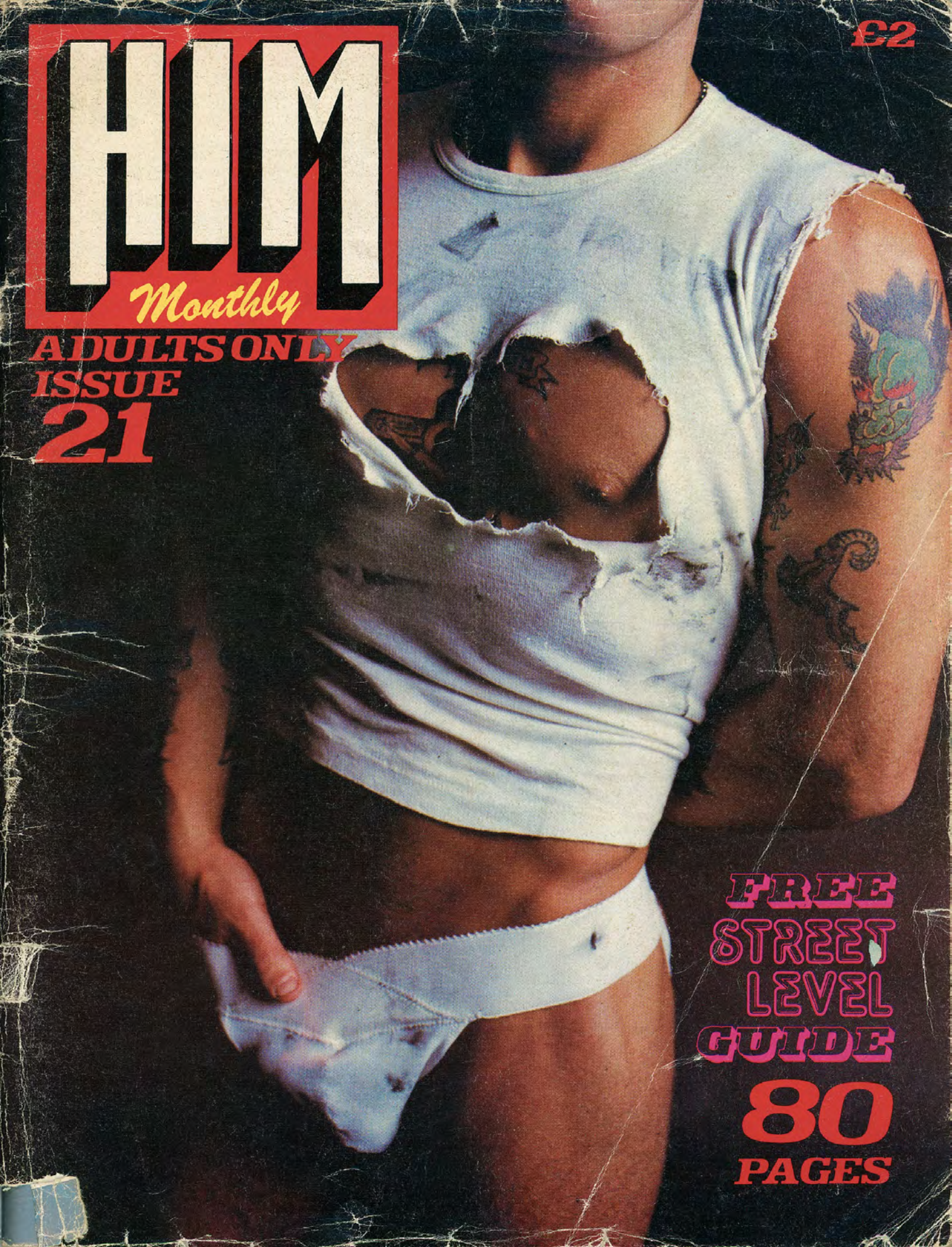
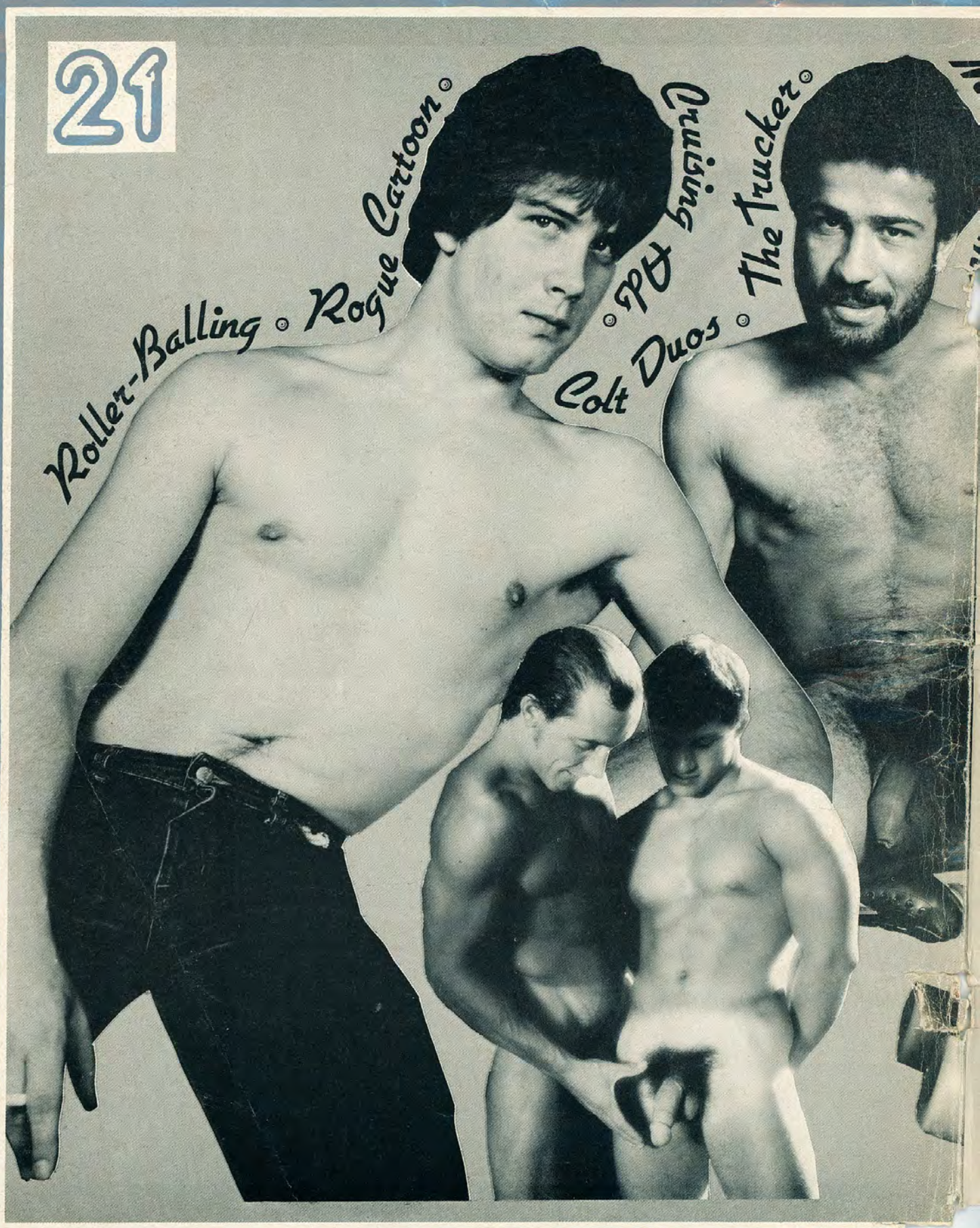
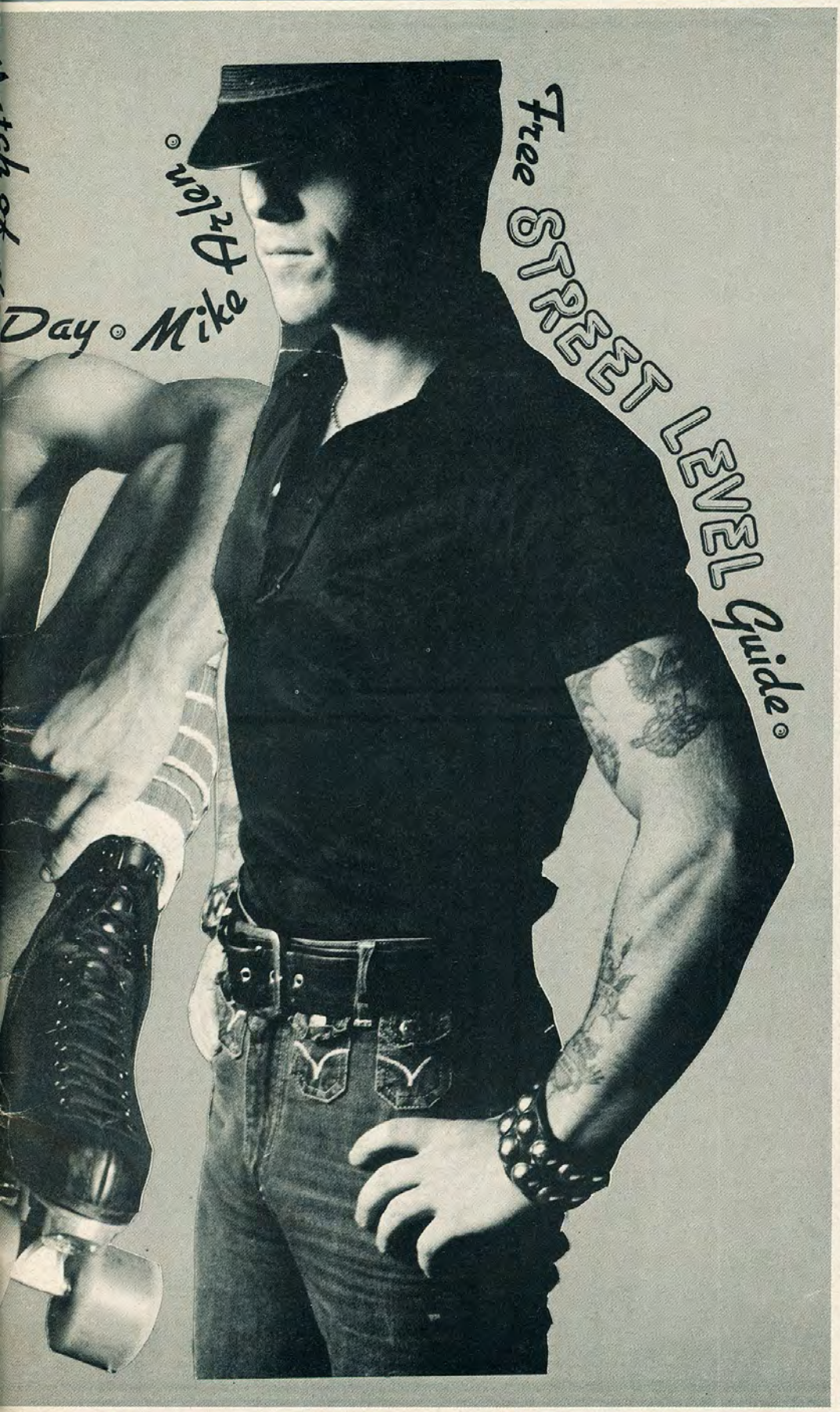

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ISSUE
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Roller-Balling • Rogue Cartoon •
Cruising PA •
Colt Duos • The Trucker •



HIM

HIM Monthly
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NEXT MONTH IN HIM
STAR TROOPER
Colour Fantasy Feature

PUBLISHERS PAGE

A twenty-first birthday is always something special. More so if you happen to be gay, as by some blind quirk of British law we are not allowed to have sex before this majic age be reached. Unrealistic, frustrating and a passport for blackmailers though this be, countless thousands of gay people are trapped in this legal limbo, a fact not usually appreciated by those who aren't gay themselves - who tend to assume that when homosexuality was made "legal", the age of consent - 18 - applied to us too. We can't tell them often enough that it doesn't - and it's overdue for reform. At 18 we can vote, we can join the army and be killed in Northern Ireland - but we can't make love to another man. It stinks.

This month is our 21st issue in the current series. It also seems to us to be a cause for celebration, anyway an opportunity to let our hair down and have a good time on these pages is not to be missed. Sadly the magical age doesn't free HIM to "come of age" sexually. We are still bound by the oppressive climate which allows heterosexual magazines to become ever more explicit while their gay equivalent must abide by lunatic rules and restrictions. HIM will remain completely open and proud of it's sexual content whatever is thrown at it. This is a gay magazine for gay men who love sex, we think sex between two men is about the most beautiful thing in nature. There is no place for guilt, GAY PRIDE means more than marching and lobbying, ours is not only a political struggle. The right to enjoy our natural sexuality without shame or guilt is what is important - and we like to thing that this is the reason more gay men buy HIM than any other magazine.

Joining us in our birthday frivolities we have everyone from Starship Troopers to Roller Baller's - have we gone too far? Also FREE for you to enjoy, we present the secondly monthly issue of STREET LEVEL, a new magazine which you will find in your HIM for the next few months, designed to fill a gap in the lives of readers who enjoy disco, leather, drinking, travel, gossip and much more. Gay people who enjoy life seemed to us to need a monthly guide and review magazine all to themselves. Based on the American BAR NEWSPAPER concept, STREET LEVEL is partly paid for by advertisements, a thing we don't do in HIM - as we are jealous of our page space, being determined to pack as much sexy and entertaining material in each month as we can. We have already had a stack of letters from those who enjoyed the first STREET LEVEL, or had suggestions to make. Let's hear some more, and we can make this one small publication that really serves it's readers needs and interests - we can't have too many of those, and HIM is proud to make this effort to launch one.

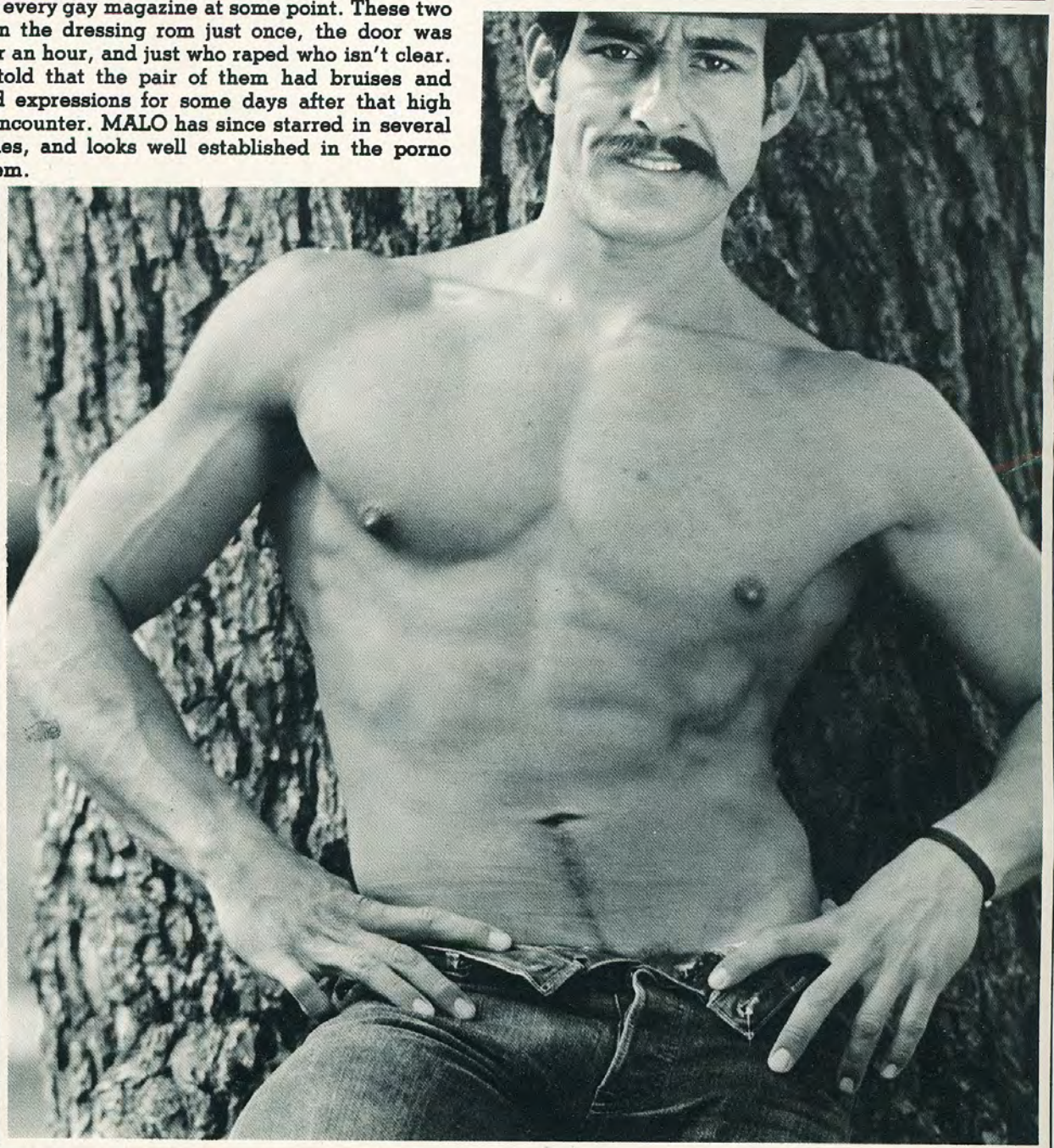
In response to your letters and ideas, we once again feature our READERS LETTERS pages in this issue. We stopped this originally as there weren't enough varied letters to fill it. So those of you who took us to task had better get pen to paper and fill it with interest - it's up to you. In any event we love to hear from you, HIM may have "come of age" this month - but we still intend to follow our readers lead and react to what you tell us.

Lastly, before you launch into the pages ahead, may we thank all those who responded so warmly to our recent police raid hassles. It's good to know you support us, and we are especially grateful fro the help and patience of those whose orders or correspondence were scrambled in the confusion this caused. Things are now back to normal - until the next time, which we all hope will never happen.

Now off we go, with a bumper "Silver" edition... Enjoy!

BIG HIM GUY

MALO, American porno-star, and man-about-New York, going just about as far as you can in Central Park. In fact, as we understand it reckless Malo was prepared to go a lot further - despite several dozen passers-by in view. "Why don't I take them right off?", he is suggesting, no doubt realising that his growing number of fans expect him to go all the way, every time. This reputation has been built on fact. MALO began doing a live strip and jack-off act on the stage of the JEWEL THEATRE. Any guy who can get it hard, and make love to a packed auditorium all at once probably finds Central Park a relatively private place. Also at the JEWEL for a time was ROGER, featured in almost every gay magazine at some point. These two met up in the dressing rom just once, the door was locked for an hour, and just who raped who isn't clear. We are told that the pair of them had bruises and contented expressions for some days after that high voltage encounter. MALO has since starred in several gay movies, and looks well established in the porno star-system.

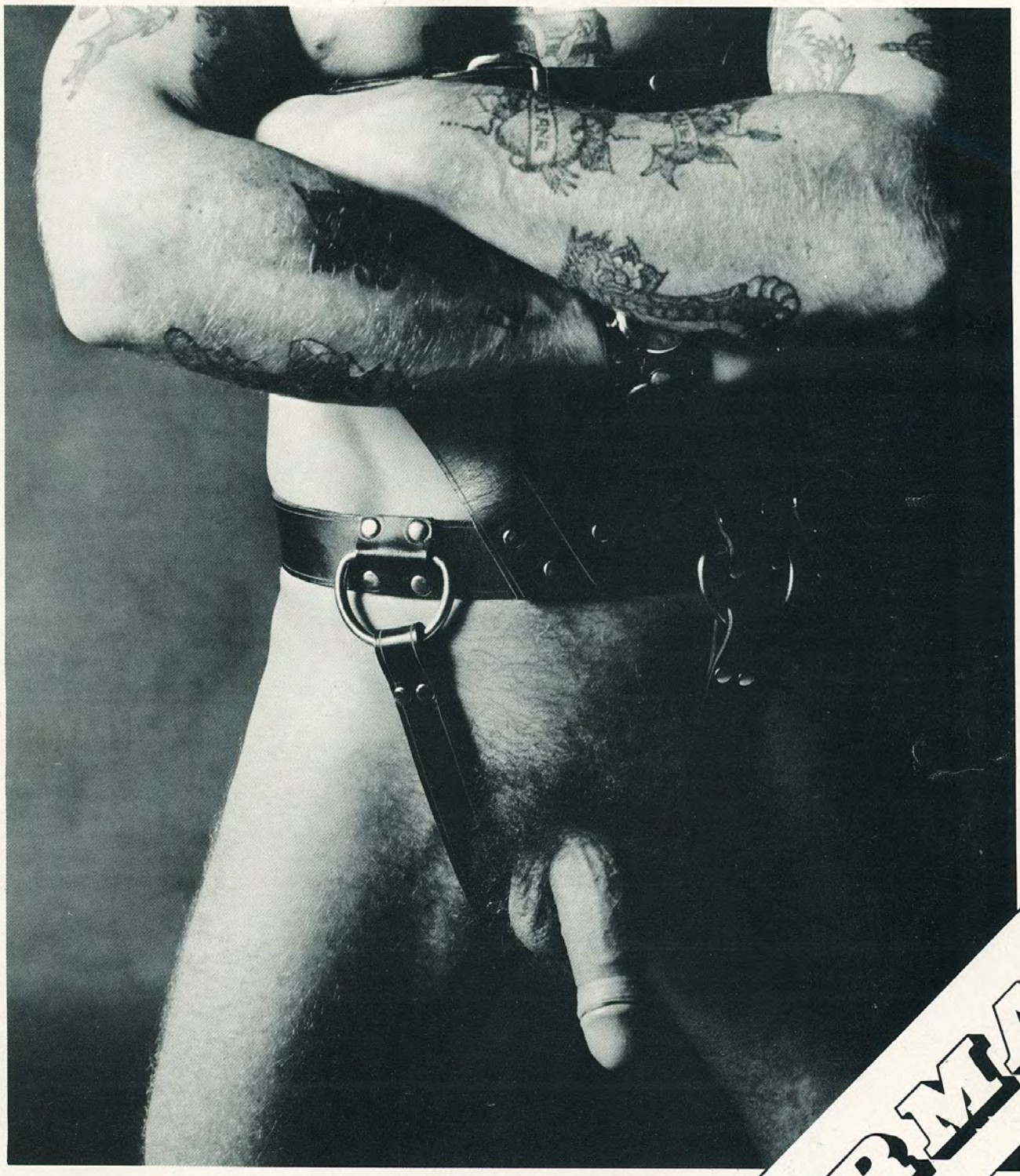



ROGUE
CAPTURED BY A MAD SCIENTIST AND PUT THROUGH GRUELLING SEXUAL TESTS, ROGUE AND HIS NEW SIDEKICK, YOUNG PUPPY, ARE TRAPPED IN A SPACESHIP HEADED TOWARDS AN ALIEN CRAFT ORBITING EARTH...
MIGHT AS WELL SQUEEZE EVERY LAST DROP OF FUN OUT OF THIS TRIP...!
GOLLY! NOW I KNOW WHAT LUKE SKYWALKER AND HAN SOLO WERE INTO BETWEEN STAR WARRING!
2 pm...
5 pm...
5.06pm
5.32pm.
!!
OLIVER FREY


WELCOME, ROGUE! YOU HAVE BEEN SELECTED TO GIVE LORD KREMM-RAM PLEASURE AND EXCERCISE!
THE SLIGHT THING WILL SATISFY OUR PLASMOID PILOT!
SLIGHT! ME!? YOU CRUD!
PUPPY IS WHISKED OFF BY THE ROBOTS!!!
COME - SLIGHT THING - THE PLASMOID IS QUIVERING TO ENGULF AND FILL YOU!
WHERE AM I? WHERE IS THIS THING?
FOOTSTEPS!
*!@$ **!
LET US BEGIN, LITTLE TIGHT BUNS!
LORD KREMM-RAM!
OH NO!!
WOW - THIS COMIC STRIP IS GETTING A BIT OVER THE TOP!
HE LOOKS HUMPY, BUT...!
I WONDER IF HE HAS A TWIN-ASS TOO!


HEY! STOP IT! I'M NOT INTO PLASMOID PILOTS!
A TRAPDOOR OPENS UNDER ROGUE'S FEET!
!
A CHUTE!
FINALLY!
UGH!
MEANWHILE PUPPY IS IN THE VISCOUSLY MOIST CLUTCH OF THE PLASMOID PILOT...
OOOH!
LOVELY! LOVELY!
GLUG! IT'S IN MY STOMACH!
YIPEE-EH! FOUR TIMES ALREADY!
EEK! AH! OOOH!
BUT HERE I COME AGAIN!
BUT HOW IS ROGUE GETTING ON WITH KREMM-RAM?


LORD KREMM-RAM HAS FOUND THAT BEING DOMINATED BY A PUNY EARTHMAN IS A FUN SCENE!
AND ROGUE FINDS THAT DOMINATING A GIANT ALIEN REALLY GIVES HIM SOMETHING TO WORK ON!!!
!!*
"WITH TWO GIANT COCKS AND TWO TIGHT ASSES THERE IS PLENTY OF BODY TO GO ROUND - DOUBLE HELPINGS!
7.50 pm -
10.00 pm -
1.05 am
3.20am
4.10 am
8.00am
HOURS LATER!!!
ROGUE AND PUPPY ARE ON THEIR WAY BACK!!!
!!!THE ALIENS LEAVE,
THIS ROCKET TAKES US RIGHT BACK TO DR. STRANGE WHO KIDNAPPED US IN THE FIRST PLACE!
NO, KID!
LORD KREMM-RAM WAS SO PLEASED THAT HE DISPATCHED A LITTLE SPECIAL ROCKET FOR STRANGE! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE PACIFIC - OFF THE CALIFORNIA COAST - DINGHY PROVIDED!
AT DR. STRANGE'S HQ. JUST DESSERTS ARE DELIVERED!!!
IN THE PACIFIC - SPLASHDOWN!!!
WELL, THAT WAS ONE CLOSE ENCOUNTER THAT PROVES WE GAYS ARE NOT ALONE!
AND WHAT NOW?
A LEISURELY TRIP HOME!
MMH! LOVELY!



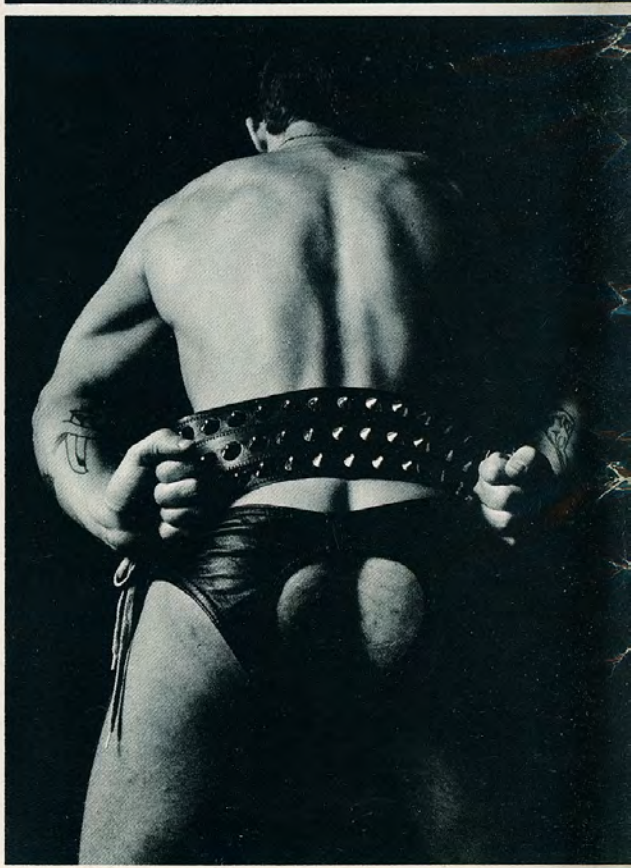
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COVERMAN

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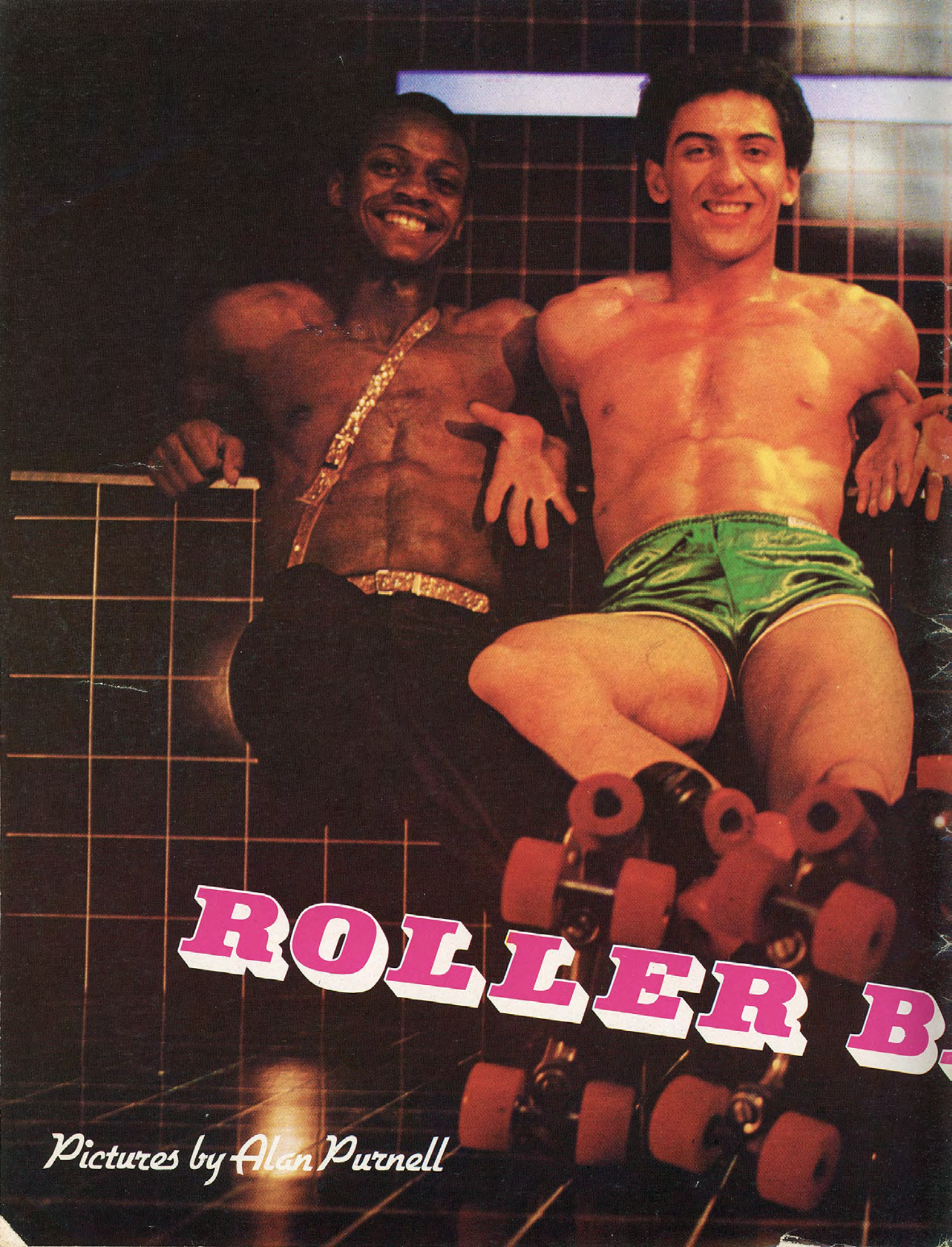




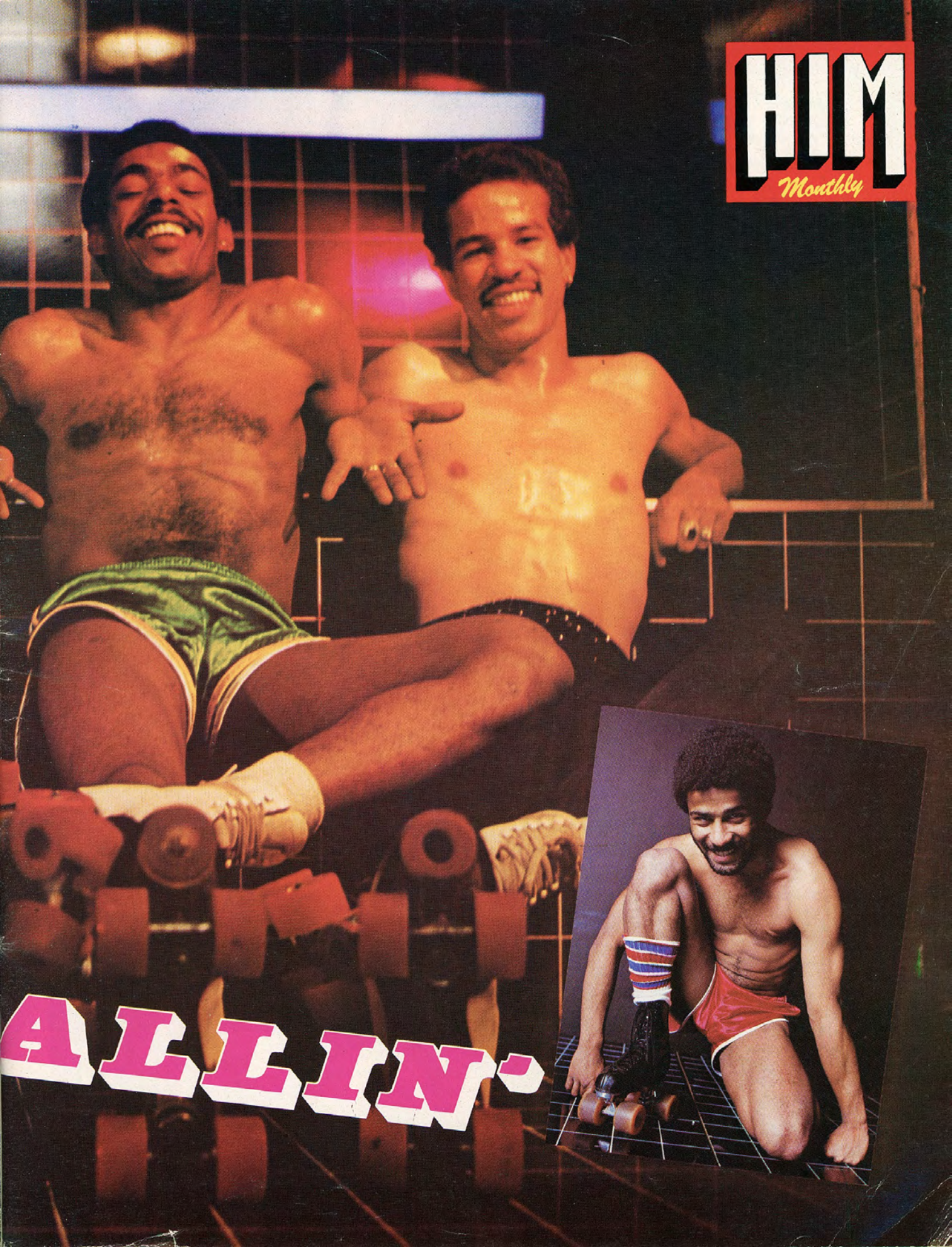


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ROLLER B
Pictures by Alan Purnell

HIM
Monthly

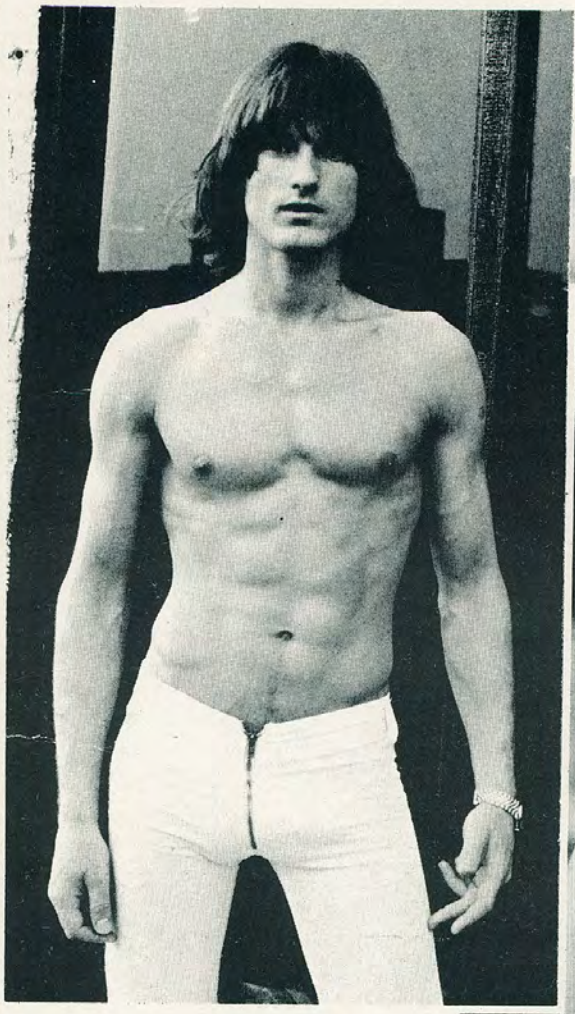


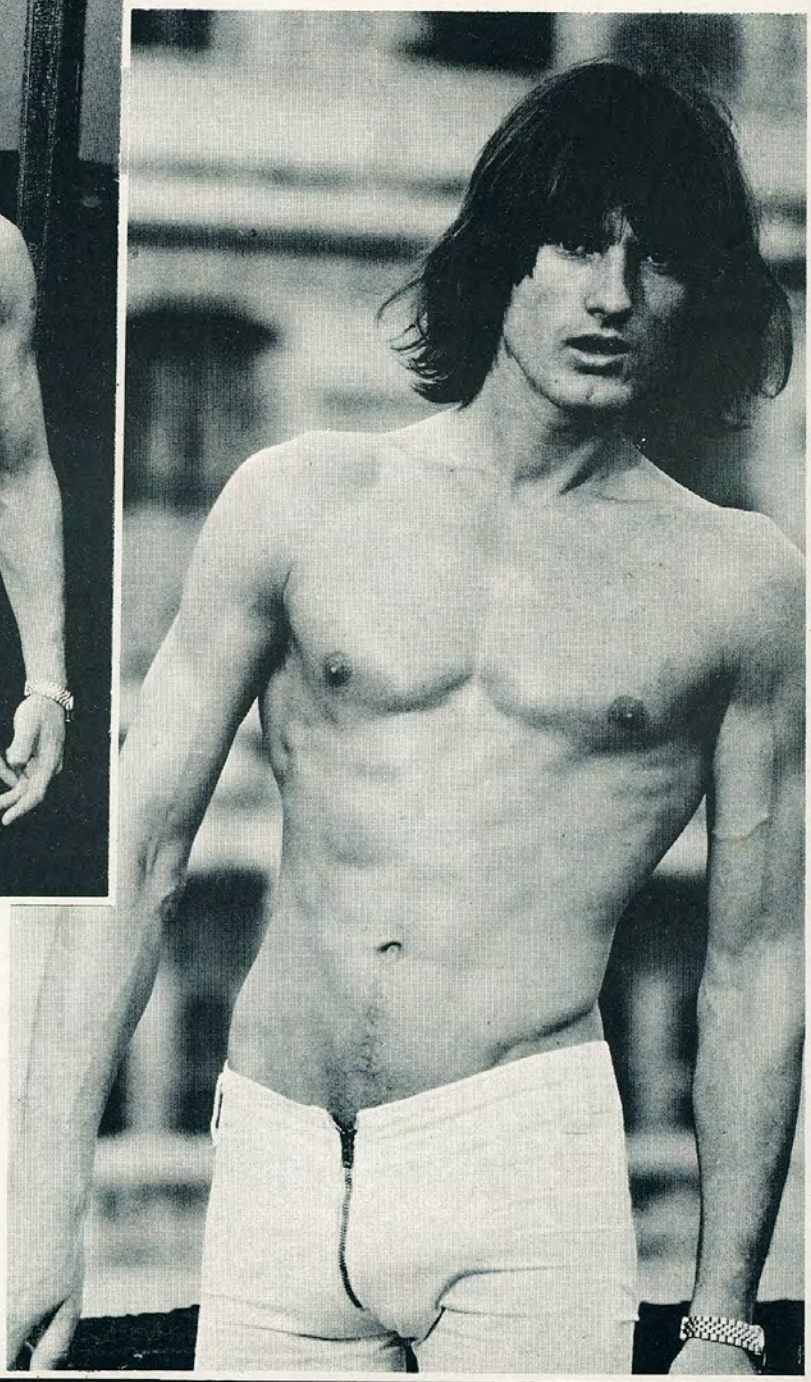
ALL IN-

NUMBERS NUMBERS **NUMBERS** NUMBERS **NUMBERS**

THAT BOY

PETER BERLIN





Peter Berlin, a Hand in Hand star - the perfect fantasy trip for a hot summer's night!

CRUISING

Sussex: Brighton area. Slim fair haired guy into leather and uniforms, sailor, securicor, police etc. seeks discreet sincere friends own flat. Please tell all. **Box H21001.**

V. attractive bloke, v. randy, ex Guards, buthc, v. big assets, 30s, clean/lean, smooth. Seek 21-28 uninhibited longhaired well hung clean handsome bed pals. No hairies, kinks, femmes or time wasters need apply. Genuine advert. ALA. Photo requested. **Box H21002.**

London guy own pad wishes correspond one-legged guy. **Box H21003.**

Video freak seeks others to swop tapes and get together with home colour camera. Also needs willing actors for home video movies. I'm 28 and well hung. (V.H.S.). **Box H21004.**

Hull: shy 37 year old would like to meet experienced friend. Have films, mags, have own pad willing to share. Photo appreciated. ALA. **Box H21005.**

Manchester: tough but loving heavyweight mate required by slim active well endowed 30 year old. Anything legal considered, own place. Photos appreciated. **Box H21006.**

West London: pleasant straight professional offers accommodation and friendship for college type who is over 21 and discreet. All letters answered immediately. **Box 21007.**

London: wanted a leatherman with a gamesroom who will entertain me when I visit London. My interests include B, Ch, Cp, and friendship. Photo helpful. First advert. ALA. **Box H21008.**

Leics/Notts: guy 29 own house, no car, non effem. enjoys theatre, cinema, music, seeks well off companion with same for fun relationship and introduction to other activities. **Box H21009.**

Handsome: professional guy, London, 29, 6ft, sense of humour, blue eyes, musical, need literate male 26-32 for friendship, cuddles and mutual stimulationi. No heavies: just people. Photo helps but ALA. **Box H21011.**

NUMBERSNUMBE



ERRON, made famous by the COLT Studio - a few ago, seems to have dropped out of sight. A Medical Student at the time of the original phtos, ERRON had to quit a prmising nude modelling career to concentrate on final exams. This snap shot, taken last year by his room-mate clearly shows that the young Doctor-to-be still has a lot of hot medicine to offer. Doesn't that make you feel good. UCLA Medical School had better make sure that whoever allocates room-mates in its hall of residence isn't open to bribes. Even if ERRON still leaves dirty jockstraps and track shoes littered all over the room - many would be prepared to put up with this, we predict.

Near London: Straight student over 21 wanting reliable friend with car and flat should contact box number for details without any obligatioin and quick reply. **Box H21010.**

CASH available for serious bodybuilders. This is a genuine offer. Send details and snapshot. ALA. **Box H21012.**

Young man 23 newly arrived London, inexperienced, seeks similar for friendship, fun, possible flat share. Photo with letter appreciated. **Box H21013.**

Australian: 28 visiting London 1980 would like pen friend 35-50. Fat plump or cuddly preferred, to correspond with. I'll need a place to stay (insist on paying board for one to two week stay.) And somebody to show me around London. S. Eyles, PO Box A733, Sydney South 2000, NSW, **Australia.**

SHEFFIELD: Humpy, hairy, 21 year old seeks friend, no kinks, non effem. Photo appreciated but no obligatory. ALA. Age up to 45, discretion please. I'm in need of going west. **Box H21014.**

W.LONDON/UXBRIDGE: 40 student type into leather, rubber, S/M B/D W/S, oil, shorts and boots wants master with place and imagination for long sessions. Can travel. Photo? ALA. **Box H21015.**

S.E.LONDON: I am 21, 5ft8" and looking for guy same age to show me leather/denim scene. ALA. Photo plese, returned with mine. Genuine. **Box H21016.**

OWN ROOM and food free, return companionship and house help. Plenty free time for other work outside. Actors' house, 40 mins West End, 20-35 preferred. Photo please. **Box H21017.**

ARE THERE any othe nice looking, versatile, bisexual guys around who need a pal to drink with, partner in sport and make love to? Is this too much to ask for? **Box H21018.**

SURREY: 45, seeks boyish young friend. Shy and inex-

perienced especially welcome. Could lead to long-lasting rewarding relationship, maybe holidays. Photo and full personal details essential. **Box H21019.**

LONDON: Tall, good looking guy, thirties, with own comfortable pad, seeks student or otherwise literate young slim guy for lasting relationship. Photo and details please. ALA. **Box H21021.**

LONDON: Guy requires regular massage by good looking slim masseur 21-25. Photo essential and fees required. **Box H21021.**

KENT: 39, genuine, muscular bodybuilder slave seeks active muscular master in full leather plus toys into S/M, A/M, C/P to give me full bondage. Photo please plus phone number. **Box H21022.**

LONDON: Guy 29 tall slim attractive, own pad, interested in mild C/P but yet to try, either way. Seeks similar younger slim guy for mutual experimentation. Frank letters welcome. ALA. **Box 21023.**

ANGLESEY: Tall slim passive 50+ wants masculine 25+ to meet, talk, drink and whatever turns you on. Not ungenerous, own place. **Box H21024.**

BACKSLIDERS are boring only if you don't backslide. Handsome 27, really need you. Foto nice, not essential. ALA. **Box H21025.**

C.LONDON: Manual worker 38, slim, stocky and muscular, non scene, like to meet young slim non camp bloke, any colour or nationality. **Box H21026.**

GUY 24 into uniforms, boots and shorts seeks similar. **Box H21027.**

SOUTH WEST: Masculine hairy 50, into medical, dental fantasies. Have you any? Let me make them come true. Photo, phone, ALA. **Box H21028.**

HAVE ALL other waterbabies drowned? If not contact handsome 27. ALA. **Box H21029.**

LONDON: Good-looking, sexy guy, 27, passive, neat buns, tight shorts, briefs, jeans, wants active young guys. Oral sexpert. Photo, phone, frank letter please. **Box H21030.**

LONDON: Glamorous 30yrs, elegant, seeks similar Continental/Scans/Americans, clean-shaven. I want superstars new to London. Will wine/dine you. I am active, you? 21/25! Photo. ALA. Seduce me. **Box H21031.**

WINDSOR/SLOUGH area: Guy 37 seeks short passive friend into tight jeans, leather, turned down gumboots, for affectionate lasting relationship. **Box H21032.**

DERBY AREA: Considerate and understanding schoolmaster 40, offers authentic weekend 'tutorials' to quiet natured complementary boyish type (21-30) wearing shorts etc; novice letters with photo, most welcome. **Box H21033.**

ROSSENDALE/MANCHESTER: 29, good looking lonely guy non-effem, seeks similar any colour 21-30 for lasting relationship. YTour place. ALA, photo if poss. **Box H21034.**

WELL-HUNG dark haired young guy wishes to correspond with others: exchanging experiences, ideas, photos, books. Interests tight jeans, nudes etc. Send frank letter with photo, mine by return. **Box H21035.**

MASTER 29 in good shape seeks slave types for good clean S/M fun. Respectful letter giving body measurements and photo and phone number if poss. **Box H21036.**

ISLE OF MAN: Seek imaginative young men under 25, active/passive, interested leather, rubber, bondage, W/S, enemas, no heavy SM just enjoyable fun. Photo please. **Box H21037.**

LONDON [Hammersmith]: Goodlooking Oriental guy 24 seeks well-built active guy for friendship and fun. Photo essential, returned with mine. **Box H21038.**

NUMBERS**NUMBERS**NU

COMPETI

This stunning guy has an unusual job. His name is Robbie and he's 27 years of age; he lives in San Fransisco, Claifornia. That's all we are going to tell you, except that water is involved in his work - and he isn't a lifeguard. If you guess correctly we'll send you a new HIM/STREET LEVEL T Shirt. Put your suggestions in a letter to HIM (Competition), 44 Earls Court Road, London W11



NUMBERSNUMBERS**NU**

LEICESTER: Bachelor 50 would like to meet new friend would like local Anstey. Sorry middle age spread. **Box H21039.**

LEEDS/W.YORKS: Married bisexual male 22 years seeks good looking males 21 to 26 for friendship and fun. Must be discreet, photo if possible, returned with mine. **Box H21040.**

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LONDON: Guy in denim, leather, seeks well hung active hairy guys into same. Also into D.I.Y. and J/O. ALA with photo. **Box H21041**

GUY 27, active, wants really attractive young guys, 21-23, especially blonds and swimmers. Must be submissive. Photo/phone/details please. **Box H21042.**

FOOD MID KENT: Amateur cook seeks new guests for small private dinner parties, cost of dinner shared. Write with photo if possible and likes for an invitation. **Box H21043.**

D.I.Y. FAN: Goodlooking, would like to meet others 21-35, to see and admire their handiwork, foto helpful. Promise ALA. **Box H21044.**

TYNESIDE: Goodlooking butch guy 29, masculine and bearded seeks discreet goodlooking guys under 35 for friendship. Own place and ALA especially with photo. **Box H21045.**

LONDON: Latin American 33, passive, tall, inexperienced, muscled body, non-camp, wants well made extra sized master any age/race. Photo ensures reply. **Box H21046.**

BEARDED HAIRY Buck Travis fan 25, seeks Zachariah Greene and Cheyenne Smith fan, 21-30. I'm 6ft, bit burly, goodlooking and an appreciator of art. **Box H21047.**

S.YORKS/N.DERBYS: Slave 24 into leather denim uniforms, seeks masters under 30 for D, C/P, S/M. Please reply with frank details and photo. ALA. **Box H21048.**

LEVI'S, Doc Martens, boots, greens mate sought by slim 27 London guy, photo helps. **Box H21049.**

WELL HUNG GUY, good body, 28, requires tight buns and trim bodies. If you are my age and dig long hard sessions then send photo and phone. Let's do it! **Box H21050.**

FAT BOTTOMED guys!! Tall attractive Londoner will give you a great time. No hairies, oldies. Frank letters answered. **Box H21051.**

WEEKEND ACCOM: own room, shaver, secluded garden, nude sunning. Actor's house, 40 mins West End. Photo returned. **Box H21052.**

LONDON: Insatiable bottom man slim hairy seeks W/E hairy studs over 35, for rugged sessions. Gives O&A, likes W/S, leather. Photo exchanged essential, ALA. **Box H21053.**

JOHN 23, goodlooking, seeks man to man action denmem and leather guys. I'm butch looking and acting, wants same. Also versatile guys. Must send photo & phone number. **Box H21054.**

MANCHESTER: 30 year old. quiet affectionate very inexperienced, seeks older guy for genuine sincere relationship. Interests travel, jazz, films, own place. Only genuine replies. ALA. **Box H21055.**

LONDON/ANYWHERE: Biker, 27, slave, into leather, denim, shorts, S/M, W/S, B/D, oil, grease, mud, etc. Available for training indoor or outdoor. Please send full requirements. Genuine. ALA. **Box H21056.**

DISABLED MAN 35 years would like to meet young man early 20s for good time Home Counties and London. Will pay all expenses. ALA. **Box H21057.**

LATE 30s international traveller requires friends to 30 into well filled jock straps for mutual fun anywhere, pref. Europe. ALA with photo. **Box H21058.**

INDIAN 5ft3ins slim 26 yrs, not handsome, seeks sincere understanding friends 25-35

HIM

HOW TO REPLY TO A BOX NUMBER

Send your answer in a sealed envelope with the box number pencilled on the top right-hand corner, and enclose 10p (US 25c) per reply. You must be over 21 years of age. Mail your replies in a larger envelope to HIM

Use this form to place your own ad in HIM. You must be over 21, and keep your wording legal—remember gay sex is only legal between **two** men in **private**. Make sure you **complete your own name and address** clearly, and that you sign the form. Mail this form, with your £3 payment to HIM, 44 Earl's Court Road, London W.8

£3 YOUR HIM AD

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(I am over 21, and authorise you to mail sexually explicit material to me)

..... Signature

£3 A SPARE HIM AD

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(I am over 21, and authorise you to mail sexually explicit material to me)

..... Signature

yrs, long lasting relationship. Clean-shaven, hirsute, London area, your place. Photo a must, hair shaver most welcome, no kinks please. **Box H21059.**

WILTS/M4/LONDON: Novice 28 needs showing the ropes. All BD and mild CP. Will grovel after treatment. Photo please. **Box H21060.**

NORTHANTS/LEICS/LONDON: Masseur with own place wanted by unattractive businessman 27. Must be 25/40, very muscular with big pecs. Weekend sessions. Good fees. Photo essential, phone no. helpful. **Box H21061.**

GENEROUS young man 30s seeks young man possibly ex service type. Rewarding opportunity for right man. Snapshot please. **Box H21062.**

LONDON/N.E.SURREY: Handsome, intelligent, masculine, youthful 48 seeks attractive boyish, genuine type for regular visits my place. Interests include leather, denim, spanking, nipple play, CP. Photos exchanged. **Box H21063.**

LONDON: 5ft8" blonde blue eyed sports lover 22 looking for tall dark haired guy 21-30 non effem preferred with moustache. Your place or mine for sincere friendship. **Box H21064.**

LONDON: Large happy, hairy, heavy, East Ender, ex-Marine now labourer, wants to meet friendly guys 21-43 singles or couples who like heavyweights. Me late thirties. Photo please, kinks welcome. ALA. **Box H21065.**

HITCHIN/LONDON: Professional wants 21-25, own car, house. Active/passive. Age 35. Photo please. **Box H21066.**

SATANIC devotee wants sadists contacts, other crude animals, full frank letters ensure reply. ALA. Anyone any age anywhere. This is a genuine ad, for sexy guys, into S/M, filth, torture. **Box H21067.**

GUY 33 average looks, looking for younger guy to share interests, rock music, theatre, tight denims, slim bodies. Will travel or accommodate. Photo please with detailed letter, Sussex. **Box H21068.**

W.GLAMORGAN: Hot stud, good looking, tall, slim, moustach, dark 26. Bisexual, own pad, seeks non effem goodlooking mate for good times. Photo please, ext with mine. ALA. See you. **Box H21069.**

RANDY GUY 31, moustache, 5ft10", London, wants butch type with ever ready mouth and butt. Will reciprocate. Photo please, definitely ALA. **Box H21070.**

LONDON/AMSTERDAM: 24, each way guy into uniforms, leather, W/S, shorts, J/S, long scenes only, take each other just a bit further. Experienced together guys only need apply. ALA with photo. **Box H21071.**

FULLY EQUIPPED experienced master, 40, demanding but understanding, will visit males who need training. Into toys, CP, BD, WS, SM. Write frankly. Photo helps. ALA. **Box H21072.**

LONDON/S.E.: 5ft9" fair haired 21 year old bored with waiting for Mr Right. Tall, dark guys preferred but ALA. Your place or mine, can travel in London area. Genuine. **Box H21073.**

YOUNG GAY GUY, passive, seeks others who will dominate and use me for their pleasures. Into all way-out scenes. Photos if possible. ALA. Home Counties. **Box H21074.**

WATFORD: Strict bisexual master 27 seeks slave 27-37 bi/gay to live in. Into leath-

er, B/D, W/S, S/M, C/P. Frank letters with photo ensure quick reply. **Box H21075.**

BIKER 47, wants new mates into anything and everything filthy and kinky. W/S and EN experts especially welcome. Nothing is too way out or shocking except nudity. **Box H21076.**

W.MIDLANDS/ANYWHERE: Chunky professional, straight looking 31, thinks life is fun, seeks similar chums, maybe holiday with, visit theatre etc, also explore our respective hedonist aspirations, fantasies and realities. **Box H21077.**

CROYDON: Gay chauffeur, lonely, attractive, passive and slim wants active slim, attractive guys under 45 for lasting loving relationship. Likes: hard work, security, money. Also house-proud. Photo please, returned. Promise ALA. **Box H21078.**

LANCS/ANYWHERE: Bike boys, leather boys, I am 35, into Doc Martins B/D, S/M, have toys, require house boy, maybe live in, under 35. Send frank letter, all with photos answered first. **Box H21079.**

E.SCOTLAND/FIFE: Young 40 athletic interests seeks hirsute active guy looking for love and friendship. Non scene, any nationality. Photo preferable. ALA. 21-50. **Box H21080.**

N.WEST/ANYWHERE: 21 blond blue eyes tall slim, seeks young (up to 30) friends for fun and friendship: anything gay goes. Frank letter with photos, then ALA with mine. **Box H21081.**

SLIM MOUSTACHED 44 into leather, denim, rubber, wants guys any age into similar, a mutal W/S. Also photography of W/S activities. ALA. Will return photos. **Box H21082.**

LONDON: Not bad looking dutch guy, 31, 5ft10", 6½". Own flat, like to meet guys for pleasant evenings, non camp, like watersport, big cocks. Shorts, leather, rubber filth etc. **Box H21083.**

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, dark haired, hirsute, professional guy, 27. Wide interests and excellent sense of humour. Easy going, kind, considerate, and genuine. Seeks similar. Phone number please. ALA. **Box H21084.**

MANCHESTER: Athletic, attractive, 25yr old, into sport photography, music, seeks young, slim, smooth guys, 21-25, for friendship. Frank letter, phone number if poss. ALA with photo. **Box H21085.**

KENT: Young goodlooking 29 wants to meet boys 21+. Into briefs, shorts and home movies, could leed to lasting relationship. Very genuine. Please send photo. ALA. Chris. **Box H21086.**

LONDON/MIDDX: Master 37 (Hounslow) seeks slaves for bondage, oil, weights. Daytime/evening sessions. Well muscled guys very welcome and slim guys, reply with photo and details of self. **Box H21087.**

CONTINENTAL boy, hot and generous 5ft9", 10st, frequently visiting London, wants to discover the pleasure of S/M and to serve big cocked top-men, leather- and black- and latin-types preferred. Write with photo. ALA. **Box H21088.**

EXHIBITIONISTS!!! I have some ideas you'll really like. Good bodies essential—please send picture to receive details. **Box H21089.**

BRIGHTON AREA: Very reserved well travelled 45 year old would like to meet young 'nephew' to enjoy dining out and quiet drinks. Photo appreciated. **Box H21090.**

NUMBERS NUMBERS NUMBERS NUMBERS NUM

In our endless search for visual stimulation, to share with HIM readers in our new NUMBERS Sports, we present a basement snapshot sent in by a reader in Brighton. Heavy with authentic atmosphere and telling its own story - although you might like to know that both are cab drivers, both married, who our reader discovered nurtured similar leather fantasies - and eventually brought together. We are grateful that someone thought to send us a picture of this triumph of stage-management. Thanks Derek - we do believe your account of this picture, maybe because we want to.



BLOND 21, tall slim, blue eyes, well hung, wears jeans, shorts, briefs, seeks pal similar age, will try anything once. Has tried quite a few things, likes them. Photo please then ALA. **Box H21091.**

LEATHER and jockstrap guy early 20s requires established masterful companion. **Box H21092.**

HAPPY GUY loves W/S, all intimate moments shared. Bottom fun enemas, a lasting relationship with guy 30-37, close loving sincere, we can do, see, share anything. I'm 43. If this appeals meet. **Box H21093.**

INTELLIGENT 24, non-effem, no quirks, seeks fit hirsute short haired guys 21-40 for correspondence, meeting later? Photo please. Hobbies football, rock music, swimming, squash, tennis. ALA. **Box H21094.**

KILTS: facts, fantasies, photos, ideas, also interested W/S, C/P, B, tits. Tyne Wear/Tees area. **Box H21095.**

DOMINANT short hair, North London seeks mates into leather and enim. Like long scenes and really love fantasy trips with role playing. ALA with photo + phone please. **Box H21096.**

TYNE WEAR TEES area: 40s, wishes to correspond and meet others interested tits, W/S. C/P, B. ALA. **Box H21097.**

LONDON: Young Oriental sex slave 23 slim body, boyish, goodlooking, into everything, seeks well hung Englishmen 35-45 for master and houseboy fun relationship. Photo please. ALA. **Box H21098.**

YORKSHIRE: Guy 34 seeks master into anything, who will teach me obedience, have fun with this body. **Box H21099.**

LONDON: Active 28 short hair seeks young friends (under 35). Anything goes. Please reply with photo if possible and phone number. **Box H21100.**

HERTS/LONDON: Slave companion under 23 wanted, by well endowed 26. Misbehave and you will be punished, otherwise we will have fun. Photo and phone if possible. **Box H21101.**

CHESHIRE/L'POOL/Ellesmere Port area: Sincere, reasonable looking, young 45, seeks partner for evenings out and lasting friendship. Plenty of experience in home/foreign gay scene. Phone, photo appreciated. **Box H21102.**

PRIVATE BODY-BUILDING club. Forming by athletic guy with hunky guy. Get togethers accomodation offered during NABA Comps. Only comp. B.B. need write. Let's pump iron together. Posing sessions. **Box H21103**

MANCHESTER: Reasonable looking 55, tall fair well hung sincere guy like to correspond meet Chinese, Asian, coloured guy for get togethers, friendship. ALA. **Box H21104.**

PETER CROYDON: Young looking 48 B/D, S/M, W/C, toys versatile experienced. Police shirt trousers. Own car. Financial assistance/ arrangement considered. No effeminacy. Details of self and any facilities with letter. **Box H21105.**

AMATEUR photographer and model 34 interested in meeting others willing to share photo sessions on both sides of the camera. Also interested in swapping photos and correspondence. ALA with photo. **Box H21106**

SEAMAN gives it rough and long. Scene lover requires hairless clean booted slave for few years. I'm 24—you over. **Box H21107.**

HANTS/NEW FOREST: Working man 47, slim, not bad looking, likes most things with right bloke, offers overnight accommodation and entertainment to masculine drivers, travellers etc. **Box H21108.**

HASTINGS: Guy 29 goodlooking, active, well built, seeks friends in this area for fun and good time. Photo please. ALA. **Box 21109.**

DERBY: Considerate and understanding W/H, school master type 40. Offers genuine friendship, plus marvellous weekend tutorials/bondage? Seeks authentic active role in younger submissive types favourite fantasy. Novice letters most welcome. **Box H21110.**

SEAMAN 24 needs contacts I.O.M. to visit, into hard hot long sex. **Box H21111.**

AGE 42 passive, into D, B, F/F, C/P, anything goes. Requires master(s) any age, must be severe, your place only. ALA. **Box H21112.**

WELL HUNG/ACTIVE 28 seeks slim young partner for wild all night scenes. Please reply only if you're trim and attractive. Photo and phone number helps. **Box 21113.**

LONDON: Amateur photographer wants tall slim dolly models 21-28, good looks more important than measurements. Send photo and state fee required. ALA. **Box H21114.**

E.LONDON§ESSEX: 32 5ft9" slim, would like new friends non effem, 25-38, photo appreciated. **Box H21115.**

WALES: Male active 47, short, slim, seeks similar but younger friend in Dyfed, or Glamorgan. Interested mutual masturbation, women, photo mags etc. Your place or mine. **Box H21116.**

CHESHIRE: Slim dark young sensual cleanshaven active well hung bisexual 5ft11" needs straight looking attractive young guy slim smooth for mutual pleasure. ALA with photo and details. **Box H21117.**

NEW YORK: American, 39, average looking 5ft10", 185lbs, seeks friendly correspondence with sincere gay males 21-45 in the UK and Europe. Interests: stamps, travel, naturalism, photos. Write in English, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese or German. **Box H21118.**

LONDON: Conservative, 25 yr old, non-camp, public school and Oxford, shy Guards officer type seeks similar decent guy for sincere relationship. Photo appreciated, returned with mine. ALA. Discretion guaranteed. **Box H21119.**

BONDAGE wanted in S.W./ S. England. Kinks leather, denim, boiler suits. Will you restrain me? Details of your equipment etc to **Box H21120**

TATTOOED masculine bloke into denim, photography and many other interests, 6ft4", 175lbs, wants to meet well tattooed unusual mate, 25-50, for easygoing friendship London/anywhere. Down-to-earth replies. **Box H21121.**

TATTOOED shorthaired dominant guy seeks kinky tattooed mate for fun and friendship. Am also into T, C and B, work, filthy Levis, W/S, pierced E/T & C, F/S, stretching etc. Frank letter and photo help. **Box H21122.**

EX-SAILOR well endowed, virile, good physique, likes massage, give or take. Like manly men any age but not effem. Write or tape spond. ALA. Try me. **Box H21123.**

OXFORDSHIRE: Guy 24, goodlooking, masculine, into S/M, needs dominant guys with gear and toys. I'm slim and ready to please the right M's. ALA. Photo, phone helps. **Box H21124.**

PARIS: American student, 24, 150 lbs, 6ft, seeks interaction with sincere person(s) into body training—of all kinds. Photo please, thank you. **Box H21125.**

LONDON: Oriental 25, slim, 5ft7", seeks tall masculine friends. Photo with comprehensive descriptions appreciated. ALA. **Box H21126.**

EX MATLOT, good body likes sport, manly, would like to write or cassette spond leading to possible meeting any age, colour, but not effem. ALA. Please contact. **Box H21127.**

NORFOLK: 29 non-effem seeks similar guys for occasional straightforward mutual sex. **Box H21128.**

TYNE & WEAR: Guy 40s bearded tubby 5ft6" not well hung new to leather including boxing gear. My place, requires discipline from imaginative trainer CP, B, W/S. Write frank letter, photo appreciated. ALA. **Box H21129.**

AUSTRALIAN 28 visiting London 1980 would like pen friend 35-50 (fat plump or cuddly preferred) to correspond with. I'll need a place to stay (insist on paying board & keep for one to two week stay) and somebody to show me around London. **Box H21130.**

HARNEXX and rack await a body worthy of my games room. Submissive and humpy guys only. Photo and phone number for easy contact please. **Box H21132.**

W.YORKS: 45, slim passive with own place seeks friends, own house. Interests: music, films, plays, sport. Photo please from age group 21/30 preferably living north England. ALA. **Box H21133.**

N.LONDON: Mature guy seeks active mate into leather, S&M, B and mild C/P, own playroom, interesting equipment. Photo please returned with mine. ALA. **Box H21134.**

EN LONDON§MIDDX: 37, Italian, good physique, tall, bearded, seeks mate, Englist/any nationality, for sincere lasting friendship. Interests: running, weight training, swimming, photography, music, theatre. I can teach Italian. All letters answered. **Box H21135.**

ANYWHERE: Have car, can travel to where someone else (21-31) also seeks uncomplicated sex, discretion assured. I'm 29 non-effem, bearded, well built with intelligence and sense of humour. ALA. **Box H21136.**

LONDON: 21, good looking 5ft9" wants friends of same age. Must look straight and like pubs, clubs, cinemas. Phone number and photo please, returned with mine. ALA. **Box H21137.**

30S LIKEABLE and generous personality, with own house and lots of free time, keen to meet similar guy who would enjoy getting CP, also interested in antiques, light classical music, gardening and getting out and about. **Box H21138.**

MIDLANDS/ANYWHERE: Your place. 21, goodlooking. Anything goes, any nationality. Photo and full details of yourself and desires. Like male mags and films and a bit of rough. ALA. **Box H21139.**

SUSSEX/BRIGHTON area: slim fair haired guy into leather and uniforms, sailor, securicor, police etc seeks discreet sincere friends, own flat. Please tell all. **Box H21001.**

V. ATTRACTIVE bloke, v. randy, ex Guards, butch, v. big assets, 30s, clean/lean, smooth, seek 21-28 uninhibited longhaired well hung clean handsome bedpals. No hairies, kinks, femmes or timewasters need apply. Genuine advert. ALA. Photo requested. **Box H21002.**

LONDON: Guy own pad wishes to correspond one-legged guy. **Box H 21003.**

VIDEO freak seeks others to swop tapes and get together with home colour camera. Also needs willing actors for home video movies. I'm 28 and well hung (VHS) **Box H21004.**

HULL: Shy 37 year old would like to meet experienced friend, have films, mags. Have own pad, willing to share. Photo appreciated. ALA. **Box H21005.**

MANCHESTER: Tough but loving heavyweight mate required by slim active well endowed 30 year old. Anything legal considered, own place. Photos appreciated. **Box H21006.**

W.LONDON: Pleasant straight professional offers accn and friendship for college type who is over 21 and discreet. All letters answered immediately. **Box H21007.**

LONDON: Wanted a leatherman with a gamesroom who will entertain me when I visit London. My interests include B, CH, CP and friendship. Photo helpful. First advert. ALA. **Box H21008.**

LEICS/NOTTS: Guy 29 own house, no car, non effem. Enjoys theatre, cinema, music, seeks well off companion with same, for fun relationship and introduction to other activities. **Box H21009.**

NEAR LONDON: Straight student over 21 wanting reliable friend with car and flat should contact Box Number for details without any obligation and quick reply. **Box H21010.**

HANDSOME professional guy, London, 29, 6ft, sense of humour, blue eyes, musical, needs literate male 26-32 for friendship, cuddles and mutual stimulation. No heavies, just people. Photo helps but ALA. **Box H21011.**

Place Your Own CRUISING AD.

See the coupon on page 20

NUMBERS**NUMBERS**NU



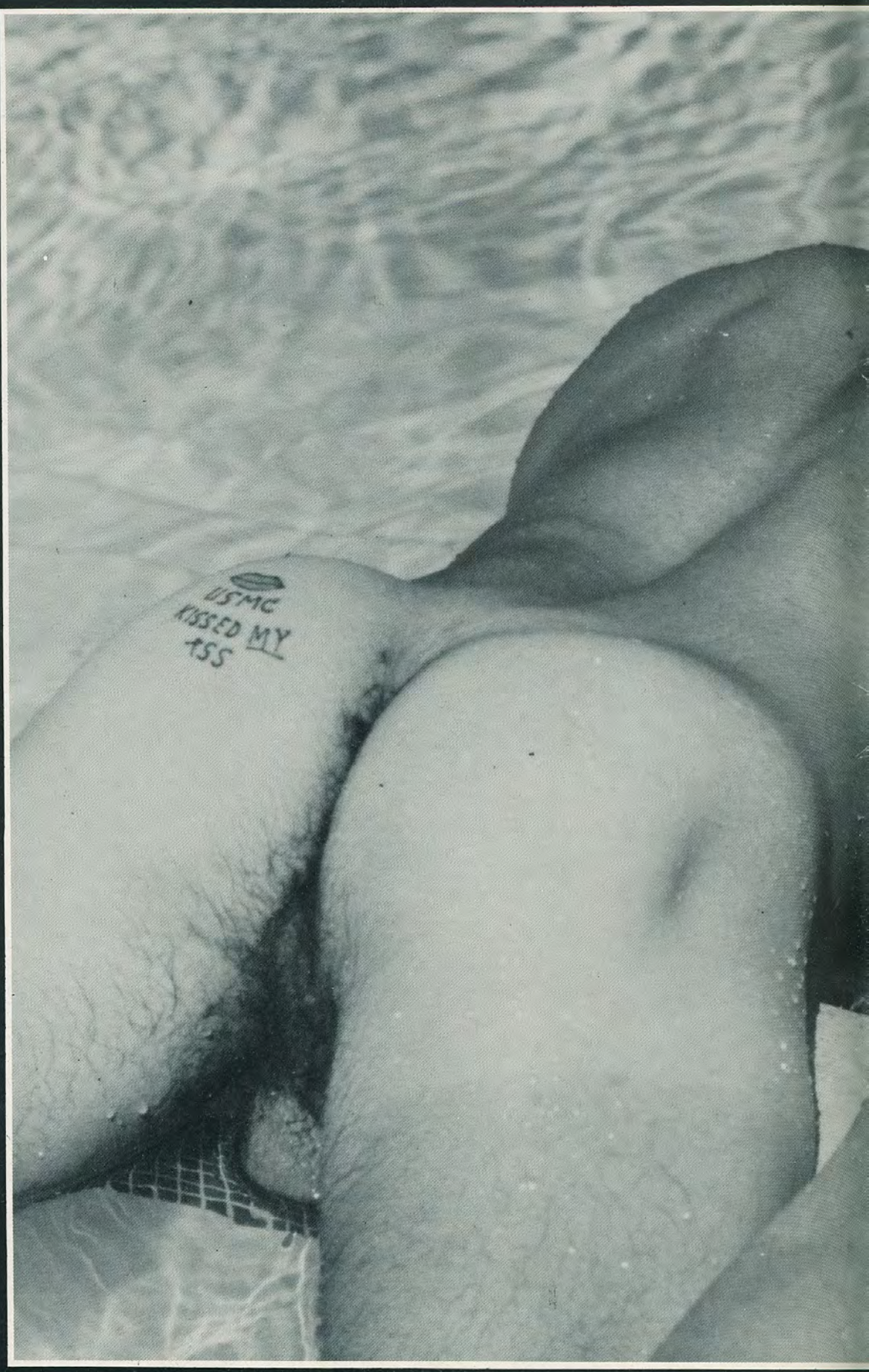


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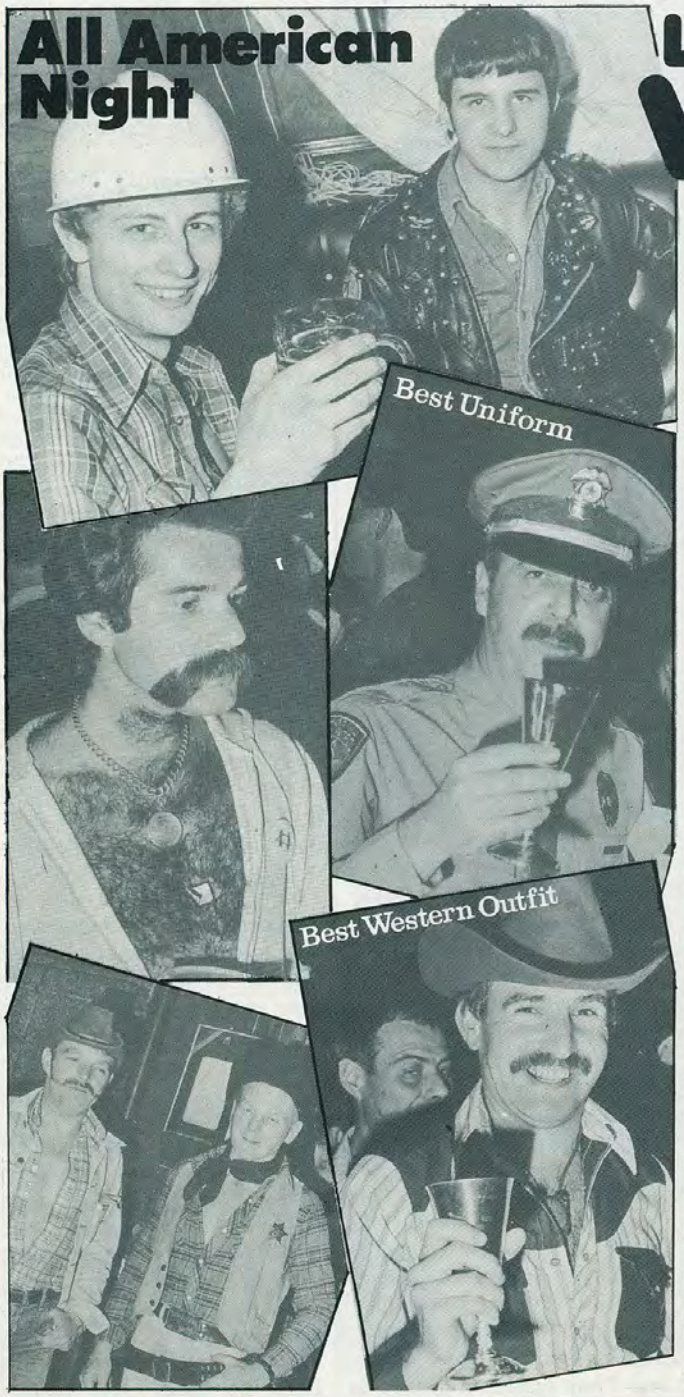






STREET LEVEL

A Monthly Living Guide August '79 20p



LONDON WEEK 1979

A WEEK to remember. The LONDON WEEK '79, and for members of participating clubs: SPREAD EAGLE, the LONDON BLUES, The RUBBERMANS CLUB and The NO-NAME CLUB - LONDON, it was a week of frantic activity. Playing joint host to members of clubs from SWEDEN, AMSTER—DAM, GERMANY, AMERICA and FRANCE - and probably others, if anyone had time to count - takes a lot of organisation. That the WEEK was a phenominal success, reflects great credit on the organisers, who hope that next year ALL the Clubs will join in and make this an annual WEEK to look forward to.

TUESDAY found a general get-together, and welcome party at the PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA. ALL AMERICAN NIGHT on Wednesday, where our STREET LEVEL Photographer, BOB BAKER, took the shots on these pages was a success because almost everyone wore at least one item of typically American gear. There were spot prizes, including subscriptions to HIM/STREET LEVEL, given for, amongst other things, the wearers of tit rings, cockrings and even Jockstraps. Quite a few were anxious to display that they were, in fact, wearing Jocks - trousers were falling all around....THURSDAY, SPREADEAGLE NIGHT, was followed by a private party in the LONDON BIKERS CELLAR.. Everyone 'did their *own* thing', which wasn't as dull as it sounds. FRIDAY. A joint venture by LONDON BLUES and SPREADEAGLE - 'UNIFORM NIGHT'. Two Presentation cups were

Continued on page 31.

BAR NEWS

Inside DISCO

GAY GUIDE

TIMOTHY SWALLOW Goes to Town

Photo: David Bailey



LIFE IS A CABARET
Timothy Swallow reviews the London cabaret circuit.

In the basement of a public house down that tawdry parade called the Earl's Court Road, cabaret is alive and well and doing very nicely, thank you. It's not exactly the most glamorous venue. It's certainly no Talk Of The Town *with all the tinselly razzamatazz, spangled showgirls and outrageously high cover prices that go with that particular West End display. But, in a way, the very meanness of the decor of this Earl's Court basement with all its crude attempts to prink itself up and give itself a bit of glitter, add to rather than detract from the atmosphere, good humour and essential* liveness *of the place.*

I'm talking, of course, about The Copacabana, *that hilarious misnomer of a club in the basement of* The Duke of Richmond, *a pub in the Earl's Court Road. On July 16th and at regular intervals onwards there will be a number of cabaret performers strutting their stuff for the delectation of customers who have paid a most reasonable £1 entrance fee to fill The Garden Room of the* Copacabana—*which true to the spirit of the club in called The Garden Room because it opens out onto a dusty backyard behind the pub building itself.*

As a palate-whetting enticement to launch this commendable new season, the entrepreneurs of the club held a special preview of one of their soon-to-be regular acts. And what better way to launch the new venture than with the Dynamic Duo themselves; Biddie *and* Eve?

Blond-rinsed Biddie and his meaty partner Eve are cult-figures fast becoming legends on the London cabaret scene. Biddie began as a warbler of old Noel Coward *and* Cole Porter *standards at* Langan's Brasserie *in Stratton Street, although there, the combination of his pink lamé suit and lurid innuendo were found to be a little too strident for that basically demure eaterie. Biddie found his* metier *with Eve at* Blitz *in Covent Garden where their successful partnership brought them a secure residency for more than a year.*

Now they've branched out again, this time at The Copa *and their heady mix of raucous vocals, high campery and stunning visual appearance combine to make them, without a doubt, one of the most original and entertaining of the acts on the current cabaret scene.*

Once they parade out onto the stage the fact that the Copacabana *is minimally furnished is immediately forgotten. Quite simply, Biddie and Eve look amazing. They appear together in matching evening suits trimmed with leopardskin and diamanté, the latter reflected in the diamond Biddie has set in one of his front teeth. They are backed by a four piece band which includes a girl bass-guitarist in fish-net tights. The songs they sing are predictable enough; a jumble of camp classics from the Twenties to the Fifties, sung with verve, nerve and an occasional ear for music.*

Comic business abounds. Eve feeds bananas to her stuffed pet ferrets [she is in real life actually Eve Ferret] and acts surprised when they fail to eat and bludgeons the audience with patter; "Anyone who says I haven't got class, I'll sit on their face". Biddie returns to the stage in full Teddy Boy costume complete with a plastic D.A. wig. Eve joins him, garbed to match, and they croon 'Come Outside', the Mike Sarne *gor blimey classic. In between the verses Eve buffets the audience with her hips and threatens to sit on their knees.*

For the finale, Biddie undergoes yet another change of costume, this time into full drag to give a perfect Connie Francis *rendition of 'Lipstick On Your Collar'. There's an awful lot of amusement, entertainment and genuine talent packed into the all too brief half hour they are on stage. And for £1, it has to be the best value in town.*

Undoubtedly, however, the cheapest place in town for a varied and wickedly funny cabaret is that old reliable The Black Cap *in Camden High Street where there is drag cabaret nightly and notably on a Sunday lunch. The act itself varies each Sunday but whether it's* Perri St Clair, The Harle-

queens, The Disappointer Sisters *or, as was the case when I visited the pub,* The Trollettes, *one is assured an amusing lunch-time with a lot of smiles and a good number of belly-laughs too.*

The Trollettes *are a typical drag duo. They wear the usual wigs that look as if they've been hewn from the living rock, and heavily made up faces to match. They've glued on huge false lashes that make each wink look like the lowering of a portcullis. They are an odd couple; one like a moderately pretty housewife who has just won the Pools, the other rubber faced and hefty, a cross between* Hylda Baker *and* Mick MacManus.

The humour is, not surprisingly, quite filthy and jokes about crabs and lavatories abound. Occasionally, though, they do come up with something genuinely amusing. "I got sent a postcard with a clenched fist on it," says one to the other. "Yeah," comes the reply, "it's that fella who wants his wristwatch back." "Actually," says the first, "he was wearing an alarm-clock!" Jokes like that go down well at the Black Cap.

The Trollettes *should also be commended on their singing. It's certainly not good, in fact, it's really rather dreadful, but they do at least make the effort and are not prepared to fob the audience off with clumsily mimed-to records by* Diana Ross *or* Peggy Lee. *They perform a lip-smacking version of 'I've Got You Under My Skin' and a very ribald version of 'Old Macdonald Had A Farm', which must say something for their inventiveness. They finish their hour long act with 'Land Of Hope And Glory', their theme tune, they tell us. Follow that if you can,* Danny La Rue! ⊙





LONDON WEEK '79

cont. from pg I.

awarded - seen here. Best Uniform and Best Cowpoke.. SATURDAY found a lucky 69, first comers to climb on board outside the Colherne, off on a GAY BUS TOUR OF LONDON. This was followed by a picnic on Hampstead Heath. SATURDAY - and the second BIRTHDAY PARTY for the SPREADEAGLE was followed by yet another private get-together, this time in a member's private cellar - not a million miles from Liverpool Street. This venue turned out to be 'fully equipped', and was fully enjoyed by so many guys that nostalgia for the MINESHAFT was widely voiced. Charlie's friend, Dolly put his 'foot in it', but no-one minded, in fact many helped.

'once again, on behalf of all those who attended, and enjoyed this LONDON WEEK, a big vote of thanks to the many organisers and helpers. It's worth bearing in mind that none of the events cost anyone a penny to join into, not usually the case on the European scene. Let's hope all the clubs chip in next year, and make this event bigger and better than ever. ⊙

A Marc Flemming Memorial Benefit at The Union Tavern.

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3. Everybody Here Must Party. **Direct Current.** Tec 12"
4. Strut Your Funky Stuff. **Frantique.** Philadelphia International 12"
5. Tell Everybody. **Herbie Handcock.** 12"
6. First Time Around. **Skyy.** Remix 12"
7. Over & Over. **Disco Circus.**
8. Come & Get It On. **Soccer.** Salsoul 12"
9. Candido. **LP** All Tracks.
10. Savage Lover. **The Ring.** Vanguard 12".

ADAMS

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INSIDE DISCO

INSIDE DISCO.
If Philadelphia International Records was to fade into oblivion next week—its artists' contributions to the world of soulful pop [which was rooted deep in the disco Philly sound] would find a valuable place on any collector's record shelf for years to come. Artists such as The O'Jays; Lou Rawls; MFSB; Jean Carn; Billy Paul; and Harold Melvin & The Bluenotes were and [many] still are leaders of the pack whose outstanding vocal and musical backgrounds have led them and their label to worthy acclaim. But one artist who would be singled out

Continued on page 34

NEW YORK PLAYLIST

Compiled by frank Coor—CRISCO DISCO

1. Bad Girls, *Donna Summer, Casablanca* [*entire lp*]
2. Savage Lover, *The Ring, Vanguard* [*12"*]
3. Boogie Woogie Dancing Shoes, *Claudia Barry, Chrysalis* [*12"*]
4. Born To Be Alive, *Rick Summer, Brass* [*12"*]
5. Want Ads, *Ullanda McCullough, Ocean* [*12"*]
6. Stars, Sylvester, *Fantasy* [*entire lp*]
7. Don't Give It Up, *Linda Clifford, RSO* [*12"*]
8. Here Comes That Sound Again, *Love-De-Luxe, Warner Bros.* [*12"*]
9. Magic In The Music, *Roberta Gilliam, Buddah* [*12"*]
10. Disco Choo Choo, *Nightlife Unlimited, Casablanca* [*lp cut*]
11. You Gonna Make Me Love Somebody Else, *Jones Girls, Phila. Intl.* [*12"*]
12. Ring My Bell, *Anita Ward, TK* [*12"*]
13. All Through Me, *Laura Taylor, TK* [*12"*]
14. Bad Bad Boy, *Theo Vaness, Prelude* [*entire lp*]
15. High On Mad Mountain, *Mike Theodore Orchestra, Westbound* [*entire lp*]
16. My Baby's Baby, *Liquid Gold, Parachute* [*12"*]
17. (You Got Me) In The Mood, *Puff, Willpower* [*12"*]
18. Rock It To The Top, *Mantus, SMI* [*12"*]
19. Cafe, *D.D. Sound, Emergency* [*lp cut*]
20. Work That Body, *Taana Gardner, West End* [*12"*]

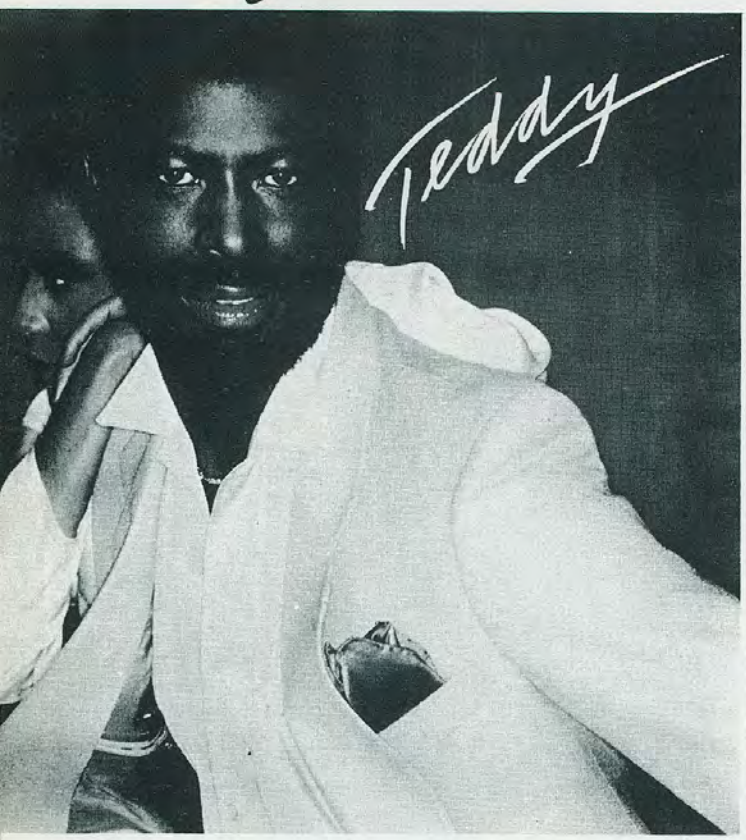
PICK...: I've Got The Next Dance, *Deniece Williams, Columbia* [*12"*]



REVIEW

Diana Ross *has been gone from the disco scene, and I must say that I've missed her influence at the dance clubs, particularly since I was weaned on her "Love Hangover" back in '76. Not that she hasn't been back to the recording studios in the interim—it's just that her material hasn't been very dance oriented. But, I guess Diana has got to keep all of her fans happy—thus her hiatus from the disco crowd. Now, putting aside the movie studios, Ryan O'Neal and a plethora of other professional engagements [temporarily, at least]—our Mahogany girl has seriously settled down to the business of making music for the dance enthusiasts. In this regard, she has left no stone unturned in a search to come up with just the right material to satisfy*

Continued on page 36



INSIDE DISCO
Cont

as the most provocative of the lot is Teddy Pendergrass. *With his image so profoundly acknowledged around the world, I wouldn't go as far as saying it was presumptious on the part of the record company to go ahead and call his third solo vehicle simply* Teddy. *Be it one name or no name, that's him on the cover alright. There's no confusing that face and that goes double for his unmistakable sound. Musically the songs contain the right essentials, representing the total development and integration of both the vocal and instrumental; and exhibiting the bouncy and mellow sides of rhythm as well. Side one focuses on four ballads. From last years' big bedtime charmer: "Close The Door" —Teddy now tells us to "Turn Off The Lights" in his own inimitable style. [With somewhat of a storyline patterned from these two singles—what else can we expect from him next time around] Though it's side two that should hit the heart of deejayland first. The best of them being'. çif You Know Like I Know "[5:05] with the artist's razor sharp growl cutting its way smoothly through the stinging orchestration. "Do Me "[4:41] is a restyled "Get Up, Get Down, Get Funky, Get Loose, " with Teddy's action taking place everywhere but on the dance floor. My favourite is "Set Me Free "[5'.05'7. After its marvelous dramatic intro, Pendergrass penetrates [at his vocal best] through the song's soulful mid-tempo course. If programmed right, this number could get good club exposure...But in any event, whether it be through his writer's lusty lyrical works or his own successive chart and concert realisations, "exposure" is one thing Teddy Pendergrass can always count on.*

You've heard the expression "Strike while the iron is hot?" Well, you wouldn't exactly accuse Alec R. Costandinos of doing that with his Love & Kisses *follow-ups, but then he didn't have to. With his musicians responding magically to his baton—his group has managed to survive handsomely through 2 years of constant play at most of the discos—regardless of its position on the charts. You might say these productions have earned the enviable distinction of becoming disco standards—and very few disco records can lay claim to that honor! Of course the credit can be laid right at Mr. Costandinos feet—and with it some other kudos, for his many other fine contributions to the disco field. But first and foremost—Love & Kisses first and second releases must go down as trend setters where this music is concerned. Now in Phase 3—and in its 3rd year of recognition, Love & Kisses uncovers its 3rd album entitled* You Must be Love *on Casablanca. Costandinos, together with his enclave, has managed to remain consistent with his productions—and this one is no exception [thank god], and that means a top drawer production as exemplified in the three cuts on side one. "Ooh La La La La "[7:37] opens the track with an infectiously riddled lyric—done to a "turn" by none other than Alec himself—[bet you didn't know the man could sing?] and he does it so winningly, that you can't help but get caught up in his little escapade as the girl singers captivate us with "ooh La, Ooh La, Ooh La La La. " The musicians too—surround the singers and cater to their every musical whim with a generous supply of hooks and breaks—enough in fact, to give this cut the edge as the outstanding musical number on the album. The second cut "Your Middle Name Is Money" [7:35] has Alec and the girls singing of a lady love with a voracious appetite for spending money—"In the morning —In the evening. " But he can't help loving that girl! Lively orchestration, coupled with a galloping beat—helps to drive this number up to the top! "Find Yourself A Dram " [4:42] slows the proceedings down to ballad tempo—as the vocalists demonstrate what they can do with a fantasy or two. Side two features the title cut "You Must Be Love "—running the entire length of the record at 16:49. As usual the Costandinos touch is ever present—as the orchestra rides the rhythmic passages with the familiar verve that spells Love & Kisses—a triumph for the maestro & Co.*



Munich Machine, *one of Moroders babies [actually the group was studio concocted musicians] debuted*

The STREET LEVEL DISCO SURVEY CHART

Compiled by **Tricky Dicky**

1. The Boss/ No-One Get's The Prize. **Diana Ross.** Motown LP. (10)
2. Space Base. **Slick.** Fantasy. (20)
3. This is My Life/ Copacabana. **Shirley Bassey.** UA 12". (2)
4. Good Times. **Chic.** Atlantic*
5. Born To Be Alive. **Patrick Hernandez**
6. Gem (18)
7. Locomotion. **Ritz.** Epic *
8. Stars / Body Strong. **Sylvester** Fantasy (13)
9. Come on Do It/ Boogie With Me. **Poussez.** Vanguard Album. (9)
10. La Bamba. **Antonio Rodrigues.** Magnet 12"(4)
11. I've Got The Next Dance. **Deniece Williams.** CBS *
12. Bad Girls/ Hot Stuff/ Sunset People. **Donna Summer** Casablanca Album (6)
13. Never Gonna Fall In Love Again. **tom Robinson** EMI*
14. Mahogany. **The Sylvers.** Casablanca Album - Dico Fever. (3)
15. Earthquake. **Al Wilson.** RCA. (19)
16. Get Another Love. **Chantal Curtis** Pye*
17. Go West/ IWanna Shake Your Hand. **Village People.** Mercury LP (8)
18. **Heaven Must Have Sent You.** Bonnie Pointer. **Motown.** [14]
19. Dancing At the Disco. **Lax.** PYE*
20. **Get Ready.** Smokey Robinson Motown*

STREET LEVEL TIPS FOR AUGUST...
Better Do It Salsa. **The Gibson Brothers.** Island.
It's Cool. **Mascara.** Ensign.
Never Gonna Be The Same. **Ruth Walters.** Polydor.
Gone Gone Gone/ Begin the Beguine. **Johnny Mathis.** CBS

(*Eight New Entries This Month)

INSIDE DISCO *Cont.*

back in 77, and derived its name from the city from which it was produced. So successful was their first venture, that the "Machine" ground out another one in 78 under the title of "Whiter Shade Of Pale." Unfortunately, it was apparently thrown together in a hurry, in order to capitalise on the success of the original. Even with the astute direction and musical wizardry of Giorgio himself—[let's just call it one of his minor efforts] it did nothing to enhance the groups image. In fact, it detoured it to conventionalism, giving Moroder just the proper shock value to get the group back on the "Straight and narrow" with their 79 edition Body Shine. *And shine it does—but that brings up the question: Who, and what is the Munich Machine? The album features the photos of four performers on the back cover. Presumably Gunter Moll, Stephan Wisnet, Yolande Howard and Judith Jones are the group in question, though the credits don't specifically say so. A call to Casablanca in California did little to clearly define the question. The best I got was the assumption that Munich Machine was the group as a whole. I'll buy that! One thing is for sure—Moroder and M. W. produced the album. Maybe I'm picky—but who is M. W.? It probably means Moll and Wisnet—but does it? Wouldn't it be nice if they shared that bit of information with the "average record buyer?" A word to Casablanca: The public is conditioned to idolize artists —what's wrong with identifying them clearly—it can only gain them new fans? There's good reason for all that, as this ensemble demonstrates with its performance. All of side one—which includes "Party Light" [6:03] "Fallen Angel" [5:20]*

Continued Over.

DICKS INN DISCOTHEQUES

SPATS
37 OXFORD STREET W1
Fridays/Saturdays (10 - 3)

BEAGLES
3 NORTH END CRESCENT W14
Wednesdays (9 - 12)

EUSTON TAVERN
73 EUSTON ROAD NW1
(Fri. 9 - 12) (Sun. 8.30 - 11)

Where The Shyest People Find Friends!

Full Details in STREET LEVEL Guide



INSIDE DISCO *Cont.*

and "Space Warriors" [4:17] are done to perfection, with the first and second cuts standing out. The lead girl vocalist on the "Angel" number sounds so much like Donna Summer that you could lose bets on it. In fact, side two confirms that first sides appeal with such numbers as "Let Your Body Shine," "Reputation," "Easy" and a slower tempoed "Bolectro." Bouquets to Munich Machine [the four of you—or all of you] and Moroder and M. W. [whoever you are] for a wholly satisfying album. ⊙

Diana Ross

Continued from page 33.

her hungry followers—and look what she's come up with... Nick Ashford *and* Valerie Simpson *no less! This talented husband and wife team who are luminaries in their own right, have taken the reins not only as the producers—but as the composers, arrangers, musicians, and even as background vocalists. In this department, they are aided and abetted by* Ullanda McCullough [*who's just had a single of her own released*] *and* Jimmy Simpson, [Valerie's *brother*] *who also gets credit for mixing the album.* The Boss *is the end result, and* Motown *has something to get excited about, with each and every one of the numbers assembled to please even the most die-hard music collectors. For us disco buffs—we've got a treat in store with four* [*out of eight*] *uptempoed cuts. They include: "No One Gets The Prize" [4.37], "I Ain't Been Licked" [4:00], "The Boss" [3:42], and "Once In The Morning" [4:49]. Each of these* Ashford & Simpson *compositioins are given their just desserts by the seasoned performer—though they all left me crying for more because of the short running times. The title cut for instance, is the best thing* Diana *has done since "Love Hangover"—but the short running time is absolute frustration. [Run out and buy the 12" single for twice the length.] For those of you who like to do your dreaming with* Diana's *singing as background to your fantasies—spin "All For One" [4:13], "It's My House" [4:29], "Sparkle" [5:19], and "I'm In The World" [3:56]]. It's* Diana *as we've come to know and love her, and you can't help but feel a twinge of nostalgia, as she twists you around the heartstrings of her vocal inflections. And if you're wondering what I mean when I say fantasies—just take a look at the album cover, and let your imagination run wild! Yes* Diana, *it's nice to have you back in our fold—you can be sure that "The Boss" will get the red carpet treatment!* ⊙

LIVE



SYLVESTER
Hammersmith Odeon
23rd June

Sylvester *returned to the Hammersmith Odeon recently to prove that he is more than just "outrageous" and has more to offer than disco gloss for talent. The crowd that had come to see him were a confusing mixture of up-market punks, married couples wondering what all the fuss was about, and, outnumbering them all, gay clones. The sparkly one hit the stage with a minimum of razamatazz but with plenty of goods to deliver. Backed by his excellent support band, disco's answer to the* Blockheads, *and the marvellous* Two Tons of Fun, *he turned in a set that showed real singing skill and a good deal of soul. Everybody was up and getting down from the start but the first number to set the place alight was a pumped up version of "I who have nothing".* Shirley Bassey *take note. He did his current single "Stars" early on in the set, a wise move since it's not up to his two earlier blockbusters, then a neatly linked collection of ballads and torch songs to cool things down. This cleared the air for the real business of the evening which was, of course,* "Disco Heat" *and* "Mighty Real". *These two were sequed together seamlessly and his group were able to get stuck into some neat jazzy variations which kept them sounding fresh. After two encores he ended the evening in predictably outrageous style wearing a sequined pink robe and a sparkly crown, because, as he explained,* "A crown is what a queen is supposed to wear".

⊙ Phil Austin

CANDI STATON



VENUE

SCANDALS [*Club disco, bistro and bars: 13 Wardour St., W.1. Opp. Swiss Centre.*

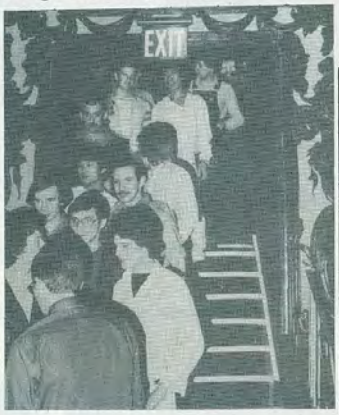
Set like a glittering Alladin's cave of music and light with its own bistro and the Trec Bar, amidst the bejewelled crown of West End entertainments, Scandals *bursts onto the gay-late dance scene in undoubted fashion.*

A tiny note of history for those who know London well: this newest of late venues is fames old Latin Quarter of south Soho, now completely refurbished and gayer in every sense of that word than it ever was!

Entering, you are swept down the red-carpeted staircase into the reception area, with its tall mirrors, to the right of which are the cloakrooms and ahead of you are double glass doors to the Trec Bar [*short for Toulouse*] *To your left, through tall double doors whirling colouredlights and splendid sounds beckon out over the heads of a packed crowd of dancers and drinkers.*

First, though, the Trec Bar, *which has been designed for conversation and repose away from the main disco area. Decorated with murals in the style of and depicting the great French bohemian artist, its red plush and gilt illumined by large low-lit pink globes casting a sympathetic glow are faintly suggestive of the Nineties period; and here you can sit and talk without disturbance.*





Down again to Reception ...and, turrning in through the doors here is something new in gay discos - a cavern of music and light, stunning the senses for a moment, spread over a split-level area of bars and dance floors, with a stage at the very back where future shows may be planned.

Immediately in front of you is the novel large L-shaped metal dance floor beyond which zig-zags a very long bar; to your right are the doors and steps leading up to the bistro. Beyond all is a wide flight of stairs - already proving themselves to be one of the most popular places to sit and observe - leading to a higher level novelty of glass dance floor lit from beneath with coloured pulse-lights, a section of which at the back slowly revolves to add spice to the occasion. Here there is yet another bar busily serving drinks and the whole provides a vantage point for surveying the almost Saturnal-



ian scene. To one side low tables nestle in a recess lit dimly by huge shades.

High above the activity the

Continued Over

CHANCE

Contains the hit song
WHEN YOU WAKE UP TOMORROW
DSK 3533

CANDI

If Ms. Staton is a 'victim' in the very songs she sings – then she never suffered better in the cause of disco!

CHANCE – the new Album is already the hottest new release in NY.





SCANDALS

Continued from pg 37.

ceiling sparkles with myriads of twinkling lights and whirling neons throw down a constant fire of colour on the milling crowd of dancers and watchers below. A fluoresence bathes everyone picking out the whiter that whites in shirts and clothing and strobe lighting frequently turns the dancers into flicker-figures, while the g-and-t's turn a lagoon-like blue!

I am assured by Jack Dobson *and his colleagues from the very well-known and long-established* A&B Club, *further up Wardour Street, who are behind the grand venture, that the speakers are the latest studio equipment, a boast that is backed by their splendid sound reproduction of the latest in disco dance-music in the capable hands of Steve controlling admirably from an enclosed console of wink-*



ing lights which sometimes seems to literally hang in the air to one side of the room: effectively this fills the whole area with a clear resonance.

Going up to the bistro you can have a full meal with wine in pleasantly casual surroundings, or something light, and from midnight a substantial breakfast is served at £2 per head.

Scandals *is open from 10p.m. till very late. Essentially a members' club, it costs £3 quarterly to join. Entry Mondays to Thursdays is 50p for members and £1 for guests, plus 50p for each on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. Passports and or I.D. cards will be accepted from overseas visitors.*

Scandals is a happy addition to our late West End gay discos, combining the best in up-to-date sounds with lights and space for your enjoyment - so make sure you take a trip as soon as possible and investigate it for yourselves

INSIDE Disco

Not only is **Stephanie Mills** *climbing the disco charts, but socially she's now hobnobbing with the likes of New Jersey's* **Governor Brendan Byrne.** *Underneath all that political crap, Brendan is a disco babe at heart, we're sure.*



Sargent's





SARGENTS *was the name, and the Hammersmith Palais was the venue, for a chairty disco in aid of the Sir Malcolm Sargent Cancer Fund. About 500 gays paid the two guinea tab, and enjoyed the first gay invasion of this sacred MECCA shrine. They don't come any straighter than the Palais... and this was a landmark, not only the first charity event organised by* The Colherne *but also MECCA's first taste of gay money.*

In fact, the disco part of the evening didn't kick off until midnight. The early crowd enjoyed the spacious lounge-atmosphere, chatted and paraded. 'It was a place to see old friend, and there was a nice air of solidarity under the amused eyes of MECCA bouncers - in this stronghold of heterosexuality. Cabaret from Lee Paris, *beloved star of the VAUXHALL TAVERN - now a Friday regular at the UNION, began the second part of the evening in marathon style. A surprise extra appearance by* The Roxy Rollers, *humpy roller-dance troupe drove the crowd WILD, and was definitely the high point of the evening for us, they performed two stunning numbers - and were then simply dragged back onto the floor for an encoré, unplanned as this was, it turned into a display of free-style virtuosity, both high spirited, and highly erotic. This was a first attempt for SARGENTS. Organised by Coleherne's* Gavin Crymble *with guv'nor* Brendan Dillon *giving encouragement, buying drinks and pumping*

Sarg
Sarg
Sarg

MANDY'S
30 Henrietta Street,
London W.C.2.

As London's discos get bigger and bigger it is really great to find one of the originals keeping up with the glitter and sparkle of this ever-widening area of gay late night life'-and they do seem to be spreading with startling rapidity these days—yet still retaining a degree of intimacy and sociability, perhaps not so easily found now in the more hectic roustabouting and ebb and flow of the human tidal wave in the larger establishments.

So, if you are looking for just such a place—to state the obvious—here it is!

Mandy's is a long-established upstairs-downstairs rendezvous, distinguished on the outside by some unique decorative ironwork that would not disgrace the Palace itself and, now, inside by a modernisation plan which has resulted in a complete revamp of the colour scheme and downstairs dance floor and bar area, whilst retaining the comfort and soft sounds upstairs.

Blues and reds have been gaily and boldly spread around over the old more sombre colours thus giving the place a totally new look. We are glad to say they have retained the slightly baroque mirrors, chandelier and low restful seating in the upstairs bar where Mike busily dispenses the alcohol along with Irish charm and wit. And if you want to work up some enthusiasm for later dancework this is just the place for it.

But as you descend the stairs to the Hadean-like depths below it is here you will find reflected the new-thinking of a modern Mandy's.

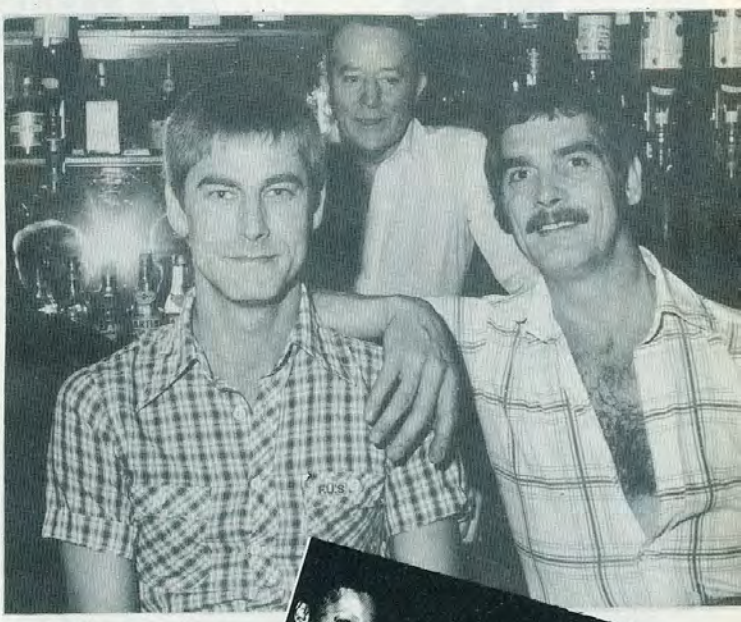
Now, set like a luminous pool in a darkened forest—for the hues are low, low—there is a small central oval well-surfaced dance floor which happily contrives to give plenty of room to the figures whirling abandonedly over its shine,coloured puse lights range overhead and white beams playing straight from the ceiling ring the dancers.

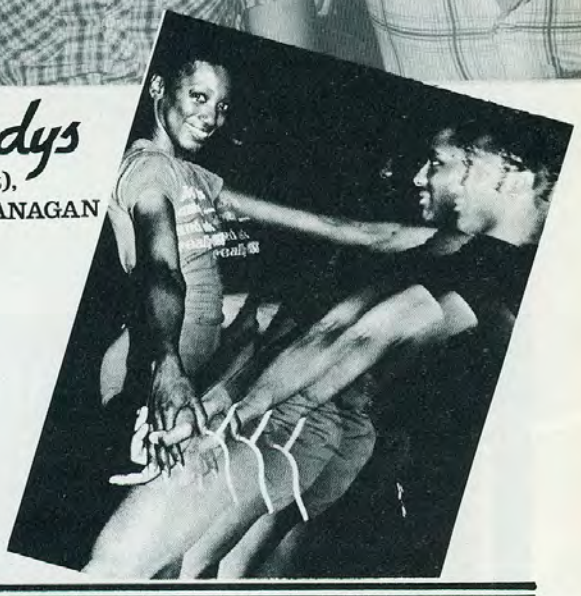
Anoosh controls the music from an Oz-like box of tricks in a dark corner and some good-sounding equipment pushes out the resonance to keep you flying-on to a mixture of current 'pop'ular trends and heavybeat phonics.

Relaxing wall bank-seats with casual low tables and stools provide the seating and a mirrored bar means you do not have to chase upstairs again for your drinks. Adjacent is the door to—thankfully—some decent cloakroom facilities.

Clive between dancing engagements is currently in charge of coats, kitchen and ashtrays, scything between the tables in yellow silk football shorts leaving little to the imagination. Hope you can catch him! What? And Ken with Welsh wizardry does his best to keep an eye over all whilst still managing to find time to answer the door to you with a smile. Someone will always cut a sandwich, too, if you ask.

Street Level's guide tells you when to be there. One of the best small disco clubs, go along, see the new Mandy's.





Mandys

DAVID (left), MIKE FLANAGAN & KEN.



hands. Following the successful sponsored parachute jump, and extraordinary generosity of Coleherne's *regulars, the SARGENTS idea is planned to be repeated in October - possibly at a more intimate venue. Congratulations to the* Coleherne *staff for their superhuman efforts for this splended charity, and to all those, regulars or new faces who participated - well done? It's good to see the gay community working for charity, especially when everybody has a good time as well.*

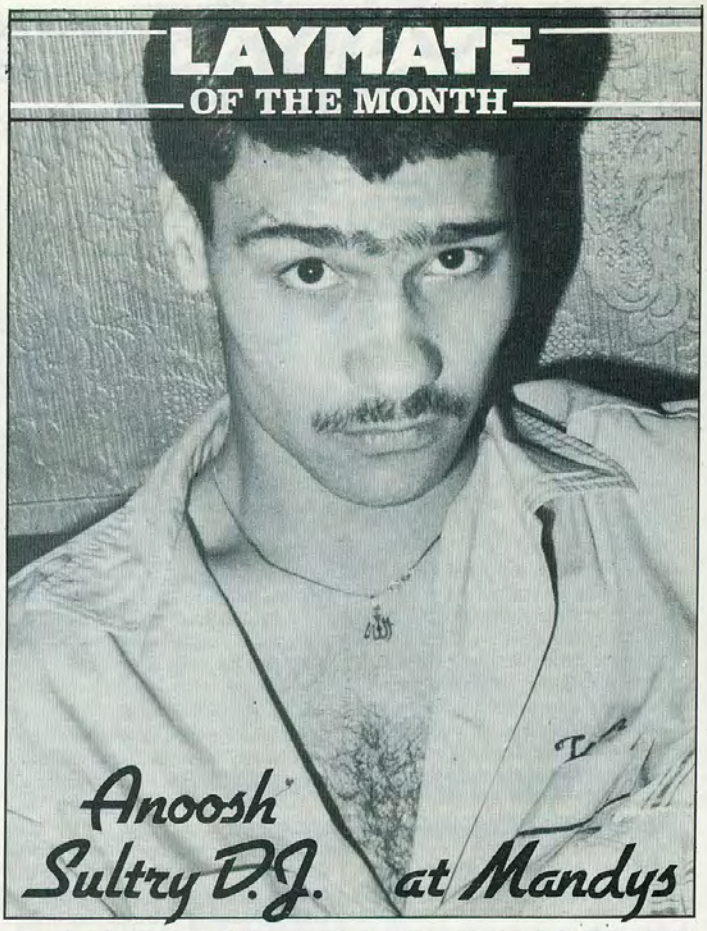
nt's

Discover the NEW

Mandy's

MANDY'S GAY CLUB
30 Henrietta Street
Covent Garden
London WC2
Tel: 01-836 0267

LAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Anoosh Sultry D.J. at Mandys

Airton House





JOHN is looking forward to giving a warm welcome to friends, New and old, at the **AIRTON GUEST HOUSE, 8 Philbeach Gardens, London S.W.5 01-370-1569.**

STREET LEVEL GUIDE

PUBS

: for just drinking and/or cruising

THE ALEXANDRA, nr. Wimbledon Station S.W.19. (Youngs)
Attractive Sunday lunchtime real ale mixed gay scene, no music.

THE BLACK HORSE, Mays Court, St. Martin's Lane (next Coliseum). (Charringtons)
Low lit attractive downstairs bar, newish scene and handy for theatres, etc. Real ale.

CHAMPION, Bayswater Rd., Notting Hill Gate tube. (Charrington)
Busy gay 'local' - no music.

THE CHEPSTOW, Chepstow Place, Notting Hill, W.2. (Courage)
Comfortable upstairs bar. Mon. CHE meets, Tue. Sappho, Wed.-Sun. gay bar, juke box.

CITY OF QUEBEC, Old Quebec St., S.W.1. (Whitbread)
Pleasantly decorated - slightly older clientele.

THE COBWEBS, just off The Quadrant Richmond. (Adj Imperial) (Watney-Trumon)
Attractive front and back bars, music, plenty of seating.

COLHERNE, Old Brompton Rd, Earls Court. (Charrington)
Busy traditional hard-core centre of London gay life, strong leather/denim scene. Juke box music.

THE CROWN, Edgware Rd.
New M.S.C. headquarters: leather and denim, Wed. and Sat.

THE CROYDON, Park St., Croydon.

GOLDEN LION, Dean St., off Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. (Youngers)
Ground floor bar very busy commercial Soho pub with juke box. Pleasant bar upstairs.

HORSE & GROOM, Groom Mews, S.W.1 (Watney-Truman)
Small, cosy mews pub. Large Sunday crowd midday. Adj. Pig & Whistle.

THE IMPERIAL, the Quadrant, Richmond, Surrey (Truman)
Good juke box single bar pub - packed and hectic later in the evenings.

MARKHAM ARMS, King's Rd., S.W.3. (Charrington)
Immovable Saturday lunchtime scene - get there early!

PIG & WHISTLE, Little Chester Mews, S.W.1. (Watney-Truman)
"See and be seen on Sunday!" Lunchtime only - packed upstairs and cellar bar.

PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA, Prescot St., E.1.
Leather scene Thur., Sat. and Sun., uniform nights Weds.

QUEEN'S HEAD, Tryon St., off King's Rd., Sloane Sq. tube. (Courage)
Nicely redecorated Chelsea 'local' scene and always busy.

THE SALISBURY, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. (Ind Coope)
Mirrors, brasswork and plush says it all, busy - lacks music.

THE WHEATSHEAF (Green Room at the back), 163 Goldhawk Rd., W.12 (Watneys)
Low lit, ornate, can be busy.

WILLIAM IVTH, Hampstead High St. (Courage)
Pleasant north London 'local' - juke box music.

AND SOMEWHERE NEW...

THE IMPERIAL, 577 King's Road, London S.W.6. (Opp. Chris. Wray's Lighting Emporium) (Watney-Truman)
Promising new venture, plenty of room (at the moment), seating, juke box, pool table, warm interior.

LADY OWEN ARMS, 285 Goswell Rd., London EC.1.
New North London venue run by Don and Karen late of The Green Man: round the corner from the Angel.

The LIVING Guide You Can Trust!
STREET LEVEL

A DAY TO BE PROUD OF!





STREET LEVEL GUIDE

VENUE

OSCAR'S [Club§bar: 4, Greek St., Soho Square, London W.1.]



Named after the one and only, Oscar's *believes in living up to his reputation with the sophistication and sparkle of its decor.*

Go down [or up?] Greek Street and aloft [above but quite unlinked with, the Pit Stop Club] *you will spot the green and white sign for Oscar's, climb the stairs beneath it and push open the black glass-panelled door at the top to gain entry - beyond this you will nearly always hear the cheerful sound of the jukebox. Once within you are likely to be greeted by any one of several people:* Brian, *the owner [tall and silver],* John *[fair and curly] or* Philip *[tall and Byronic], not forgetting* Bob *[young and boppy].*

Elegance of an unpretentious kind characterises Oscar's *and the dark polished surface of the bar reflects the gleam of the well-polished mirrors and glasses. Round the attractively decorated walls abound pictures of Oscar himself... with Bosie... standing, mother.... father, et al. High stools adjoin the bar.*

At one end curtains drape over a wide window looking out over the street, only to be puled at dusk turning the bar into a quietly lit cocoon away from the garishness of the Soho streets outside.

A compact little establishment, though evoking the period of its name it is yet modern in outlook. Down the far end, away from the winddow, is a small area with low seats and a table ideal for confidential exchanges. Here is Brian's *famed player-piano - or if that is too American - pianola, which gets a regular airing and makes an amusing change time to time from the jukebox.*

As a pre-theatre bar, Oscar's *makes a pleasant change from the rather limitchange from the rather limited number of gay West End pubs., although as it is only licensed until 11 p.m. unless your show ends early it is usually not possible to get back ther after the performance.*



Oscars *is closed Saturday lunchtimes, otherwise it follows pub. licensing hours-mid-day and evenings daily. Sandwiches are often available and the bar carries draught Carlsberg, a good selection of spirits and also canned beers and Australian lagers. It is a members' club, with guests, and details of the small joining fee will be supplied on request.*

Go to Oscar's *for a change from the sometimes crowded and limited central London pub. scene - they'll be pleased to welcome you.*

PUBS

(Entertainment, drag, live music , etc.)

NEW BLACK CAP, Camden High St. Camden Town tube. (Charrington)
Drag and live music nightly in back bar - usually packed. Busy front bar.

THE CASTLE, Lewisham High High St., S.E.12. Saloon bar at back.
Drag and other entertainment. Disco Sunday. Very cheerful all-round mixed gathering.

ELEPHANT & CASTLE, Sth. Lambeth Place, Opp. Vauxhall tube. Adj. Royal Vauxhall Tavern. (Courage)
Live and lively entertainment nightly in down to earth surroundings.

NASHVILLE ROOM, North End Rd., W.14. (Fullers)
Drag Sun. lunchtime and Wed. evening. "New wave" scene generally. Real ales.

ROYAL OAK, 62 Glenthorne Rd., W.6.
Thurs. disco, nightly drag not Tues.

ROYAL VAUXHALL TAVERN, under bridge from Vauxhall tube. (Courage)
Regular drag/mime acts - along the bar more often than not, so mind your drinks.

UNION TAVERN, 146 Camberwell New Road, S.E.5. Oval tube and bus or walk. (Courage)
Disco Tues./Thurs., entertainment, esp. Sundays when very packed.

AND OFF THE BEATEN TRACK...

DEURAGON ARMS, Shepherds Lane, Homerton E.9.
Very varied nightly entertainment, mixed but friendly scene, open to 12 midnight, food available.

GOLDEN EAGLE, 59 Marylebone Lane, W.1. (Charrington)
Mixed but good cosy gay scene.

SHIP & WHALE, Gulliver St. Nrst tube, Surrey Docks and walk! (Truman)
Really out of way pleasant East End docks gay pub, disco Thur/Fri/Sat/Sun 1-time and evenings.

CLUBS

: Members and Guests

A & B Club, 27 Wardour St. Entrance in Rupert Court, W.1. (Pub hours and extensions) Tel. 437 7301
Attractive long-established bar, juke box music and busy.

ADAM'S, 28 Leicester Square. Tel. 930 7717. Mon. to Sat. 9-3 a.m. Sun. 9-2 a.m., licensed to midnight on Sun.
Biggest - bar one- West End disco. Elegant interior. American sounds. Huge upstairs bar, downstairs restaurant and disco.

APOLLO Club, 29 Wardour St., W.1. (Pub hours) Tel. 437 7301.

BANG Disco at Sundown, 157 Charing Cross Rd. Opp. Centre Point. Mon & Thurs only 9 to 2 a.m.
Vast, packed American-style heavy sounds earsplitting disco scene on two levels with huge bars.

COPACABANA, 180 Earls Court Rd., S.W.5. Mon to Sat 9-2 a.m.
Three bars and fair-sized dance floor disco in comfortable surroundings with two pool tables.

ESCORT, 89a Pimlico Rd., Sloane Sq. tube, opp. Casa Pupo.
Very good small disco scene, open till very late every night except Sunday.

FESTIVAL Club, 2 Brydges Place: alongside Coliseum Theatre, W.C.2. Tel. 836 1436. Closes 12 midnight daily, Sun. 11.30 and extensions.
Convivial, friendly, busy - wide selection food and drink. Easy listening, low music.

GUIDE EDITOR - ROGER BELL.

THE GATE CLUB, 68 Notting Hill Gate, W.11. (Above Rymans) Weekdays 9.30-1 a.m., Sun. 1-3 p.m., closed evng. New members not admitted after 11 p.m., no-one after midnight.
Two bars, disco music. Ideal local late drinks venue, adj. to Champion pub.

LEMONS, Oak Tree, 1 Western Ave., W.3. Thur. to Sat. 10-2.30 a.m. Drag Thurs.
North London venue. Gay mixed, but especially women.

LULU'S, 110 Finborough Road, Earls Court, S.W.10. Tel. 373 7454. Nightly till late. Drag Thurs.
Pleasing upstairs bar, small disco and comfortable seating for meals downstairs.

MANDY'S, 30 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W.C.2. Tel. 836 0267. Nightly (except Mon.) 9.30-3 a.m. Sunday 10-12 midnight.
Nice upstairs bar and very good small disco scene and bar downstairs.

NAPOLEON'S, 2 Lancashire Court, 123 Bond St., W.1. Mon. to Sat. 6 p.m. - 3 a.m.
Popular smart Mayfair-style Bar/restaurant (highly recommended) disco establishment.

OSCAR'S, 4 Greek St., off Soho Sq., W. Tel. 437 9446. (Pub hours and extension s)
Very well run, pleasant West End bar - named after guess who?

TOTO'S, 251 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Tel. 435 4805. Thurs. to Sat. 9.30-2.30 a.m.
North London late-night venue - bar and fair-sized dance floor disco.

PINK TRIANGLE CLUB, Upstairs at Saxon House, 182 Hoe St., E.17. Weds. 9-1 a.m.

REGENCY, 12 Gt. Newport St. W.C.1.
Down to earth, gritty and commercial interesting late night bar/disco.

SCANDALS, 13 Wardour St., W.1. (Opp. Swiss Centre) Nightly 10pm til very late.
Swinging new central London disco club, novel lighted dance floor revolves, three bars, bistro, superb sounds.

SPATS, 37 Oxford St., W.1. Thurs. 10 p.m. till late. Fri./Sat. 10-3 a.m. Weds. women only, 10-2. Tel. 437 7945.
Pleasant, easy going disco.

YOURS & MINE, 142-144 Kensington High St. Nightly till late.
Novel lighted disco dance floor and mixed clientele.

DANCE

(Occasional off the 'main scene' gay discos)

BEAGLES, North End Rd., S.W.6. Weds. 9 till late.
Tricky Dicky Disco, young crowd, fair-sized dance floor, bar, amicable surroundings.

BROLLEYS, The Cstle, Richmond, Surrey. (Just down from Richmond Bridge) Tues. 8-12.
Tails Disco. Pleasant off-centre scene by the river - 'pop'ular sounds.

BUNCH OF GRAPES, 31 Duke St., W.1. Te. 486 2319. Mon.

FOX CLUB, West Green Rd., N.15. (Nr. Turnpike Lane tube) Fri. & Sat. 10-2 a.m.
Busy, gay mixed, fair-sized disco, nice crowd and good sounds.

PRINCE ALBERT, Wharfedale Rd. (King's Cross tube)
Fridays. Alternative Gay (Icebreakers) and Saturdays G.A.A. Disco & Alternative Gay Disco.

STAR, Croydon.

W.A.G.S. (Wimbledon Area Gaysoc), Merton Hall, 76 Kingston Rd., S.W.19. (Sth. Wimbledon tube) First Tue. in month.
Very large floor, 'pop'ular sounds and bar. Mixed gay crowd.

GIRLS

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE... (Women only venues)

THE GATEWAYS (Club), 239 King's Rd., S.W.3. (entr. Bramerton St.) Nightly and Wed/Fri/Sat to midnight. Tel. 353 0118.
London's only women's gay club, bar and juke box music. Discos midweek and weekends. Women only admitted.

THE CRICKETERS, High St., Feltham, Middx. Tel: 890 2316.
Fridays only, 8 till late. (Membership £1:admission £1 members, guests £1.50)
Gemini Club women's disco.

HEMMINGFORD ARMS, N.1. Tel. 607 2861. Fri. and Sat. pub hours.
Disco.

LEWISHAM WOMEN'S CENTRE, 74 Deptford High St. Tel. 692 1851. Alt. Thurs. 8-12.
Eave's women's disco.

JUNE'S at Studio 21, 19-23 Oxford St., W.1. Fri. 9.30-2 a.m.
Women's disco.

MANOLO'S (Restaurant), 30 Lillie Rd., S.W.6. Mon. 9-1 a.m. Tel. 385 1130.
Wica women gay disco.

SOLS ARMS, Hampstead Rd. Warren St. tube) Pub hours. Upstairs room only.
Women's only discos: Mon. & †Fri. Femme. Wed. Gayla. Contact Sappho or Lesbian line details.

A GRAND OPENING...at the Westminster Arms, Page Street SW1, was held on Wednesday 11th July. A chance to take a look at their new home, for many now displaced from the Green Man. An improvement, both in facilities and welcome - it was generally agreed.

THE BOLTONS [Corner Old and Earls Court Rd., London S.W.10]

Standing across the road from The Coleherne *and offset by some 200 yards, this pub. affords an opportunity however to enjoy a different background entirely.*

THE BOLTONS *cont.*

The Boltons, *a* Charrington *pub., ias preserved if one looks closely in perhaps the grand, traditional style of large English late-Edwardain pubs, with its two small and one large saloon bar with long dark staircase leading sadly now to an unused first floor uner the glazed eye of a long-dead stag. Again, rumour abounds as to the future here but for the moment we do not look too far ahead.*

Two bars that front the pub. are the public and, fairly rare nowadays, a type of snug from whence during the day you can look through the huge windows down Redcliffe Road and observe the traffic pounding south, though little else but passers-by! Attractive though these bars are, with their well-worn air of late Edwardian middle-class surroundings - heavily curtained windows, button-back leather seats, captain's chairs and large yellow lampshades - the main gay activity is to be found in the larger, saloon bar, with its dark green walls and high ceiling.

Here, with its juke-box, big square-shaped central dark wooden counter, heavily worn carpets and none-to-bright lighting, you will find in the evenings particularly a busy crowd milling under various cautionary signs atop the bar - "The rule is, don't give in until the wine gives out" being a typical example.

A big, low-ceilinged alcove within the bar adds a touch almost of quaintness to the scene with its fireplace, and everywhere there are plenty tables and chairs for your comfort.

Though we have heard suggestions the Boltons *is less of a gay venue than in the past, clearly it is still very popular with many people as a valued traditional gay drinking ambience.* ⊙

STREET LEVEL GUIDE



VENUE

THE COLEHERNE [*Corner Old Brompton Rd, London, S. W. 10*]

It must be said that anyone who attempts to set pen to paper concerning The Colherne - *one of London's most long-standing and deep-seated gay pubs. - should beware - and this writer is no exception.*

Standing irresolutely as it does in Early Court on the Old Brompton Road, it has defied many recent attempts if rumour is to believed - and even now one is current as to a change for its future, but we shall look at things as they are - to close it as a gay pub or, at the least, change its image, yet it remains still almost a slap in the face of the battle by God knows who to alter some of the more well-established gay images of london.

A Charrington *pub., it still represents* [*to quote ourselves*] *the hardcore centre of gay pub. life in West London, in the sense that it provides the very basics in a drinks/cruise scene, plus jukebox, Monday to Sunday, perhaps widening its activities Sunday lunchtimes to become an albeit slightly mixed scene, often popular with our coloured gayfolk whose own inimicable jazz is frequently heard then with other kinds of live music.*

The three entrances to the Coleherne *take one into a huge bar, stretching seemingly endlessly back and surrounding the one enormous central square counter. The red-tiled lino floor is quite free of furniture except for half a dozen small tables and chairs at the back of the bar, plus piano* [*alas no longer played by the lady in question*] *and a colour television set... and this is reflective of the enormous crowds which throng through nightly. The walls are decorated with huge pictures of Victorian London life heavily tobacco-stained and the decor generally perhaps makes little impact on the milling patrons - as it seemingly never has! As we say, change is rumoured and one has to wonder what that may be.*

Now as always the crowd is totally representative of everybody in the gay lifestyle The bar is always busy, to a certain extent during the day and totally at night, when after about 9.30 it becomes almost impossible to move through the multitude except along the narrow gangway grudgingly permitted roughly in the middle between the counter and the wall. Near entrances the leather and denim crowd have staked claim to their ground so if that's your turn-on you will be well at home here, although the pub. by no means just specialises in that particular scene. It has possibly the biggest cross-section of gay community to be found in any London pub.

If you arrive later in the evening do not be daunted by the crowds almost preventing you getting into the bar - persist and make your way towards the back where there is usually at least some standing room only, and then work back down again until you find the spot that suits you best - everyone seems to have their favourite vantage point in the Coleherne! Standing outside, even on warm nights, is not encouraged but when the evening's drinking is over the crowds do linger - and if asked to move on... well, it's up to you to use your initiative.

Although the sawdust is actually missing from the floor, it may be a fair description at the moment to say that a little of this would give the final touch to the pub's essentially gritty atmosphere Add to that the current worn air of the decor, minimal cloakroom facilities and the stoical endeavours of the staff to provide a quick service in refilling those ever-empty glasses will give you some idea of what to expect when you get there.

Providing nothing dramatic has happened by the time you read this, even if the Coleherne has not got the most congenial surroundings it still is - and one hopes will long continue to be there - a pub. where it's all at!

THE QUEEN'S HEAD
[*Tryon St., London S. W. 3*]

A few turnings down the King's Road beyond Peter Jones and Sloane Square you will find Tryon Street, a short lane, really, terraced with typical Chelsea residences almost jostling for room along its narrow length, an at the end firmly set on the corner is the Queen's Head.



-a Chelsea 'local' if ever there was one, with its cheerful white pavement tables, chairs and umbrellas outside.

Inside it is more attractive than ever since being completely redecorated and refurbished - renovated might be too strong a word since they have left the three bars very much as they originally were whilst giving a facelift to the whole - this Courage *pub. has been a long entrenched stronghold of Chelsea gay life* [*predating and outliving The Colville, which was tremendous fun and is now sadly turned into a men's clothes shop, of all things!*] *still enormously popular and busier than ever.*

If you are seeking courteous surroundings in which

GUIDE



to enjoy a drink, with a reasonably low-level jukebox background, you will find them here.

Of the two entrances in Tryon Street, one takes you into the Saloon Bar and the other into the Public: this latter is more brightly lit and retains very much the flavour of this aspect of traditional English pub-life and it is a sign of the times that 'publics' are fast dying out in many of our less wel redesigned hostelries. Here you will find a core of faithful 'regulars', complete with dartboard, though that is not to say for a minute that new faces are not welcome.

The Saloon or Lounge Bar is perhaps the more completely gay and is really two bars linked by a narrow archway, with separate entrances on either side of the building: however it is quite easy [and usual?] to spot friends across the central open counterspace.

In the slightly smaller of the two, opening directly off Tryon Street, the walls are decked with a simple but modern brown patterned wallpaper setting off the lily-shaped lamps which cast a moderate glow over the cubicle-style partition-separated bench seats and tables, highly suited to low and intimate conversation! The effect is completed by a small well-polished wood counter.

Round the corner and into the larger room... the whole place being carpeted throughout... there is just the suggestion of country inn style, with a fireplace, high-set shelf round the wall bearing plates and brass, and the comfortably upholstered scattered chairs tables and backseats, plus a plentiful amount of room for standing around. If you want to listen to the jukebox you probably have a better chance of hearing it in this bar, incidentally.

Quieter in the early evening, the queen's Head *gets very busy every night throughout the week from about 9.30 onwards with an outwardly perhaps anyway, almost conventional looking and usually well-dressed crowd of all ages. That is just a comment on the general scene - but anything goes.*

Saturday and Sunday lunchtimes always see a constant flow of customers and on sunny days drinks can be enjoyed both inside and out



without undue crowding. Being set off the junction of three quiet back-roads with a decent pavement, drinking outside the pub. has never seemed a problem and on warm days with its white garden tables and coloured umbrellas is a pleasure indeed.

In the Queen's, whilst having renewed and refreshed but not changed its image, has retained the constancy of its tradition as a well-behaved and agreeable pub. to which many people have a very loyal following.

TIMOTHY SWALLOW

TIMOTHY SWALLOW GOES TO TOWN

In a month in which the only thing that streaked was my fake tan, I was gratified that FAB THRILLS should be so readily provided for me by SMART SOCIETY's *latest pet, the exotic* STEVE STRANGE *whose birthday party at* BLITZ *was one of the most FUN-filled of LA SAISON.* STEVE's *birthday —his eighteenth, I believe— was celebrated with great STYLE. After all, young STEVIE has been eighteen now for at least the last four years and has therefore got it off to a fine art by now. The world and his clone were present giving out the lip-gloss and getting it back. I sat quietly in rhinestones in one corner sipping bottles of* BLITZ KRUG *through a* LOUIS VUITTON *straw and watching hunky, chunky, punky* BILLY IDOL *practising his pouts, which looked more to me like a silly moue. Luscious* KAREN O'CONNOR *confided to me that her father, the luckless* DES, *is thinking of up-dating his musical image. Perhaps he should comb his toupé into a* NEW WAVE *and change his name to* DES PERATE? BLITZ BOMBSHELL WENDY PUTNAM *was the dance-floor sensation doing* LE FREAK *from the waist up and the* VALETA *from the legs down. But it was her* BLITZ SPLITZ *that really broadened her talent, amongst other things... Like all the best PARTIES this one had a theme. It was 'Come As Your Favourite Blonde'. I spotted two* ANDY WARHOLS, *a half-hearted* DAVID HOCKNEY, *three* MARILYNS, *a* DORIS DAY, *one sensational* BET LYNCH, *three* MYRA HINDLEYS [*obviously a case of The Moor the merrier*] *a* MARIE ANTOINETTE *with her head still on—although one axe-swinging* MYRA *did offer to oblige. AUSSIE go-getter* LYNDALL HOBBS *proceeded to film the event for the delection of cinema audiences throughout the world—she's calling her flick* 'STEPPIN' OUT', *though I think* BLEACH FOR THE SKIES *would be a much better title, don't you?* LYNDALL's *live-in lover unimpressed impresario* MICHAEL WHITE *arrived without an invitation. However, when he explained his surname was* WHITE *he was allowed to join his fellow blonds—although one unkind soul did suggest that by the look of his hair these days he really should change his name to* GREY [*dear readers, that unkind soul was me*]. *And as for myself, I left my lustrously dark locks untouched, for you see, I came as the blondes' conscious; I came as their roots! As for the party itself, the ENDLESS FOUNTAIN OF FUN was dried to a dribble by the fact that none of the guests dared move or speak for fear of dislodging their wigs or damaging their* BERMAN & NATHAN's *tat. As my young friend* JOHN ST CLAIR *was heard rightly to observe from beneath the carrier bag he chose to wear over his head by way of impromptu costume, it was very much a case of the BLONDE leading the BLONDE. I would suggest, however, it was even more one of the BLAND leading the BLAND. If it's true that blondes have more fun, there are lots more THRILLING*

things I would rather get out of a bottle. Or, to put it another way: I arrived at the Blondes party mousy but left feeling very ratty indeed.

In an attempt to sooth my GLAMOUR-jangled nerves I ran hatless through the streets to the cosy A AND B *club in filmland's fabulous Wardour Street. Signing myself in as 'Millie Terry' camp follower I discovered the club [The Arms and Battledress, as we pedants call it] contained within its bannered walls a uniform selection of clientele, all standing to attention. Most, however, were more peasant than* COCKNEY REBEL *but is now just merely revolting, and* ELTON JOHN *exhibiting his latest cloth cap graft. Judging by the latter's latest efforts on vinyl, Music Therapy is something he most sorely needs. A touch of class was brought to the proceedings, however, by the stately and sylish presence of* REGINE'S *alter ego the lovely* JENNIFER SHARPE, *the balding but gallante* NIGEL DEMPSTER *and, of course, the event's talented organisers* TONY BRAINSBY *and the chicly bizarre* MISS MAGENTA DIVINE. *Entertainment was brought to my* END'S *in London's severely fashionable* MAYFAIR. *The effetely fashionable audience divided its time between sipping potent cocktails poured into coconuts and the sleekly snug garments into which the handsome young male models had poured their coconuts. Most of the girl contestants had the sort of faces that bank robbers pull on before they make a raid but the boys' winner, a quivering beau from Harrow School had most of the judges, including* BILLY IDOL *and* GERRY SUNDQUIST, *right behind him all the way. It's gratifying to see a young man being given marks in all the right places and even better to see ones who really know how to score!*

Timothy Swallow



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TIMOTHY SWALLOW *Goes To Town*

correct. In the darkened bar a young sapper presented arms. I fell in. Although perhaps something of a body-shop, there is definitely more to the A AND B *club than eyes the meat.*

The next day began as all the best always do, very late the next evening when I limo-ed across town to the MUSIC THERAPY *dinner at London's newest hotel emirate,* THE INTERCONTINENTAL *on* PARK LANE. *The world and his fan were present, enjoying the sumptuous array of hors d'oeuvres. I ate only the smoked salmon, firmly believing in the old adage that many are called but Fumé is chosen. Between eager fork-fulls I espied* PRINCE *and* PRINCESS MICHAEL OF KENT *[such a pity the dear girl couldn't afford a Christian name for herself], members of various* HIT PARADE POP GROUPS *such as* LED ZEPPELIN *and* STATUS QUO *[I'm sure younger readers will let me know if I have spelt these quaint names correctly],* STEVE HARLEY *who used to be a well-positioned table in the shapely guise of columnist* FRANCES O'FARRELL *who performed her by now familiar party-trick of making five bottles of* MOUTON CADET *disappear in less than an hour. At the end of the proceedings, the M.C.* DAVE DEE *[formerly of* DOZY, BEAKY MICK AND TICH, *although alas, he can no longer BEND IT] proposed a toast to our* GRACIOUS QUEEN. *It came as little surprise to see, as everyone rose shakily to their feet, that* ELTON JOHN *remained sitting down. It was only with supreme effort that his manager, diminutive Scots person* JOHN REID, *prevented his charge, who is known to his friends as Fat Reg from Pinner, from smiling and waving. He was, nevertheless, heard to mutter something about 'My Husband and I'.*

Moments later I was on, on, on to the Terminal GLAMOUR of the first annual FRIZZ *'Become A Teenage Legend' contest held at* CAMPBELL PALMER's *high-tech empire,* LEG-

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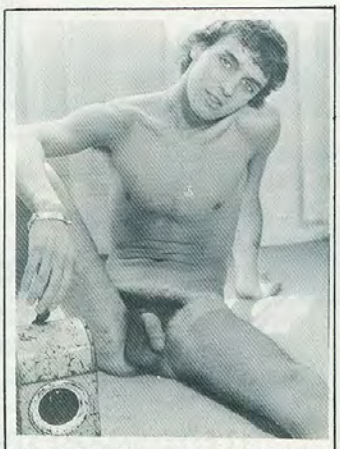
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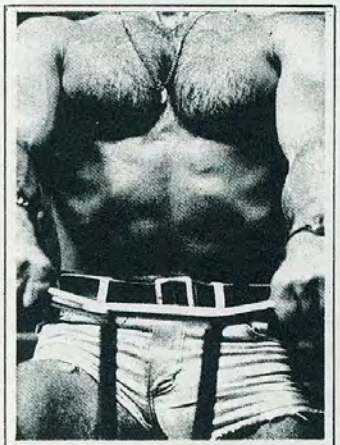
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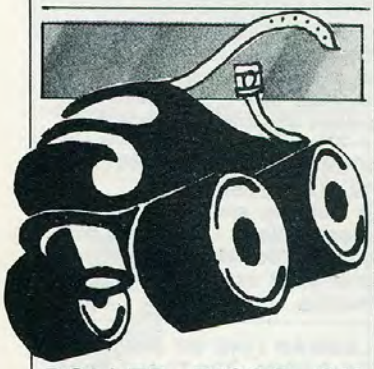
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ROLLER DISCO ON THE MOVE

Gay Roller Disco at Global Village proving a tremendous success, Ray and Gordon are now at THE ELECTRIC BALLRROM, in Camden High Street.
The new establishment proves to be a great improvement, and the growing band of Gay Rollers are thronging northwards to enjoy a proper wooden floor, and extra space. Global Village will now lay fallow while Stephen Hayter finalises plans to turn it into a gay complex called "Heaven". We can't wait, but don't think roller skates are what he's got in mind. See you on wheels in Camden soon?

August

STREET SIGNS



ARIES (21/3 - 20/4
This could really be the start of something major. Don't start rocking the boat. You know where it's at and at the moment all you need to do is to move forward to get it. Someone is offering some sound common sense to keep you efficiently active. Focus on Knowledge. On the fun front, you and someone else surrender to each other.



TAURUS (21/4 - 20/5
Blocks to free self-expression should be met and conquered. You may doubt the directions that your ambitions pull you, like the people that attract you the logic is hard to see. Cling to your goal, you've had to for a long time, and if you look really hard you'll see that it is possible - just over the horizon. Make sure you're surrounded by good things, something is ending- but something better is beginning



GEMINI (21/5 - 20/6
It' time to start asserting yourself. The people who seem to oppose you, who you thought were friends have a reason. They fear that you need more practical stability in your plans. They may be right, but the important thing is that you stick to your guns -regather your confidence. Incorporate their ideas, but don't lose sight of your goal.



CANCER (21/6 - 22/7
You must beware of that possesive streak in your affections. Your pattern of progress continues upward this month, mind that you don't place unnecessary restrictions upon yourslef. Keep your spirits buoyant and climbing, keep putting your patience into action. This is a time to cooperate with the strong.



LEO (23/7 - 22/8
Those travel plans that are just possible if you are thrifty and plan carefully are generally not for you. Neither of these is one of your finer points. A new phase of cooperative endeavour opens for you, and it can be remarkably fulfilling. In your present mood even reality has its attractive side. Persist and combine your plans with others.



VIRGO (23/7 - 22/8
Keep your emotions under wraps, and examine your need to keep loving, even when you feel unloved in return. It may seem that hopes are to be broken up by circumstances beyond your control. Don't call an old friend just to be boastful. Quit an unhealthy habit before it's too late.



LIBRA (23/9 - 22/10
Accept other peoples oddities. Cultivate the unusual, follow that 'Star Quality' friend. Meet loving people freely. You feel burdened by obligations, yet a spirit of adventure prompts passionate involvements. There's telepathic communication at work here - get ready for some nice success.



SCORPIO (23/10 - 22/11
This is not an easy month. You face some sharp challenges, and there's a tendency to become withdrawn and suspicious. Particularly you start to see a friend as malicious - and you're wrong. Don't chase pleasures, stick to established or deeply held goals. Others demand a degree of freedom now, and you must give it.



SAGITTARIUS (23/11 - 21/12
The union of opposites really can work out. Let difficult readjustments go hand in hand with friendliness, and avoid dullness at all costs. You feel some bitterness, but Sagittarian nature will overcome this. Keep the quiet forward progress going, you need to persist. Share revealing moments.



CAPRICORN (22/12 - 19/1
Be careful with pride. You want to be loving, but it may turn out to be hard work for a while. Keep your outlook in a mature vein - but don't fail to investigate those little mysteries that attract you. Just because you are feeling childish, doesn't mean you have to act that way.



AQUARIUS (20/1 - 18/2
Being your own person requires constant reiteration of mental-physical self-training. Very special personal attractions lead you into rich entanglements. You can express yourslef with agility in games or make work into a form of play this month. Up goes the curtain....



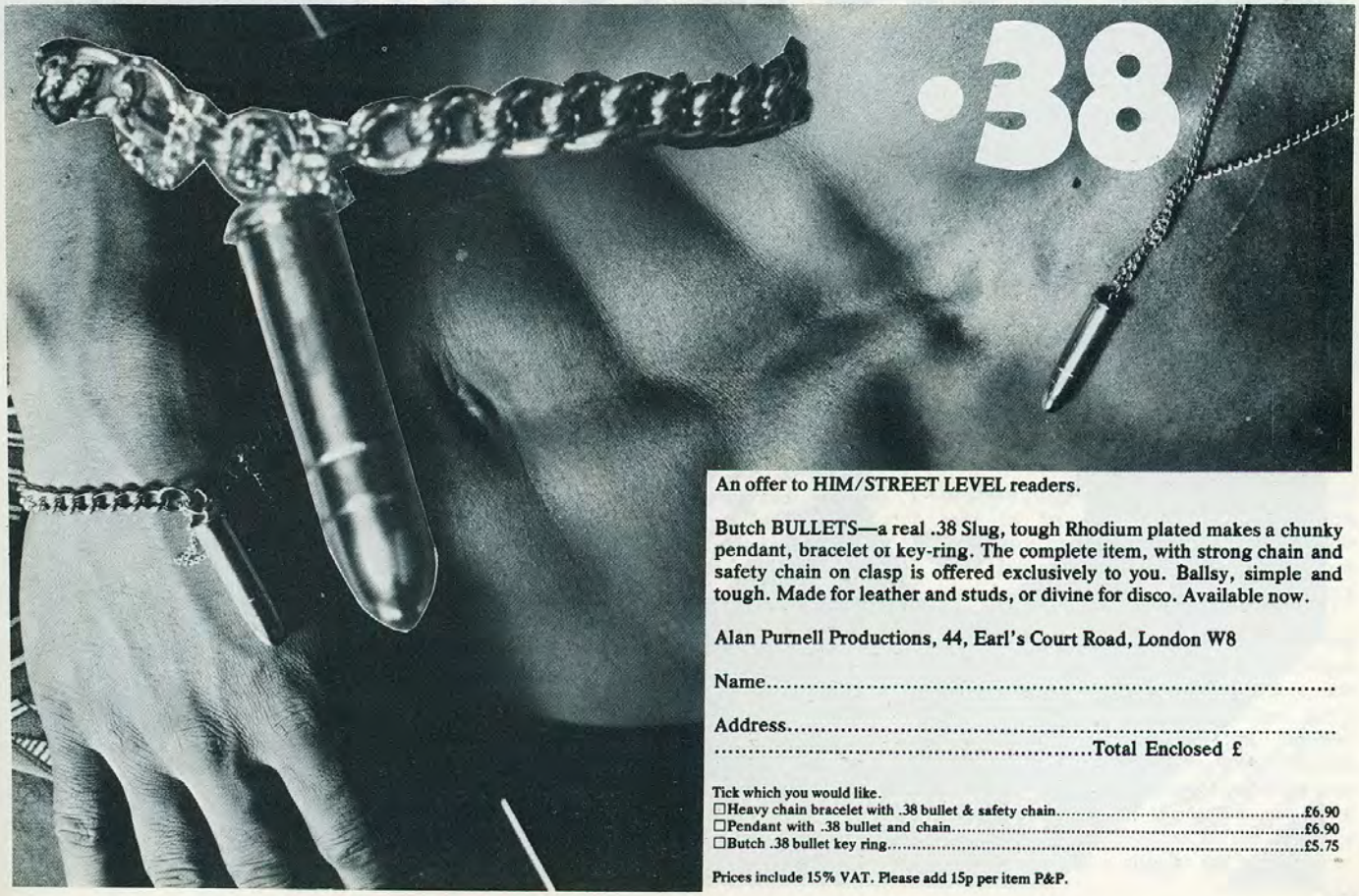
PISCES (19/2 - 20/3
Some of your deepest convictions and thoughts are brought painfully out into the open. They may not look so good close-up, but the experience is bound to be stimulating. Strong people are on hand to confirm you ideas. Beware only an extravagent trend. Know what you want before you go after it.

Happy Endings

...hear the A & B's *moving to new premises for a few months [behind Scandals, their new late night venue, but unconnected thereto!7 to allow for strengthening of those by now ancient boards they've trod upon for so long ...anyway let's hope they leave the ceiling intact, where would I be without the lovely fresco?...and Scandlas first night was a glittering success, we tell you all about it this issue...* John *and* Jack *are delighted with their investment - Good Luck, hope it continues for the future...* Ashley Prowse, *tall slender and dewy-eyed now in charge at* Peter Glencross's Festival Club, *having taken over from recently-back-from-the-sun-in-Greece -and-browner-than-ever sunny Keith Wilson who moves up to take charge of the* Burlington Health Club *after two years behind the bar...hope they both do well. And more rumours: is the Earls Court scene about to change, with redecoration at the* coleherne [*and how many hope not?*] *and what's this about a theatre club at the* Bolktons? *As long as they're gay plays, who cares... Street Level's launching party went off with a bang at the* Festival. *Everyone was there including the guy who drank my champagne [Ed!]...still, now you can get free champagne there. Free? Yes, with every £50 spent.....*

Clive *of* Mandys *starts rehearsals for* Hello Dolly *with* Carol Channing *soon. Hope the glandular fever quits in nice time for those famous thighs to flash on stage.* Clive *is scheduled to be our STREET LEVEL 'Laymate of the Month' just as soon as we can catch up with him... Maybe* Carol *will catch G.F. then* Clive *could go on in her place and...* Copacabanas *grand supreme* Mike Eley, *who never returns a phone call, clearly dosn't need to cooperate with the press - the more money they make from gay people.. the* ruder *they get, folks...Can it be that a matched pair of* Bakers *are cooking up the next* Mister *pie.*

...Roller Disco's Gordon Elsbury *seen sneaking off into the bushes with another man ... he clearly prefers bushes to bunnies, as this was at swish Victor Lowndes posh country house party..* Bryan Derbyshire, *a stranger to these pages of late, reportedly joining ITN as a floor manager. As he bounded up the stairs to the dressing rooms just before* Lee Paris *appeared at Sargents...we wondered if he wasn't filling in as her dresser...*



An offer to HIM/STREET LEVEL readers.

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PATRICK JUVET

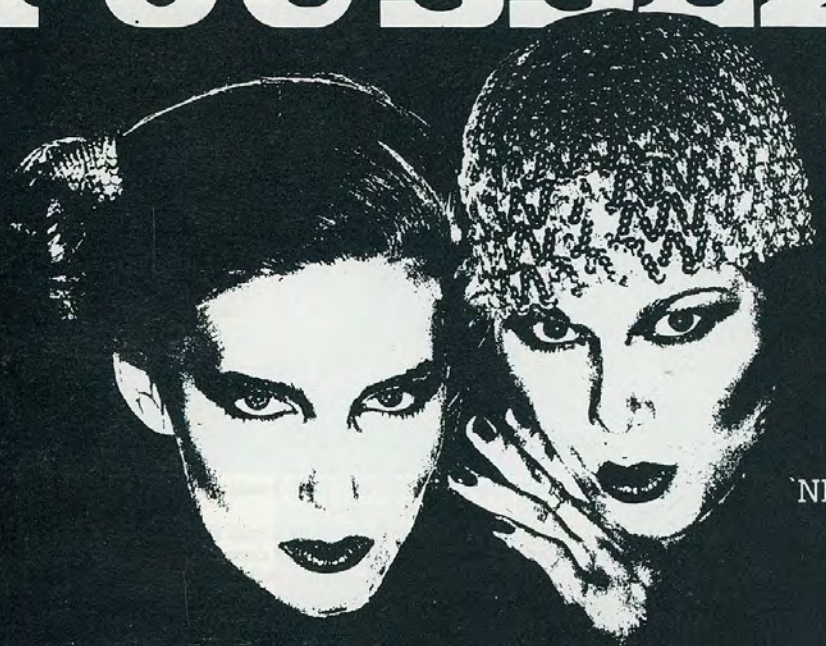
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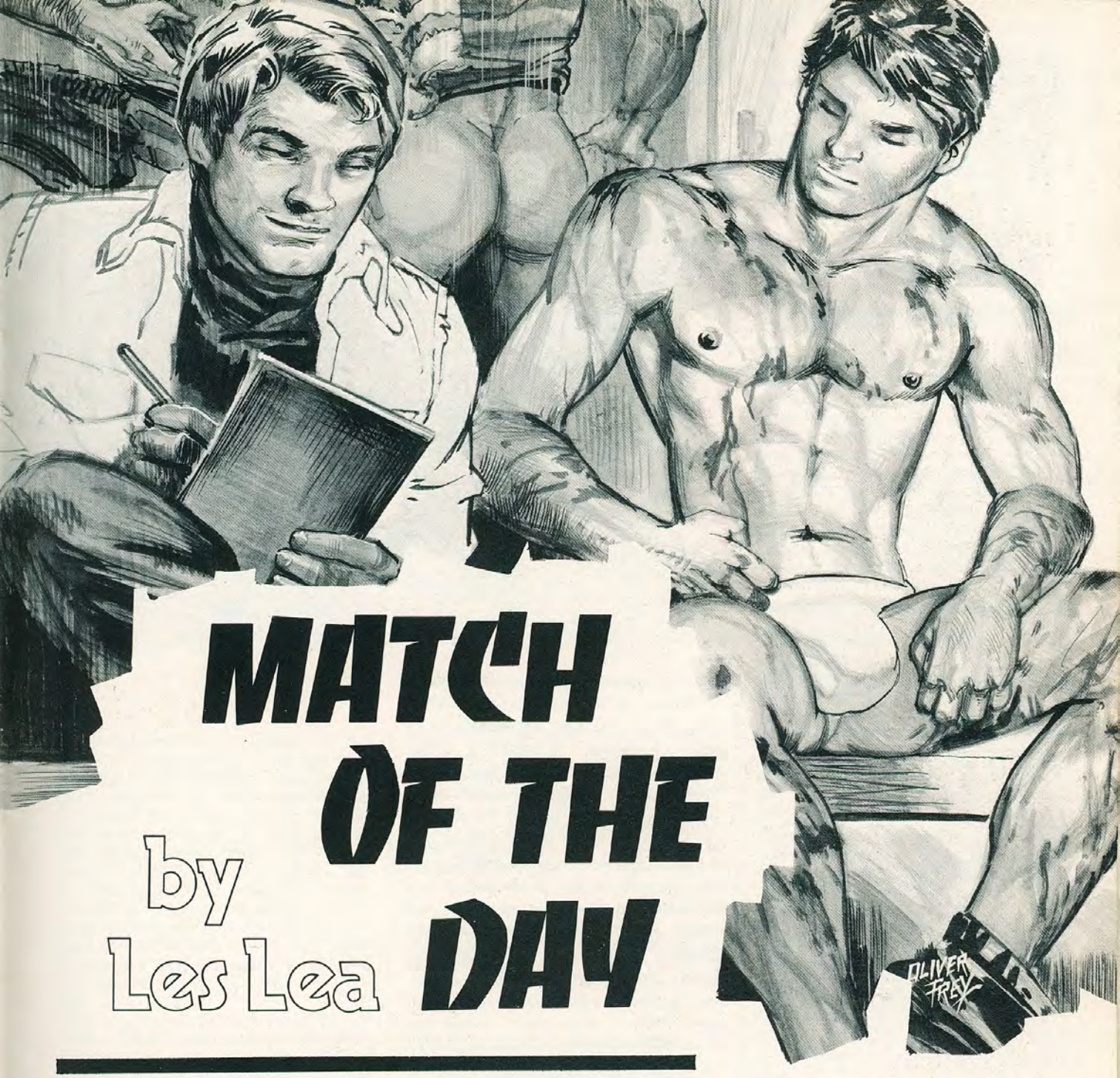
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MATCH OF THE DAY

by Les Lea

Ron was looking forward to his next assignment. He had been working on the local newspaper since he was sixteen and now at twenty-eight enjoyed the position as 'Sports Correspondent'. It was a joke title really as the paper was so small the few people that were employed on it all had to wear different hats. But the sports reporting made up for all those interminable Women's Club meetings, flower shows, petty thefts and the like. Ron loved all sports and quite unashamedly all sportsmen. Ron was gay and made the most of the fact that his job got him near to those perfect specimens of manhood at their athletic best and he prided himself that his own manliness and body were in as good a shape as those he admired and wrote about.

This new assignment was to spend a day with United's new signing Danny Smith, a twenty-two-year-old goalie discovered playing for a non-League side and said to be the most promising new comer for ages. Ron hoped so and knew that United needed a new goalie as they were too near the bottom of the fourth division for comfort.

"It took all his will power not to grab that lovely body and fuck it, or be fucked by it . . . he wasn't really bothered which."

Ron arrived at the training ground with barely enough time to introduce himself to the new player before the team were launched into another day's training, starting with a few 'simple' warm-up exercises. Ron had known United's manager/trainer John Silk ever since he started on the paper and knew he was like a sergeant in the Marines . . . tough, and a stickler for heavy train-

MATCH OF THE DAY



ing programmes. He also knew that Danny would be hard pressed to keep up with the other players who were used to his intense methods and no doubt John Silk would have some specialised exercises for the new goalie. As Ron watched the players exercising, running about and displaying ball control, Silk screaming at them for even more effort, he remembered his first encounter with the hard man Mister Silk. That was at a charity football match when he was seventeen. They were playing on the same side and after the game, in the changing room everyone had dressed and gone, leaving only the two of them. Silk would have been about forty then and Ron remembered how he had deliberately taken his time so he could look longer at the trainer's muscular body. His own seventeen-year-old body was shaping up pretty well and he recalled how he had delayed putting on his clothes. He was quite simply hoping that John Silk would make a pass at him. Soon after everybody had gone and there was just the two of them left John Silk had taken hold of this seventeen-year-old narcissus, pressed him up against the wall and fucked him stupid. All the time he never said a word while the young Ron was moaning in pain and pleasure at a thick eight-inch prick being plunged into him. John in fact fucked him twice and left a sore Ron lying prostrate on the hard wooden benches. When they had met subsequently John Silk had never acknowledged that night though they had met a thousand times since and that first meeting was never repeated much to Ron's regret.

The training was stepped up to get the 'maximum effort' from his team. Silk was still gruffly shouting orders to the other players but as Ron had thought would happen he was leaning heavily on Danny with some very strenuous individual exercises. Danny was all over the place, jumping to catch balls, down on the ground, doing some stretching movements. Ron noticed the sweat pouring through Danny's two sweatshirts and his black mud-splattered shorts were drenched. His legs were also covered in mud and his face was creased in pain with the effort and concentration, but he kept up to Silk's commands.

Danny was six feet tall, had short brown hair, green eyes and a fantastic bodyl Ron also noticed as the newcomer strained in his exercises how his legs and thighs tried to escape his shorts, causing the thin material to take on a satin-like sheen as the moisture also tried to escape the pressure. Ron felt his own pressure as his excitement grew.

"His dirty black shorts and stained jock strap were on the floor in front of him and instinctively he picked them up . . ."

Eventually the training was over and the players went back to the changing rooms. Ron joined Danny there and the first question of how the first day's training had gone was met by a shattered but smiling Danny who said he would survive anything he was asked to do. The interview continued and he was asked about his past, friends, family and ambitions. Danhy replied with ease and humour which Ron found appealing and sincere. He also liked the way Danny carried on undressing, then sat down next to him in just his jock strap, his muddy body lined with sweaty streaks. The interview was suspended while Danny took a shower, which was just as well as Ron was growing so hard again he was almost ready to rape him. A muscular arse disappeared into the tiled area . . . it was silly really . . . there had been an entire team walking about in various stages of undress and he hadn't even noticed. By now most of the other players had left and Ron awaited Danny's return. His dirty black shorts and stained jock strap were on the floor in front of him and instinctively he picked them up and put them in Danny's kit bag. After a moment's hesitation he took them out again and put the shorts in his own pocket. A clean but damp Danny returned and the interview continued. He stood drying himself in front of Ron who noticed a slightly swollen cock and big beautiful balls swinging about at only arm's length away. It suddenly struck Ron that this was exactly the same way he had been acting when he was trying to get it off with John Silk all those years ago. He had hoped that Danny might be gay but knew the chances weren't that good but the possibility excited his whole being as well as his cock. It took all his will power not to grab that lovely body and fuck it or be fucked by it . . . he wasn't really bothered which.

John Silk returned to the dressing room to hurry Danny along as the team coach was waiting for him and they still had a lot to sort out. At that moment Ron would have liked a bolt of lightning to strike the manager and hoped this wasn't to be the end of the interview . . . it was. Silk made



it clear that that was enough talk for one day. Ron quickly gave Danny a card with his address and telephone number on it and told him to give him a ring anytime. He thanked Danny for all the information so far and through gritted teeth thanked John Silk for allowing Danhy to be interviewed. As the player and manager left Ron wondered if Danny was Silk's type. Would they be in bed together? or at it in the gym back at the ground? was one of the reasons for the signing because they already had something going? He knew his thoughts were stupid but he was quite simply jealous.

At home he started his article but as he typed his mind filled with all the things he would love to do to young Danny. Ron had had affairs many times and been with some incredible bodies. Like the American swimmer who sucked better than anyone else he'd ever met, the rugby winger whose sexual appetite was insatiable, the pole vaulter who was hung so well he didn't need a pole and who just before winning a European title had screwed him shitless for a week. There had been a many and varies procession of footballers, runners, cyclists, gymnasts—but he didn't want memories, he wanted Danny. Whilst he was wondering how he could engineer another interview the phone rang. It was Danny. Ron's heart pounded as Danny apologised for the way their meeting had ended and was there anything else he wanted to know. Ron

"He wore a jock strap instead of underpants and his cock and balls strained against the cotton fabric. Ron left them for the time being, removing Danny's other clothes until the jock was all he had on . . ."

said there were a couple of things and asked when he could arrange a meeting. Danny asked if Ron was free then, and on Ron's agreement invited himself round that night.

Over a couple of beers at Ron's flat Danny made himself completely at home and relaxed. After a few questions from Ron the interview was complete. Ron asked if there was anything he wanted to know about the town. Danny wanted to know if there were any good bars and discos. 'Gay or straight?' asked Ron without thinking, and just as quickly came the reply 'Gay'. If that was what Danny was after he would have to travel as there was nothing in town like that Ron informed him. Danny nodded and said that he was too tired tonight anyway as he ached like hell. Ron offered to take him home—he was staying with John and Mary Silk until he got himself sorted out, but he declined the invitation saying he was in no rush at the moment to get home.

Ron was happy that at last he knew Danny was just like him but wondered how he had known he was. Danny replied that he wasn't a hundred per cent sure but that if Ron hadn't been he would have claimed his shorts back. They both smiled. Danny made the first move by asking where the bedroom was. Ron showed him. No preamble, Danny certainly knew what he wanted, thought Ron. In the bedroom Danny grabbed Ron and kissed him roughly. Ron's cock was hard from sheer anticipation and he didn't need much prompting as his hand found a hard bulge at Danny's crotch and without much difficulty he had unbuttoned, unzipped and had Danny's jeans off in seconds. He wore a jock strap instead of underpants and his cock and balls strained against the cotton fabric. Ron left them for the time being, removing Danny's other clothes until the jock was all he had on. Danny wasn't slow either but obviously his mind was elsewhere because as soon as he had Ron's trousers and pants down his mouth was engaged on sucking the throbbing organ. Ron removed his own shirt and kicked off his shoes. They hadn't quite made the bed but the sheepskin rug was comfortable enough. Ron was boiling and about to come but pulled Danny away, then he turned the young goalie over so he faced the floor. He

"His tongue licked those beautiful cheeks and slowly it found its way to the crevice . . ."

fingered the jock strap but decided to leave it where it was. His wet aching cock was desperate for some action but he put off that moment a while longer. His tongue licked those beautiful cheeks and slowly it found its way to the crevice where he slowly manipulated and lubricated Danny's fuckable arsehole. Danny was begging Ron to fuck him and Ron was in no position now to delay any longer. As he slid along Danny's body he locked his arms under Danny's and in the same movement Danny raised his arse to meet Ron's pulsating dick. They were both as hot as hell and their writhings were soon rewarded as Ron filled Danny with hot cum and Danny filled his restricting jock strap.

They lay exhausted for a while, then a smile crept onto Danny's face. He lifted himself up onto his arm and looked at Ron. 'I think that brings the interview to a successful conclusion.'

'Just about,' replied Ron.

'I think I'll add a P.S.,' smiled Danny.

'Oh yes, and what's that?'

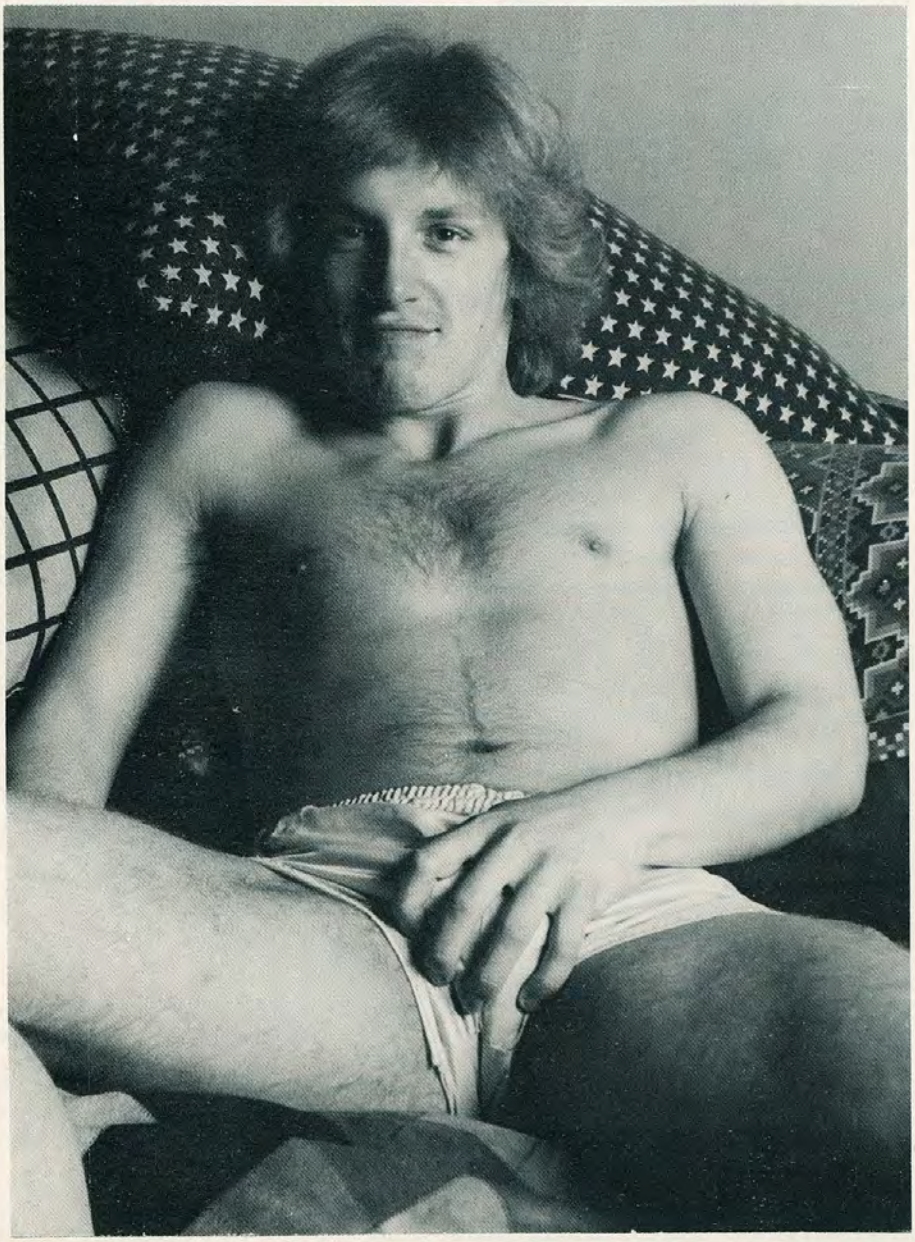
Danny crawled between Ron's legs, lifted them over his shoulders, took off his soaking jockstrap and rubbed his cock in the sticky substance. Then he rubbed his jockstrap all over Ron's cock, balls and arse.

'Me a goalie and I've just let one in,' grinned Danny. 'So I'd better even the score.'

junior him



GAVIN is a familiar face to visitors to the HIM BOOKSTORE in Notting Hill Gate. He's the boy most usually behind the counter selling magazines, book, films etc., in London's busiest gay shop. We photographed Gavin before he come to work with the HIM team - and we can't wait to see his face when he has to sell copies of himself over the counter. Will he blush as you flip open your HIM at the cash desk, or will he just smile - enjoying this unscheduled fame. Gavin is 19, and is shortly moving to Lewisham, where he will share a flat with several friends. By no means the dumb blond he'd sometimes like us to think him, Gavin is a talented artist - working in felt tip pens on a series of horses in spare moments at HIM. He's just waiting for someone on a white charger to come along - maybe it will be you.





HIM LETTERS

Dear HIM Doctor,

Please advise me. I am living with a guy who is a bit older than me. We are happy, I love him, and he act's so possessively that I'm sure he feels the same—although he hasn't said so. I am 23, and he's 31. The trouble is that our sex isn't as good as it could be, and I want to know how to improve it. I have a big cock, or so friends always tease me. It's over 9", and very fat. I always seem to show a big package, even in loose clothes, and there are people who find that very interesting and who cruise me when we go out locally. I don't look at them, as I am happy with my relationship, and want to make it work. Sexually I am passive, and my lover does screw me once a week or so. He doesn't like doing it, and really only seems to want to play with my cock and wank each other off. I have never screwed him, although I would like to try it—but he won't allow me to. Our real difficulty isn't about this kind of sex, however. The thing that drives me mad is that he won't allow any kissing. I'm shy to write this, but I would be quite happy only getting real sex once in a while, if I was allowed to show my love by kissing and fondling him. Somehow he always makes sex a very impersonal act, it's the kind of sex I imagine goes on in saunas—and every time I try to make it more tender he gets angry and calls me a sissy, or a silly queen. Can I find a way to improve this, do you think. I don't think anyone else I meet would be much better, as all they want is my cock—or so it seems in the pub.

Yours sincerely,
Patrick. (Acton.)

Dear Patrick,

Clearly the problem is that your friend hasn't got used to being gay. He obviously can't bear to think of himself as homosexual, loving another man, although we are sure he feels a great deal for you. Otherwise he wouldn't be jealous. Some guys get over their early conditioning very slowly—or never at all. As a kid at school we all heard about fairies, bum boys and queers. We all had to pretend to agree that they were bad—even if we already had some clue that that was what we were. For guys who become gay later than most, it's very tough to feel easy doing things that have been drummed into us as "dirty", or "Sissy". If you love him, you ought to try and talk about this. Perhaps some professional help from a gay councellor would relieve his guilt. See if he would agree to go and talk to someone at the Albany Trust, or similar organisation. If he won't, then at least you must explain to him just as you have in your letter to us. If he can't adjust you will have to decide it it's worth putting up with the problems—it may be that if you are patient and slowly coax him he will change. There are no guarantees, but at least you can understand his problem and tell him about yours. Good luck,
HIM DOCTOR:

Dear HIM,

I'm Peter, age 29, and a teacher of primary school kids. I have the constant slight fear that the fact that I am gay may one day ruin my career. This worry worsened the other night at a disco, when I noticed the flash of a camera going off - and saw a guy taking photographs of the crowd - certainly including a picture of me.

It's dreadful to be worried about a simple thing like this, but I can't help wondering if this picture may be printed somewhere, and if it is, what if one of my kids or their parents were to see it? I went up to the photographer to express this concern, and was told "if you're that paranoid you shouldn't be at a gay disco int the first place". He was rude and refused to tell me what the photographs were fore. I notice that now in your STREET LEVEL azine, which I thought really fantastic last month, you are doing the same kind of thing - showing photographs of people out for the evening. I wouldn't mind at all if my photograph was to appear in your magazine as I'm sure none of the people I know would see it - as it's read by gay people who wouldn't blow my cover anyway. But I thought you might be able to advise me on my position - legally or otherwise about photographers at gay clubs in general. What are the rules, and can one stop, say the Sunday Papers, from printing pictures of oneself?

Hope you can put my mind at rest,
Worried.....Peter.(London).

Dear Peter,

We are glad to have your letter, as it expressed very clearly a problem shared by thousands of gay people in "sensitive" jobs. We have had to think long and hard ourselves about this question in setting up the format for STREET LEVEL, and it isn't easy to resolve.

Most discotheques and clubs are extremely careful who they allow in with cameras. None of them, I am sure, would allow the "Sunday" ghouls to take pictures indiscriminately. Mostly when you see a photographer at a club, event or disco that isn't open to the general non-gay public, he will have been vetted carefully by the management before he is allowed to take any pictures at all. Sometimes you will find an "official" photographer from the management, who is there to sell souvenir shots to those customers who'd like them. This isn't done as often as it was - as it does make some customers nervous, and owners of nightspots are very sensitive to their customers feelings on this sort of thing. The only other cameras you are likely to encounter are either Gay News, or ourselves. OUr policy is never to show a big close-up of anyone without their knowing and being asked first. We also announce over the PA beforehand who we are, and why we are taking photographs. Anyone who is concerned not to be seen, even in a gay magazine, only has to stay out of sight for the few

LETTERS HIM

moments the flash is going off - or can come up to our photographer and say so. He will then make 100% sure that nothing appears in which they can be recognised.

The answer is that you have no real need to worry, no-one is going to be allowed to put you on the front page of the "PEOPLE" or "STAR". If you see a camera pointed at you, and you don't like it, tell the DJ or doorman, and ask what it's all about. Most people out to enjoy themselves these days are delighted to see themselves in print in one of our own gay magazines or in GN. Those who aren't - simply have to speak up or keep their heads down. ED.

Dear HIM,

I have a fantasy that I am determined to make come true. It isn't a problem, so maybe I shouldn't be writing to you. But here goes...

I want to get a ring put through the head of my cock, and wear a chain from it. I saw a photograph of this once, with a padlock through it, and it turned me on enormously. I know this is odd, and that's tough, 'cause I plan to do it somehow anyway. I suppose this would put off some people, and I am a bit worried what my friends would say. The problem is that I am only 19, and I went to one guy who I read did this kind of thing for people, and he refused to even see me as I wasn't old enough to do something that drastic. Can you tell me of anyone who could do this for me?

Yours determined,
Gary (Hull).

Dear Gary,

The medical term for your particular kink is "infibrulation". It includes people who sew themselves up with wire and all kinds of odd things, and there are many suggested explanations for what makes people get into this. I agree completely that you are far too young to do anything permanent and drastic to any part of your body. It's virtually certain that in ten or even thirty years you will regret any action that you take that will make you a "freak", and set you apart from other guys. Medically the piercing of ears, nipples and other parts of the body rarely causes much concern. There are rules of hygiene and aftercare, and doctor's very rarely see patients with problems as a result of this kind of self mutilation. The fact remains that unlike your ear lobes, your cock contains a large number of blood vessels and nerves, complications and permanent injury are not out of the question. Perhaps the greatest danger is from some accident or infection during the early days after the piercing has been done. Piercing the actual Glans [the head of the cock], is a very bad idea. A mistake or accident could lead to great problems with your waterworks later on, and such a wound would heal awkwardly, and is likely to be a move you will regret.

My advice is don't do it—surely you can devise several other ways to get your rocks off, which will not risk your health, or make others shun you. Nothing in life is permanent, our kinks do change and sexual enthusiasms that turn us on this week may well change completely as time goes on. I am certain that you will find no-one properly qualified to perform this stupid operation for you—and if you try it yourself you will certainly end up in hospital. Get yourself some cockstraps, or some other device—there are a very wide range of these items, some of them quite fearsome-looking, which will be just as good.
HIM DOCTOR.

Dear HIM,

I have a problem, and I think only you can help.

In a recent issue of your magazine you printed a photograph of a guy who I can't get out of my mind. He was an American visiting London, and ever since I saw the pictures I have been thinking about him. I am 20 years old and rather shy, I have bought HIM for for about a year, and also take other gay magazines as well. It's never happened before that I get so turned on by a photograph like this. I don't even want to see my boyfriend at the moment, because the picture is so much better than him. I've wanked myself so hard in these last few weeks that my cock is sore most of the time. What I'd really like to do is meet the model, but I know that I can't do that, so can you think of any other thing I can do. Or am I crazy.

Please reply, Yours faithfully, Keith (Streatham).

Dear Keith,

O.K. we have a problem here. You didn't say which model it was that got to you, but we think we know. We have to tell you that he is back in America, and there's nothing we can do about letting you meet him. It's odd how we all sometimes get a sexual hang-up for a picture, or a man in a movie. In your case this usually enjoyable fantasy seems to have got out of control.

If you aren't finding satisfaction with you boyfriend then it's natural that you will stop wanting to go to bed with him. It looks as if you have developed this strong attraction to the photograph as a way of making this happen. We simply don't believe that you'll be happy with that folder under your bed for long, it may end up as a thing you take out again every once in a while, but there will be someone new in your life - if you look for him, and that will be much better than any amount of fantasy - reality has a lot going for it. Maybe your next lover will look a bit like the American... but whatever you do don't tell him about it, until you know him well. ED.

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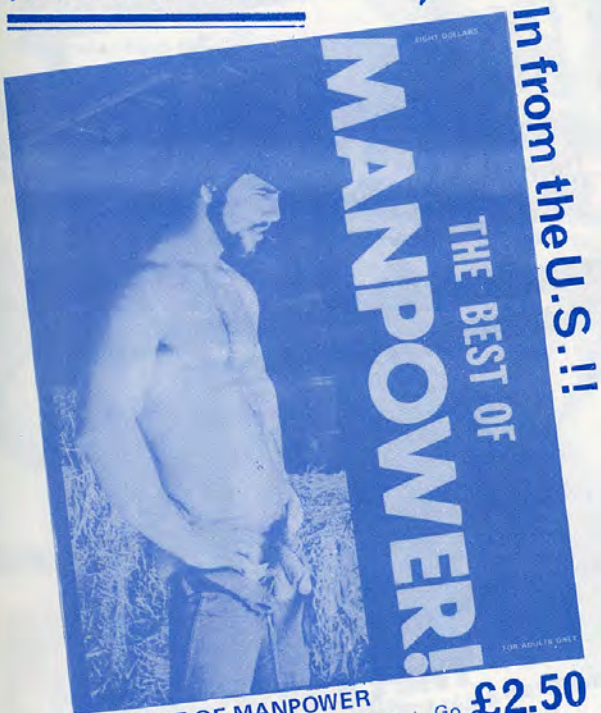


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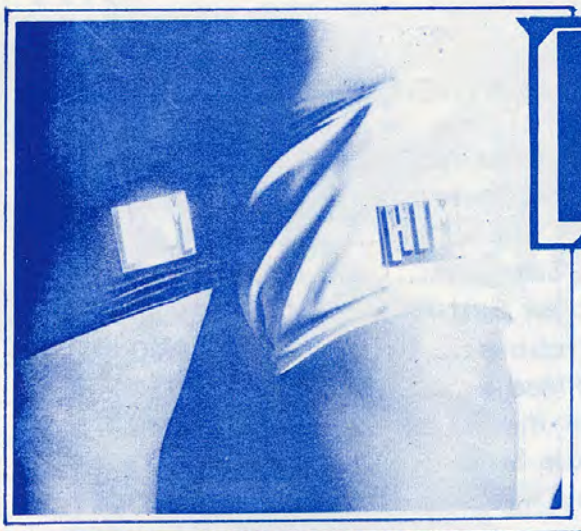
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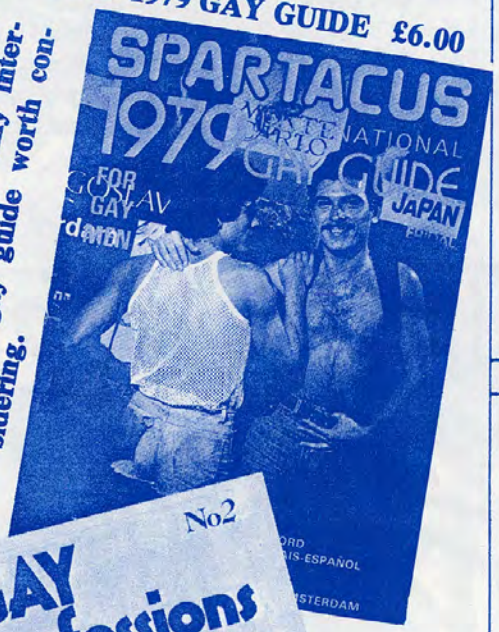


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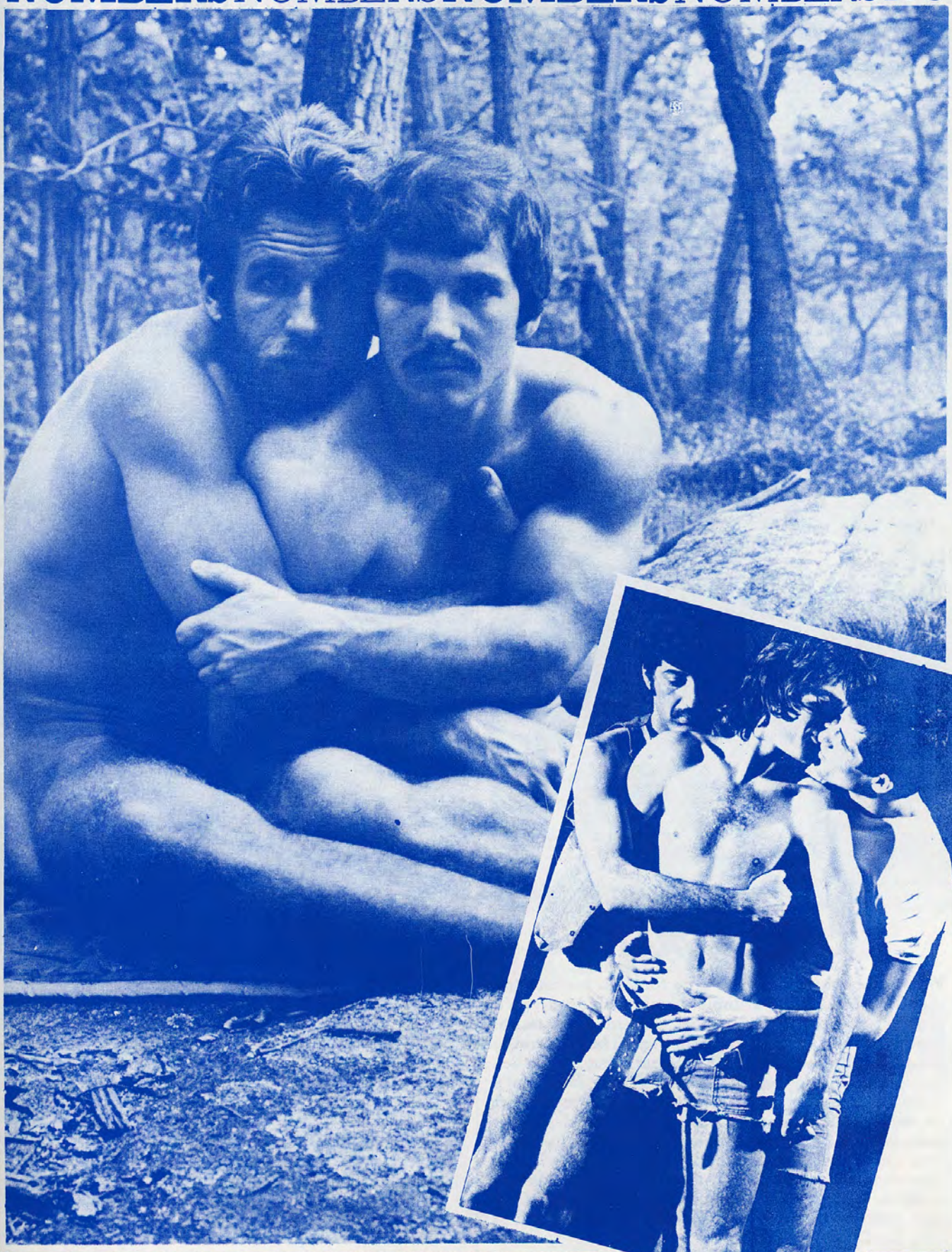
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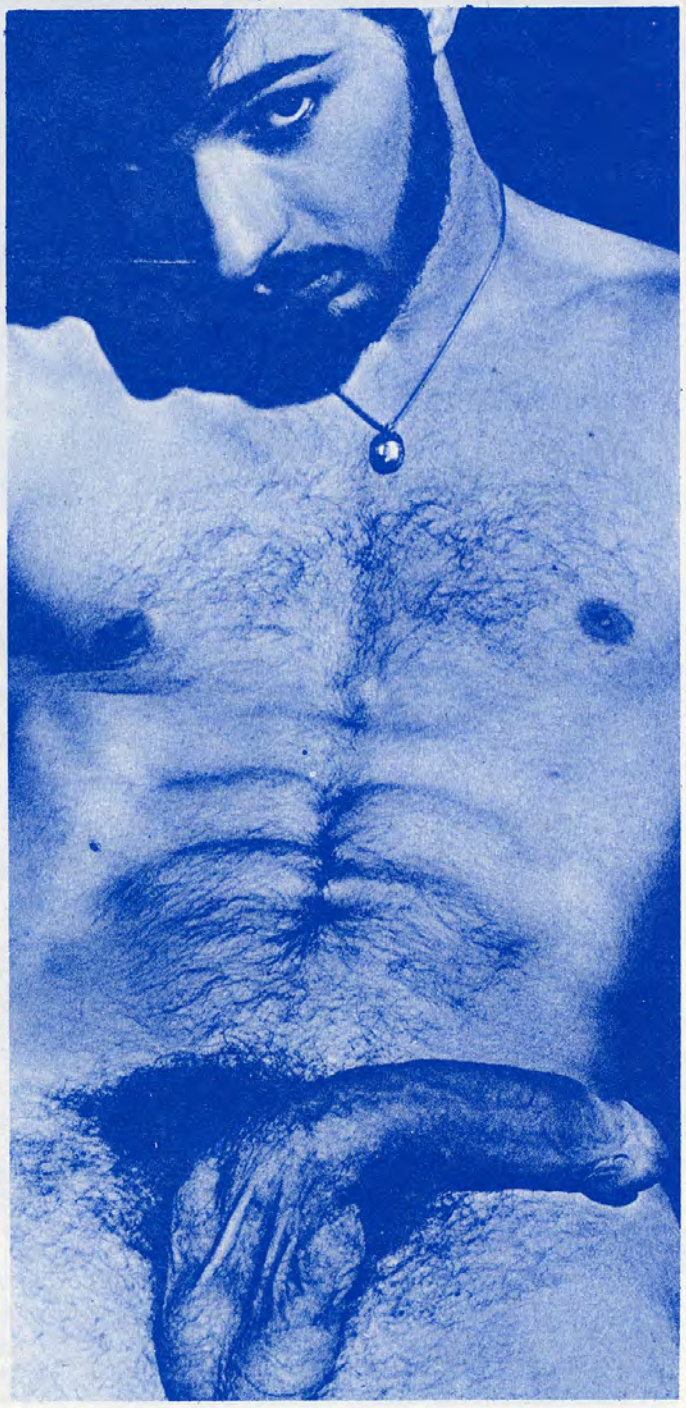


TOMMY

With a neck that thick, you'd be forgiven for thinking that TOMMY is just a dumb farmboy. Indeed, we'd probably prefer it if that's what he turned out to be. Well, TOMMY's father does own a small farm, growing cotton and kitchen produce in the South, but his son is a fairly sophisticated citizen of San Diego. He runs a chain of hamburger concessions for an older guy he met on vacation in California. And so successful has his management been, that he plans to open his own seafood restaurant this autumn on the proceeds. That doesn't mean that he doesn't like to show off his tummy muscles - like all good farmboys should. TOMMY plus Oysters could prove more than reason enough to visit San Diego

MAN'S IMAGE

Big Hank - the beefy Outdoor Man





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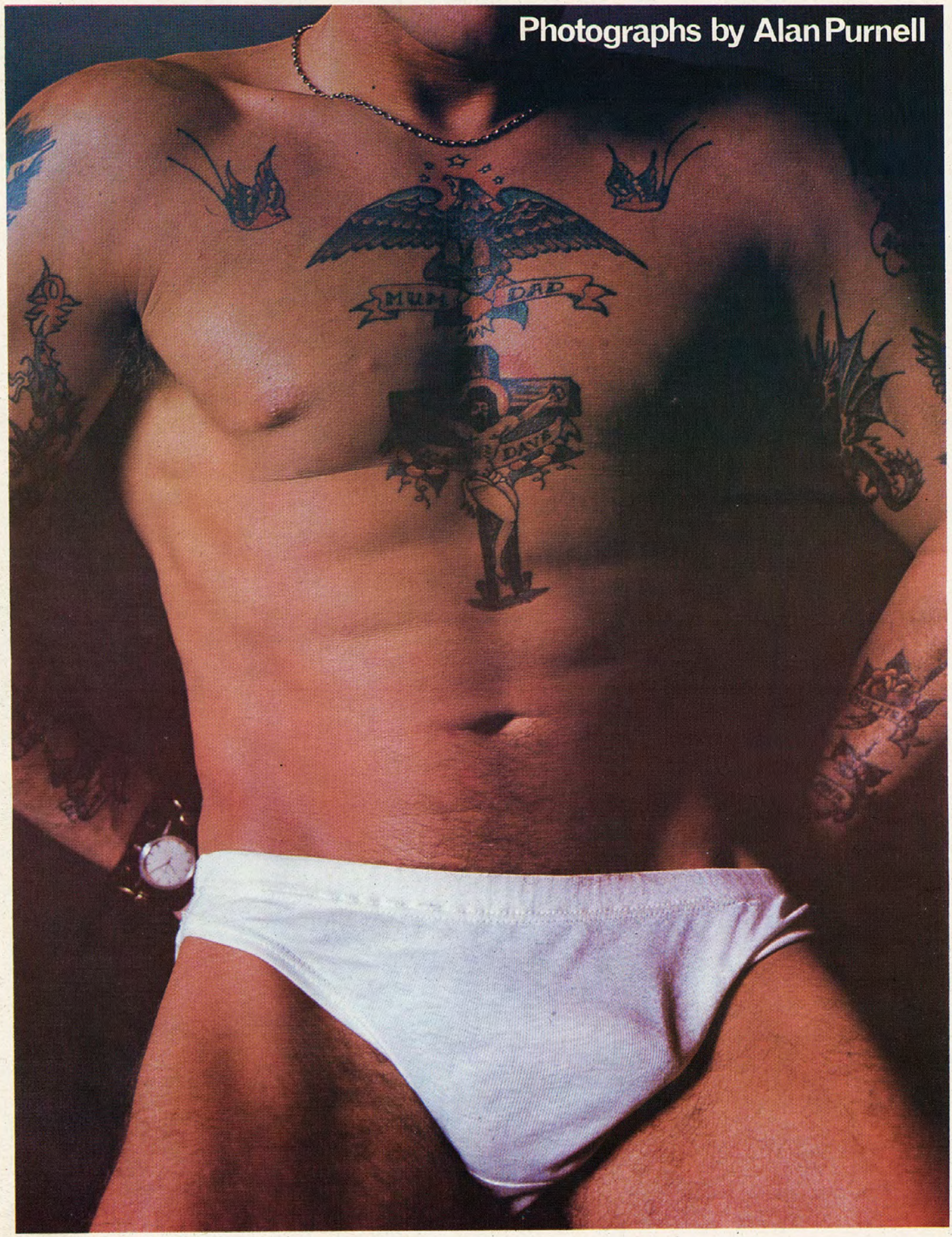
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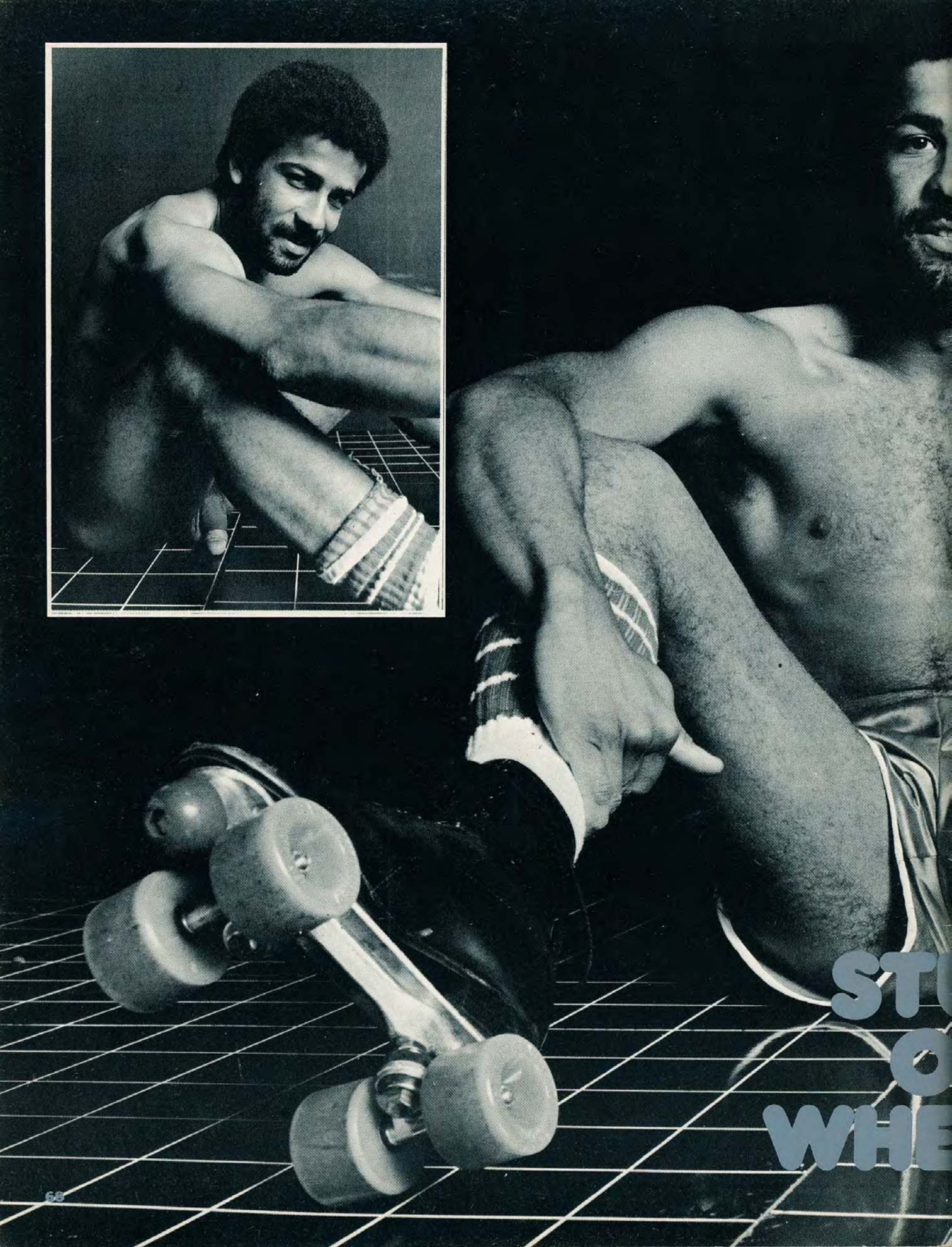
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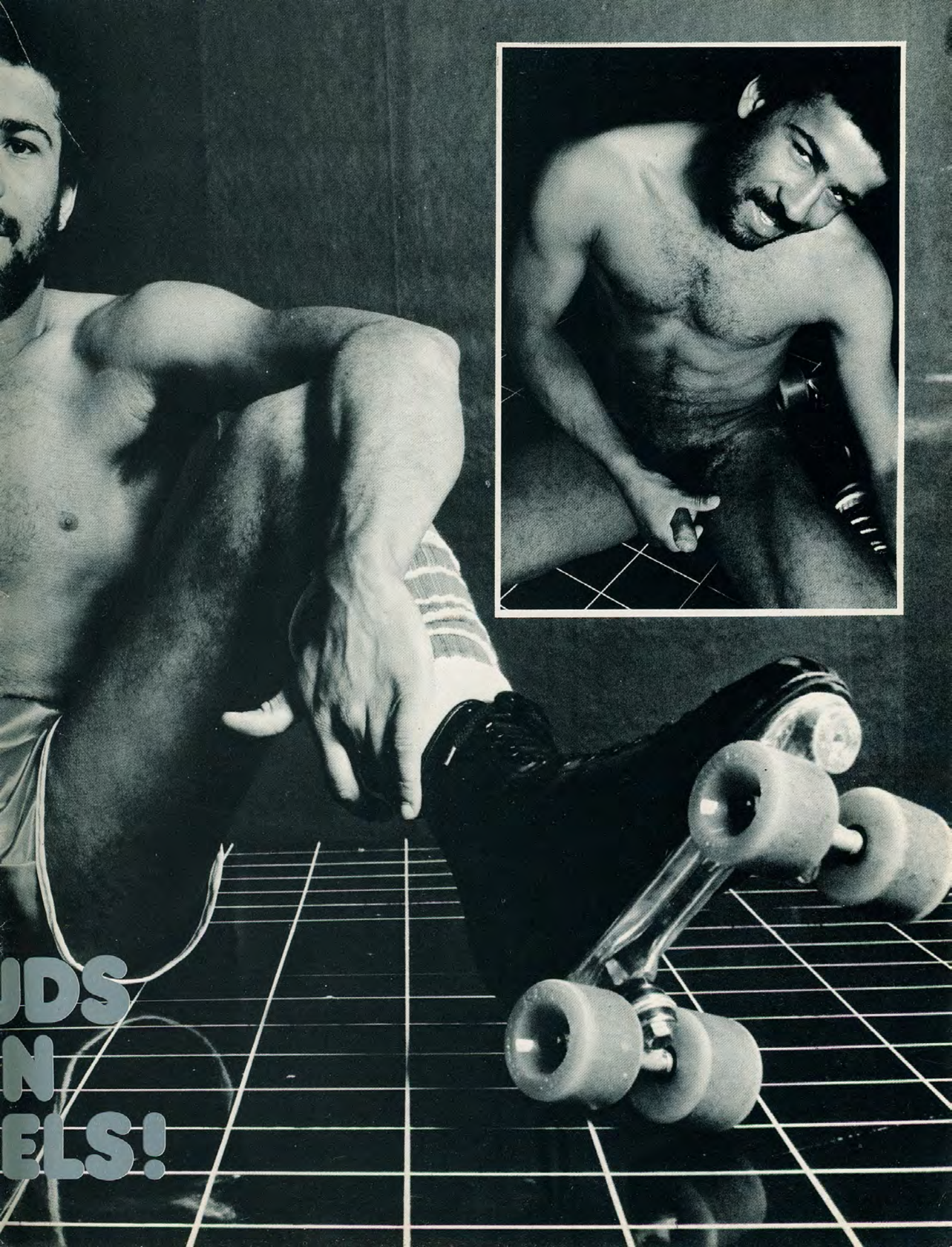
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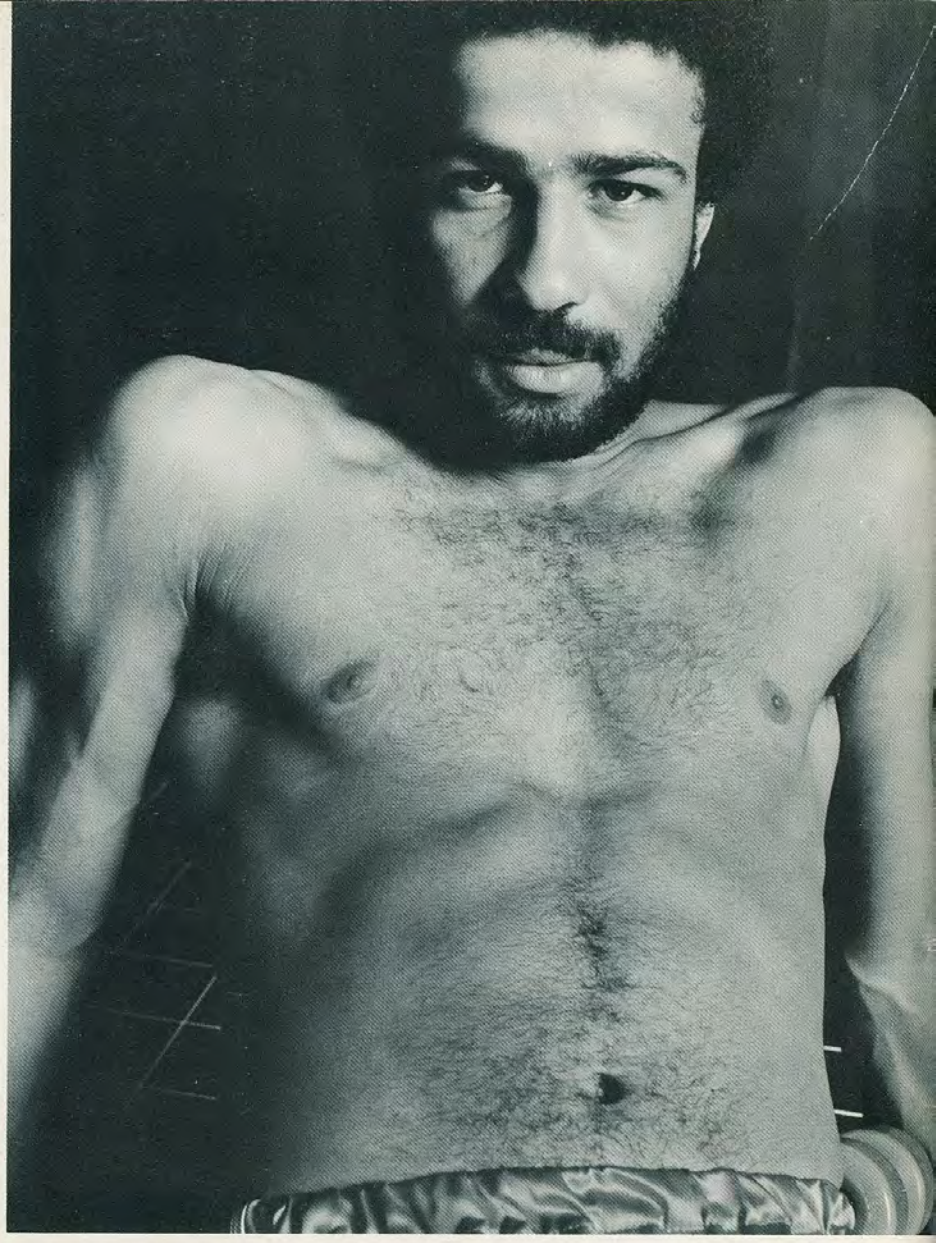

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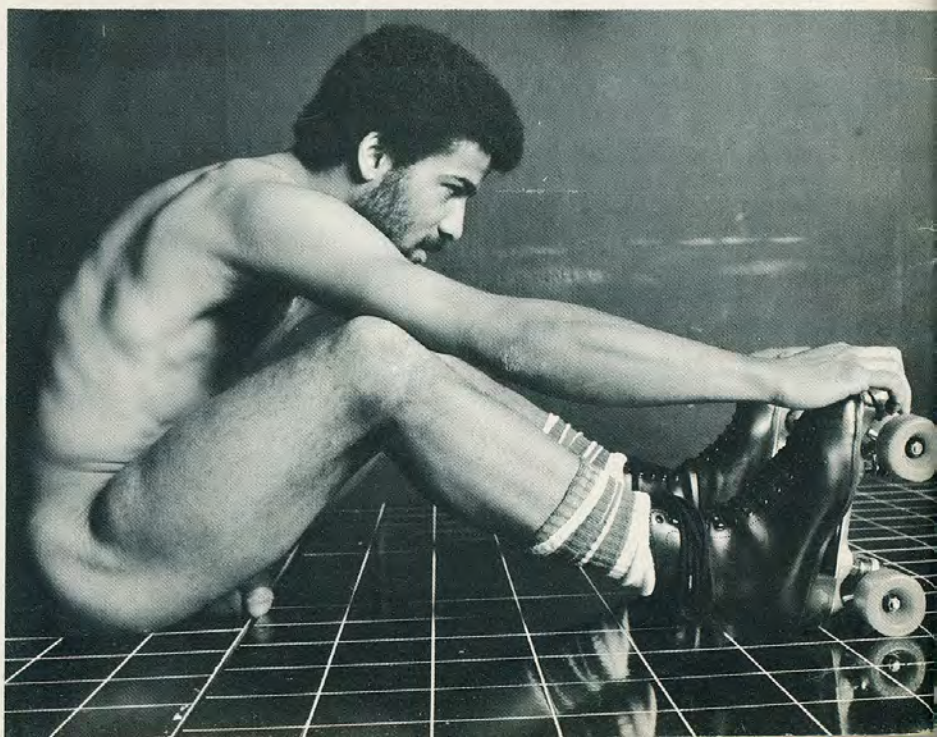
ROLLERS

Studs on wheels. The Roxy Rollers, muscular bodies, flashing past - darting and weaving through the crowd of the Sunday Afternoon ROLLER DISCO in the EMPIRE BALLROOM Leicester Square. They are used to heads turning as they whizz by, and the gay crowd on Sunday cleared the floor appreciatively as the new ROXY ROLLER record - a disco cut from Polydor, hit the speakers. "I Need A Holiday", is the title - and although this first disc doesn't have the most commercial sound we've ever encountered, there's no dispute that the skating end of the group has it's show well together. Back-flips, somersaults, bopping on wheels, roller-spins and some raunchy "Hot Gossip" inspired movements, make THE ROXY ROLLERS a hot enough property to bring any gay crowd to it's knees .

Also ROLLER BALLIN' on these pages, CHRISTIAN, visiting from Paris, who we found at the very same Sunday ROLLER DISCO. It's his first time on skates, and as he explains, "You've got to be prepared to fall". We fell, there's something about muscular footballer's legs in silk shorts and skate boots... don't you find?

Win your own copy of the ROXY ROLLER single. Friendly Polydor have given us six copies to give away to readers, so here's a small competition for you...Simply drop us a note telling us what you'd like to do to the four ROXY ROLLERS if you got them to yourself with chocks under their wheels. The six most inventive ideas win the records.





Pictures by Alan Purnell





THE TRUCK

BY MIKE PENNINGTON

THE DRIVER AND SW AND HE WA SO L

Having decided to hitch-hike from New York City to San Francisco, I decided to take a bus into New Jersey from the Port Authority Terminal on Eighth Avenue and begin thumbing a ride to just north of Philadelphia and thence on Route 76 via Pittsburgh; this was by far the easiest beginning for such a trip. The bus went through the Holland Tunnel into Newark and beyond toward Elizabeth. It was here that I decided to get off and try for my first ride before Route One left the urban area and the traffic speeded up on the Jersey Turnpike.

I had decided that if I was to spend several days riding other peoples automobiles, I wanted to be picked up by the right kind of guys, so I had purchased a small size white cotton T-shirt which I stretched over my muscular body to emphasize my narrow waist, protruding pectorals and bicepts. I also wore my tightest, form-fitting pair of thin faded blue jeans. They were uncomfortably tight in the heat of late June, but they moulded over my bulging cock and balls and gave maximum exposure to my arse. I also carried a rucksack with my additional gear.

Walking along the verge of the highway, my arse obviously attracted attention because two cars, one after the other, stopped, but I wasn't interested in the big fat slobs who were driving them. I had walked about another mile, the fumes and heat getting to me and stopped to look back and again thumbed for a ride. A large truck was bearing down on me and the trucker, sitting high in the cab had a good look at me as he applied his brakes. He pulled off on to the verge almost a quarter mile further on and I ran, stumbling over rocks and debris for a couple of minutes to catch up. My balls on either side of the front seam of my jeans were aching by the time I reached the truck and the driver grinned as he saw me re-adjust them. He had rolled down the window and his big bronzed muscular frame was leaning out and taking me all in. I told



ZER

WAS HUNKY
EATY.
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him that I was San Francisco bound and as luck would have it, so was he; he told me to climb in on the other side. The heat and humidity had made me sweat profusely and my clothing was soaking so that although the cab was air-conditioned I felt hot and uncomfortable. The driver, who introduced himself as Bob was naked to the waist and was wearing a pair of white sailor pants, dirty and tight. Bob had a mass of curly blond hair and deep blue eyes, was in his early twenties and obviously did a lot of weightlifting. He had very little hair on his body except for a line reaching down into his high waisted pants. The pants were stretched across his body and tight over his strong legs and just above the crutch I could see a large knob and shaft lying horizontally above his balls.

I removed my T-shirt and wiped my body down with it. Bob glanced across at me and commented on my well built physique. He told me to take off my soaking pants and dry them on the dashboard with the heat rising from the engine. I unbuckled the thick leather belt, struggled out of my jeans and again Bob glanced across and commented on my muscular legs. As he continued to look me over and tell me how much he admired my body, his right hand reached down to adjust his cock and I could see that his bulge was enlarged and that mine too was getting stiff. He told me to move closer to him and his left hand reached out to grasp my cock while his thumb stroked the knob. I leaned over and ran my hand over the thin cotton which was restricting his cock until it was stiff, unzipped him and began fondling his beg cock letting my tongue and lips slide over the taut sensitive skin of his knob. At this point, the truck was travelling over a bumpy piece of road so that as his knob reached down into my throat, my mouth slid up and down his stiff shaft and soon I felt the warm milk surge down my throat. Bob leaned back contented while I fell asleep intermittently for the next six hours until we turned into a truck park where Bob said that we would spend the night. I stretched on my shirt and pants and Bob also pulled on a T-shirt as we checked into the motel. The first thing that we did was have a shower and rubbed soap over and explored each others muscular bodies. Bob was tired from driving but lay on top of me on one of the two beds, his mouth explored mine and then ran down my body licking, sucking and biting my nipples until they were stiff, and gave me a stupendous blow job before we both had a nap prior to dinner.

Bob had left his duffle bag in the truck and watched me as I unpacked my rucksack. He was especially interested in my leather chaps and trunks and when I fitted the chaps over the trunks and zipped the sides tight, he ran his hands over my leather covered muscular legs and arse. I was taking another pair of chaps and trunks to my friend Jim in California, and asked Bob if he would like to try them on. He looked extremely sexy in them. We put our T-shirts on and went into the diner to eat.

It must have been about ten when we finished our substantial meal and since Bob wanted to make an early start the following morning, he suggested that we have an early night. We both stripped down, pealing our leathers off our sweaty bodies and fell on to one of the beds and wrested with each other. Bob wanted to fuck me so I reached for a jar of Vaseline in my rucksack and began applying it to his erect cock, pulling his foreskin back and working the grease into his knob. He took some grease and applied it to my hole, placed his cock at the entry point and applied pressure. My arse was tight and at first he couldn't get his cock in but once the knob had penetrated, his whole shaft slid in suddenly and easily. My immediate reaction was to struggle to free my arse of his huge penis, but he held me firm, entwining his legs around mine, and slowly began to fuck. He took several minutes to come and since I was unable to relax, thought that he would break my back. My hole was sore when he extracted his tool and went to the bathroom to wash. When he returned, he set his alrm clock and got into the other bed and was soon asleep and breathing deeply and heavily. I could not sleep thinking of his beautiful body and climbed into his bed. He was sound asleep lying on his front as I ran my hands over his arms, shoulders, arse and legs. Since he wouldn't wake, I reached for the Vaseline and inserted my greasy fingers into his arse, greased my erection and inserted it into his arse. At this point he did wake up but I used the same tactics that he had used on me and was strong enough to hold him as I began to fuck. His struggling made it all the more enjoyable and as soon as I had satisfied myself he was sleep again.

Bob was up at six the following morning and asked I had some clean pants for him to wear instead of his whites. I had a very tight pair of cut down jeans and handed them to him. He had to struggle to get them over his leg muscles and the zip was hard to pull up. At thge rear they cupped his arse beautifully and in front his cock and balls were contricted. As we walked to breakfast I could see how uncomfortable they must have been, the denim stretched over his cock and balls which his hands continually tried to reposition.

Bob had several deliveries to make in St. Louis later that day and dropped me off at a centrally located motel. Almost all of his clothing needed washing so I took them to a Laundermat and then wandered into town. There I

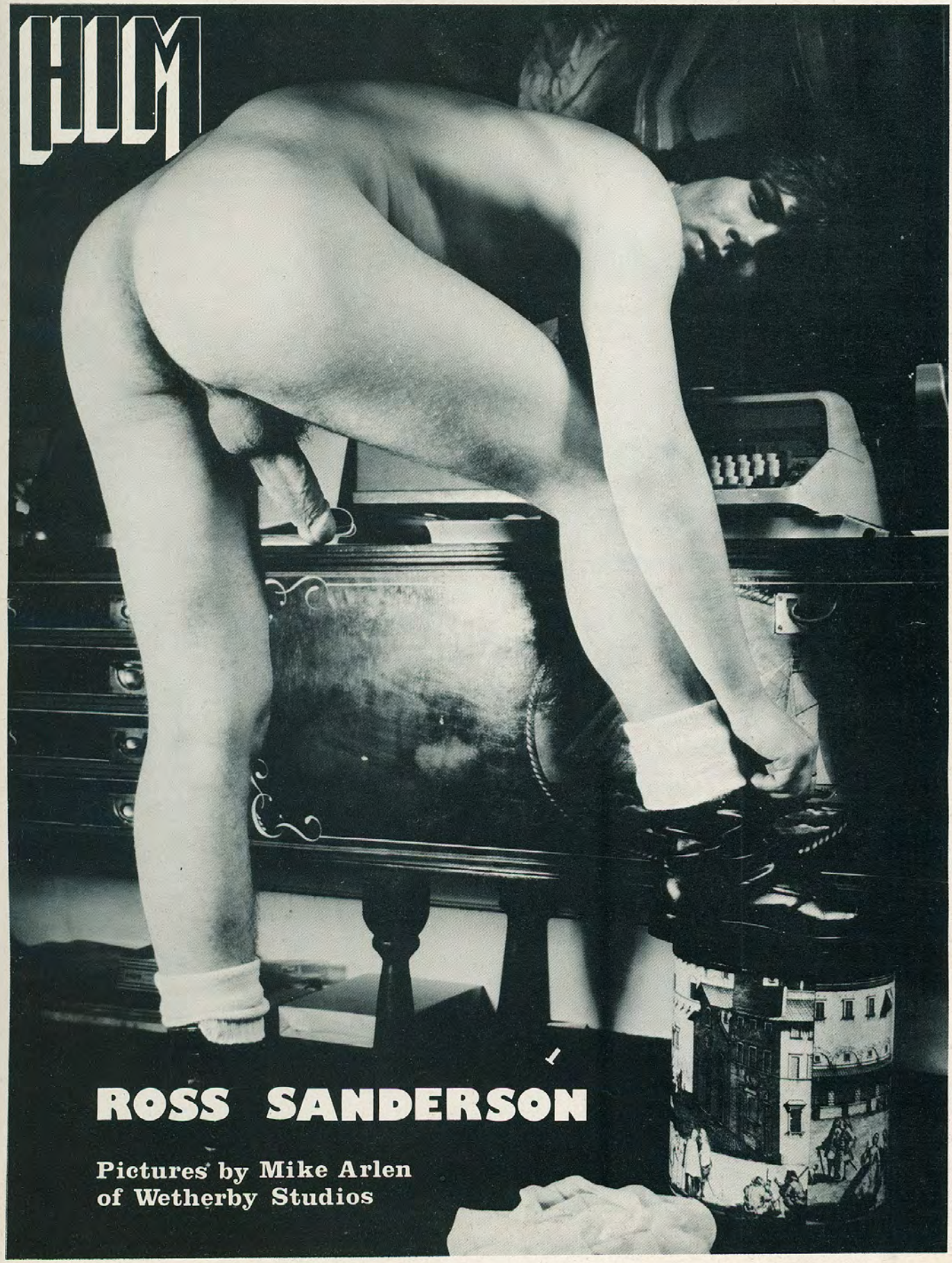
THE TRUCKER

found a guy's shop which sells magazines, toys, leather-gear and briefs. I purchased some tit clips, cock harness, some handcuffs and a couple of pairs of mini briefs. I collected Bob's clothes from the Laundermat and returned to the motel where I stripped in order to try on a pair of the briefs. The front of the briefs consisted of a thin pale blue cotton pouch edged in leather and was attached by leather straps at the corners and under the crutch to another equally small piece of cotton at the back. My balls were lifted high and my knob protruded into the thin cotton but the tightness of the straps held my mountainous bulge firmly in place. At this point Bob returned and he whistled as he saw me posing in front of the mirror. He walked over, knelt down and ran his hands over my pouch. I told him that I had a similar pair for him and he quickly undressed and let me buckle the brief in place. He was tired and hot after his deliveries and since it was only mid afternoon suggested that we go find the motel swimming pool. We wrapped towels around our waists, found the pool at the rear of the motel and swam for about half an hour, after which we tried to lay in the sun on our stomachs but the position of our briefs made it too uncomfortable so we turned over to soak up the sun. I soon noticed that Bob's pouch was getting more mountainous and my cock began to throb with the tightness of the straps especially under the crutch, so we decided to go back to the room. Bob wanted a blow job and so I asked if I could heighten the sensation by attaching the harness which I had bought. Straps encircled the neck of the cock and balls, while another came up between the balls squeezing them to each side, divided and encircled the cock. By the time that Bob's cock was erect, the strap was cutting into his cock and it became extremely stiff. I ran my hands up to his pecs and asked if I could attach the tit clips and handcuffs. With his hands behind his back and alligator clamps with lead weights on his nipples, I began to suck, taking his knob right down my throat. He struggled because of the constricting straps around his cock and balls; his whole body convulsed as he shot his lot down my throat. As I removed the gear he said that he would like to do the same for me and took great pleasure in attaching the alligator clips just on the end of my nipple so that the pain was almost unbearable. He twisted my balls which were also constricted in the harness as he began to lick my knob. The heightened sensitivity made me come quickly and after Bob and removed all the gear he lay on top of me his hands reaching up to my tits as my hands ran down his back from his muscular lats to his tight arse.

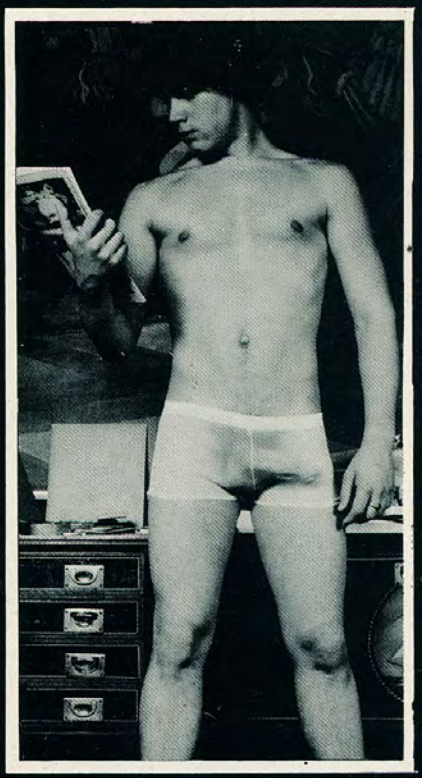
The following day Bob wanted to complete more than 600 miles to Denver and so we again started early. He tried to stretch on his tight pants but I had washed them in hot water and they had shrunk so that they had to be eased inch by inch over his leg muscles and were extremely tight over his arse, the center seam dividing each buttock, cutting into the crutch and squeezed the balls apart and flattening his cock to his body. The waist was so tight that his abdominal muscles spilled over the top. I ran my hands over the taut white cotton and Bob obviously enjoyed the sensation.

For about twelve hours Bob was constricted in these pants and when we finally arrived at our motel I had to gently suck his balls before taking his shaft in my mouth for a super blow job. Bob still felt randy after we had showered and wanted to fuck me. He flicked my bare arse with his towel and removed a thick leather belt from my pants to give me a good spanking until my arse was red and sore before inserting his cock for a fuck.

It took two more days to reach San Francisco where Bob delivered his truck. We then set off to the Evans Avenue section where Jim my friend, ran a small gymnasium. We telephoned but Jim wasn't at home, so when we arrived I located the key above the door as I had done on previous occasions, and we let ourselves in. There was a great quantity of weightlifting equipment lying around and so we decided to do a complete workout helping each other to the maximum with each of the muscle groups. It was a good three hours later when we finished and had a shower. Both our bodies benefitted from the session and Bob's muscles really looked sharp. Bob immediately wanted to fool around so I suggested that we go down to Jim's basement dungeon where straps, chains and all sorts of equipment could be found in abundance. I manacled Bob's wrists to a ceiling beam and stretched his legs apart and tied his ankles to hooks in the floor. I wanted to oil his body all over but could find none until I looked in the refridgerator where there was some coagulated cooking oil. I put it in a pan to melt it and it was soon quite hot. I then took it to the basement and began to apply it to Bob's beautiful muscles spending a great deal of time on his pecs and nipples until they were stiff and then attached weights to his balls and nipples and began to spank his arse with a thick leather paddle empregnated with studs. Each slap on his arse made the weights on his balls clink together making Bob beg me to stop. I was then ready to fuck him but he made it impossible for to get my knob in his arse, so I reached around to his pecs and began twisting the weighted alligator clips on his tits forcing him to relax his hole. I reached all the way in and had a good fuck. All this had made Bob as mad as Hell and as I released him he chased after me around the gym until his oily body wrestled me to the floor. In the end, I gave in and let Bob fuck me, his oily body encircling mine as he did so. The sensation of his muscular body slithering over mine was marvelous. He then lay on top of me searching out my mouth and embracing me in his muscular arms. He soon had to depart but we agreed to meet again when he was next in Frisco at which time he would take me back to the Big Apple. It had been five glorious days of trucker fucking and there would be more to come when he returned.

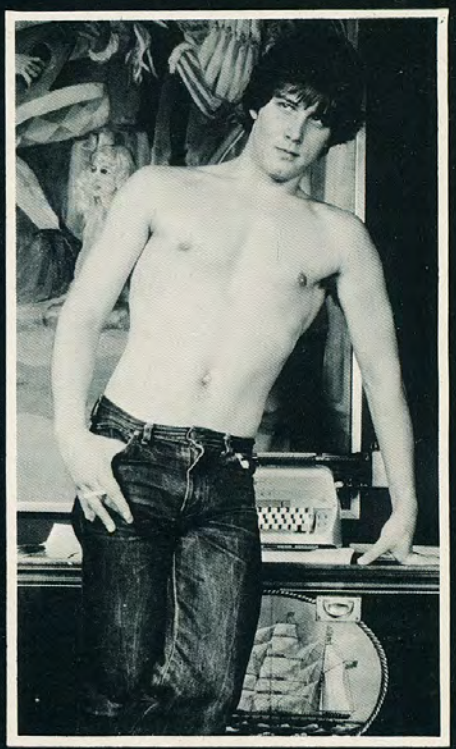

HIM
ROSS SANDERSON
Pictures by Mike Arlen
of Wetherby Studios

ROSS SANDERSON



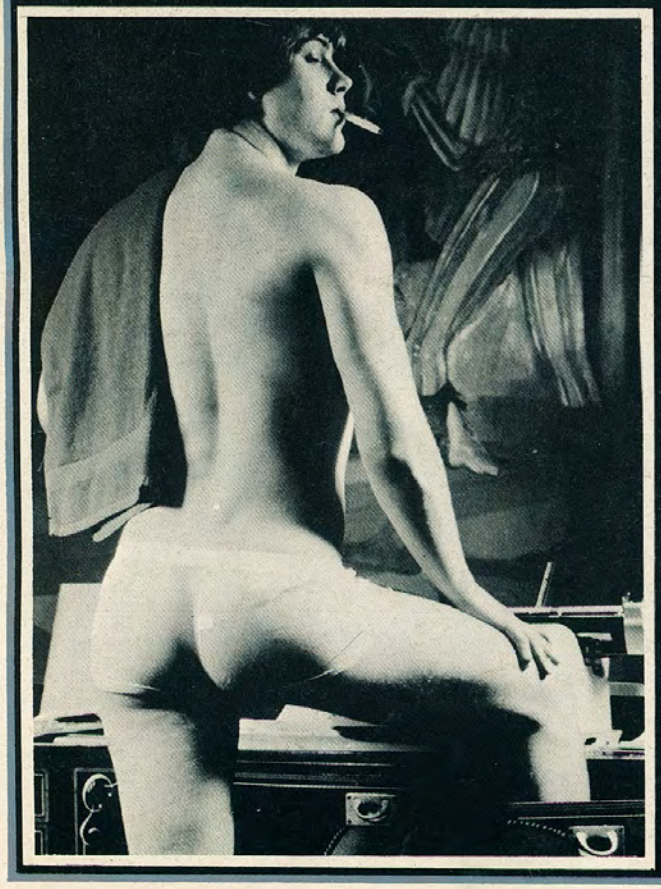






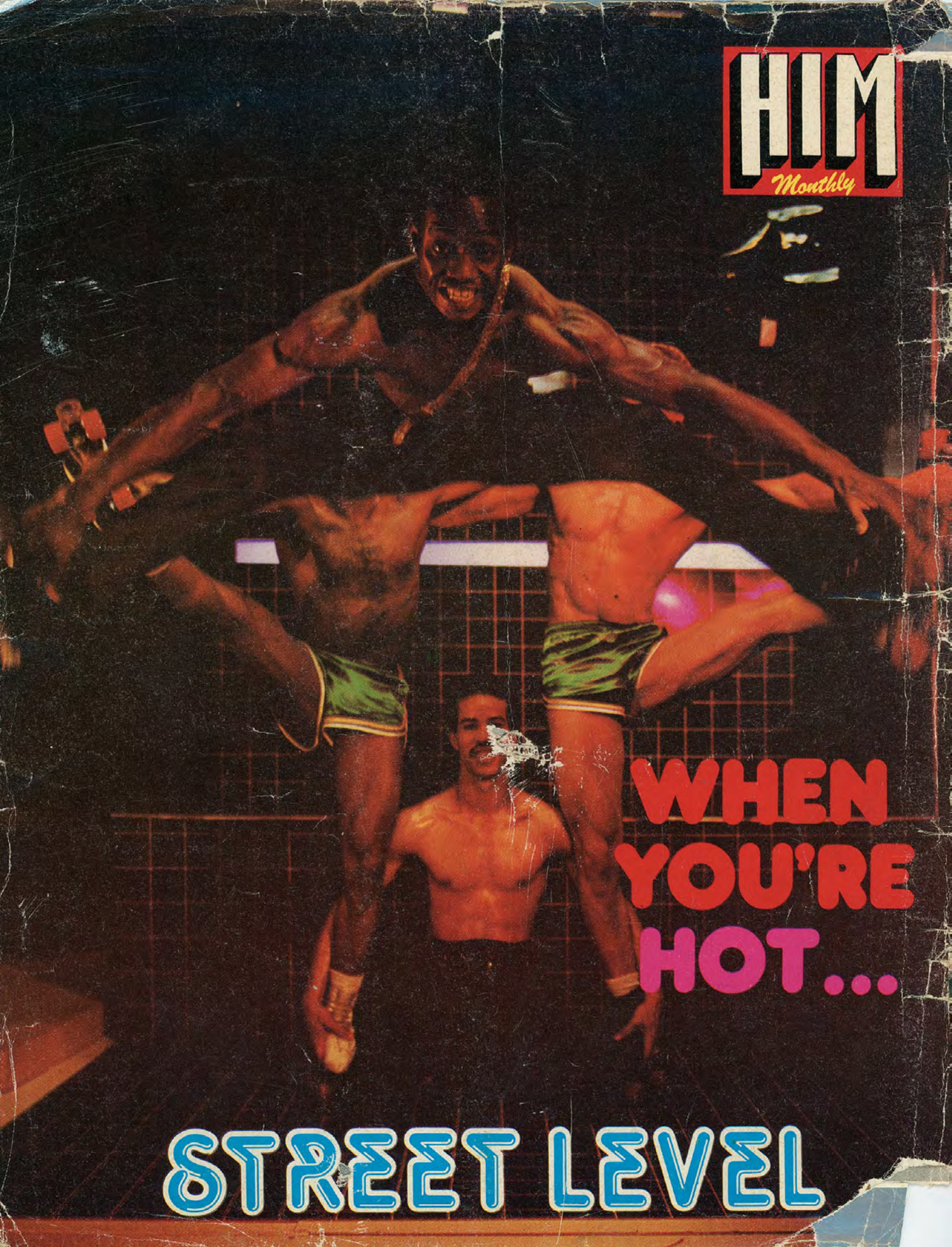

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