

January 8, 1983

Dear Lou,

Another nutty letter from your Milwaukee admirer. My stationery this time is computer print-out sheets that Lee Rice gave to GPUNews for scratch paper. I'm in another of those ding-dong happy moods, so the paper is quite appropriate for a ding-dong letter.

As I've told you in past letters, I've been slowly re-entering gay society after being almost completely out of circulation for about three years. I'm going to tell you about some of the wacky-sexy things that have happened to me in the past few months. I hope you have sense enough to burn this after you read it because --- well after you've finished reading it you will know why!

My first sallies into the bars after Mother's death last summer were pretty dismal events. The bars were crowded and much as I remembered them, but the whole crowd of people had changed. God they are all so young and fresh and I only knew a few people and none of them were my favorite people from the "old days." Needless to say I didn't want to spend the evening making small talk with the few people I knew who were not very interesting even in the old days. Worse still was the fact that I seemed to be about the oldest person around. For the first time in my life I was not the ~~the~~ confident cruiser that I used to be. Remember how I used to be able to persuade almost anyone I wanted that they should come home for a toss in the hay? I, the master of the art of cruising, suddenly found that most of these attractive young people simply didn't turn me on and the reverse was obviously true. A middle-aged man with thinning hair, dressed in a suit, naturally didn't seem to warm the cockles of the hearts of the few that I did talk with.

one was very friendly, but about the time I was

ready to make the crucial proposition he told me he was waiting for his lover who was to come directly to the bar when his plane came in. A likely story, I thought to myself, but I had to admire his inventive method of heading off the crucial proposition.

And so it went for several bar trips. I carefully avoided getting bombed and tried hard to meet people, but closed the bars alone each time. It was a little jarring and a bit depressing. Well, thinks I, I've been going to the wrong bars for you. (Right for ~~the~~ everybody else - the younger ones - but wrong for you). Let's try the "Wrinkle Room" (THIS IS IT), a bar I've never really liked very much, but one that caters to the "older" crowd. You know that crowd, don't you? The middle aged ribbon clerks who are grander than Queen Elizabeth; the ones who save their pennies all year for a trip to the "Islands" (one is expected to know which spot in the Caribbean is the "in" place this year); the ones who spend six months talking about the vacation they are going to take and six months talking about the last trip and then start the whole thing all over. You've met some of these people I'm sure. They bore me.

So I went to that bar and was bored. At least I knew more of the people, people that I had known years ago in my "salad" days. I listened to enough travel talk to fill a gazetteer and decided to leave about one o'clock and go home. Now that's unusual for me, the faggot they have to sweep out the door at closing time! It was so depressing I was determined to take no more of it. There wasn't a single person in the place that I would have even considered for the crucial proposition. My cruising technique might be a little rusty, but I didn't even want to practice for fear someone might accept! My ego was soled just a little when I saw others that I had known years ago who had not aged as well as I - fat ones, completely bald ones, a couple of crotchies, etc. - but that's small comfort. I picked up my change and sauntered into the August night. I was going to walk a couple of blocks to the cab stand at the Pfister and go home.

As I crossed the street a big grey Mercedes slowly crossed in front of me. An absolutely gorgeous young blond was driving and I was intrigued by the snails pace of the car (If he had gone any slower the engine would have died). This one's safe, I thought. Anybody driving a \$25,000 car isn't going to rob you. ~~but~~ He crawled the car a quarter of a block and parked <sup>on the street</sup> near a dark office building. He is waiting for his girl, I thought, a girl who will be getting off work about now. Who, but a cocktail waitress works until 1 A.M.? My old street cruising instincts told me to check this out. Instead of going south I turned east and walked as slowly as possible past the car trying to get a look into the dark interior of the big car. No luck. I couldn't see much, so I stopped and fumbled for a cigarette and lit a cigarette sheltering myself in the entry to the building at least five feet from the car, but in a direct line with the driver. I could see his head and, faintly, his upper body. A thick mass of beautiful blond hair, broad shoulders — my God he wasn't wearing a shirt! Oh no, not another like the white haired man who followed me for several blocks late one night in New York a few years back — driving his car totally naked! (Yes, Virginia, I have had an interesting life but that's another story for another time).

Just as I felt I had no further excuse for standing there, the window ~~near~~ of the car slowly descended (\$25,000 cars have electric windows you know) and the driver said something that I couldn't hear. I approached the car hesitantly. After all he could have said "Beg off faggot" for all I knew. "What did you say?" "Do you need a lift?" "Sure," says I and the electric lock on the door of the \$25,000 car clicked. I deposited myself in the car with a "Thank you." after assuring him that I didn't live far — "just the near east side," the car began to move in the right direction. Now I took a look at this beauty. His sole attire was a brief black silky bathing suit. Well, it was a hot night and young people don't worry too much about clothes. Had he been young! Probably 22 years old. College student type, from the right wealthy suburban family. Dad's car. With a body like that, probably played football in high school. Swims a lot. Nice tan. These were my impressions. Hey? Maybe, maybe not.

By now we've driven a couple of blocks in silence. So I ~~try~~ try to get a conversation going by commenting on how sensible it was to wear only swim trunks on such a hot night. "Yeah," he said, "I guess you're not gay or you would have noticed." "Noticed what?" says I. "This," he said, casually slipping his cock back into his swim trunks! I saw only a glimpse of what had been exposed for my benefit for several minutes! Now he began to apologise for being so crude and hoped I wasn't offended. He was hot in more ways than one and was looking for a gay guy. Now it was my turn to assure him that I was gay and that his actions had not shocked me and anyway I hadn't seen anything because I had been too nervous to look. We talked about the frustrations of being horny the rest of the way home, but he didn't reward me with another view of his private parts until we were safely in my bedroom.

I hastily peeled off several layers of summer suit in ~~the~~ almost the same time it took him to wriggle out of his itty-bitty black bikini. What a beautiful body - what a beautiful cock. We make passionate love for a while. Then this barrel chested, magnificent specimen of young manhood pops his crucial question. He wants to know if I have any lace panties around. He likes to wear lace panties and get fucked. Sadly, I didn't have the panties for him to wear (Mother's old cotton things wouldn't have fit him anyway), but I obliged with the rest of his scene. A well fucked young man left early the next morning promising to call me. He hesit.

During September a couple of more trips to the bars, carefully avoiding the Winkler Room, but no results in meeting new people. I spent a couple of hours one night trying to cheer up one guy

in his forties who had lost confidence in himself. I kept telling him he was still attractive etc, and I guess I would have ~~even~~ even hopped in the hay with him to prove it, but he didn't pop the crucial question and I wasn't about to do so. Better that I didn't because he liked them very young, 18 to 20, and ~~was~~ was not "connecting" anymore. I sympathized with him, lying in my teeth, then suggested he "broaden his horizons." I told him my leimrich -

There was a young lady of Concord  
Whose husband had ceased to be fond of her.

He could not forget

He had wooed a brunette

But peroxide had now made a blonde of her.

He missed my point and as you know, I have no time for stupidity (stupidity is when you know it's wrong, but do it anyway), so I excused myself, went to the rest room and failed to return for ~~more~~ ~~long~~ Home alone again.

Oh well, thinks I, maybe I can at least see a cock if I go to the ~~book~~ adult bookstore. I know you've never been to one of those places, but you see there is a row of booths with machines that are activated for about a minute per quarter, showing hard-core sex films. Two bits a minute makes seeing a film kinda expensive, but there are also holes in the ~~walls~~ walls between each booth. Sometimes you can see the guy in the booth next to you avidly feeding quarters into the machine every minute while masturbating to beat the band. Big deal, but I'm getting desperate. Besides you can assure yourself that the next booth is not empty, because the quarter also activates a little sign on the door that amusingly says "In use." Very appropriate, thinks I, and I vow to be thrifty and only enter booths next to those that are "In use." This way perhaps I get to see part of a film showing cocks and a live show through the hole. An hour later I've seen various assorted

Booze and  
Sympathy

6.

bits and pieces of <sup>several</sup> badly done sex films and a few live pieces appended to various unattractive men. A couple of these pieces were even offered to me through the hole in the wall, but I declined to even touch. Not my idea of real sex to begin with, and I've in the past

help bail out of jail several people who found to their sorrow that the piece they fondled through the hole was appended to a policeman in plain clothes. One cop actually charged a

man with "invasion of privacy" because the man offered his piece through the hole to the supposedly shocked policeman. Poor baby! It was so hard on his nerves to have a cock ~~thrust~~ thrust through the hole into his "private" booth. The victim, in court, insisted that the plainclothes policeman had been making motions with his mouth in front of the hole before he thrust himself through the hole, but the judge didn't believe him. I did, but I went the judge. I've been out of circulation for awhile and I don't know if the police department bother to stoop to such tactics today, but I wouldn't put it past them, so I keep my cock safely in my pants and don't touch. Sure, I look, but I don't think I could get arrested for looking at what is being displayed.

Well, I was just about ready to go home and masturbate in private when someone enters the booth to my left as a disappointed fat, black boy left the booth to my right. I dutifully inserted another quarter and waited to see who had entered the booth to the left.

Bingo! An incredibly handsome young man about thirty wearing a suit began to exchange looks with me through the hole. He didn't expose his private parts and neither did I, but we looked at one another meaningfully through the hole for another couple of quarters worth of time. Stand-off! Frustrating! I left the booth and walked through the book section and out the front door.

I was damned if I was going to frustrate myself further. After an hour's <sup>time</sup> looking at the musfits a very handsome straight daddy type shows up to look at a few cocks to satisfy the gay part of himself that he won't admit. Bet his wife won't give him head. I know the type. Sneaks off one in an ick to the bookstore and finds a ~~really~~ really nelly queen type, one that he is sure is gay, to give him a blow job through the hole. No thanks. ~~But~~ However, I'll go home and masturbate using him as an image. If he only knew. Divine justice that someone gay should find him so attractive that he would use him for a fantasy.

I go to the corner and wait for a bus, kicking myself for being so stupid as to go to the bookstore in the first place. That's for people who want quickies, completely impersonal sex, genital sex - never mind who the genitals are attached to. Who am I to sit in judgment? you ask. I'm not judging. It just aint for me. ~~I~~

I spy the bus a couple of blocks away when the door opens at the bookstore and ~~daddy~~ handsome daddy type exits. As he crosses the street and gets into an old beat-out thrifty "daddy" type car, I think "He's got four kids and can't afford a better car." Then, immediately "Who am I to be so pissed, I don't even own a car." But now I have to make a decision. The bus is fast approaching, Should I take it or wait for the next one. Daddy will have to drive past me and I'll get one more look for my fantasy. What the hell, I'm in no hurry. The next bus should be along in about 10 minutes. My old street cruising instincts take over. I turn my back and let the bus pass me by, but then immediately stand at the curb again. Daddy starts the car and slowly pulls past me through the intersection. Then, lo and behold, he slides into a parking space

just beyond the intersection. I don't hesitate a second. I cross the intersection and as I pass his parked car I bend to look inside. He is smiling. I make a small hitchhiking gesture with my thumb and he leans over and opens the car door. (No electric gadgets on this heap that look like it might ~~be~~ have a ~~terminal~~ terminal case of cancer.) I see some school books tossed idly in the back seat and know that indeed he is a daddy, but I can't catch titles to tell what age the child (ren) might be. "Where to?" he says with a delightful smile. "Well," I said, "I can catch a bus going east at Les Cousins Avenue about four blocks ahead or perhaps you are going to the east side?" "I don't mind taking you home, if it's only to the east side," he says and we fall to small talk about the weather, - nice, a little crisp, - soon be overcoat time, hate to see winter come etc. Soon we have nothing else to say about the weather. She's just about ready to ask him if he likes baseball, hoping to open a topic about which I am knowledgeable, when he says "I saw you in the bookstore. Some of those films are really hot." I admit that I was in the bookstore and that I, too, saw him. I am sort of non-committal on the films since I don't know whether he has been looking at gay or straight films. I forgot to tell you that each booth has two films, one gay and one straight. The "In Use" sign should also identify with a G or S to save a lot of bother, but it doesn't and you can't see what film is ~~showing~~ running through the hole unless you get down on your knees and peer upward through the hole and that I'm not about to do although I will admit that I have done it when my own film has been particularly bad and I knew the person in the next booth was gay.

Anyway, we discussed the quality of the films in general and how some were pure fantasy, always tiptoeing around whether we were actually talking about gay or straight films. By now ~~we~~ we were home and I invited Bob in for a drink. By the way, I had introduced myself with first and last name, but Bob failed to offer a last name. Now, that little tactic didn't do him

9.

much good if I really wanted to know his last name, because as we got out of the car I memorized his licence plate number. A call to the ~~Department~~ Motor Vehicle Department in the state capitol would give me his full and real name and address if I really wanted to know it.

Once inside the house Bob seemed quite impressed with my antique furnishings. ~~When~~ When I asked what he would like to drink, he requested Southern Comfort on ice which I didn't have, so he took a beer. He talked about the history of some of the antiques for awhile, but God knows I didn't want to give him a lecture on antiques and he would have to be a dealer just to recognize the value of some of the pieces of furniture. He casually said "you must have spent a lot of money on your furnishings" and I demurred with "not as much as you might think. I'm getting pretty good at auctions and estate sales." Time to change the subject. He took the hint and tactfully changed the subject to - of all things - baseball.

Now we had a good two sided conversation going. He didn't seem surprised to find that I'm an avid Brewers fan. After all, almost everyone in Milwaukee loves the Brewers particularly this year when we probably would (and did) win the pennant. He smiled a lot. "God he is handsome," I thought. That head of black, wavy hair. Those big eyes. That warm smile. Under that suit - he had loosened his tie - had to be a nice body. Maybe he was in his early thirties because he casually dropped a few remarks about "when I was in college..." a few times.

Finally he got back to what was really on his mind, by telling me that he was enjoying himself and that he had looked "all over" the bookstore for me before deciding that he had "lost" me before leaving the bookstore.

