



Parents should worry if their children haven't been arrested by the time they turn sixteen. Being a juvenile delinquent is a birthright and as much a part of healthy adolescence as smoking cigarettes or getting pimples. If your kid is class president or an eager beaver in extracurricular activities, beware. These over-achievers usually reach their peak in high school, and from the day they graduate, it's downhill. If your kid is a terror and refuses to go along with any authority, he will be forced to hang around with social outcasts and learn early to sort out the exciting and original people from all the idiots. I'd never trust anyone who hadn't spent at least one night of his youth in the local jail. The more hell you raise as a teen-ager, the sweeter your memories will be.

G.B. also takes photographs for one of Toronto's most defiant publications. JDs. Billed as the "softcore 'zine for hardcore kids," publisher Bruce LaBruce has produced a fanzine for gay punks - "for people revolting against the gay establishment." With its rather graphic descriptions of homoeroticism in the punk and skinhead communities, it's an alternative for an already alternative culture, and so far underground it would take a Gulf mining team a year to find it.

John Waters

J.D.s 4



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"This graffiti aesthetic, which the collective claims is unintentional, can only go so far." a quote
SPRAYPAINT From our
 GxBx JONES bad review!

COVER PHOTOS BY G.B.JONES

COVER: Cizzy Cné captures Robin on Super-8

J.D.s : P.O. BOX 1110, ADELAIDE ST. STN.,
 TOR., ONT., CANADA M5C 2K5





fifth column



photo: jacquie

Bruce LaBruce

Sitting in his den,
the principal feels lonely,
wants a tomboy, tom-boy, Tom Boy.
His wife does wonder
if there's a plan. (?)
Looking so lovingly to her man.
Holding his heart in her hands.

Sitting in her wheelchair,
raven hair now's got grey.
Raven hair now's got grey.
"Hey, where are my car keys,
I'm going to the mall, honey."

-(Gossip)

Caroline: He took the family car
to Fairview Mall...

Bruce LaB: Get her!

C: He went to Kresges, then
went down the hall...

B: Mary don't prance!

C: Went to the washroom and
hid in a stall...

B: What's a boy to do?

C: Met a young man and took a fall.

B: Hmmm... (heavy sigh)

C: Then, staring at each other,
they answered the call.

B: Pay it no mind, girl.

CHORUS

-(more gossip)

Caroline: And so the saga continues...

Bruce LaB: Boys just want to have fun!

C: The young man gave the older man a
blowjob and he, uh, took it all.

B: Yummy yummy yummy I got love in my
tummy!

C: Then the cops burst in, to protect
the mall.

B: Don't rain on my parade!

C: Do you think this country has
a lot of gall?

B: UH-Huh!

C: PUT IT TO MUSIC GIRL!

The Fairview Mall Story.

AS RECORDED BY FIFTH COLUMN
ON "TO SIR WITH HATE" L.P.
AVAILABLE ON HIDE RECORDS

hit parade!



| This Time | Group | Last Time |
|-----------|--|-----------|
| 1. | Nip Drivers | 3 |
| 2. | Fifth Column | 2 |
| 3. | Aryan Disgrace | 1 |
| 4. | Victims Families | 12 |
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| 6. | Mighty Sphinxter | 9 |
| 7. | Zuzu's Petals | 6 |
| 8. | Beefeater | 18 |
| 9. | Dr. Know | 5 |
| 10. | Patti Smith | 8 |
| 11. | Bowwowwow | 12 |
| 12. | Leather Nun | 11 |
| 13. | A.S.F. | --- |
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| 15. | Angry Samoans | 4 |
| 16. | Butthole Surfers | 10 |
| 17. | Gay Cowboys In Bondage | 7 |
| 18. | Malaria | 14 |
| 19. | Tuxedo Moon | 16 |
| 20. | Impotent Sea Snakes | 19 |
| | Quentin Crisp | |
| | The Fairview Mall Story | |
| | Faggot In The Family | |
| | Homophobia | |
| | Nips Get Pissed | |
| | Fag Bar | |
| | Bert | |
| | Fred's Song | |
| | Fist Fun | |
| | Redondo Beach | |
| | Uomo Sex Al Apache | |
| | Gimme Gimme Gimme (my man after midnight) | |
| | Trashed Out Macho Lesbo Skateboard Junkies | |
| | Only Loved At Night | |
| | Homo-sexual | |
| | Butthole Surfers Theme | |
| | Cowboys Are Homos | |
| | Duschen | |
| | Some Guys | |
| | I Caught Aids From A Dead Man's Asshole | |

TOP ADDS COMING UP

- Artless
- Coil
- Dicks
- Shock Headed Peters I, Bloodbrother Be
- Boy With A Cunt
- The Anal Staircase
- Off-Duty Smiler

WRITE TO J.D.s AND LET US KNOW WHICH
HOMOCORE HIT IS YOUR FAVOURITE!: J.D.s,
P.O.BOX 1110, ADELAIDE ST. STN., TOR.
ONTARIO, CANADA, M5C 2K5



PATTI SMITH



Jones Alquist, N. New York City
THE LEATHER NUN



The NIP DRIVERS

top twenty

homocore hit list!

j.d. like box

MY SECRET LIFE WITH SKINHEADS:

How a Punk Writer Learned Humility

by Donny the Punk

As anyone involved with the hardcore music scene knows, skinheads are not always easy to get along with, even for punks who share their taste in music. Many punks have asked me how it is that I manage to get along so well with most skins, but my usual explanations (skins are unfairly stereotyped, they are basically a subgroup of punks, many of them are very cool people, etc.) don't seem to satisfy them.

The time has come, ~~time~~ therefore, to reveal my secret life with skinheads.

Some time ago, while holding the exalted position of designated interpreter-of-reality-about-the-New-York-punk-scene ("scene reporter") for the highly respected international journal, Maximum Rock & Roll, I surveyed the numerous ego-boasts of my position in the scene (doing my own weekly scene reports on WPMU, reviewing records and tapes and interviewing a few chosen bands for Flipside, exposing selected bands to SPIN's vast audience, and organizing the Alternative Press & Radio Council For Greater New York) and decided that for spiritual reasons I needed a strong antidote to this glorification in order to preserve my well-known humility.

I was still looking for such an antidote when inspiration struck me one Sunday afternoon at CBGB's (where else?) in this manner: a well-known skinhead (singer in a highly popular hardcore band known for slugging off MRR) was gabbing with me while we waited for a band to go on, and in the course of our discussion, he happened to say: "Piss on Maximum Rock & Roll!"

Said I: "How about the MRR scene reporter?"

Quoth he, laughing: "Piss on him, too!"

Yours truly (it was temporary insanity, really): "You're just bullshitting. You ain't wild enuf to piss on someone."

Said he: "Just try me!"

And so the two of us found ourselves downstairs in the sacred toilet at CBGB's (which one of these days will be transported brick by brick and reassembled at the Museum of Modern Art). I still didn't believe he would do it. I was also under the influence of a heavy dose of LSD.

He had me take my T-shirt off and get down on my knees. When he pulled his dick out, I started to wonder whether he might be serious.

A Skinhead Baptism

I didn't really believe it, tho, until I felt a stream of warm liquid douse my Mohawk and run down the sides and front of my head.

"Open your mouth, punk!" he commanded, and for some reason I couldn't help but comply. Those who have been completely captured by this guy's music will know the feeling of being totally under his control, as so many skinheads for example are.

This famous skin then turned his nozzle towards my mouth, and the watery non-taste of his piss started to penetrate to my tripped-out brain (I was glad he'd been drinking a lot of beer, so his piss was basically all water). I just couldn't believe it! Here I was, "the ambassador from Maximum Rock & Roll", drinking a skinhead's piss! He was really tanked up, and the stream of clear warm water pouring down my gullet seemed to go on forever. I felt very humble.

How to describe this posture of submission? I saw this muscular skinhead towering over me, his big dick an inch from my eyes, pouring his piss into me, and immediately I recognized his total superiority over me. He was God (as indeed the followers of his band have proclaimed him to be) and I was his slave, honored to serve as his personal urinal.

As I looked up at him, swallowing as fast as I could, I saw a wry smile spread over his face until he was grinning from ear to ear. He was clearly enjoying himself. And the sight of his peter pointing straight at me and the strong stream of clear water issuing from his dickhead was etched into my memory forever.

instantly understood by the countless other who secretly

The search for physical love and emotional security undergone by Donny the Punk will be

live in the shadows of the twilight world of sex. — an unforgettable reading experience

HOT STUFF

HOT STUFF

HOT STUFF

HOT STUFF

HOT STUFF

HOT STUFF

TWISTED

CANDID! SHOCKING! COMPLETE!

my secret life with skinheads, page 2

My Popularity Rises

This singer told some of his skinhead friends about his interesting experience. Before long i was deluged, so to speak, with famous skinheads who wanted to piss on me or into my mouth. This has kept me very humble, and led to a unique and very profound relationship with skinheads.

I must respect the privacy of those skins who have shared their body water with me, but most of the well-known skinheads of the New York area have poured their water on or into me at one time or another. I have noticed that non-straight-edge (beer-drinking) skins are more likely to do this than sober ones, but then they have to piss more, too. (By the way, this is why you never see me drinking beer at a hardcore show; my belly is already full of skinhead piss.)

Relaxing At Skinhead Parties

Ever since word leaked out among the skins of my exercise in humility i have been getting lots of invitations to skinhead beer blasts. The skins are very friendly and when i arrive they give me things to smoke and strong drinks (alcoholic in nature). When i feel woozie, they are very helpful and take me to a place where i can lie down and relax: the bathtub. They even help me make myself comfortable in the tub (i should note that fresh piss is odorless and germ-free).

Then, for the rest of the party, i don't have to mill around and feel awkward in order to meet people. Instead, i receive a constant stream of visitors who favor me with a shower of filtered beer. I get to meet almost all the males this way (for some reason, the female skins seem to be more shy).

Often several skins come up together and line up along the side of the tub, hosing me down in a coordinated operation. Skins enjoy doing things in groups.

All this is a very cleansing experience for me, both physically and spiritually. For the skins, it is a unique opportunity to express their wildness, their aggression, and their dominance --in a personal rather than an abstract context-- while yet remaining totally relaxed and undefensive (i present no threat to them in this posture). Considering this, it is no wonder that so many skins have sought to take advantage of this opportunity.

The Truth About Skinheads

As a result of this exposure, i feel confident in disclosing for the first time ever the news that most skins have no foreskin. Out of 325 skinheads sampled, only 4 had foreskins (probably "fashion skins"). This is the real reason they are called "skinheads": the word actually refers to the dickhead, with the haircut purely secondary.

Conclusions

I am no longer a scene reporter for MRR, but i still enjoy hanging out with those wild skinheads, and i still find that being their urinal is a valuable spiritual practice which teaches me the properly humble and submissive attitude which a writer must bring to his encounter with a musician.

THE BRUTAL LUST & GAY PASSIONS OF THE FLIPSIDE LOVER

(For general reflections on the spiritual value of water purification rituals, the reader is advised to consult Prof. J.J. Eppentopp's definitive 12-volume work, Essays On Baptism, Christening, the Sacrament of the Cup, Ganges Immersion, Pissing on True Believers, and Other Liquid Purification Rites of the Ancient and Modern Worlds.)

I recommend the regular drinking of musician piss to anyone who feels his head has swelled as a result of fame and power in music-oriented circles. It is virtually the only effective antidote to the kind of reporter stardom that MRR confers.

the unfinished truth about today's homosexual

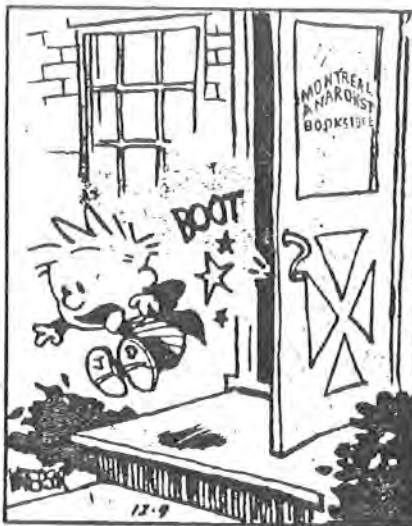
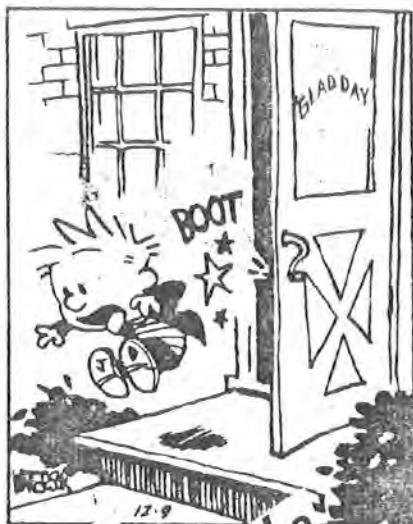
explosion!

THE GAY YEAR

Photos: John Porter

These photographs document the quiet turnover of the crown of the prince at the launching bash for J.D.s #3. Stevie, now "Prince of the Homosexuals" surreptitiously donned the emblem for the camera during a short lull at the happening. Released from his duties, Dave-id, J.D.s #2 coverboy, was not around to comment, having fled the scene despondently minutes before the shutter clicked.





What does it mean?
Where are we
headed?

Can
homosexuals be
"queer?"

... once gays are out in the open, it seems, straights can control them better. In the underground, conformity can't be enforced.

EDITORIAL

— an eye-opening revelation of the world

The response to J.D.s has gone way beyond our comprehension. It's become a very good seller and it has been entertaining for those who have purchased it. The mail orders and letters of praise have poured in and we want to thank each and every one of you.

Due to the 'controversial' nature of the content, we've been denied access to a couple of supposedly alternative retail outlets (i.e. Glad Day Bookstore in Toronto and the Montreal Anarchist Bookstore), and have been grossly misrepresented in a local art magazine (i.e. Fuse). Word of mouth has been our sole advertising, and it appears that (unlike other publications) J.D.s is read thoroughly and passed on to others. We stick our neck out to tell things "like they are". This takes guts, and we do get threats, but our items are what you like to read about. You might think that the truth hurts sometimes, but those in the public eye should guard their personal conduct and know who their friends are. But, we aren't trying to ruin anyone's reputation. We "love" punks - all of them. And any mention of their name in our paper can only benefit them. Publicity keeps them in the public eye.

With each issue we try to do something different. We have many new ideas and hope you will buy every issue that we xerox. We do not purport to be a "gay" publication, but we write for "all" people who are interested in the punk scene, its 'stars', etc. Our goal is to entertain you, month after month. And I suppose some months we might fail to be as successful as some of our previous issues, but we can only do our best.

Thank you for your support.

The New Lavender Panthers

STRAIGHTFORWARD, OUTSPOKEN

shattering in its fierce realism; absolute frankness.

of homosexuality that is all around us



Photo VB-10-AN

p8

Movies

SISSY CYCLIST & THE FISHERMAN
Film # S-66

8mm: \$12.
16mm: \$18.

Photo TX-5-AM

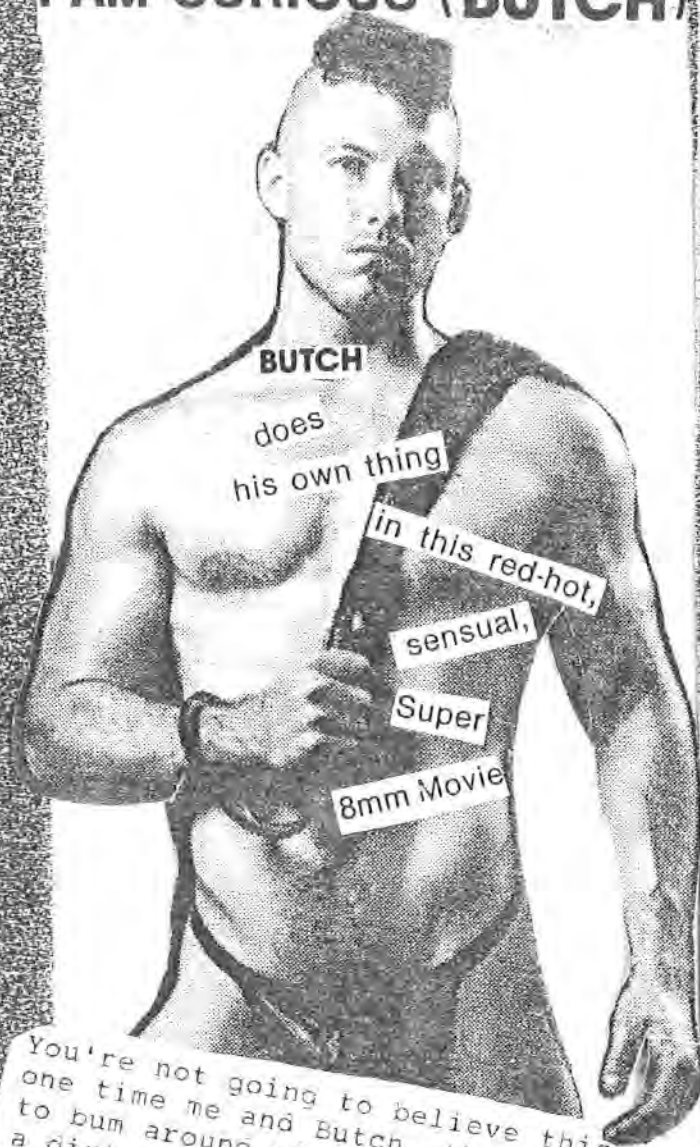
Steve appears in Ken
Anger's controversial film:
SCORPIO RISING

Steve Crandall

Pat Coffey

release date Aug 4, 1968

I AM CURIOUS (BUTCH)



BUTCH

does
his own thing

in this red-hot,

sensual,

Super

8mm Movie

You're not going to believe this, but one time me and Butch, this guy I used to bum around with all the time, made a dirty movie together starring both of us, buck naked. It wasn't meant for mass distribution or to sell to some sleazy porno huckster or anything like that. No, it was just for fun, and to find out what it would be like to see yourself bigger than life on the silver screen in a blue movie for boys.

This is your chance to be a star.

..... their first movie together:

"SWINGING" Super 8



I happened to have in my possession an old super-8 movie camera that my father bought when we were kids so he and my Mom would have something to pullout and embarrass the hell out of their children with when the relatives came over on Sundays and special occasions. I'm not kidding, they'd get us with our pants down at every available opportunity, like if our knickers were too loose and ended up around our ankles in the middle of a busy supermarket, or if we were having a bad potty experience, Dad would be right there with his trusty camera, capturing for us for years to come those horrible moments that most people spend their whole lives trying to forget. When I showed Butch our home movies, he said it was a miracle I turned out as good as I did.

Movies were always way big with my family, whether of the home-made variety or the major motion picture type. My parents were always dragging us to the show whether we liked it or not, or whether the movie was suitable for kids or not for that matter. Maybe they never bothered to find out in advance exactly what was playing because being together as a family was the most important thing or something, but with drive-in titles like Rasputin: The Mad Monk, The Woman Who Would Not Die, and Picture Mommy Dead, you can be sure that me and my brother spent most of the time in the back seat with the blankets over our heads, shaking in our boots, or in this case, pajamas with feet. Later, when my brother was too old for that kid stuff, the back seat drive-in line-up would be me and my kid sister, Cookie, and Cherie, our favourite cousin who used to stay with us while her parents, who were intellectuals, I think, or college professors, spent the summer travelling in Europe, and later, in the divorce courts, including a nasty custody battle in which neither party wanted the kid. We thought Cherie was really cool because she came from the city and we still lived on the farm, so she seemed real sophisticated even though she was just one year older than Cookie. Cherie was the skinniest kid in the western world, and always wore tight, rib-knit turtleneck sweaters as if to prove it, even in the summer, although short-sleeved. She used to sulk a lot, with her straggly, dirty-blond hair hanging over her face, and throw the most amazing tantrums I've ever seen, bashing herself against walls and threatening to jump from moving vehicles, but me and Cookie still liked her a lot because she told

BASED ON A TRUE STORY



Hands-On!

us dirty jokes and limericks that she learned on the streets, and she happened to have seen more movies than any one person I'd ever met. Her parents even took her to see European flicks, which she called "You're a Peein'" because people were always doing everyday, private things in them that you'd never see in the ones we saw which all came from Hollywood, U.S.A. Cherie also had the particular quirk of having to be the first person of anyone she knew to see a movie, mostly so that if she got mad at you she could use it as a weapon by revealing the ending and all the details of the one picture you were dying to see. I remember once we all piled in to the car to go see Earthquake (even though Sensurround didn't work at the drive-in, but that was okay because my Dad promised to get out and rock the car up and down at the right moments), and Cherie got mad at somebody as usual and said, really loud, "Charlton Heston dies at the end" and then tried to jump out of the car which was going 65 mph because we were late. My mother, clutching at Cherie's arm over the seat, yelled that she was going to strangle her when the car stopped in a way that you could tell she almost meant it, but with her horn-rimmed glasses and hairnet, she looked a lot meaner than she actually was. Things cooled off eventually, and I remember we all enjoyed the show a lot. I also remember afterwards my father, half asleep as usual, drove off with the speaker still in the car again. There was a stack of them already at home under the porch that we weren't supposed to talk about.

So as you can see, the history of participating in the movie industry goes back a long way with my family, which is probably one reason why I was so keen to work on a little film project of my own with Butchy-boy. You could tell his interests were more from a sexy angle than mine, as he

just wanted to shoot us taking off our clothes and getting all hot and heavy with each other. But I thought there should at least be some kind of story to it because a movie without a plot is like sex without romance, right? It can get kind of boring.

So here's what we came up with. The first shot is one I took that was supposed to be like the very first time I saw Butch as he stood pissing up against a brick wall outside of the YMCA. I'd just come from having a swim on a hot July night, so I was feeling pretty sexy. I'd noticed the young boys of the summer idly posing around the vicinity of the Y before,

but none had really made me trip over a row of locked up bikes and several garbage cans like Butch did when I first saw him. So of course we included that in our movie - me stumbling around all over the place like a fool, and Butch casually pissing away all his problems as if the world was spinning around him while he was standing still.

For the next scene of our first meeting we needed some help, since all four of our hands would be pretty busy in most of the upcoming snots. We were actually shooting on location around the Y, and Butch seemed to know quite a few guys hanging around who might be willing to lend a hand. The first guy he asked - I think his name was Jeff - said he'd shoot it for the price of a trick. Butch said, "Who are you, Haskell Wexler?" and flicked his still lit cigarette butt at the guy's head. It sometimes amazed me how smart and mean Butch could be at the same time.

We finally found somebody who was willing to do it as a favour - I can't remember his name, but he had greasy black hair combed behind his ears, John Lennon glasses, and home-made tattoos all over his arms, so I figured Butch must've met him in jail - I think he may have been called Dink. (That's what I'll call him, anyway.) Dink said he used to be a gaffer (whatever that is) on professional porno shoots in Spain, so he was supposed to know what he was doing, although when we got the film he shot back it was all jerky and not exactly what you might call in focus. Anyway, what he shot was me going up to Butch and striking up a

conversation, which eventually leads up to cigarette smoking and some heavy frenching, followed closely by a blow-job. Yes, I'm almost embarrassed to admit that my first encounter with Butch ended with me giving him head, and then him saying thanks, kid, and taking a walk, practically leaving me on my knees. Of course, that's not exactly how it would turn out in the film version with me in charge of editing.

So what happened was, we were shooting this scene at night, but in a brightly lit parking lot near the Y so there'd be enough light, and right in the middle of the blow-job, actually performed, a dark blue sedan pulled up at the other end of the lot. I continued to work on Butch's rock hard dick, but just as he was about to blow his wad, I noticed he was becoming distracted. Suddenly Butch pulled out and zipped up, his jeans bulging. I got up off my knees and started yelling "cut, cut" to Dink who was across the

street with the camera, then stomped towards the car that'd interrupted the shoot. Butch grabbed my arm and whispered "don't pop your rox, it's Alice inna closet". I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, so I kept going: "Get out of here, you assholes", then walked back towards Butch. Some guy in a monkey suit jumped out of the car and bellowed, "Hold on", to which I replied sarcastically, "Hold on to yourself". At this point, Butch was saying to me through gritted teeth: "Cliff, shut the fuck up - they're cops". Boy, was I embarrassed - I never did catch on to that jail slang Butch'd picked up in the joint - like for example, I always thought Alice Bluegown was somebody's mother. So the cops rushed us and got Butch up against the wall with his face macked into the bricks, saying "spread 'em, faggot", and getting a real thrill out of frisking his ass. I don't know why they did it to Butch and not me, since I was the one who was mouthing off. I guess Butch just has the look. I looked over at Dink, who was ready to blow, but then I got this brilliant idea. I called for him to bring over the

camera, which he did when the cops spotted him, and said, "Officers, please, we're in the middle of making a movie". I grabbed the camera and held it up, even shot a few frames of the fuzz. It worked like magic. As soon as they saw the camera, they let Butch go and backed off, apologizing profusely: "Oh sorry, uh, we didn't know you were making a movie". I guess they must of thought we were artists or something, and therefore law-abiding citizens. I filmed them getting into their car and driving off, and along with the shaky footage Dink got from across the street of them getting frisky with Butch, the cops would soon be making an appearance in our own personal porno film!

The rest of that evening we felt above the law with Dink following us around recording our every move. We'd saved up enough money for about ten rolls of film - at three minutes a piece that's a half hour's worth of sexy moments. We got shots of me following Butch and close-ups of his ass as if from my point of view, plus close-ups of his tattoos with my tongue running over them, and me licking his boots under a street lamp. I can't remember when I had such a good time.

The real hardcore stuff we saved for when we were alone together. We got this device that lets you film yourself from across the room with the

camera sitting on a tripod thing, so no one else had to be there. Butch got this great idea that we should shoot him piercing my nipple, since I was always talking about getting mine done like his and it would be real dramatic to see it on the screen. As the camera rolled, Butch stripped off his shirt, then mine, and grabbed an extra-sharp needle from the dresser. We had an old movie-lite that also used to belong to my Dad shining on us, so it was pretty hot. I took another swig of Jameson's and gritted my teeth as Butch slowly forced the point of the needle through my erect nipple. It was a lot more painful than I thought it would be, and even worse when he pulled it out and replaced it with

I don't know how to break this to you, but our movie never exactly turned out like I planned, mostly because several of the juiciest rolls of film we sent to the lab mysteriously got lost or were totally overexposed. They claimed it was an accident, but I have a feeling they didn't like the content too much. There was still some sexy things left to work with, and the stuff with the cops in it, but only a few nude shots, and no sex. Anyway, I was kind of glad because what if something like that got into the wrong hands? It was sure fun to make, though. I want to work on a horror film next. Maybe some day I'll make a movie that'll play at a drive-in somewhere and make a kid like Cookie shake inside her pajamas.

I AM CURIOUS (BUTCH)

a small gold hoop that had been in his ear. Tears were streaming down my face by the time he was through, which I had to hide from him by burying my head in his arm pit. This must've got him real excited, because he stood up and roughly pulled off my jeans, then his own, straddling me with his powerful legs. At this point the camera, which we'd almost forgot about, ran out of film, so Butch had to run over and pop in another roll. It was our last one, so we knew we only had three minutes left to get the job done. Butch didn't waste any time. He dove onto the bed like a madman and pinned down my arms with his knees, then thrust his hard tongue in my eager mouth. Spreading his firm body down over me, he carefully brushed his nipples against mine, the rings in our tits scraping together, making me wince in pain and pleasure. I grabbed his stiff cock as if it was a baseball bat and thrust it against mine while stroking the cheeks of his hairy ass. Butch was all primed up now - you could always tell by the low growl that started deep in his chest when he was about to get off. He sat up on my legs and, grabbing both our cocks, stroked hard and fast as I sat up to take his tongue into my mouth. We were both panting like dogs on a hot day as we came, licking the beads of sweat and come off each other's necks and shoulders afterwards until the film ran out.

SIN-E-MA SCANDAL Unexpurgated SPOTLIGHT SEX

HOMO
HOMO
HOMO
HOMO
HOMO
HOMO





EVERYBODY'S always been a fag.

Everybody in the

whole world is a fag.



Don't you know that?

Jesus Christ,

don't you know that?

The world is a big fag.

Speaking of fags



VIVA, SUPERSTAR





Lydon and Harvey Keitel

in *Corrupt*

Jubilee

Adam Ant

Ian Charleston

Carroll Baker, Colerle Descombes and
Lou Castel in Umberto Lenzi's 'Paranoia'

CHAPTER 1

CONDENSED FROM "PUNK ROCKET"

The first time I set eyes on Walt Davis I knew something special had come into my life. I felt warm all over—not just from the couple of screwdrivers I'd downed—and my cock stiffened inside my skin-tight jeans.

He'd come silently into the smoke-filled bar, tall and lanky, muscular in the sinewy way of a jaguar. His faded denim sleeveless shirt and matching Levis clung to every ripple of his torso and legs, and the rod that snaked down against his thigh was even bigger than my own monster. His handsome head, shaved upwards to the semi-Mohawk of a punker, caught the yellow light of that dingy barroom, and his face was the impossibly handsome carving of some ancient sculpture.

"Lay off, you mother-fuckers," Walt said coolly. He was walking slowly towards the group of men who had challenged me, an empty beer bottle in his right hand. There was authority in every slow, nimble step, a strength that said: *I won't start up, but if you do I'll finish it!*

"This ain't your fight, Wally," one of the others said uneasily.

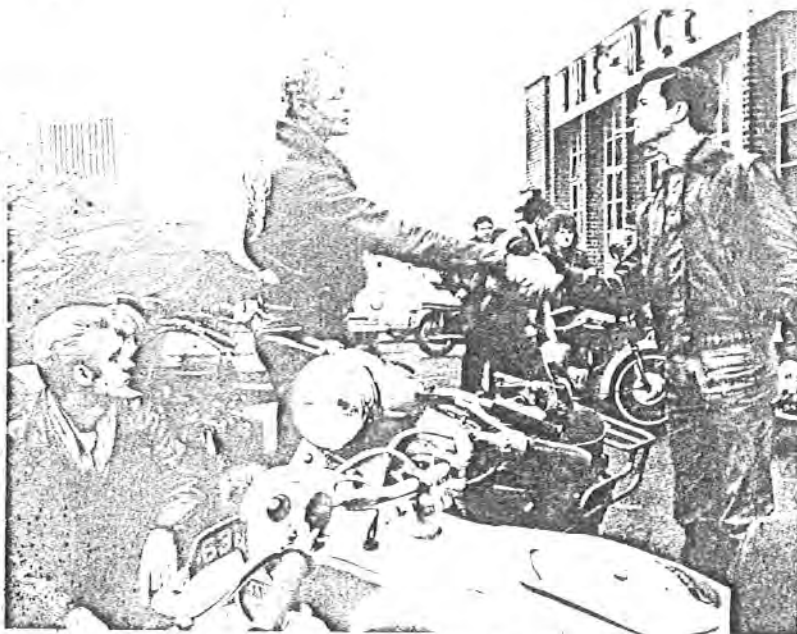
"Ain't going to be no fight, boys," Walt

5

EUROPEAN 'ART' FILMS



The 'Runaway' and the 'Hustler' in "The Wounded Man".



The last sequence in The Leather Boys (1964), when Reggie discovers that Pete's friends are gay.



My Beautiful Launderette

ENGLISH MOVIES

Davis came back with a confident smile.

"That your sweetheart?" another guy sneered.

"None of your business, shit-head," Walt spat.

The roughnecks who'd been chiding me from that far corner of the barroom fell silent, and the tall punker was soon ambling over to me in his relaxed, methodical gait. I rose from my stool to shake his hand.

"Thanks for stepping in," I said, aware that my hard-on was a noticeable bulge in my pants. "I'm new in this town. Guess I picked the wrong bar. Name's Gary Bakersfield. I'm from upstate."

The big guy's grip was warm and firm, containing much the same assurance and authority with which he'd dispatched my tormentors. His touch thrilled me, and I couldn't help dropping my eyes briefly to his crotch, where that massive hunk of manly meat seemed to twitch with bold enticement.

"I'm Walt Davis," he smiled. "My friends all call me Wally. Yeah, you sure picked the wrong bar for a punker." As he said that, he reached up and tugged on the small earring I wore, then playfully brushed my bleached hair.

"Can I buy you a drink? I asked, my voice betraying my excitement.

"Not in this hole," Wally said. "I watched you come in. That's why I picked up that empty bottle in the gutter. Followed you in by a few minutes. Figured that's all the time those fuckers over there needed to



Laurence Luckinbill as Hank and Keith Prentice as Larry in a scene not used in The Boys in the Band (1970). (Mart Crowley)

U.S. MOVIES

Hollywood Homos

CULT MOVIES



Candice Bergen's *Lakeview*
in Sidney Lumet's *The Group*



The patrons of the Blue Jay bar chant "We Believe in Fairies" to raise the spirits of lovesick waiter Nick De Noia in *Some of My Best Friends Are ...* (1971).

June Allyson as a killer dyke in *They Only Kill Their Masters* (1972), (Homer Dickens Collection)



(This is a Canadian movie, kind of - it was a play by John Herbert first)

get on your case. Lets go over to a place I know, where the action you came down to the city for is at. And don't tell me that ain't so."

Wally's eyes sparkled mischievously, and I had to let out a little laugh of acknowledgment. Up in the boonies where I'd come from, I was considered odd, and my feelings seemed to be out of step with everybody else's. The lone exception was a guy my own age who didn't have much more experience with life than I did. We'd got out of school together two years back. sometimes went fishing at a private spot we knew. There, just once, he'd kissed me and I'd let him fiddle with my dick . . . inside my pants. He'd made the cock-cream spurt, and when he'd unzipped and thrust out his hard pecker, I'd felt obliged to stroke the thing with my trembling hand till it squirted jism too. That was the only time I'd explored my feelings about other men, and that's as far as I'd gone.

"Well?" Wally said. "You with me? That bar I told you about where the action is?"

I looked up and down at the big man's wiry, muscular frame. One of his dangling hands brushed my thigh, making scintillating contact with my hard boner.

"Okay," I managed to say, after a hard swallow. "Let's go. Anyplace you say."

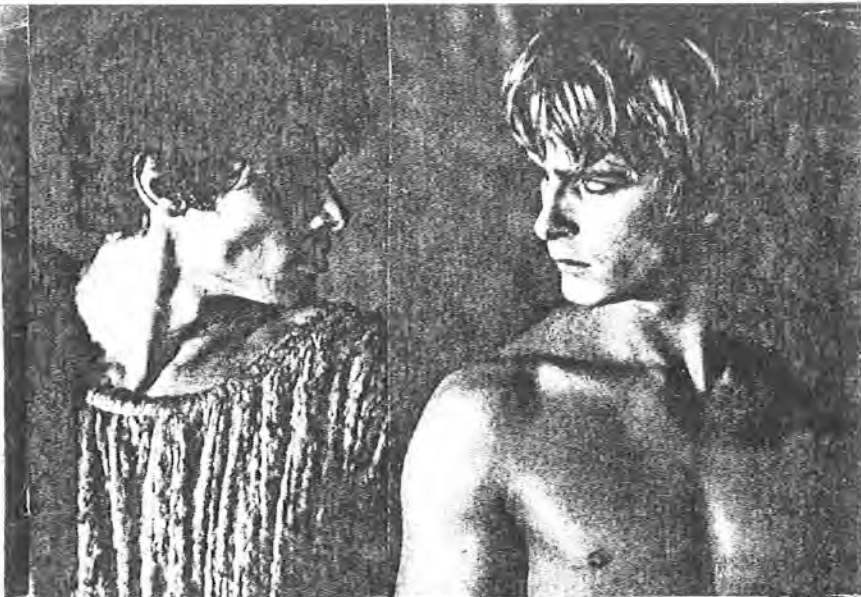
We left the bar together, and not even one of those tough-looking thugs who'd ridiculed my punker's hairstyle and clothing looked our way. Then we were in Wally Davis's car, a silver Camaro with soft black leather upholstery. He drove slowly and cautiously in the heavy Saturday night traffic, through the honky-tonk section of the city.

Wally concentrated strictly on the cars ahead and the revelers who half-stepped, half-fell in front of us from crowded sidewalks, till a stop-light brought us to a temporary halt. Then his fingers were busy, across the transmission tunnel and padded console that separated us. His long arm helped him, and his lanky hand performed wonders on my rod.

"You dig this action, baby?" he asked, as his fingertips beat a steady rhythm on my elongated dick and my tight ball sac. He manipulated me so well I had all to do to keep from shooting off in my pants, the way I'd done that lone time at the fishing spot. This time, I wanted more.

We moved through the dense traffic once again, bright lights and flashing color on all sides of us. As a farmboy, it was all new and exciting to me. At last, the silver Z28 turned into a side street, pulling into a parking space right behind another car pulling out. As I got out of the car I glanced up at the neon sign above a small, ramshackle joint. PUNK CITY. I had to laugh, as Wally—who had swung around the car and caught up with me—threw his arm about my shoulder and guided me into the bar.

It was jammed, smoky and ill-lit. We found our way to a small table, just a few feet from where a five-man punk-rock group played savagely and loud. Half-shaved heads and pink-tinted hair was everywhere, safety pins through nostrils and jingling rings on ears wherever you

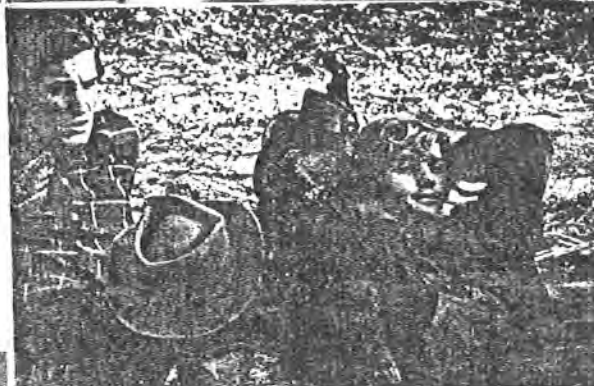


Fellini heroes:

Hiram Keller and

Martin Potter

in 'Satyricon'



Wahol cowboys: Joe Dallesandro and Tom Hemptz in 'Lonesome Cowboys'



Parting Glances.

looked men were dancing wildly with each other on the small, crowded floor. On the other side of the bandstand, on a tiny raised platform, a lithely muscled young guy danced frantically for the pleasure of those seated at tables. He was nearly naked, his cock and balls tightly cupped in a silvery satin posing brief tied in the back with strings that surrounded his trim waist and came up between the hard, deeply dimpled cheeks of his small white ass.

"Cute, isn't he? Wally said with a wink. "I'll say," I admitted.

"That's Bob Foley, my buddy," Wally Davis came back. "I got him this job. This place was nowhere till he started dancing here. You can see what it's like now. He really brings in the studs, and who in hell can blame 'em?"

"He's got a marvelous little ass," I said. "I dig it myself," Wally said with a grin. "I've had my whang in between those fine little buttocks many a time, and my stiff pecker all the way up the tunnel. If you play your cards right, I'll make sure you get to punk Bobby-boy in the ass yourself. You'll like it up there."

By then we had a couple of chilled screwdrivers on the table. Everybody in the place seemed to know Wally. Scores of men flocked intermittently to our table to talk to him and get introduced to me. Some of them made a quick pass at me, getting me tingling all over.

"I hope we see lots more of you, handsome," a dark-haired punker said, as he turned to leave our table. Just as he began to walk away, he ran his hand over my leg, letting his fingers ride up the ridge of my stiff bone.

"That dude really digs you," Wally laughed, taking a gulp of his drink. "Yeah. He wanted your cock so badly he could taste it."

"That's what he wanted," I said huskily. Again the tall stud laughed. "Or feeling it up his ass more likely," he added. Then it was he giving the stiff pike that ran down my thigh a friendly squeeze.

Just then, the rock group stopped playing and I looked over towards the bandstand. Beyond it, Bob the dancer was stepping down from his platform. He made his way through the throng.

"Who's the new guy? Bob asked Wally as he got to our table. "He's cute."

"This is Gary Bakersfield," Wally Davis said. "He's a rube from upstate, down here looking for action."

"He's found the right place," Bob said coyly. He sat down, shifting his eyes appraisingly back to me from the tall man. Bob was a handsome devil, in a prettier way than his friend Wally. The big guy had excitingly massive muscles rippling on his arms, where as the dancer was slender and sensuous. He soon had a drink before him on the table.

shocking

'Underground' Films



Warhol would make one last film, *Blue Movie* (Fuck), starring Viva, played in New York for one week before being shut down by the vice squad.

excerpt from the autobiographical novel **superstar** by [name] I turned on the broiler and put the chicken in. After we ate I changed the sheets on the bed. I remember they were rose-colored. Then I drew a bath.

We got into the bathtub and the hot water ran out before it was full. I turned on the hot plate and filled a pail up with water. I made about five trips to the hot plate before the bathtub was full. Then I put an orange towel over the bathtub light. There was a wooden plank over the bathtub, which was used for draining dishes, after I had washed them in the tub. I took the dry dishes off the plank and put my copy of *Swann's Way* on it. Then I began reading to her.

She stopped me to take the book and read the cover. "Oh, it's *Prawst*," she said. When I corrected her pronunciation she told me she had dropped out of school at fourteen to become a chorus girl at the Latin Quarter. I continued reading and she ran her hand up my leg under the water. When I put my hands under her ass *Swann's Way* fell into the bathtub. This upset me a little because I had borrowed the book. She raised her pelvis up to about a quarter of an inch below the water line. Her dark brown pubic hairs looked like a cloud. I dug my fingernails into her buttocks and, in a frenzy, buried my tongue in her cloudy pussy. She threw back her head and moaned, while twisting her body from the right to the left. I smelled something burning.

I ran into the kitchenette to find the hot plate on fire. I had forgotten to turn it off and where the electric cord was worn (the landlord had given me an old piece of shit hot plate) it had somehow caught on fire. I threw the pail of water that was still on the stove onto the fire and completely flooded the area. Then I got back into the bathtub...

"It's nice to meet you," I said. "That's quite a show you put on up there." Soon we were into a second round of drinks, Bob and Wally alternately playing with my steely rod as we talked, their hands always busy beneath the small round table.

Then the punk rock started booming once again, and Bob got up to dance. I watched his perky little ass wiggle its way back to his platform, till I realized I was getting a little groggy. It was a combination of booze and the hot, smoky atmosphere of PUNK CITY, plus the churning turmoil that whirled within my loins.

Wally's fingers were running adroitly around my dick and my nuts, tracing their promising outline in my pants. "Let's down the last of these drinks and cut out for my pad," he suggested in a sensual whisper.

"I've got to take a leak," I said, rising. I headed for the rest room, wondering if I wasn't looking for a way of avoiding my own desires, an excuse not to make that full jump into manhood I wanted so desperately.

A torrent of piss flooded the urinal in front of me, as I stood alone in the small john. The relief was great, but when I'd finished and pulled the handle above the fixture, the need for another kind of release was even more evident to my eyes. My bone stood straight out from my unzipped fly, and my nuts ached with passion. The head of my dong was like a fresh, ripe plum, full and swollen and sensuously shaped, purple in color from its rush of excited blood.

Suddenly, I heard the door quickly open and close.

Looking up, I saw him. Walt Davis.

"I just had to see your whang, honey," the tall punker smiled. "It felt s-o-o-o good back there in the car, and underneath the table." His voice was erotic, hypnotic, turning me on something wild.

He was beside me now, his breath hot on the skin of my cheek, and then he kissed me. His lips converged hungrily on my prickling skin, and then I turned my lips to his and they met. He pressed his mouth over mine in a savagely passionate thrust, and then his tongue was searching inside my mouth.

I'd never experienced anything like this before. Even when I'd kissed with that friend of mine when we'd gone fishing, only our lips had touched, and even they had merely brushed one another tentatively.

As Wally's tongue forced its way deeply into my mouth, his hand found the throbbing stalk of my cock. His tongue was now circulating in hot sweeping stabs against my own, his hand gently stroking my erect member. I felt a sudden burst of lust shoot through my body, as if lightning had hit me! A man's hand was on my dick! At last! All the dreams of my young manhood were becoming reality.

CHAPTER 4

I felt like royalty. After a sound sleep, I awoke to breakfast in bed. The only thing I missed was someone taking care of my hard prick.

caroline azar

with

dave id

stevie

cizzy ché

kelly ellis

joe the ho

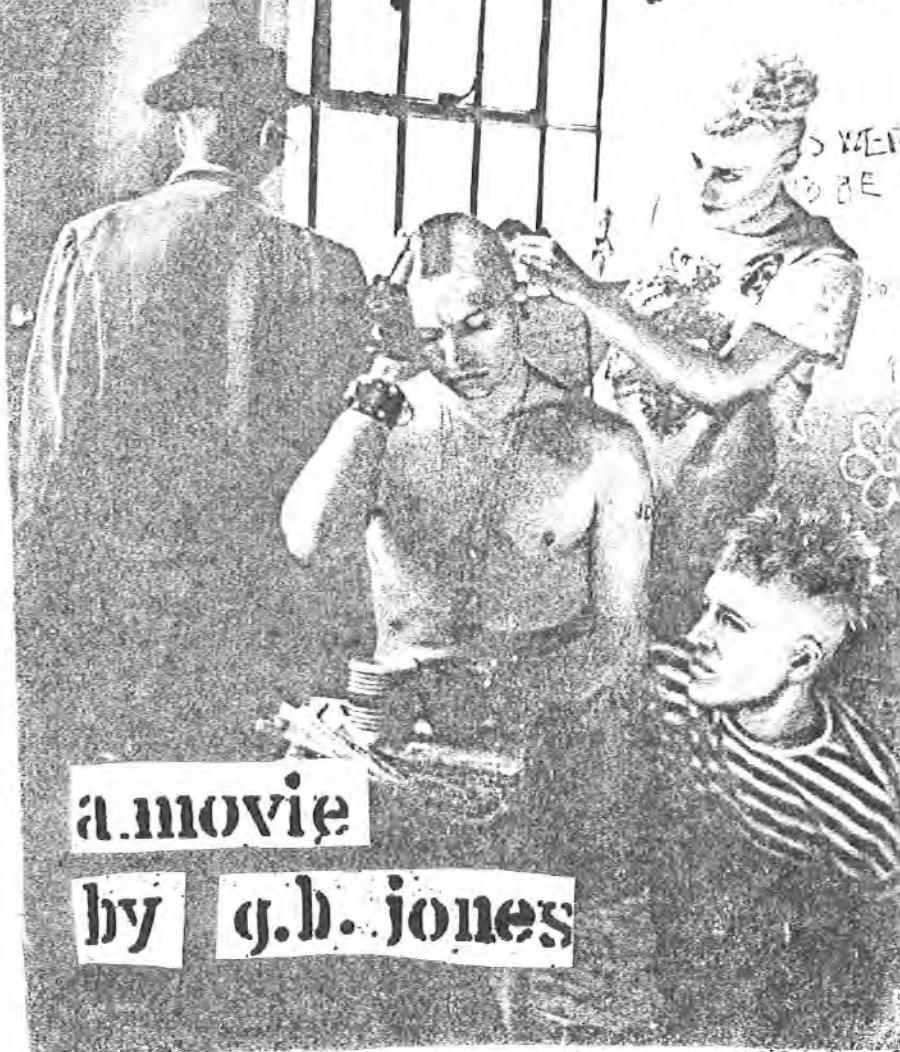
bruce la bruce

in

"TROUBLEMAKERS"

a movie

by g.b. jones



"You stick with us," Wally said, sitting on the edge of the bed as I finished the last of my late-morning coffee. "When you know the city, you'll be able to avoid creeps like that bunch who were giving you a hard time in that bar. Some of those bastards wait around PUNK CITY in the dark, beating up on the gay punks. Some of them are sneaky bastards. They work their way into the place and make like they're interested in a little sex. If they get you to a motel room they can rearrange your face."

"Any of them try that on you, Wally?"

"Just once," Wally frowned, as I set down my coffee cup. "I liked the size of a guy's tool that was sitting a few stools away from me at the bar. I went up to him and bought him a drink. I was hot to suck his rod, so I asked him if he wanted to drop up to my pad with me."

"I bet the dude jumped at the chance," I said, wide-eyed as I pictured the scene.

"Listen on," Wally said wisely. "You'll learn some of the tricks in this trade. The dude said he was interested, so out we went through the parking lot. I made the mistake of going out first—that's something you learn not to do—and the mother-fucker hit me from behind with a short length of pipe. I went to my knees, but stayed conscious, and the rest was easy. I whipped his fucking ass, kicked him out of that parking lot and never saw the asshole again."

I knew Wally wasn't shitting me, after the way he waded into that bunch at the bar with nothing more than an empty beer bottle in his hands.

"You could get a job as a bouncer in any gay bar in town," I suggested.

Wally laughed. "I do okay just modeling."

"Modeling?"

"Didn't I tell you, boy? What do you think I do all the time, hang around PUNK CITY and watch Bobby-boy shake his ass? I get paid well, showing off my muscles and my rod for the best magazines. I do lots of straight stuff, modeling swimsuits, out-doorsy clothes and such, then pick up extra bread displaying my cock for glossy gay magazines. I'm not working right now but I'm in demand."

"Sounds like easy money," I said.

"It is. You could do it too. For straight jobs you don a wig. There's lots of interest in the punk look right now, for some of the far-out fashion mags. They're searching for the current look, and you're it, Gary."

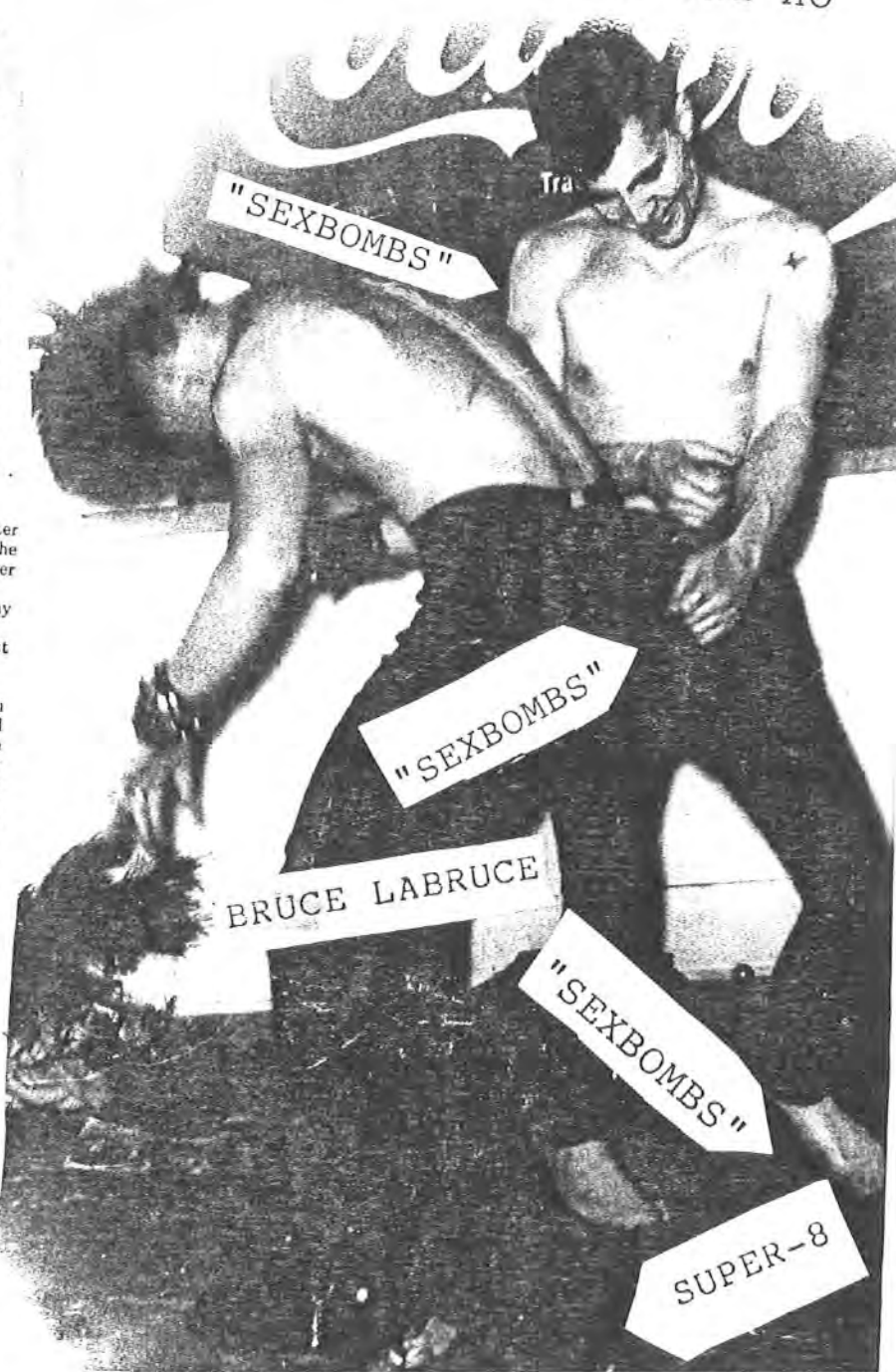
"Sounds exciting," I said.

"Lenny! How you doing?" I perked up, for whoever Lenny was, his voice had made Wally snap right out of his passionate lethargy. "Sounds great, Lenny," Wally went on. "Yeah. Yeah. Say! Listen. About that new guy I was telling you about. Yeah, that's the dude, the blond stud from upstate. So you think you'll dig him, huh? I promise it, man. Nice size. Real nice size. You'll like that part, and he's real tight too. Up the wazoo."

"No, he hasn't done any modeling," Wally was going on. "But he learns fast. I think he's got what it takes to make it."

Photo by G.B.Jones

JOE THE HO



That's right, he's living over at my pad. Matter of fact, he's lying next to me right now, naked as the day he was born. And what a whang on the boy. Me? Sure, I'm naked too, Lenny. We been having a blast, playing tunes on the skin flute, if you know what I mean. Sure I'll be careful over the phone. We were giving each other music lessons."

I was up on one elbow now, very interested by the conversation. It sounded as if Lenny was in the modeling business, and that was interesting indeed to me.

"Then the get-together is all set?" Wally was saying, finishing up. "Your place at eight tomorrow. You bet I'll have the kid there. I haven't disappointed you yet, have I? Great. Great. See you then."

Wally set the phone back in its cradle.

"What was that all about?" I said, sitting up now.

"That was Leonard Cohen," Wally said. "My agent, and the only real good modeling agent for men in this burg. He's tossing one of his parties, and you're invited. Think of it as an audition."

"Audition?"

Wally chuckled, reaching down and stroking his long, flaccid prick.

CHAPTER 5

The party turned out to be all it was cracked up to be! A score of sexy men crowded the small apartment, gay punkers in tight pants, and hard, shapely asses were everywhere.

After dinner at the motel dining room, the two of us were on our way up a flight of stairs towards the suite the art director occupied. We knocked at the door, and it opened just a crack, barely enough for us to slip in. We could hear music and loud voices, and one look around gave me the surprise of my life.

Every damned one of the guys was a handsome young stud, a male model type, and every one of them sported a huge hard-on! Several were punker types, with outrageous hair-styles, pierced ears and pins through their nostrils and nipples. Never in my life had I seen as many erect pricks, nor so many dudes with splendid endowment. My bloodstream warmed at the sight, and my own cock strained to escape the tight confines of my jeans.

"Like what you see?" our host, Ollie Schrenk, beamed. He was the only man in the room with his clothes on.

"I dig it," I admitted. "Are we invited to strip too?"

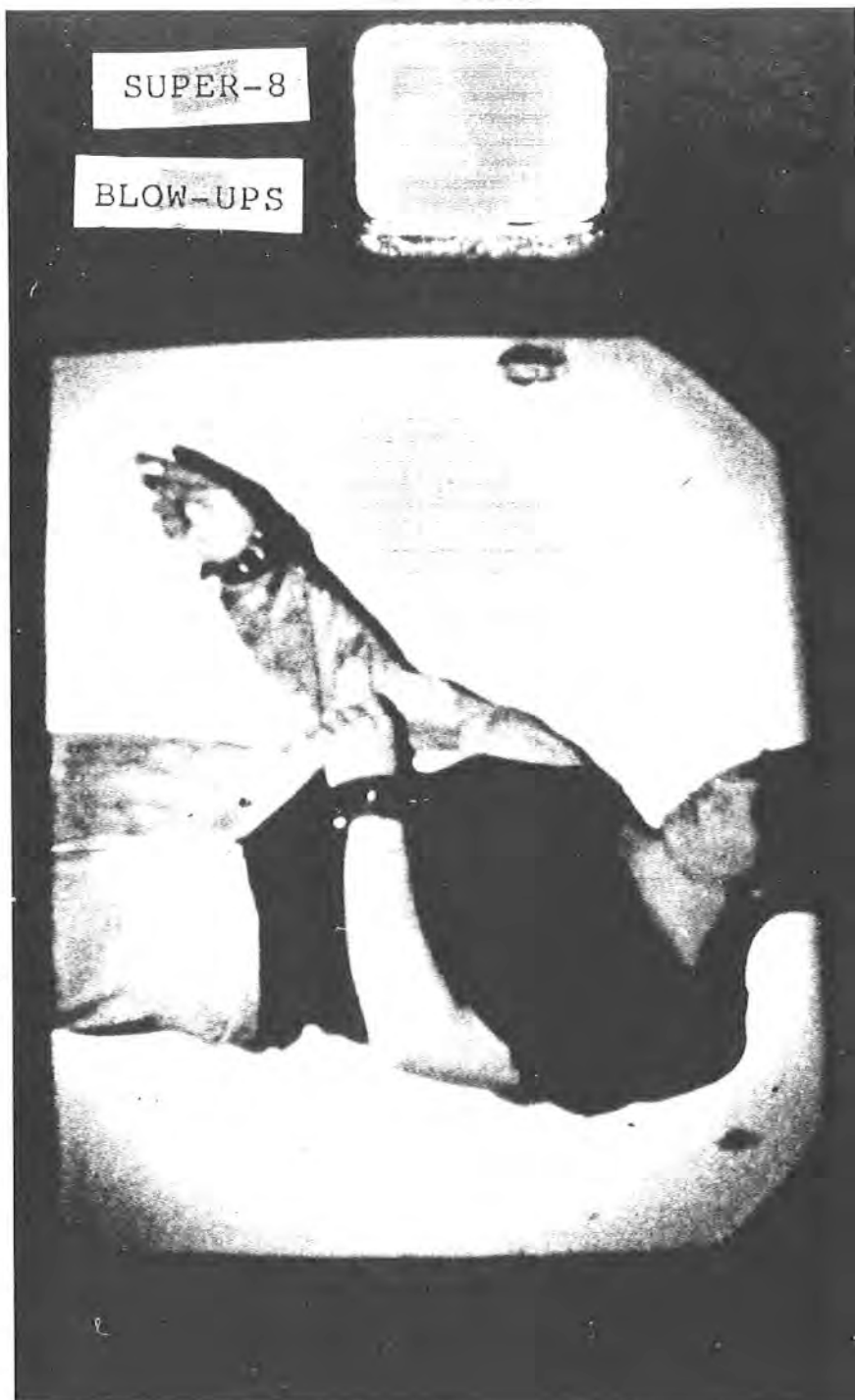
"Be my guest!" Ollie sang out with a laugh, triggering guffaws from Wally and the other men too.

"Why don't you shove your pecker up Bob's ass, just like I did to you last night?" Wally suggested to me, as we all stood around sipping vodka and orange juice. "You haven't lived, Gary, till you've slid your meat inside that cute little butt of his."

I cast a look in Bob's direction. Oh how he did wiggle that ass of his! "I'm more than willing, Wally," I said. "Will the kid go for it?"

Wally called him over. Bob left the group where he was the center of attention and strode up to us. When he heard the proposition his eyebrows jumped.

"I can dig it," he said, flushing with excitement.







Mercedes McCambridge (far right)

was one of the boys

Orson Welles' Touch of Evil (1958)

but her name is not in the credits.

The kind of **GAY ADVENTURE** *every girl lives in her dreams!*

Four shapely beauties in Glamorous Hollywood
with a career in their grasp...

...and the excitement every woman wants!



JODIE

THE GIRL FROM
MAINSTREET U.S.A.

Had a mother
to guide her...
and a conscience
to hold her back!

NATASSJA

THE GIRL FROM
GAY PAREE

Walked out on
the one
she couldn't
live without!



INA LIBERACE

THE GIRL FROM
BEVERLY HILLS

Locked a secret
in her heart...
only one
had the key!

KRISTY

THE GIRL FROM
ROMANTIC 'FAMILY'

Sex had made
her notorious...
money made it
interesting!

Four Girls in Town



CINEMASCOPE • TECHNICALOR.

DIRECTED BY G. B. JONES













photo: Dave-ld

QUESTIONNAIRE

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

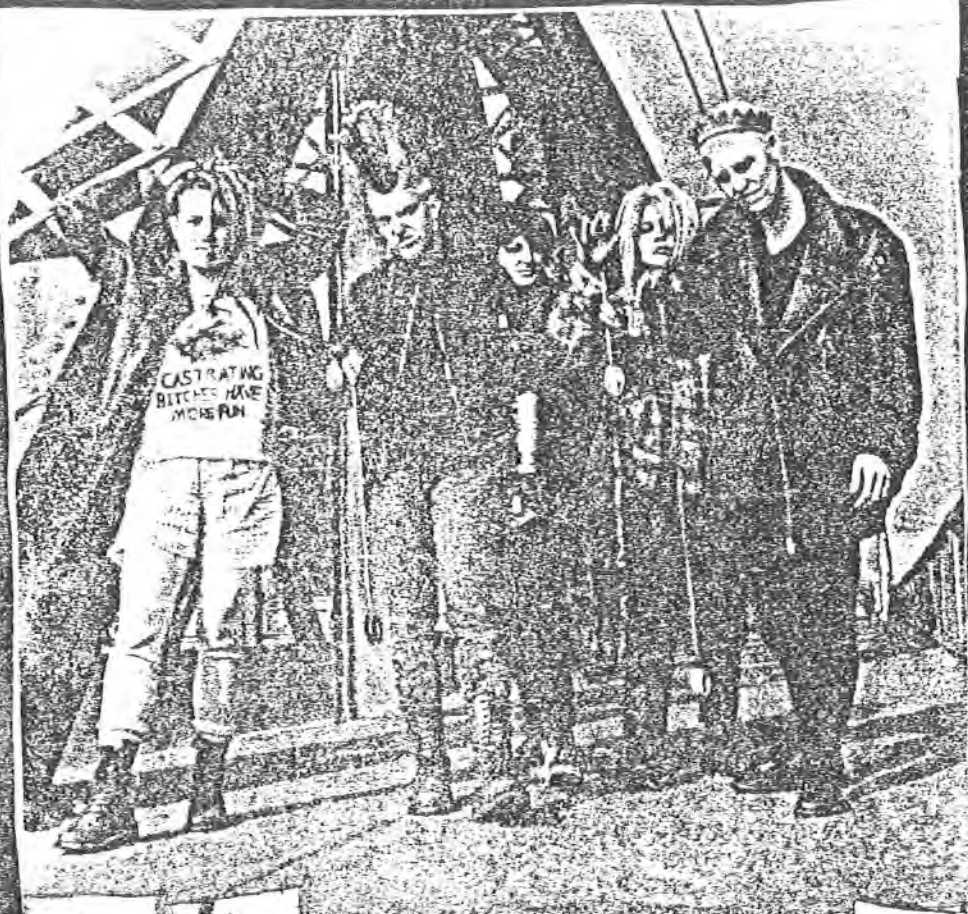
BAND, FANZINE, etc. _____
SHOE SIZE _____

Please indicate whether you will allow us to quote you or if you choose to remain anonymous:

- ☐ wimp (just kidding - discretion assured)
☐ dude (you can quote me on that)

- 1) Has anyone ever called you a "fag/dyke" because you are a punk?
- 2) Have you ever been beaten up because someone thought you were a "faggot/dyke"?
- 3) If so, who were the assailants?
- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> cops | <input type="checkbox"/> family members |
| <input type="checkbox"/> skinheads | <input type="checkbox"/> rednecks |
| <input type="checkbox"/> headbangers | <input type="checkbox"/> other |
| <input type="checkbox"/> other punks | (please specify) |
- 4) Have you ever participated in a "queer-bashing" or "fag-baiting" incident? (Be honest)
- 5) Does slamming give you a hard-on?
- 6) Go to the dictionary. Look up "punk". Did you do it? Honest? Do you feel any different?
- 7) Are you familiar with the homocore movement?
- 8) How would you describe your sexual persuasion?
- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> straight | <input type="checkbox"/> gay | <input type="checkbox"/> dyke |
| <input type="checkbox"/> bisexual | <input type="checkbox"/> fag | <input type="checkbox"/> lesbian |
| <input type="checkbox"/> asexual | <input type="checkbox"/> queer | <input type="checkbox"/> I wouldn't |
| <input type="checkbox"/> homosexual | <input type="checkbox"/> punk | <input type="checkbox"/> other (please specify) |
- 9) Do you read J.D.s?
- 10) We are writing an article for an international fanzine on Gays and Punks. If you have any comments, queries, or quotable quotes on this subject (or anecdotes, dirty stories, true-to-life tales, compromising photos, etc.), please include. Thank.





THE YOCO GANG

hide presents a.s.f. in
"the yoyo gang"

songs; a.s.f.

leslie mah tracie thomas candy
lynn landstreet bruce labruce
and introducing j.d.s covergirl
stevie

story; l. mah, g.b. jones
directed by g.b. jones hide films

SHIVE

GALAXY

A LESBIAN COSMOS, HOME TO BILLION CUNTS, THE
INFAMOUS SHIVA SPACE CUNT HALL OF FAME AND OUR
THREE EARTH-BOUND VOYAGEURS

IN CELEBRATION
OF BUBBLES'S
ADMITANCE TO
THE CUNT HALL
OF FAME,
THE THREE
PREPARE FOR
THEIR JOURNEY.
HOWEVER, DUE
TO A CERTAIN
CONTINUAL
TROUBLE-
MAKER,
COMPLICA-
TIONS ARISE...



AGENT HMMMM, AN
AERODYNAMICS FREAK



KOWRADINE SLUTNIK
(A.K.A. FICKLE JUNKIE)



BUBBLES - THE BRAINS
LIKES TO
FUCK A LOT

... THAT FUCKING
BUBBLES... I KNEW I'D
GET STUCK WITH THIS
SHIT! <#*!?! AND
WHERE'S SLUTNIK?!



HOWEVER, BUBBLES, AT THE
AWARD CEREMONY, KNOWS
SLUTNIK WILL BE ABILITY



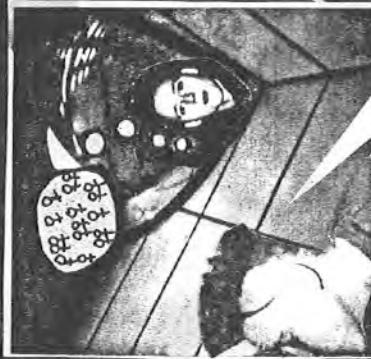
ONCE AGAIN, SHE IS WITH
THE AQUASEXIANS!!!



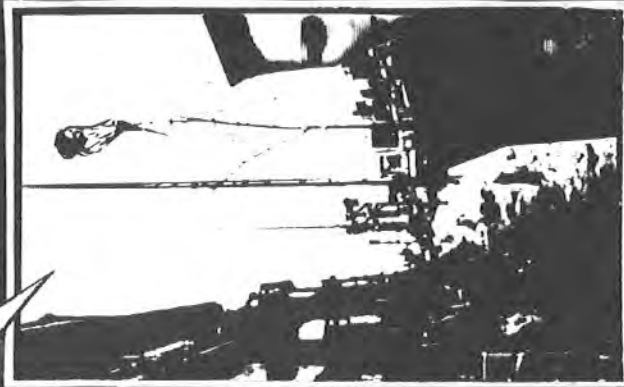
IN THE CUNTPIT MINUTES
BEFORE TAKE-OFF...

DESPITE SLUTNIK'S DISAPPEARANCE, THE TIME HAS COME.
HAMMM AND BUBBLES MUST LEAVE SHIVA GALAXY.

IF I... HAM...
LEAVE DIRECTIONS
WITH CUNTANOVA
HAM... SLUTNIK'S
BOUND TO FIND
THEM...



EINS... ZWEI... DREI... VIER...
UND A CUNT IST LANDING!!!



EN ROUTE: OUR BURSTING
BUBBLES CONFINES HERSELF
TO THE NON-CUNT CONTACT TANK
TO AVOID STRAYING OFF-COURSE.



MEANWHILE... BACK AT SLUTNIK'S, SHE
AND A FUCK NIK DISCOVER NONE-OTHER
THAN... DIRECTIONS TO A ONE-CUNT CRAFT
IN NONE-OTHER THAN CUNTANOVA'S
NETHER-REGIONS!



HEAD FILLED WITH THOUGHTS OF
REVENGE, SLUTNIK HAS ZOOMED
TO EARTH, ONLY SECONDS AFTER
HAMMM¹⁰ AND BUBBLES' ARRIVAL





ROBIN'S GOT CAMERA IN HAND



BUT CIZZY CHE KNOWS JUST HOW TO KEEP

THINGS IN FOCUS!

PHOTOS: G.B. JONES

I couldn't help admiring Bob's nude form. The contours of his buttocks impressed me more than anything, just as they did the customers who flocked into PUNK CITY to watch him dance. His gun was mighty fine too.

I got behind Bob, feeling my way cautiously around the muscular surface of his ass. The kid bent over at the waist, reaching behind himself to spread the cheeks of his naked backside. I probed gently with just the tip of my cock. In it popped! Bob let go of his buttocks and dropped his hands, gripping his ankles in the classic "punk position."

"Fuck me!" he said. "Fuck me up the ass, Gary! Fuck me real hard!"

I penetrated, sinking my shaft deeper into the tight hole, easing past the puckered pink ring of his anus. When I got it all the way in, I paused, then drew out, and soon I was ramming rapidly in and out of the guy's tightly clenched behind.

shful, baby," Bob urged.
t me hard. Harder than
Fuck my ass real hard,

Wally's soothing chants and the tantalizing way he was stroking the younger guy's pale-tinted hair seemed to make Bob go all the faster. His head-pumping increased wildly, as his tongue sent enormous thrills through Wally's jerking, sensation-filled organ.

Keep on pumping those lips, Bob," Wally heaved, his breath getting shorter with each chant. "Give me that good sucking. Give me that good fast sucking." Both guys lay side-by-side on their stomachs on the bed, their beautiful backsides staring up at me. My prick was hard as a steel pike as I climbed over Wally, separating the cheeks of his muscular ass with my dick, then probing into the tight asshole. I began punking him in the ass, driving wildly in and out, fucking away for all I was worth.

When I thought I was on the verge of a come, I pulled out to punk the other dude.

That's the way it went for almost an hour, as I corn-holed first one and the other. I banged away, finally shooting off in Wally's hole. Then I lay sweating over him, getting back my wind and my strength.

"I wish I could be going out on location with the two of you," Bob was saying as we all got dressed. "But I've got to be entertaining the boys at PUNK CITY."

We spent the evening chatting, did some light kissing and necking, but nothing more than that. I turned in early, then fell right to sleep. When I awoke, I sensed this was my big day. I was going to make some money in the city at last. This was what I'd come down here for, to find a life for myself, and this was going to be it.

I got up and showered again, then got dressed in a punker's best outfit of faded jeans and tattered denim top. Hair brushed up and Wally's earring in one ear, I was ready to meet Ollie Schrenk.

CHAPTER 8

The day arrived when I was to telephone Lenny Cohen. "I'm nervous," I admitted to Wally, as we lay naked in each other's arms in his bed.

"No reason to be," Wally smiled. "The man's in love with you, and he's got great connections in the modeling industry."

Feeling better, I dialed the number of Cohen's office which Wally had given me.

"Gary, darling!" I heard him say. "I'm so happy you called. I've been thinking of nothing but you since that evening we spent with Wally. I must see you. Can you get here at three this afternoon?"

I said I could, and after some pleasant chit-chat, we both hung up. I jumped from the bed and let out a cheer of triumph. There I stood, bare-ass naked, my hard-on bobbing and jumping. I was going to be a model! cleanly shaved, the rest neatly brushed upward from both sides to give the strip of hair down the center the look of a Mohawk. Wally had given me one of his finest gold earrings, which gleamed from my pierced earlobe.

I felt a little out of place, striding into one of downtown's better office buildings, then riding up to a high floor amidst the stares of conservative types in business suits. What the fuck, I said to myself. They were stuck with boring jobs. I could dress a little flamboyantly. I was going to be a professional model.

Still, I continued to feel a little out of it as I stepped into a very ritzy office and announced myself. A prim secretary hurriedly ushered me into the inner office, and there I saw Lenny Cohen once again. He shook my hand and gave me a peck on the cheek, then fixed us both drinks.

As he gave me mine, he pulled a leather armchair up close to the one in which I sat with a view of the whole city, stretched out through a picture window. Lenny looked me up and down with obvious lust, then took a long, reflective sip from his drink.

"Think I'll make it a little more private," he winked, rising slowly and striding briskly to the door, which he locked. Then he walked over to that huge window and drew the heavy drapes. That left us in an atmosphere of romantic semi-darkness.

"You've got a beautiful backside," he murmured.

"Th'anks, Lenny"

When he came back, he stepped directly over to me, bending and sliding one hand underneath my ass. He suddenly gripped the muscular buttock with his strong fingers, fondly cupping half of my ass.

A flowing sex current filled me with an excitement I had never known, and my ass tingled with expectancy.

"Keep going!" I countered. I need it! I need it!"

"You've got it!" he came back. "You've got it, boy. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

A maelstrom of emotion engulfed me, as my fingertips briefly explored the pulsing slab. My body melted, my knees turned to liquid and my throat constricted to a clump. I couldn't speak.

He had me in heaven then, sliding in and out at a constant but bewilderingly fast pace. He was fucking me as I'd never been fucked before, and I thought that if he kept it up much longer, I'd be the one to come.

"It feels s-o-o-o-o good," I gasped.

"O-h-h-h, h-e-e-e-e I-I-I-I c-o-o-o-o-ommmmm!!!" Lenny finally moaned, as he lay his body forwards over mine and kissed my lips fully and hard.

A flood of jism erupted inside me. He shot spurt after hot spurt up my ass crack, and when he was finally through he went totally limp. Even as he lay over me, though, I was thinking about tomorrow.

"Man that's beautiful," Lenny sighed as he began to come around again. He kissed me on the cheek with exuberance.

"How'd you like to sign a contract to be represented by me, as a model agent?" he suddenly asked softly.

"I would."

"Let's do it now," he said.

"Okay by me."

"You're real sensitive," he said seriously.

"You've got a real sensitivity in the way you throw your meat into a guy. I like that. I had to slow you down a little in the beginning, but that was just because you were so anxious to please. I look for a little sensitivity in the way a guy screws me. If they've got sensitivity in their cock and balls, then they've probably got it in front of some fashion photographer's camera."

"Or at least a porno magazine photog's camera," I put in.

"Don't knock it. Erotic magazines are the wave of the future. It'll become respectable. Practically is already. I think you will have sensitivity as a model. At any rate, I'm convinced enough to take a gamble on you. Besides, there's a huge demand for the 'now look' of the punker, and you fit the mold perfectly."

"Can I make a lot of money?" I asked.

"I'll make sure you get the chance to show what you can do. After that the rest's up to you. Fair enough?"

I nodded. A few minutes later we were both dressed. Lenny Cohen brought the paper for me to sign, and I put my John Henry on it. I felt an exhilaration beyond anything I had ever encountered before.

"Ollie Schrenk is going to go for you, I just know it. Just think of it, baby. And you can be on location together with Wally. It's a pleasure to work for that man."

"I can imagine it."

"As soon as the shooting's over for the magazine, the shooting starts with cocks instead of cameras," he laughed. "One of the things Ollie likes is to see a lot of young cocks going off at once. He likes to see plenty of creaming around him. A Schenk shoot is a wild shoot."

"I... I'm really grateful, Lenny. Why are you doing all these things for me?"

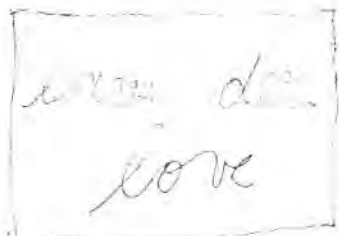
"For the ten percent," he laughed. "And for your cock, baby. For that big cock of yours!"

Lenny let me up, and then the two of us took showers. He gave me last minute instructions on everything I should say to Ollie, and then I was on my way back to the apartment.

Lenny had his own plans for the rest of the day, and he let me out at Wally's place, still cock-stiff and hotly excited from my first day of being a piece of meat on display for the big-shots of the modeling game in that town.

Wally and Bob were both there when I got in. Luckily, they were hard-pricked and ready to pick up where I had left off with the art director. My big punk lover greeted me with a knowing smile.

He met me at the door, reaching out and pulling down my fly. Out popped my hard-



on, and the laughing guy began to fondle it.

"Looks like the day left you hard and hungry," he commented.

"I'm always hungry for you," I said warmly.

"Glad to hear it," he replied. "I figured Lenny would have you all for himself this evening."

"He had someplace else to go."

"The dude's okay," he said of the art director. "He'll go for your whang. Just get a good night's sleep and he'll take care of the rest."

"If you got a job," Wally laughed, "he must have dug the load you dumped in his mouth. That guy digs hot cock-juice more than any man I've ever met."

"Yeah," Wally admitted. "You've got to play along with these guys, if you want to get ahead as a model."

"The way of the world," I shrugged.

"They tell me," Wally said seriously, "that there was a time when the magazine layout was more important than the sex part of it. I can't imagine what that must have been like. It's the modeling they pay you for, but the sex they hire you for. It's funny."

"You suck cock between modeling jobs," I said.

"You model between cocksucking jobs," Bob Foley put in with a laugh. "When you're not ass-fucking."

"Speaking of ass-fucking," I said quickly. "I wouldn't mind shoving my peter into each one your butts right about now."

"Sounds good," Bob said, striding over to me and planting a fervent kiss on my lips.

"Last one into the bedroom is a soft dick," Wally laughed.

The three of us were quickly naked.

"O-h-h-h-h," Wally moaned. "Suck it, baby. Suck! Suck! Suck!" He was chanting in rhythm to the lips and head movements of the happy cocksucker below. Wally began to run his hands gently through the up-combed strip of the finely teased hair that ran down the middle of Bob's otherwise cleanly shaved scalp. What a sight! Bob's Mohawk head was whip-sawing back and forth, sliding along the spit-lubricated rod that stuck out bodily from Wally's hairy crotch. Oh, how I wished it was my lips caressing that magnificent piece of meat.

CHAPTER 13

The warm rays of the sun shone down on me as I stood before the motorized Nikon camera on its tripod, strobe lights and reflecting umbrellas all pointed triumphantly at me. I was a professional model! Ollie Schrenk was giving me directions, as I posed for a big layout in one of the magazines he worked for as the city's top free-lance art director.

I went through a series of poses, modeling some very chic men's outerwear, my punker's hairstyle dyed a splashy orange and the rest of my scalp freshly shaven. Then I was joined by Mitch Nelson, a nationally known model and one

of the handsomest men I'd ever seen in my life. We were put through the paces by a gorgeous young fashion photographer, as Schrenk stood by watching every move. "Great! Ollie would say. 'Great shot!'"

We worked all afternoon, and I forgot all about my nervousness, all about the fact that this was my first modeling assignment. Wally was in some of the shots with me and Mitch, and then he did a series of poses by himself, while I looked on. At last, the final roll of film was shot and the photographer's assistants were putting away the equipment.

Wally and I were in a small motor home that doubled as a dressing room, when he told me about the plans for the evening.

"Ollie wants us over at his suite at seven-thirty," he said with an expression of knowing something interesting.

Things really rolled after that, one good modeling assignment after another coming in. Word about me spread throughout the industry, and I quickly became rated as the most promising new face in modeling. The truth was, I had the most promising new cock, and that's all there was to it.

I enjoyed the pleasure of the best male bedrooms in town, beginning with Mitch Nelson's. Only a couple of weeks after my first visit, he had me up again. His wife had arranged another convenient vacation, and that left Mitch with an empty bed to fill.

He soon had me in it, himself on top of me!

"Are you digging it, sweetheart?" he asked me, pausing in his efforts.

"I'll say," I admitted gratefully.

"I'm glad," he purred, "because I love you and I want you to enjoy this."

His steady assault on my ass continued. He rocked me into a state of greater euphoria with each additional pulsating thrust of his huge cock. My fingers found their way back to his firm ass. I ran my fingertips over the tight flesh. I finally thrust my finger into his asshole, probing around slowly but sensually.

"A-h-h-h-h," he sighed. "I love that. He fucked me all the faster as my finger jabbed inside his anus. 'Keep it up, honey, and I'll fuck you till you come.'"

The impetus caused Mitch's motions to grow more wild as he drew closer to climax. He began to puff like a tiring athlete as he churned down the home stretch toward orgasm. He was fucking like a machine now, driving his dick in and out of my ass like a piston vibrating in a cylinder.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" I shouted.

"It's coming! It's coming!" he grunted. "You're going to get the whole works, baby."

He began jetting spurts of semen into me, flooding my ass.

"You're a regular juice machine, Mitch," I laughed. He lubricated his rod as it rammed in and out, the whole shaft pulsating with his pleasure.

"Are you ever a fuck!" I complimented him when he finally slowed to a halt.

the end?

"You're damned good yourself," he laughed, running a hand over my ass. "It's very rare to find an ass as tight as that. Don't surrender it too often to others, baby. It's so tight that I wouldn't want other guys spoiling it."

I lay there stretched out in bliss. I closed my eyes and rested my head on my arms, folded comfortably behind me. There in the darkness of my mind, I saw an image. It was a tall, handsome, muscular young man. He had a far-out punk-style haircut and rings in his nose and one ear. It was my love, Wally Davis, and just imagining him made me feel good all over. I had everything I wanted now, absolutely everything: a career, money and a permanent lover.

Just thinking about Wally made my dick twitch. I'd be home soon, and I'd be good and hard by then. Wally would be home, and I'd be fucking him up the ass. I couldn't wait!

After another long rest, we rose, showered together and dressed. "I hope we can do it again real soon," Mitch was saying, as he buttoned his shirt.

"Count me in."

"Let me have a phone number where I can reach you," he suggested. I gave it to him and he jotted it down. "I'd like to have you bring that well-hung stud friend of yours over here too sometime," he added hopefully. "You think he'd dig a threesome?"

"I know he would."

We kissed, and I was on my way home.

I entered the pad, my erect rod a painful bulge in the front of my pants.

Wally closed the door behind me, and then he reached over and kissed my lips. I got inside his tongue with my own, and we French-kissed passionately.

"Why don't you let me fix you a drink?" he asked.

"I'm in the mood for something a little more potent than vodka," I said hotly.

"Have you ever had a nice, stiff dick up your ass?" he asked, his eyes as fiery as two hot coals.

"N-no," I gasped, my whole body shaking with anticipation, in his strange, Hypnotic voice. He was cupping my backside with his big hand, cuddling my quivering ass cheeks.

"No. N-no," I said through a constricted throat. "I . . . I've never done anything like that before."

"So you never played at being the punk, eh?" Wally questioned upon breaking our kiss. "Never had a thick whang up your asshole?"

Passion mounted within me. The thought of Wally burrowing his hot pecker into the deep channel of my backside made me hot all over. The idea of that huge slab of cock meat working its way up between my legs, into my asshole, up the rectum, Thrilled me beyond endurance.

"Just lie on your stomach," he coached.

"I . . . I don't think I can. My hard-on's too big. I . . . I've got to get off, Wally."

The tall man laughed. "You do have a pretty stiff one there, baby," he said soothingly, and then he patted me on my naked ass.

He rose from the bed and began to strip off his own clothes. I watched him strip,

growing more excited with the removal of each piece of clothing. If Wally looked sexy in his denim duds, which he certainly did, he looked doubly so stripped, in all of his shining glory. Every muscle seemed to glow in the light of the room.

"Are you ready," the tall punker smiled.

I looked up at him, standing there naked with his hands on his hips and a toothy grin on his handsome face. He was a gorgeous hunk of man by any yardstick.

Wally climbed into bed beside me, throwing his arms around me and planting a long French kiss inside my mouth. The longer his hot juicy tongue flared against mine, the more intense my excitement became, till my own instrument stood at its height. I had a helluva bone on.

My dick hadn't stopped being

hard. Wally took care of that for me. He grabbed it firmly, tugging it into his mouth, then slid his hand around behind me to cup my buttocks. Pressing on it, he shoved my thick peter into his throat.

"M-m-m-m-m," I moaned, lying back and letting him have his way.

He sucked greedily, and it wasn't long before I popped. With lip and tongue action like that on the tip of my dick, who could blame me? I was ready to cream in my pants when I entered the apartment, and that kind of treatment was just too much for me to endure for long. Wally swallowed down some of my jism, letting the rest spurt all over his face and body.

We rested for just a few minutes, and then I returned the favor to him.

Between us we had showered the bed pretty well with our sweat and our sperm. We lay there in sweaty embrace, and I figured we'd probably just drift off to sleep when I heard the door open and shut. Seconds later, Bob Foley entered the bedroom without knocking.

"Wally! Wally!" he was saying as he came in. "Something awful's happened."

"What's going on?" Wally asked, jumping up.

"It's happened again," Bob said. "Must be those same fuckin' dudes. Punker Louie got beat up outside the joint."

"Shit. How bad's he hurt?"

"Not real bad, but bad enough. His eyes are so puffed he can hardly see. We took him to a sawbones we know."

Wally slammed an angry fist into the palm of his hand. "Damn," he said. "This shit's going to stop. I've got a pretty good idea who it must've been."

"Those same dudes who gave me a hard time my first night in town," I suggested, rolling out of the bed myself.

"Right on," Wally said. "C'mon. Let's go!"

We got quickly dressed, and seconds later Wally was driving the two of us in his big Camaro. We tried several gays bars in the vicinity of PUNK CITY, without success. Then we went up the boulevard and eventually hit the same spot I'd innocently wandered into that first night. We sat down and ordered screwdrivers from that same bartender who'd served me back then.

"Haven't seen you in a while, Wally," the barman grinned nervously, as he served us the drinks.

"I've been around," Wally scowled.

Our eyes became gradually accustomed to the low light level, and suddenly I felt Wally tug at my arm. I looked up. He pointed toward the far end of the bar. There they were, sitting around the bend in the bar. They'd been at a table the first time.

"That them?" Bob asked in a whisper.

The two husky men didn't notice us at first, not till their bartender friend tipped them off by nodding our way. We saw them slide from their stools and head for the door. Wally jumped up, and the two of us were right behind him.

"Not so fast, boys," he said. "We have a few questions to ask you. About a little fellow with a pink-dyed punker's hairstyle. He was beaten up earlier this evening."

One of the men took a short step towards Wally, and a heavy wrench came out of his back pocket and appeared in his ham-like fist. He brought it up with a choppy motion that would have caught any man off guard . . . any man but Walt Davis, that is. Wally moved like a ballet dancer, dodging the wickedly aimed blow of the weapon that had probably helped blacken Louie's eyes that evening.

The brute drew back the wrench for another try, but Wally's fist was already blazing through the air. He hit the big dude on the point of the chin, slamming him backwards against a wall. Down he went, sliding to a sitting position on his ass.

Suddenly, an empty beer bottle was whistling through the air, as the bartender leaned over and brought it straight down on poor Bob Foley's head. The slim guy dropped to the floor, out like a light.

Then the barman came right at me, wielding the same bottle, but I started throwing punches across the bar that changed his mind. He backed off, crouching to hide behind the counter. Before I could turn, though, I felt a painful blow to the ribs that had me stumbling backwards. I was looking up into the face of the man who had threatened me on my first visit to that hellish bar.

Then I saw Wally again out of the corner of my eye. He delivered exactly one punch. The shot hit the dude in the back of the head, driving him past me so fast that the guy's face rammed the bar and he dropped like a stone. As he slid down unconscious, I saw that he'd bashed his mouth badly, probably broken some teeth, and he was out of it for sure.

Glancing over to his friend by the wall, I saw that he too was finished, unconscious and getting water thrown in his face by a couple of other patrons.

"Well, that should discourage those fucking assholes for good," Wally said, as he bent to take care of Bob. I took a pitcher full of ice water and brought it into play, and Bob soon was blinking his eyes open again.

"What the fuck happened?" he asked.

"My head feels like someone walked on it."

"It was that moron of a bartender,"

Wally explained. "The sucker hit you from behind, but Gary took care of his ass. He's hiding behind the bar right now."

We helped Bob to his feet, and Wally



From an anonymous boy.

picked up the big wrench the first dude had dropped, brandishing it as everyone in the bar looked on. Both the bums who'd attacked us were half-conscious now, as a number of men worked over them. The three of us started for the door.

"So help me," Wally was saying to the crowd on the way out, "if there's one more beating of a gay punker in this town, I'm going to come in here and clean this place out for good. And I mean what the fuck I say." As if to emphasize his point, he raised the wrench and shook it.

"There won't be any more trouble," the bartender said, rising from his safe haven. "I swear there won't be. Shit, I don't want no more of this, Wally. Stay over on your end of the boulevard, and I'll make sure these assholes stay over here. Let's call it off."

"Suits me," the big guy said, "but I'll hang onto this in case I have to wrap it around someone's head." He slipped the wrench into the back pocket of his jeans, and the three of us headed out the door.

We were laughing and celebrating as we rolled down the crowded boulevard in the silver Z28. Up ahead, the lights of PUNK CITY glittered, but we sailed on by and were soon back at the pad. An ice-pack on Bob's head did wonders, but my lips on his dick worked even quicker magic.

"O-h-h-h, that feels good," he said, as he lay back limply in Wally's bed, the pack still on his forehead.

His sweet pecker filled my mouth, and it made me feel good. My dick was played

out for the evening, thanks to Wally, but I could still do Bob a good turn. I ran my lips up and down the throbbing shaft, feeling the weight of the prick on my tongue. I began to flick at the underside of the cock-head, knowing I was making Bob forget all about the ache in his brain.

"M-m-m-m-m," he was moaning. "Oh, man, that's the way to do it. O-h-h-h. That bunch in the bar don't know what the fuck they're missing. M-m-m-m-m-m."

Then I tasted cock-cream. Spurts of the stuff hit the roof of my mouth, oozing down to coat my tongue. I sucked faster, pursing my lips around the swollen cock-shaft. The spray of jism filled my mouth and ran down my throat, and I gulped it gratefully. Then I felt the dick go limp and I held it motionless.

When I finally slipped Bob's prick out of my mouth and looked up at Bob, he was sound asleep. Wally and I put out the light and tip-toed from the room, glad that Bob was sleeping off his headache.

"I think that's done," Wally said about the violence that had plagued us. "Say, how you feeling? You took a pretty good shot, boy."

"No problem," I said, slumping into a chair. "The bruise'll be on my ribcage. I'll be able to take any modeling assignment Lenny lines up for me."

Wally broke into gales of laughter. "Spoken like a true professional," he laughed. "You'll be able to work . . . just so long as it's not a nude session."

STEVIE'S DREAM ABOUT BUDDY AND THE "FAMILY"

I had a dream and it was scary. I was with the Lawrences and we were all having lunch together. I think it was a Saturday, does that seem appropriate for the Lawrences? Buddy, Kate, Doug, Willy, Nancy and me. Suddenly, Kate turned to me and said, "I know that you and Buddy are having a lesbian relationship." I didn't say a word. I was thinking, "Don't put me in that position, bitch!", and then I thought, "Well, why don't you ask BUDDY about it!" I turned to Buddy and looked at her, and I looked at Kate and she was looking at Buddy as well, and Buddy said, "Yeah Mom, it's true." Doug sat speechless, like a dumb oaf, probably worried about Nancy. Suddenly, Willy said, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!" and then we all went to the park together. We all walked in a line through Edwards Gardens.

That's it.

Open letter to Letch Patrol: Are You Experienced?



We received your seven inches with a certain amount of trepidation. Could you possibly live up to the wild reputation you have created? Or are you gay posters cashing in on AIDSmania? We ask you to rectify the situation, once and for all. Readers of J.D.S. demand to know:

are you posin' or cruisin'?!?!?

we received your seven inches
Are You Experienced?
rectify the situation

MAIL
TO

Rt. Hon. Brian Mulroney
Langevin Block
House of Commons
Ottawa, ON
K1A 0A6

To Prime Minister Brian Mulroney:

Your government's amendments to the Criminal Code, contained in Bill C-54, concerning erotica and pornography violate the fundamental rights of Canadian citizens.

Bill C-54 will deprive me of my right to free choice in books, films, magazines and other media. It will place that choice in the hands of others.

The Bill's definition of pornography is so broad that many great works of art, literature and film will be classed as "pornographic."

Bill C-54 will result in repressive censorship and cannot be tolerated in a free and democratic society.

I urge you to withdraw Bill C-54 immediately. Please respond with your government's intentions.

Signature _____

Name (Please Print) _____

Address and City _____

(PLEASE COMPLETE IN FULL)



HOLLYWOOD'S GAY TEEN PUNKS by SODOMITICUS

Sal got snuffed by the rough trade; Rock, by a micro-organism. James bought it in a hot rod; Nick ate some barbs. Tab's made a comeback and so has Dennis.

If you thought that the only thing these guys had in common was that they were all, at one time or another, gay teen punks, you're wrong. Nope, the common denominator in this case is that each of them -- Mineo, Hudson, Dean, Adams, Hunter, and Hopper -- once graced the pages of Hollywood's most outrageous gossip zine, the Hollywood Star.

During its short life, the Star's pulp pages (it was printed on newspaper stock and had the big full format, not tabloid) carried such outrageous headlines as: "8 Superstars Were Former Homosexuals," "Rex Reed Knocks Barbra And She Cries," and "Mother Was a Whore," the latter quote attributed to Betty Hutton, who added, "but don't print it."

Each week (or month; I can't recall its frequency of publication right now), you looked forward to another issue, if only to check out the incredible "Beef-Cake Section," which would run nude photos of stars (when available) or partially nude movie stills (when not). (It was easy to get nudes of Joe Dallesandro; difficult to obtain them of Alain Delon.)

The Advocate once reviewed the Star and said it was "designed for tourists and trash-freaks." Well, that had to have included me. You paid 50¢ for it on the newstands (or racks with coin boxes, so many of which lined Hollywood Boulevard that the merchants complained). If you wanted a sub, it was a buck an issue at \$12 a year, and the order blank bluntly stated: "Don't Miss An Issue. Must be 18 yrs. old." Back issues went for anywhere from \$2 for a more recent copy, to \$25 for a limited edition of Vol. 1, No. 3. (the gay stars issue).

MOVIE GOSSIP FOR ADULTS! HOLLYWOOD STAR

8 SUPERSTARS WERE FORMER HOMOSEXUALS

- Joe Michael Vincent 'Nude Pastor'
- RAMON NAVARRO'S KILLER 'Nude'!

Part I WHY WERE THEY GAY?



TAB HUNTER

Tab Hunter was one of the most popular teen idols of the 1950s. He was a handsome, charming actor who played the role of the perfect gentleman. However, behind the scenes, he was a different person. He was gay, and he was proud of it. He was one of the first celebrities to come out, and he was a role model for many young people.



BURT REYNOLDS

Part of them

Superstars are both Gay and Straight persons



TAB



BURT

Might as well add DAVID CASSIDY and BURT REYNOLDS to your list of bi-sexual stars. That ARBY-BURGER STAND across from Hollywood High is a rather obvious cruising place, and those big limousines do attract a lot of attention. I heard that Burt likes to "carry on" in the back seat of the limo while the chauffeur drives them around! He's also very self-conscious about the size of his cock, when it's soft. But I heard that it's above average when it's up! Those guys just can't keep quiet Burt.

It is a fact that many of the stars of the 1950s were gay. This was a time when being gay was still considered a taboo, but many people were breaking the mold. Stars like Tab Hunter and Burt Reynolds were among the first to come out, and they were doing so in a way that was both brave and entertaining. Their stories were often the subject of gossip and speculation, but they were also a source of inspiration for many young people who were struggling with their own sexuality.



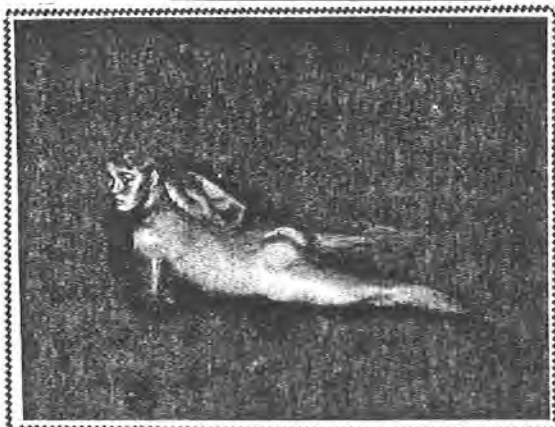
DENNIS COLE as MODEL!



"Hollywood Star"
for J.D.'s



TAB and JIM DEAN
posin' or cruisin' ?



DENNIS COLE as MODEL !

I had a very emotional experience a few weeks ago. I had the opportunity to try on one of James Dean's leather jackets. The one that is owned by John Gilmore, author of "THE REAL JAMES DEAN." I also got to see and hold the life mask that Warners' made when Jimmy was alive. It was like I was holding Jim's face in my hands. Since I'm one of Jim's biggest fans, it was a real thrill for me.

John is divorcing his wife, writing three more books, and hopes to return to acting . . . on the side. John is also the author of "THE GARBAGE PEOPLE," one of the first books written on Charles Manson.

brass and aluminum, the Star, a regional publication in Dakota, reveled in revealing the most secret lives of the superstars. It seemed as if he'd never heard the word, "libel," what with his constant fag-baiting and purveyance of "Movie Gossip for Adults," which was the newsmagazine's subtitle. One issue carried the following in Dakota's "It's All True" section:

In answer to his fan (JOHN TRAVOLTA) who didn't like what I said about his acting in "CARRIE" and who stated that it's a wonder that I hadn't associated him with "faggots." Well, on January 1st of this year, John was supposed to have had his cock sucked, by a male, at a party. This was "after" the girls left. I was told that he had an average 6 incher.

(Vol. 1, No. 8.)

As it happens, the Star bore witness more often than not to the old homily, "Where there's smoke, there's fire." Hollywood did abound in gay scandals. For example, there was a Sunset Boulevard (as I recall) service station whose men's room was the most notorious head in the subculture. If you were a tearoom queen and didn't know about it, you were deceased. George Maharis, according to the L. A. Times, got busted in it -- for soliciting an undercover vice cop. The Route 66 star just couldn't stay out of toilets.

The Star was the first publication to carry the now-famous photo of a young, pre-Hollywood James Dean nude, perched on the limb of a tree he'd climbed. It shows him jerking off his average 6 incher. They were the first (and probably only) publication to run a poster-sized blow up of the puke Jan-Michael Vincent shot from 1974's Buster and Billie (cut from the TV print, of course). They were the only periodical to show Rock Hudson and Dennis Cole in the midst of their ablutions (Rock in a tub; Dennis, the TV star, in a shower stall). And the only newspaper to show the uncut porn model, Paul Ferguson, who snuffed silent film star Ramon Navarro. Good-looking guy, Ferguson, and not just because I have a hang-up about rough trade. Too bad he was such a homicidal maniac: Together with his brother, Tom, he beat Navarro to a bloody mess, then stuffed a lead dildo down the actor's throat!!

Well, I could go on and on about the Hollywood Star. I certainly miss it! Oh, in case you are wondering just who the "8 Former Homosexuals" were, here's the list, in alphabetical order:

HORST BUCHHOLZ
TONY CURTIS
JAMES DEAN
ALAIN DELON
LAURENCE HARVEY
ROCK HUDSON
TAB HUNTER
BURT LANCASTER

Whew! I can tell you that I'm fairly certain each of these men had same-sex sex at one time or another. Dean is said to have been into S&M, like Sal. In fact, Jimmy was once labeled "the human ashtray" due to a fondness for being burned by cigarettes. DeLon freely admitted his bisexuality. Rumors were rife about all the others and, after all, Rock did die of AIDS, and Burt has done a lot of benefits for victims of the disease.

In the final analysis, though, who really gives a shit?



Portrait of a Killer

Paul Ferguson

Photo courtesy
Kris of Chgo.

**FAST-LANE
FERGIE**

Paul Ferguson (at age 18) from Chicago, is considered by many to be a sweet, gentle appearing boy. But several years after this photo was taken he was in Hollywood with his younger brother Tom and on a recommendation from their cousin they went to visit the home of actor Ramon Navarro. Believing that he had considerable money hidden in his house (which he did not), they beat him unmercifully and forced a lead dildo down his throat. Mr. Navarro died. The two brothers received life terms. Parole was to be considered for Paul in November of last year. Paul's brother just escaped prison a few weeks ago.

SECRETS OF A SEX SIREN'S DAUGHTER



A HOLLYWOOD STORY

INGRID
HAMILTON



CHERYL CRANE, shown here in 1958 after being booked on suspicion of murder, tells all in book.

UCKLE YOUR seatbelts: Lana Turner's daughter is ready to talk.

And does she ever. In a sizzling new autobiography called *Detour: A Hollywood Story*.

Cheryl Crane, now 44, has written a soul-baring, no-holds-barred confessional.

In it she re-lives the fatal stabbing of mobster Johnny Stompanato — yes, she killed him — and the resulting scandal that changed her life forever.

She also reveals, for the first time, that as a child she was sexually abused by actor Lex Barker, the former film star of *Farzan* who was married to her mother at the time.

And she writes candidly of her long-term lesbian love affair with former model Joyce LeRoy, with whom she has shared her life for the last 18 years.

Crane's publisher edited her original 800-page manuscript to less than 400 pages, she told the *Sunday Sun* in a phone interview from San Francisco. "But we didn't leave out anything exciting, I promise."

It took Crane, daughter of restaurateur Stephen Crane, almost 30 years to gather up the courage to write this gritty account of what she describes as the "adventure" of her life.

It is a melancholy story of a young girl growing up with a mother who was too busy being a movie star and searching for her own happiness to give her daughter anything more than part-time love.

The 1958 slaying of Turner's boyfriend Johnny Stompanato by Crane, then 14, is one Hollywood scandal that continues to interest new generations. The teenager testified she believed he was about to strike her mother when she fatally stabbed him with a carving knife.

The slaying made headlines around the world. Never permitted in the kitchen, Crane was so unfamiliar with knives that she was holding the so-called murder weapon upside down — that is, sharp side up — when she stabbed Stompanato. Adding more fuel to an already fiery story was the fact that Turner had summoned the doctor, criminal attorney Jerry Geisler and the police — in that order.

In *Detour* this incident is referred to either as "that Good Friday" or "the paragraph."

Even to this day, writes Crane, when mother and I refer to the tragedy in conversation, we euphemize it as "the paragraph" because no press mention of us seems to be complete unless it includes a paragraph about what happened that Good Friday in 1958.

To this day, rumors still persist that the true story of

Johnny Stompanato's death has yet to be told.

In the '60s, Harold Robbins wrote a then-scandalous novel, *Where Love Has Gone*, in which a jealous daughter tries to kill her mother, accidentally killing her stepfather

— and secret lover — when he steps in front of the mother to protect her.

In Woody Allen's new movie *September*, Mia Farrow plays a woman who lives as a social outcast after "confessing" to the murder of her stepfather, whom she allegedly "killed" while still a teenager.

When we talked, Crane spoke about such rumors, most notably "those famous old rumors that perhaps my mother did it. That really ticked me off," she added.

"How any person could imagine a mother, I don't care whose mother, a mother who would let their child take the blame for something like that, and live with that for the rest of their life — what kind of a person could they possibly think this woman is?"

Her mother called her "Cherry Blossom" and "Baby."



LANA TURNER cries at daughter's trial.

and trusted on dressing her like a child, even though she was visibly maturing. But Crane's life was far from child-like. Her mother's boyfriends, or "uncles," as she was asked to call them, included Lex Barker, famous at that time for his Tarzan movies. Recently split from Arlene Dahl, Barker became Crane's stepfather and, soon after, her divorcee.

"Cheryl, I have some exciting news," mother said one day, having summoned me to her medieval bedroom. She took my hands. "Lex and I are going to get married."

"When?" I asked feebly.
"In about half an hour," she said, checking her lipstick in the mirror.

The marriage struck terror in the 10-year-old girl. Not long after the wedding, she says, Barker raped her.

"When I was your age I was really lucky too," he told her. "There was an older woman who showed me all about sex, just the way I'm going to show you. I'm still very grateful to her, and someday I'm sure you'll be grateful to me."

She says this went on for two years, without anyone knowing — including Lana, who was sometimes in the next room.

"Not everyone would understand what we just did here," Barker would tell her. "It's something people don't talk about, y'know. Remember, from now on this is going to be our secret. Y'got that?"

Crane said in the interview she found herself reliving old emotions in the two years she spent writing the book.

"Hearing, sights, sounds, tastes, smells — all the senses come back," she said. "And that made it rougher than just sitting down and saying, this is what happened."

When asked how she feels when she looks at old photo albums she said, "I had a huge big cardboard box full of photos I took to the publishers, and while I looked them over before putting them into chronological order, it was like looking at another person — someone I knew from years ago."

The new Cheryl Crane appears to have found a soulmate in former model and tennis player Joyce "JoJo" LeRoy, and clearly considers their 16-year relationship a blessing.

"I don't question the whys or wherefores," she said. "I'm just very grateful."

She says she first realized she was in love with LeRoy when, for the first time, she blurted out her darkest secret — the murder of Johnny Stompanato.

"It was the very first time I had even brought the subject up to anyone," she recalled. "Here I was carrying guilt that had never been resolved. I had not even allowed myself to really examine what had happened in my own mind, much less talk to anyone else about it. Because I've never heard anyone express to me their opinion of what they thought I had done good, bad, either or whatever — even my own parents. I was so fearful of rejection, that people were perhaps pointing fingers at me, so that when I even approached the subject I couldn't admit to it. Which was a terrible thing. But it was a terrible, psychological, emotional thing. I hadn't worked through it in my own mind."

LeRoy told her everyone felt it was an act of protection and that she was "not looking at me like a murderers." Which, Crane says, "was such an amazing, enlightening moment. It really changed my whole perception of myself and the way I felt about the whole thing."

As for being gay, she says she became aware of her homosexuality at the age of six.

"I was never in a position to feel uncomfortable because I accepted myself from the beginning. My parents were of the type that I never heard prejudice of any kind of other people, so I never expected anything



HOLLYWOOD NIGHTMARE

Lana Turner with boyfriend Johnny Stompanato and teenage daughter Cheryl Crane. Above, Turner, Stompanato and Cheryl Crane, below, a few days before hearing her daughter's testimony.



toward me. My parents adored me. We weren't the average family, yes, and we had a lot of problems, but I always knew they supported me and loved me. No matter what I did they were there behind it. Sometimes a little late, but always there. So I never had that terrible anguish that I do know people go through: Oh God, I'm different, how am I going to face my parents?

"The thing that I learned which was interesting — which was, because of lack of communication, not until later — was that my mother, and I'm sure my grandmother and father, in the back of their minds probably earned feelings of guilt: What did I do? As my mother said when I told her I was going to write about it, I never thought to tell her that I didn't think she did anything, because I had never felt that need to blame anyone. But that's me. I think I was blessed again in the fact that I have the self-confidence to say, hey, here I am — take it or leave it. But on the other hand I never made it my major cause in life either. It's just part of my life."

Growing up in Hollywood was part of her life too, and Detour is filled with wonderful anecdotes and real Hollywood mush about "sweater girl" Lana and her many different roles, on and off screen.

Of her playgirl mother — a woman who loved partying so much she was at one time dubbed the

"Nightclub Queen" — Crane writes:

"Her love life never stopped churning and sometimes she was seen out with a different man every week for months at a stretch. Usually she chose famous actors, but always good-looking ones. 'Let's face it,' she explained, 'it's the physical that attracts me first. If you get to know a man's heart and soul, that's icing on the cake.'"

"It was during the writing of the book that my mother and I discussed for the first time her feelings, what she was going through, knowing about what had happened to me. I mean these are things we should have discussed 30 years ago, but fortunately it's never too late, I mean I'm lucky enough she's still here and that we have been able to talk about this now."

When she and co-writer Cliff Jahr finally finished the book, Crane fired off bound galleries of Detour to her mother with a note: Buckle your seatbelt!

Turner phoned her two days later.
"Well, I finished it," her mother told her. "and I'm still on planet Earth."

"Do you know what she said to me?" Crane said, obviously touched. "She said, I am so proud of you — you're one hell of a gutsy lady. It was a devastating book, but powerful! ... I couldn't put it down!"

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Boy 16, seeks correspondence w/boys from all over, especially,
Manhattan, Groton MA, Putney VT, Ston, London, San Francisco,
Honolulu, Sydney & L.A., preferably w/a Mohawk who look fierce
in war paint & tights. Have own flat near CEGB. Crashers welcome!!
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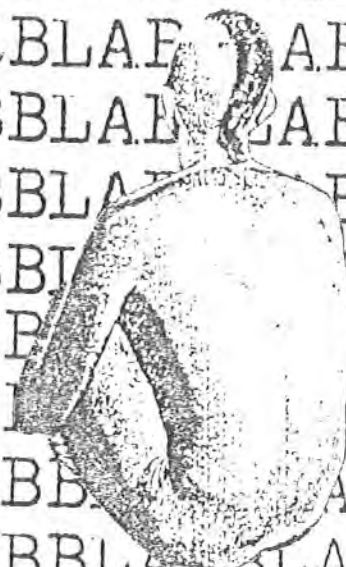
Joe the Ho: Where are you? If you are still with us
(i.e. alive), give us a call. Everyone
at J.D.s misses you.

LETCR PATROL: WRITE US!

Dear Editor:

Thanks for the J.D.s. It saved
my life. Are the Nip Drivers
really homos? I thought it
was funny. Two friends were
grossed out and they love the
Nip Drivers-HaHa. I don't think
they like 'em as much anymore.
Ha. These two are easily offend-
ed. I don't think J.D.s is for
people who are easily offend-
ed.

Donna D.
Olympia, WA.



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Last issue we included a rave review of Donny the Punk's sizzling tape, "Jail Is..." but forgot to mention where to write to get it. So here it is: c/o J. JONES

JAIL IS... 185 W. HOUSTON ST # 4 B
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U.S.A.

BOYSVILLE, U.S.A. is the newest
and cutest gay zine out now!
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HEY KIDS!
Sorry to jeopardize all those j.o. fantasies
and wet dreams of yours, but Stevie would like
it known that she is a full-on lesbo killer
whore.....That's right - a dyke.

J. D. S.

Thanks for ish 3. Thought it was cool. The front and back cover pix of Stevie are HOT HOT HOT! Is the Yamaha his or was it just for the photo? I'll have to check out some of those songs on your Top 20! Hope to hear from you soon.

Name withheld by request
Long Island, NY

Dear G.B. Jones:

J.D.s is getting better and better. The cover guy is kinda cute. So is the Nip Drivers' singer. Do they have an address I could write to?

Your friend always,
Gary Hemp.
New Jersey

Here's that address:
Nip Drivers
22714 Susana St.
Torrance, Ca.
90505

Hi,

Thanks for the issue #3 of J.D.s. In the new issue radical ray's poem is good stuff. Your cover guy needs to pose in the altogether. And this daddy would like to get his hands on both Bruce the Punk and Dave-id for a few lessons in discipline and 'tough' love. Keep up the good work.

Best, Lance
Warren, OH

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