it was a class murder and everybody involved in it were victims. I guess the compassion I felt for everybody came through; otherwise the book wouldn't work." □

OVER A PERIOD OF THREE HELLISH HOURS, MELENDEZ RAGED THROUGH THE APARTMENT STABBING KNIGHT NINE TIMES AND EVENTUALLY KILLING HIM.

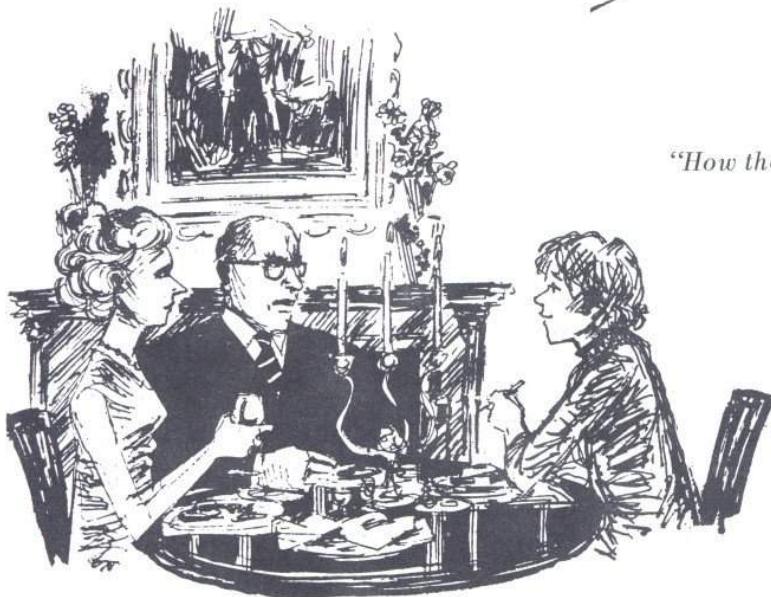
LIVE WIRES



Drum Magazine



"How the hell come I never get any of this pornography we keep hearing about?"



"The trouble with kids these days is they get everything they want — why, at his age, I had to masturbate."

Photo by Efrén Ramírez

**ROUNDUP
IN RENO**

3rd Annual Gay Rodeo



I had visions of a technicolor adventure; of brahma bulls shaking the earth with their brutish haunches; of huge men lost in the motion of the ride; of silver dollars spewing from the throats of one-arm bandits. After seeing the champion cowboys in the Salinas Rodeo earlier this year I had spent many nights in bliss fantasizing about the hunky and hot gay cowboys participating in the Third Annual Gay Rodeo.

My spirits filled with great expectations. I stocked up the camera bag with plenty of film, even arranged to borrow a motorized Nikon fitted with a huge 300mm telephoto lens in hopes of capturing some truly moving images of bronc busters. I had already previewed, in my mind's discriminating eye, great close-ups of beefy arms and legs juxtaposed against the natural anatomy of beasts, hot bodies, jean-clad asses caressed by tooled

leather saddles, baskets straining against buttons.

End of fantasy.

The Third Annual Gay Rodeo in Reno took place in early August inside the County Fair Grounds. Inside. In fact, in a giant equestrian arena that resembles an oversized barn. No sunshine. No golden sun kissed, blonde-bearded macho ropers and steer wrestlers. At best, it approximated three drag queens trying to rope a cow. No mean feat; but not interesting, not the spectacle of the California rodeo in Salinas.

I had come to Reno two days early to take in some of the sights of the much publicized 'Biggest Little City in the World.' On the main street; which may be the only street, giant neon signs beckoned your curiosity like colored fly-paper traps; inviting your feet to follow well-worn paths to slot machines, crap tables,

and the like.

In the casinos the lure of the possible jackpot took priority over even the most humble of daily functions, over eating, sleeping, going to the john, and even cruising. There wasn't a visible gay population amongst the pandemonium, anyway.

Outside I had noticed a film crew from Columbia Pictures setting up shooting for their new film *American Girls*. The crowd of crewmen, light stands, extras, assistants, hangers-on, and onlookers blocked the sidewalks. I glanced up at a man sitting, in tight shorts, atop a ladder. As he strained to see something in the far off distance, he bowed upon his muscular legs, spreading apart the already too-contained shorts, and revealing probably much more of his masculinity that he might have intended. Click.

The Rodeo.





photos by Efrim Rameriz

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness one of the great spectacles of the west. Here the finest cowboys in America will pit their skill and daring against untamed and dangerous animals!"

This announcement, the first of what would be many, was delivered in almost total darkness. The huge indoor arena was too big for the number of spectators that had shown up and paid a ridiculous five dollars to sit in dark bleachers. How dark was it? It was so dark . . . that even with pushing my Tri-X film, galloping horses at a 30th of a second exposure were going to be silhouettes.

The sparse crowd shrieked anyway and the handful of cowboys in the contest got ready. They looked as though, to my novice eye, they had just come out as cowboys. In fact, only one young bronc even successfully lassoed a calf on foot. All the other contestants chased the poor

animals around for a while . . . then were themselves chased around by the animals.

Cows out numbered horses, and the unknowing walk-in might have quickly decided that this event was a cow judging. There was a great deal of gentle exchange going on between roper and ropee.

Then, out of nowhere, Mr. and Mrs. National Gay Rodeo, both in gala dress, were paraded around the soft, dry and only slightly dusty arena atop a convertible. The horses and cows, obviously frightened by the pastel colored Cadillac, scampered about, stirring what dust there was into your eyes, onto your clothes (there was much brushing of hands over shiny black chaps) and onto your camera lens.

I appeared to be sitting next to an official and decided to ask him the most burning question in my mind: "Why are

you holding this indoors?"

"Because it's too hot outside."

Late comers were still entering the arena, which, in more than a few instances, meant the directors delaying the next event until the newly arrived could be properly seated. Video cameras waited. Hopeful rodeo champions atop horses in closed stalls waited. The people running the tapes waited. The audience roared, laughed, cheered, hee-hawed, guffawed, milled about, and waited. The cows waited.

Finally, I guess, it was over. Someone won. Lots of people lost, including the audience who might have expected a professional, exciting, stereotype-smashing gay rodeo.

The cows were gathered together and shuffled off to who knows where.

The round-up in Reno was over for another year. □



ALTERNATE

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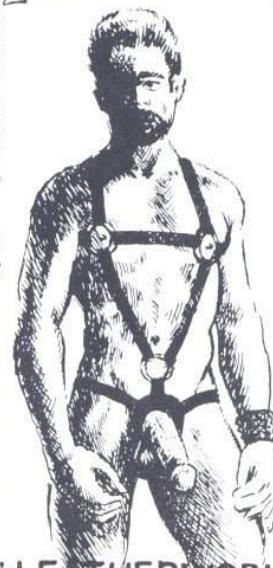
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RECORDS

Nightflight to Venus

Boney M.
(Sire)

Over the past couple of years, cold German technological precision has had a startling revitalizing effect on disco music. Donna Summer and Kraftwerk, particularly, have had tremendous success in melding some of the most progressive developments in modern music with the simple thumps of mechanical dance muzak. *Nightflight to Venus* goes even further — bringing the most dynamic trends and currents in what has come to be called "Europop" onto the dance floor.

Boney M. — four non-Rastafarian Caribbean transplants living in Germany, plus producer/organizer Frank Farian — is a European supergroup of Abba-esque proportions. Their reggae-rooted single, "Rivers of Babylon," included on the new album, is a monster hit on the other side of the Atlantic. Boney M. has added the distinctive Jamaican flare for storytelling to swirling, pulsating disco. Vocally the Boney M. approach seems to go after a camp-fire sing-fest feel, rather than attempt the mellifluous harmonies that 9 out of 10 pop groups base their sound on.

Most interesting song on the lp is "Rasputin," which — if it takes off — will have disco dancers working kozodsky kicks into the hustle. Boney M. has made the most eclectic disco album ever recorded, with elements of avant garde electronic music side by side with polkas and pure bubble gum.

— Howie Klein

Rose Royce Strikes Again

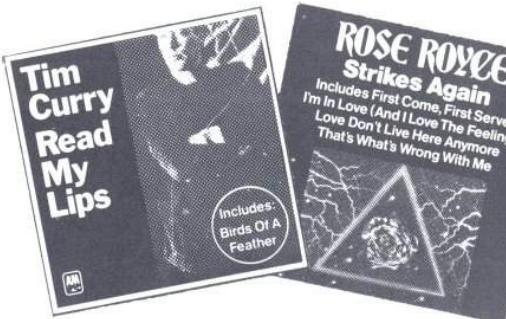
Rose Royce
(Warner Brothers)

This is the third lp for Rose Royce. The other two, both platinum-makers, garnered the band such awards as *Cashbox*'s No. 1 New R&B Group of the

Year and No. 1 Pop Group of the Year, a Golden Disco Award for No. 1 New Group, *Record World*'s No. 1 New Vocal Group of the Year, a much-coveted Grammy for the *Car Wash* soundtrack, to name a few.

Their new album, produced and mostly written by Norman Whitfield, is in the forefront of American progressive funk'n'soul. This group is SLICK. Production is incredibly clean and sophisticated and it is obvious that Rose Royce is not content to merely make million sellers. This band wants to challenge the Big Mac. And they may well be able to; they are smooth — kind of the Eagles of Black pop — and mainstream American pop, rather than just Black pop.

Working with Whitfield, former Temp-



tations producer/writer, it's no surprise that many of the songs sound not unlike the fabulous Temps themselves — especially since one of the 3 lead vocalists, trumpet-player Kenny Copeland, sounds just like Eddie Kendricks. The album surely achieves all that it sets out to do from an artistic/production level. The only problem is that it is pretty much totally devoid of any real inspiration, despite Gwen Dickey's rather soulful voice. (But who needs inspiration when you've got millions; remember, I said these guys were like the Eagles, not Billie Holiday or Elvis Costello.) — H.K.

Read My Lips

Tim Curry
(A&M)

There's a sticker on this album that warns radio programmers that "Sloe Gin" and "Alan" each contain "one of the 7 dirty words and are not suitable for airplay." The dirty words, however, are only incidental to the fact that these two wimpy, lame songs should never be allowed to infest the airwaves. It's very tempting to merely dismiss this album as a worthless piece of pap, but the fact that Meatloaf has pulled his carcass into the pop music limelight indicates that we may actually have to deal with Tim Curry, pop music personage.

At its best, this is a limp Alice Cooper lp, except that Curry's over-theatrical Broadway-style vocal meanderings would

BONEY M. Nightflight To Venus

Includes Rivers Of Babylon
Rasputin/Heart Of Gold



probably embarrass even the Coop. One of the few interesting things on the album is the transition from "Wake Nicodemus" bag pipes into a disco-beat-cum-Nils-Lofgren-played-accordion/Caribbean version of the Beatles' *I Will*. He does a surprisingly good — or at least inoffensive — job on that tune, but then goes into what sounds like a dirge but is actually just an abysmally-done Roy Wood song called "Brontosaurus." "Anyone Who Had a Heart" is an OK way to close the album, but one would still rather read Curry's lips than have to listen to this album again.

— H.K.

The Best of Chuck Mangione

Chuck Mangione Quartet
(Mercury)

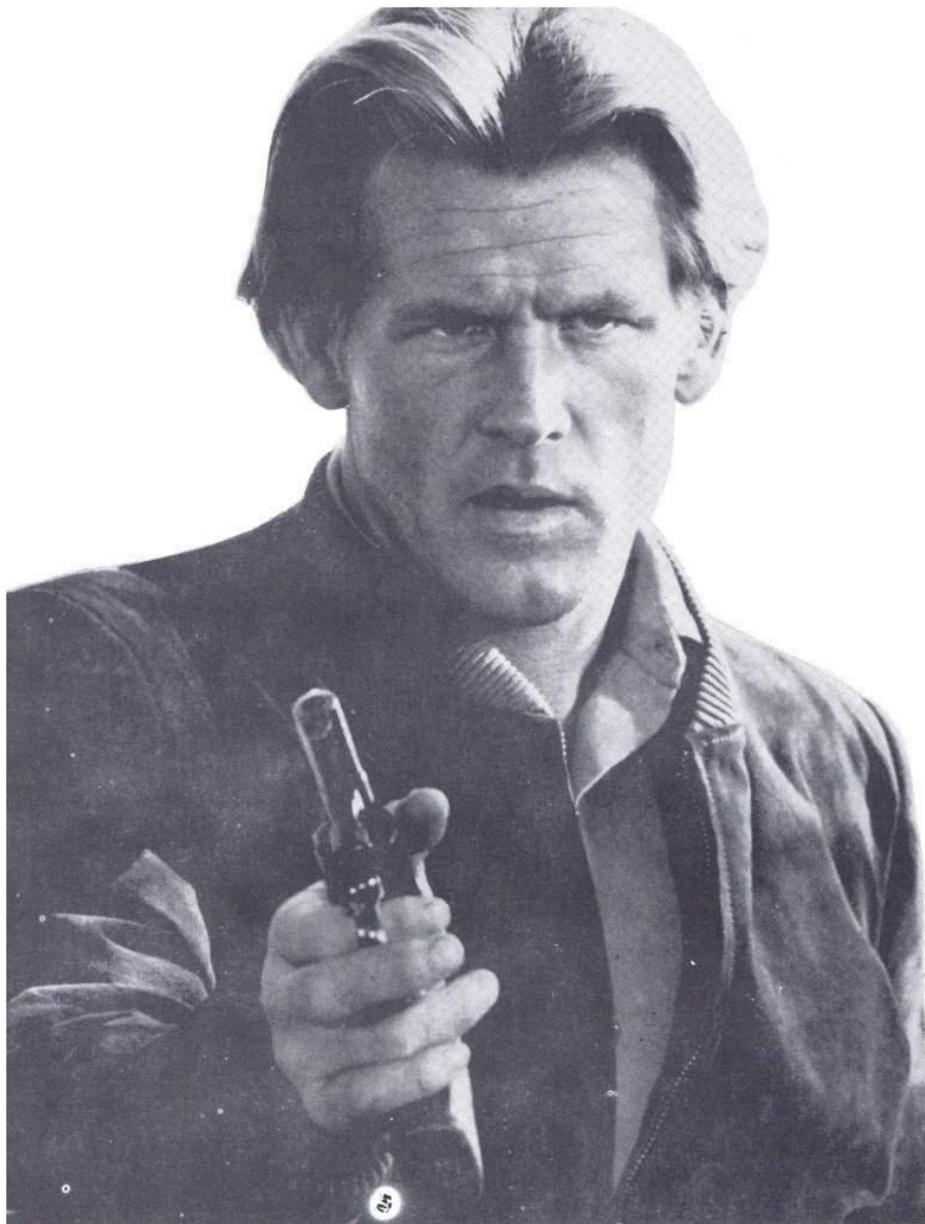
A two-record set of the world's best-known flugelhorn player conducting the Rochester and the Hamilton Philharmonic Orchestras in a breezily facile reproduction of his hit songs. Esther Satterfield sings.

This is much better than most elevator music. It is neither demanding enough to be unpleasant to even the zombified elevator-rider, nor is it so vapid that it will cause jazz buffs to suffer coronary seizure — indigestion, maybe, but seizure, no. It's just nice lounge music and though

it may be viewed by some as rather extravagant (with the oil shortage pushing up the cost of vinyl) to actually commit this stuff to a record, (let alone 2 records!), let's remember that people work hard all day long, have neurotic problems cluttering up their miserable lives and when most of them get home, mix a martini or light up a joint and put on the stereo they feel they're entitled to a little peace and quiet. There are an awful lot of people who are looking for exactly what Mangione does best: to be lulled into foot-tapping catatonic stupor and still think of yourself as "hip."

— H.K.





A HERO SANDWICH

BY STEVEN SEID

The new hero is upon us. He's no varnished knight, shielded by an impregnable code; no pathetic schlemiel, your standard hero with flaccid body and baggy trousers. Across the land, annihilated ideals lie like wizened petals in ash. The new hero walks this land, ashen browed, believing in nothing. Or as little as possible. And the less he believes, the better he'll survive.

You'll know him when you see him. Alone, even in a crowd; the vaguely dead look, the silent, cold stare. No emotion. No ideals. And his heart? Just a rusted can he discarded along some dark highway that night he lost the final dream. The great American hero.

The Viet Nam War, 1970. John Converse (Michael Moriarty), a war correspondent, has lost the meaning of things. The ideals of a nation wallow in blood. It is a time when "elephants are hunted by winged men in the skies." Nothing makes sense. Old Glory flaps listlessly in a dry wind. So John decides to smuggle two kilos of heroin back to the States. Why not?

Hunched shoulders and glazed voice, John is the new hero of *Who'll Stop The Rain*, directed by Karel Reisz, the story of a handful of people who sought shelter in disillusionment.

With all connections congealed but one, John enlists the help of Ray Hicks,

(Nick Nolte), shining adventurer in a tarnished world. A reader of Nietzsche, Ray clings to anachronistic ideals; friendship and honor. Those cumbersome ideas will be a mortal burden; they will crush his shoulders, compress his heart.

The deal: get the heroin to Berkeley and exchange it with John's wife, Marge (Tuesday Weld), for \$1000. Ray will do it for friendship, the money is inconsequential; honor and friendship are the thunder in his life.

Back in the States, everything has changed. Ray finds the people corrupted, bored, lost in cheap thrills. Recoiling, he clings more desperately to those tawdry beliefs: personal power, danger as deliverance.

Then the exchange doesn't come off. Marge, a whimpering housewife, can't imagine what is happening. But out of her drug-haze, she finds herself wrenching from home and plunging down the Coast with Ray. That isn't so bad; Ray is no watered-down man like her husband. He is an aggressive hulk, features carved by mortality. And Ray doesn't mind; she's a hot little number with some interesting longings.

Close on their trail are three dogs of doom: Anthiel (Anthony Zerbe), a crooked narco agent; and his two mongrels, Danskin (Richard Masur) and Smitty (Ray Sharkey). After seizing John, they madly pursue Ray and Marge through the jaded shadows of Los Angeles to the evergreen of New Mexico. On a mountaintop, Ray prepares to make a stand. He will fight for the heroin, two kilos to snuff the spirit, and the safety of Marge and John. And what of John? A hostage, he whines about the lack of meaning in things. Good boy, disenchanted hero! He will whine to the final moment and he will see Ray face down in the wasteland.

Who'll Stop The Rain seems as disillusioned as its characters. We search for a place to rest our hearts, but the film will not allow such gutless luxury. Do we empathize with characters driven by perverse philosophies, galvanized by drugged euphoria, stricken with self-pity? To embrace this film, you must envelop the void. Neither screenwriter (Robert Stone and Judith Rascoe) nor director, could create an emotion that outlives a smoke ring in a gale wind. The nefarious characters, Danskin and Smitty, sadistic creatures, command an inordinate warmth. They are humorous through exaggeration. You laugh at their cruelties. The tepid moralities of Ray, Marge and John just leave you cold.

Taking the heart out of *Who'll Stop The Rain*, Reisz has replaced it with technique. Lusting for adventure, the film moves rapidly, the highly controlled rhythm broken only by a few superfluous moments. The acting glides gracefully across the ash heap of the counterculture. Michael Moriarty has come to

terms with the void and projects the reification of nothing. Tuesday Weld, generally superior, whines when told and totters brilliantly. And once over his head in *The Deep*, Nick Nolte has surfaced in a role that responds to his husky instincts. There is command in his portrayal, confidence, as though he has just punched his way out of a wet paper bag.

We will never wrap the dead in the flag; taps will be played for cowards and fools. *Who'll Stop The Rain* has one thing to say — when the going gets tough, the tough takes a bullet in the chest and falls on his face.

Perhaps the big mistake for our traditional hero in *Who'll Stop The Rain* was the unwieldy Marge; a woman, dead weight for a long distance runner like Ray. He lost his bride of the badlands. And she got what she wanted, bed and bored. John got nothing.

The Driver, directed by Walter Hill, is a streamlined vehicle. The fender skirts have been jettisoned. Only the aerodynamic model remains, the driver (Ryan O'Neal): child of the blank generation.

The Driver is for men only. The women are as necessary as a can opener in the pop-top age. Only men crack the still air of a metallic city. The rest are phantoms, insubstantial. And of these men only a few matter. Two to be exact: the driver and the detective (Bruce Dern), adversaries gleaning a meager meaning from the ineluctable terror.

The driver is a wheelman for heists. He is king of the road, a regular motor maniac. Some would think he has nerves of steel. They would be wrong. His nerves are long dead. The driver knows only silence.

The detective is an obsessed cop. He is brute of the beat. Impeccable in pursuit, no one eludes him . . . except the driver and that makes him roar with frustration. Loud noise always accompanies the detective, messy emotions. Perhaps it is the driver's silence that really irks him. The driver will not break the quietude, the detective demands that much from his prey.

So the detective tries to coax the

driver into a trap, thinking that rash cunning will do. But the driver is too quick, he can maneuver at high speeds. Life is in the fast lane.

Our new hero is a dry ravine with an occasion flash flood. There are no transitions in his personality. Just unequivocal states. Indifference. Anger. Relationships are unimaginable, like an emission control they drain energy. The women he encounters (Isabelle Adjani and Ronee Blakely) are sexually inert objects. They serve as tools, not of the groin but of the game. If there is such a thing as libido, it is a fifth wheel.

In those crucial moments when the driver confronts the detective, control becomes the deciding factor. The detective sputters, stammers, clenches to cold hatred. Neither of them believes in more than the challenge, the galvanizing edge of danger. But the detective loses his footing on the slick surface of emotion. The driver walks silently into the glaring light of Nada.

One of the better films to come down the pike, *The Driver* accelerates off the line with some amazing chase sequences. But it isn't the kinetic sense that tags at your interest. With the static control reminiscent of French thrillers, Walter Hill has constructed a film that seems the projection of the driver's mind. Everything is taut, nervous energy grips scene and dialogue. It is precise style and sterility.

Hill's course is definitely a bleak stretch of road; a place for well-oiled machinery not men. And it is during the chase scenes that O'Neal's character is actually developed. Merging with the transmission, he becomes a component of his car; the roar issuing from the tail-pipe, registering the words he'll never speak.

The Driver will survive, an inanimate being, leaving John Converse and Ray Hicks, dead or wounded, on the soft shoulder of the road. The great American hero.



RAW MEAT



A. JAY, illustrator/cartoonist . . . creator of "HARRY CHESS", the world's first gay cartoon strip, now appearing in DRUMMER, announces the publication of "RAW MEAT". This limited edition portfolio of six solo drawings is beautifully detailed and printed on 8-1/2 x 11" quality stock. Very suitable for framing. If you are into big guys with big pecs, big nipples, and big equipment — this hot set of drawings is for you! A definite must for collectors, connoisseurs and erotic fantasizers!

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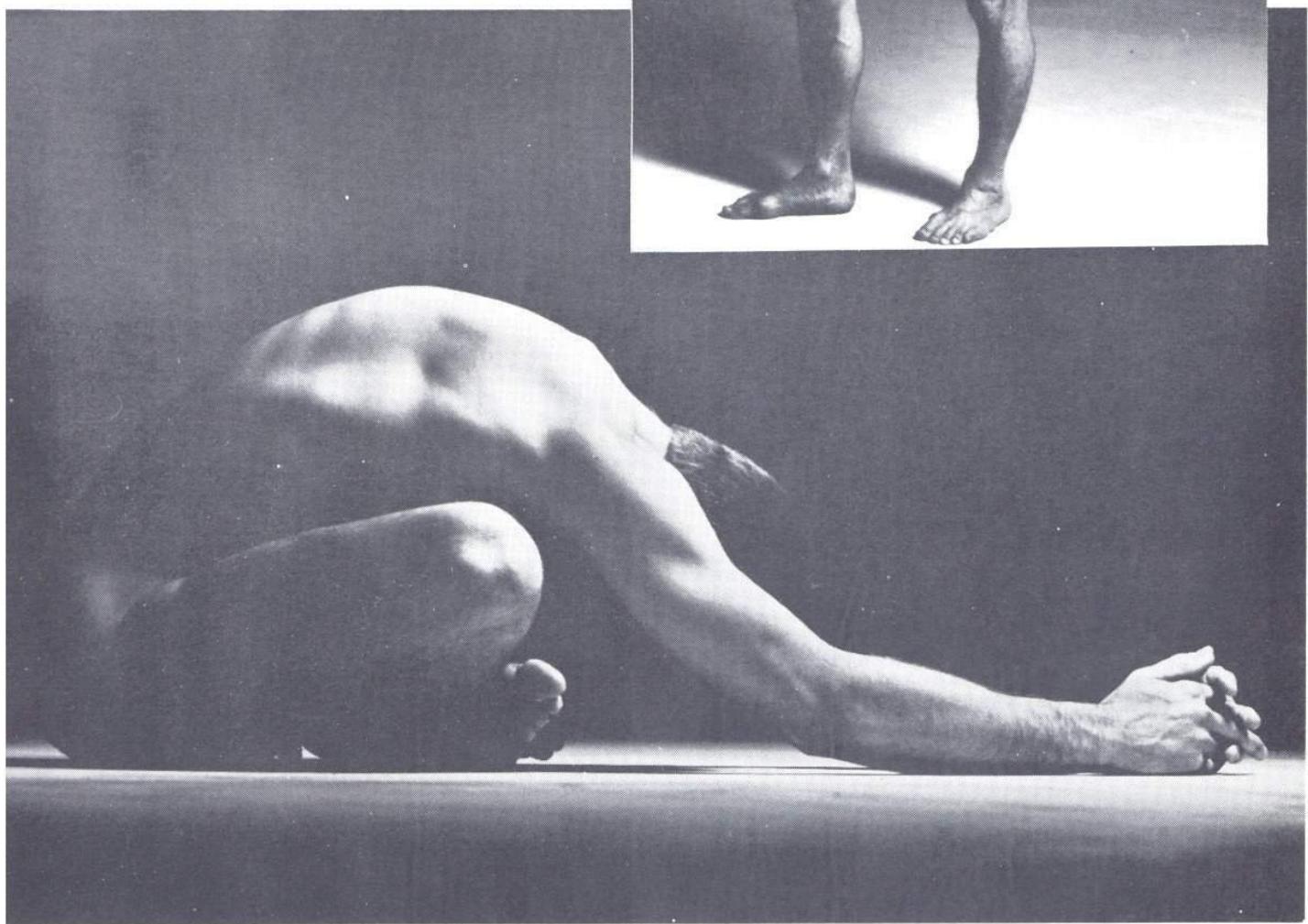
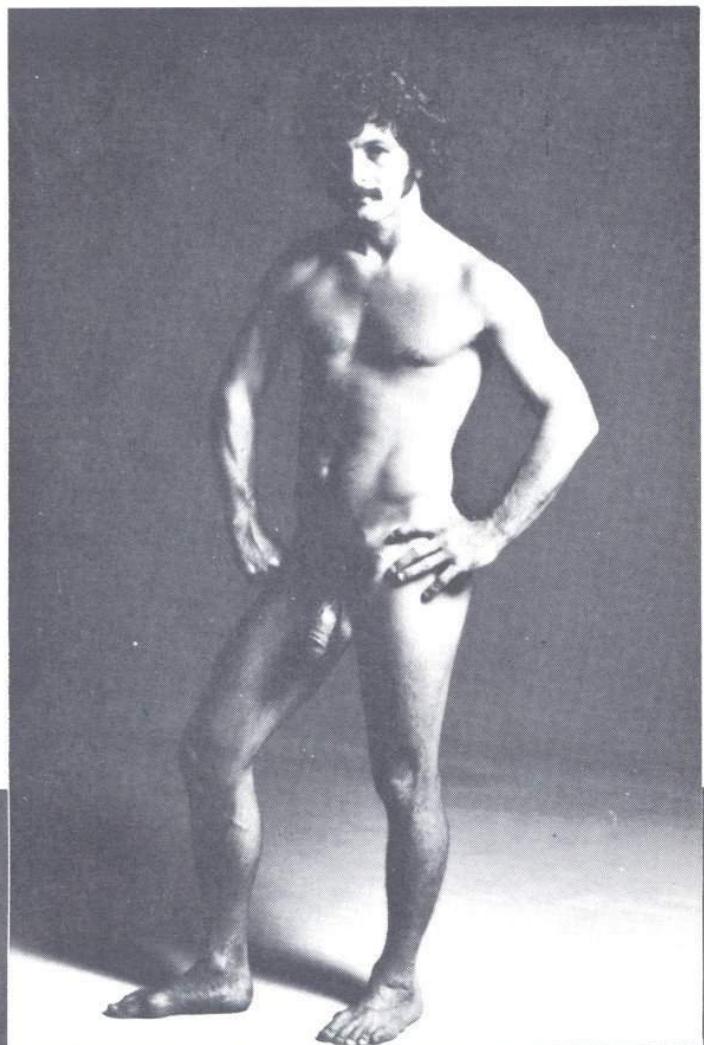
DALLAS NUDES

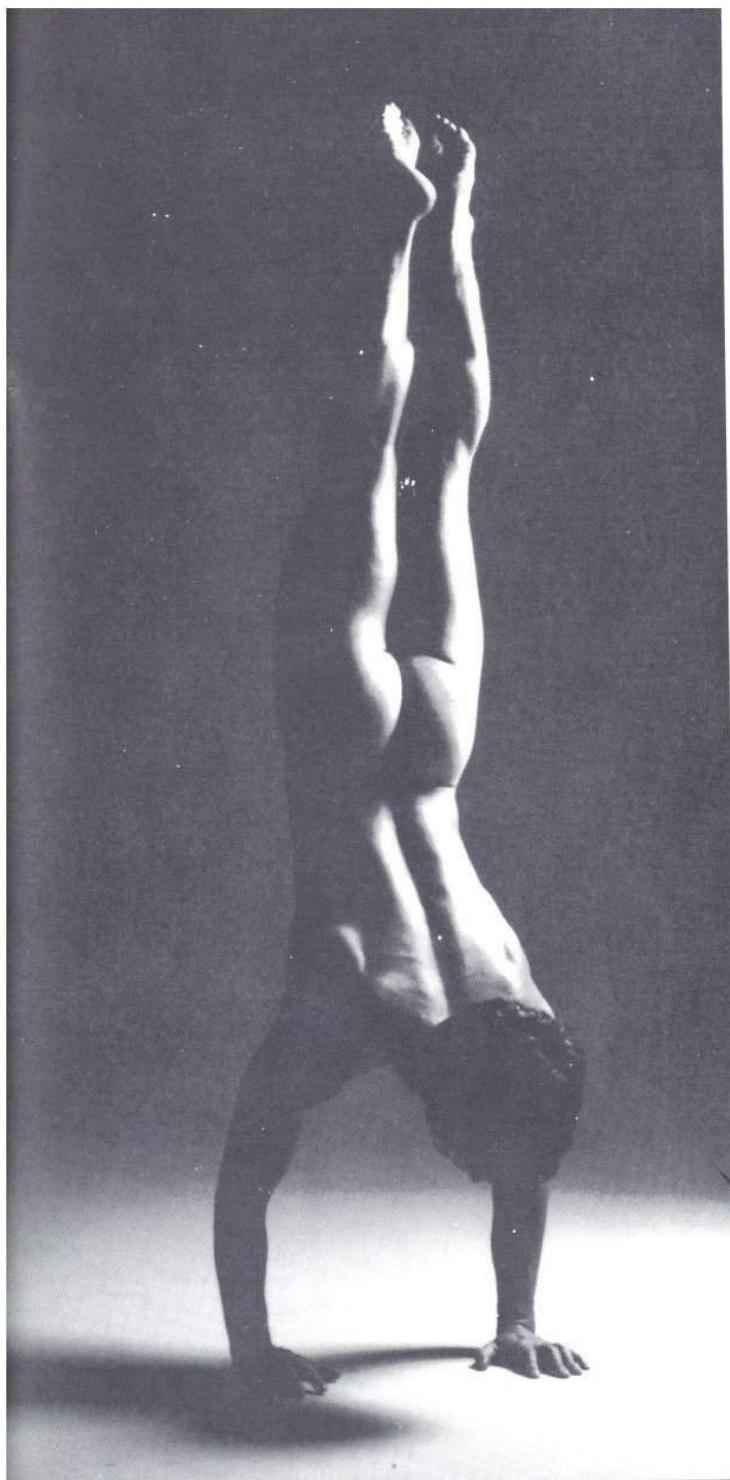
THE ALTERNATE PRESENTS AN EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW OF
CHARLES COLLUM'S PROVOCATIVE NEW BOOK!

DALLAS NUDE

Dallas is one of those classic American cities that manages to be the site of earth-shaking, history-making events and still retain a touch of the simplicity of the open plains. It's like Paris, in the sense that there is a great deal of the formal and the powerful here. It is like Rome in that Dallas is a king maker, a dynasty breeder. Dallas is H.L. Hunt, Neiman-Marcus, the old wealth of the cattle barons and the *noveau riche* marketplace. Dallas represents the future, the space industry, and the past in some of the last giant beef spreads.

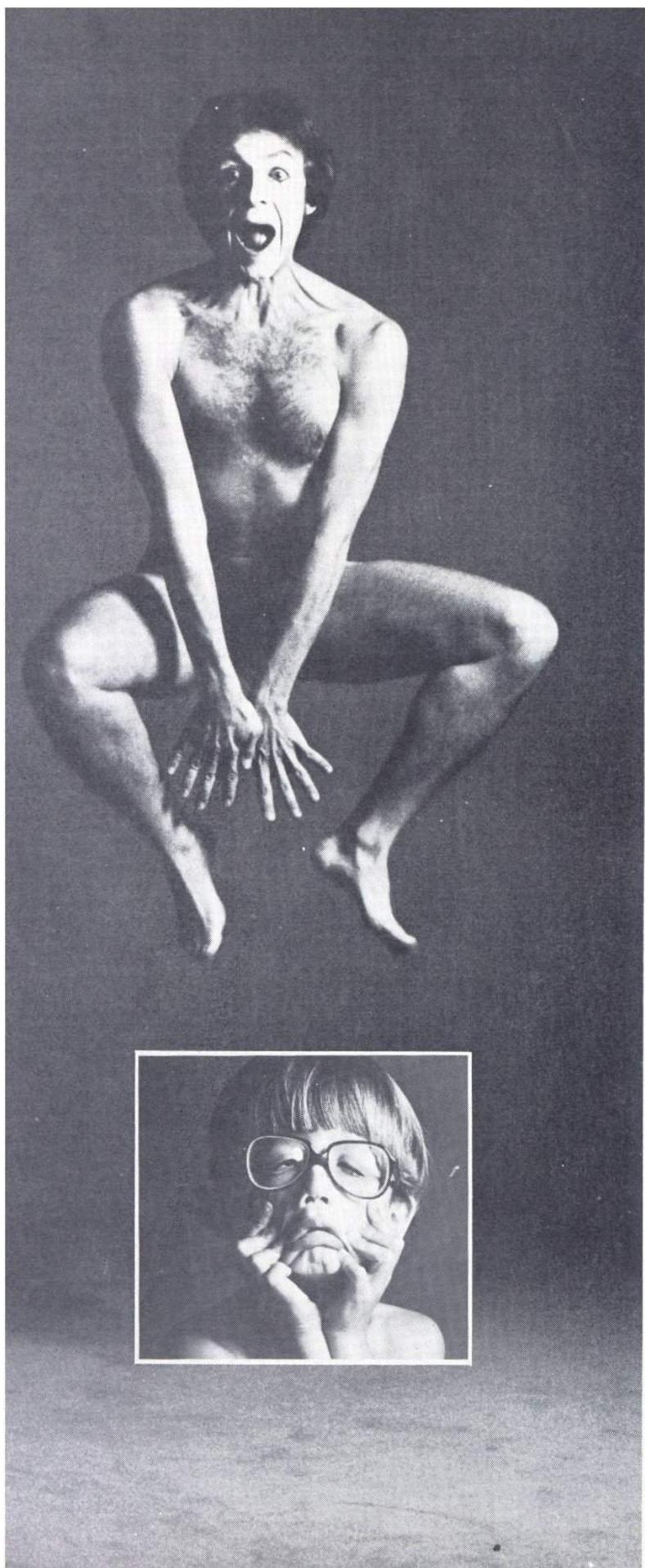
The people of Dallas reflect their environment. Dallas never saw the hippie culture of Los Angeles and London; it imported instead the best alternative high-fashion modified from the best European designers cut from the best cloth. But that is how Dallas sees itself, one of the very best.





Charles Collum is indeed a product of the Dallas thought. Being a photographer in the traditional Dallas sense means studying only with the best; learning all the art and craft has to offer, and presenting a portfolio that no one can fault. No wonder that Collum's apprenticeship with Scavullo and Gommi left a definite mark; Collum was serious about what he learned and how he would apply it to his own work.

There is the touch of both teachers in Collum's photographs, but there is more — an understanding of how the captured image seals forever a statement only the human body can make when stripped of artifice.



Dallas Nude breathes more than life. These ordinary people, each documented by name and occupation, become giant, powerful frescos conceived by a later day and executed by a young Paul Strand.

There is no new way to take photographs that play with light and dark in a studio; all the photographer can do is refine the established to a point of crystallization that cannot be surpassed. When the camera clicks it has frozen the best possible combination of creativity and professional skill. That's what Collum does, perhaps even better than his predecessors.

But that's what Dallas is, the best possible. And Collum, the new darling of the international photographers, carries it to the hilt.

BOOKS

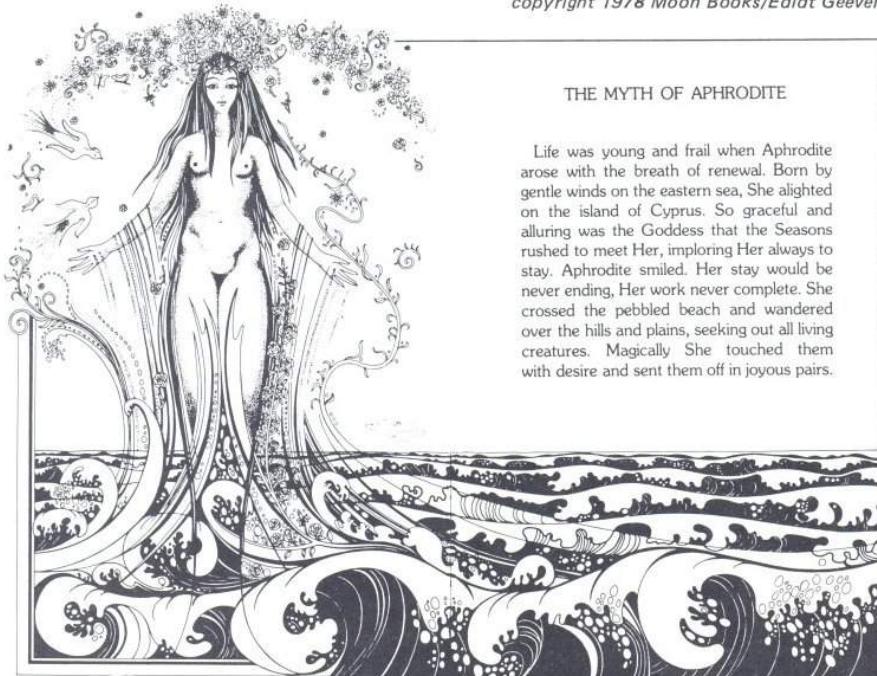
LOST GODDESSES OF EARLY GREECE

Lost Goddesses of Early Greece by Charlene Spretnak with illustrations by Edidt Geever, Moon Books/WIND, Box 8858, Washington, DC 20003, 1978, paperback, 127 pages, \$4.95 plus \$.75 handling.

Of all the volumes currently emerging about the earth mother/goddess historical aspects of early civilization, *Lost Goddesses* is by far the best. Perhaps because it is a simply retelling of those myths we have known since childhood; set in their proper perspective. The polemic and the exclusivity you might expect from a volume dealing with female as creator is absent, and reasonably so; as *Lost Goddesses* only strips away the heterosexual falsehood grown around these legends. The retelling is revelation, the impact going far beyond a clearing of the heirs.

There are ten goddesses whose legends are presented in the book; from Gaia, who created the world — to Athena, whom the Greeks transformed into a goddess of war. Each goddess is presented to the reader via the pre-recorded oral tradition, then her legend is told stripped of civilization's adornments.

The illustrations in *Lost Goddesses* are worthy of separate praise. The romantic and sweeping pen and ink drawings are masterful executions. Their form within the book adds incredible depth and illumination to the text. Geever's work is highly reminiscent of Beardsley; but richer in detail and sometimes grander in design.



THE RIVER AND THE KNOTTY PINE

The River and the Knotty Pine by Frank Hall, Warwick Publishers, 2616 NW 33rd St., Oklahoma City, OK 73112. Paperback, 1978, \$4.95.

The River and the Knotty Pine has the potential to become, were it rewritten, a major gay American novel. Potential is the key word. Unfortunately, the book's flaws are numerous; but fortunately not unsurmountable.

The book's intended protagonist, Greg Demain, is a closet gay haunted by images from his childhood. Unlike a previous number of similar treatments, the symbols the novel uses are those found in the rural backwoods; mainly a knotty pine and the turbulence of a great river. While Greg is the intended protagonist; another minor character steals away the novel's glory through his rich, although barely traced character. He is Henry Fielder, a mysterious nymph who is like a gay haunt of the woods in both the story's reality and Greg's imagination. He is a known homosexual; "queer Henry" in the venacular of the book's characters. While Greg must wrestle with his homosexuality; Henry is wrestling with a much larger deamon; an isolated madness.

It is hillbilly country, poor, uneducated, aggressive, slow, animalistic. The characters speak with the sensibility of Faulkner's characters; the motivation of Steinbeck's heros. This touches on one of the writing's major flaws. The dialect, a difficult pattern to both write and read, is inconsistent. There is never a complete

copyright 1978 Moon Books/Edidt Geever

THE MYTH OF APHRODITE

Life was young and frail when Aphrodite arose with the breath of renewal. Born by gentle winds on the eastern sea, She alighted on the island of Cyprus. So graceful and alluring was the Goddess that the Seasons rushed to meet Her, imploring Her always to stay. Aphrodite smiled. Her stay would be never ending. Her work never complete. She crossed the pebbled beach and wandered over the hills and plains, seeking out all living creatures. Magically She touched them with desire and sent them off in joyous pairs.

comfortableness with its structure — and it takes away from a momentum the book would reach.

But it is the granduer of the author's vision that keeps the reader page after page. The characters are strictly Greek tragic; the incidents bordering on the superhuman; the drifting from time present to time past and back again handled with precision and creativity.

The production of the paperback edition is its own worse enemy. Poor typesetting, minimal proofing, major line flaws hamper the reader's progress and finally infuriate with the printed mistakes mechanical insensibility.

The River and the Knotty Pine needs two things, and two only before it is ready for the general public. A clarity in dialogue, and a decent typesetter. Then, world watch out — Frank Hall has written a great gay novel.

Editor's note — The clash between the beauty of Frank Hall's book and the sloppy production job of printing kept coming back to me long after the above review was written. It seemed to me that somewhere along the way someone would have realized what they were handling; and that no one had seized upon the idea this book might be more important than the effort it was receiving plagued me. We contacted Mr. Hall. He told us a horror story that only reiterated the fear we felt about the power of the self made censor.

Mr. Hall contracted the typesetting and printing of his book himself; manuscript unseen by the jobber. When the firm began setting the pages mistakes appeared line after line after line. Hall spent a great deal of time trying to get corrections made.

"I spent three months trying to get the printers and typesetters to correct the mistakes they were making in the book. Daily I would proof new pages, only to have to reproof pages I had already proofed and returned; because new mistakes would appear; three or four to every one I had found."

The sabotage (and it appeared clearly to be just that) did not cease with the typesetters, the printer would add his own touches.

"The printer 'lost' pages before they were transferred to the printing plates. I had to rewrite them, have them reset, proofed, reproofed, then of course I was back into the first circle of trying to get corrections made and no new mistakes. It was deliberate. They were doing everything in their power to screw the book without having to give me back my money, of course."

Few gay novels get reviewed in the establishment press — but Hall and his book would fare not well even among his own.

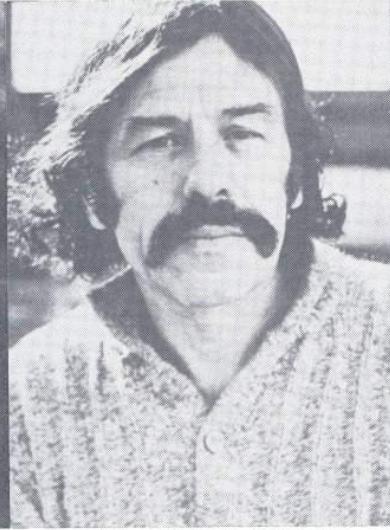
"The gay magazines and newspapers, with the exception of a few, would not take it seriously. And I know the hatchet



John Rechy



Gore Vidal/photo by Steven Abbott



Harold Norse/photo by Neil Hollier



Jean Genet/photo by Jerry Bauer

job the printers did was probably the cause. Everyone was quick to accept my advertising the book. Three reviews have appeared so far."

GAY SUNSHINE INTERVIEWS

Gay Sunshine Interviews: Volume 1, edited by Winston Leyland, Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140. Paperback, 1978, 328 pages, \$7.95 plus \$.50 handling.

The subjects in this collection read like a definitive who's who of gay arts and letters. William S. Burroughs, Charles Henri Ford, Jean Genet, Allen Ginsberg, John Giorno, Lou Harrison, Christopher Isherwood, Harold Norse, Peter Orlovsky, John Rechy, Gore Vidal, Tennessee Williams.

The interviews are exacting, uncompromising, intelligent, structured, revealing, lively, informative, historical, and ultimately of great importance as additions to available material on gay culture.

THE DEFORMITY LOVER

The Deformity Lover by Felice Picano; The Seahorse Press, Box 509, Greenwich Village Station, New York, NY 10014. Paperback, 1977, 84 pages, \$2.95 plus \$.50 handling.

Collections of poetry that cover a number of years work by a single poet tend to be interesting for a couple of reasons. Usually there is a noticeable growth, in the case of younger poets, that the reader can perceive via the economy of language as it ultimately appears. This doesn't mean that shorter poems are always later poems; or that later poems are the best. Later works tend to be the current frame of mind; brief verse can appear for any number of reasons.

Images and motifs important to the

poet (remembering that some poets build their reputation on recurring themes) usually emerge naked at first; then begin cloaking themselves in the poet's sensibility. Potentials, while a decidedly over-used expression, rise gracefully with good poets early, mature, then blossom when both the poet and the poetry are ripe for the reading public.

Picano is no exception to the rule. The work in this volume covers a number of years; some has already appeared in print. The poems quickly fall into two easily discernible categories.

The shorter poems are concerned a great deal with personal experiences examined almost *in situ*; there are explorations of the poet's and other sexualities, social roles, specific itemized topics. The style is brief and to the point, which is usually contained in the last line.

While the subjects are sometimes complex, they are not reared from as much as they are dropped onto the page. Although there is much to be said for brevity — Picano emerges as a master of the longer, more structured poem.

When Picano lets himself go (there is a sense that he is perhaps overly concerned with the length of his poetry) and allows his theme room to unfold, the effects are brilliant.

The subjects of his longer work tends toward the introspective and the comparative retrospective.

When Picano talks of himself he is not reticent, but when he talks to others his is a stroke of the subtle word or gesture that paints landscapes.

The volume's highlight is not, ironically, the title poem; but in Picano's sweeping and passionate *In Memoriam: Wystan Hugh Auden, 1973*.

Having met a friend while shopping in a supermarket, the poet learns of Auden's death:

*Metal carts keep slinging by.
I'm caught on the tape-end of carrots.
Lots of excuse me's.*

*Then he slides into the news
"Well, now that Auden's gone . . ."*

*It's the first I've heard.
I question his facts
a little bit shocked.
His tight smile relents,
as though reading a list
— sugar, salt, cream cheese —
he piles on the details
culled from the obit that weekend,
surely I have seen it?*

*Each little fact of death
comes out shiny and clean,
wrapped neat as the chopped round
he tosses into the shopping cart last.
How can you hear an era end
in the woosh of a push-pad
supermarket door?
Whistlings in the rubber grooves,
gravely intoning "Auden's gone."*

After dismissing the memorial service as a "fluttering congregation," the poet seeks instead the laser sharp reality of a subway platform, noting the definitive, crystalline images an observer would detail. They call to his mind a similarity between the starkness of reality and the defined work of Auden; but with a subtlety deserved of both the subject and the poet's sensibility.

The third section of the poem is sheer genius; no easy attribute to bestow on anyone — and the thing that makes Picano more than just 'promising.'

*No solemn music
in uptown cathedrals
suffices . . .
Ice cubes in glasses clink
chatter goes on
a prelude by Chopin hangs
wrinkling in air
a visitor passes
the anteroom doorway
wreathlets of cigarette smoke
glide by the eyes
the softness of roses
astonish.*

*And he
who was the uncommon mind
of the common life
and could speak of these
better than you and me
is not.*

copyright 1978, The Seahorse Press

The fourth, and final, stanza is too precious, too powerful to include here and perhaps cheat the poem of an entire reading.

While there are valid arguments that poetry is best when it is the brief but precise arrangement of exact chosen words; Picano speaks well for the argument that great poetry can be epic; involved and complex, yet retain a clarity of expression.



photo by Lois Wadler

ASSES

Asses edited by Tom Houston, Avocation Publishers, Inc., 50 King Street, Suite 3D, New York, NY 10014. Hard-cover, oversized, 180 pages, \$18.95.

Cheeky! Cheeky! Cheeky! Cheeky!

Asses has ninety full-page photographs of bottoms: male, female, and a few assorted beasts. All are clever, some are erotic, a few are downright tasty. Without a doubt, this is the most lavish example of indulgence ever to grace a coffee-table.



photo by Judith Dellheim



photo by Chris Makos

PARTING SHOTS

THINGS THE WARREN COURT FOUND UNCONSTITUTIONAL:

SCHOOL SEGREGATION
RESTRICTIONS ON RIGHT TO VOTE
PRESS CENSORSHIP
PRAYER IN SCHOOLS
DENIAL OF ACCUSED'S RIGHTS
JOB DISCRIMINATION



THINGS THE BURGER COURT FOUND UNCONSTITUTIONAL:

The
WARREN
COURT



SCHAEFER
LOS ANGELES HERALD EXAMINER

JUDGEMENT
IS COMING
ON
SIN



COMING SOON!

IN A STAR'S CLOSET

Where famous men and women of the silver screen dress up in drag and pretend it's all good, clean, fun!
PRISON GANGS: SEX BEHIND BARS

Part Two of Frank O'Rourke's exposé of sex among the inmates of California's prisons.
THE BODY

Of all the well-touted ways to trim down, shape up and turn heads in public, the Alternate picks only the best. Getting there is half the fun.

JOCKS, COWBOYS, UNIFORMS & THE AFFLUENT

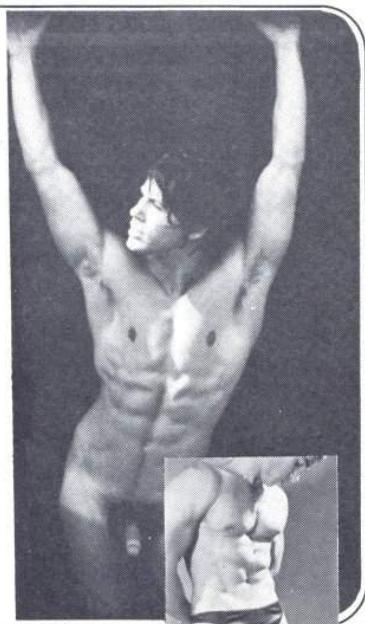
The new stereotypes are a lot easier on the eye, and gays are deciding independently what the future stereotypes will look alike. We picked four or five we'd like to be seen in public with. You can take your pick.

JEAN GENET / IN TRANSLATION

The first complete translation of Jean Paul Genet's "Un Chant D' Amour;" and a look at the controversial poet.

THE BOSTON SEX SCANDAL

John Mitzel rips the lid off what may be the most important challenge to gay rights this decade. The players: A Judge, A Senator, Gore Vidal, The Boston Public Library, District Attorney Garrett Byrne, 200 gay men and 63 teenage boys. Fasten your seat belts, please.



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