

AMERICA'S MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

ISSUE 7

SUPER **MR**

**MANHOOD
RITUALS**

BIG SUR

**WILLIE
WEAR**

**JAILHOUSE
TOUR JUNKIE**

**CAPTIVE
CRUSADER**

**THE BEST OF
BILL WARD**

\$9.95

This is an adult magazine.

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IN GEAR

LANCE GEAR & MARK EVRETT



Illustration by TEDDY OF PARIS

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There's someone waiting out there for you. Drop them a line. It's cheap and it's easy--Oh, wait, that's us.

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Models: LANCE GEAR & MARK EVRETT Photo: KENT TAYLOR of RAGING STALLION STUDIOS

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Check page 25 to see what the educated cock is wearing these days.



*I will be bold
and unafraid,
And great with
high endeavor,
And all the trumpets
men have made,
And all the drums
that men have played,
They shall be mine forever.*

*There'll be a noise,
a mighty noise
Of bugling and drumming,
when I go out to Jericho,
Across the plains to Jericho,
In the good time
that's coming!*

Radcliffe Hall

A funny thing happened to me on my way to the International MR. DRUMMER contest in Florida. All dressed up in cowskin, armed with carry-on cases, heading to the airport, I ran down the stairs, missed several and ended up crashing into the next landing.

I spent the contest weekend and the past weeks recuperating from a broken hip. Considering the severity of the fall, I got off fairly light. Now, months later, I'm still not completely functional, but at least I'm mobile.

I am indebted to my partner, Jerry Lasley, who saw that I got to the hospital to receive the best of care. I am now propped up in my own bed, surrounded by friends and extended family, still embroiled in an experience that threatens to go on for some time more. The healing process takes

a lot of energy, leaving little for the creative process.

Now the holidays have come and gone, and it is time to get our act together. We have been extremely pleased with the cards and letters and calls asking where the hell their *Super MR* is.

As you read this, you should see the changes in size and content. We have merged with Terrance Hawke to become Alternate Hawke Publishing. It's a big step for someone still on a crutch.

Hope you enjoy the improvements and changes. We are happy to welcome all the talented new people on board. We all have great expectations for what *Super MR* promises to be. Thanks for your patience.

John H. Embry

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JAILHOUSE TOUR JUNKIE

ARTICLE / JACK FRITSCHER ILLUSTRATION / TEDDY OF PARIS

**SAN QUENTIN:
ONE OF THE BEST
Prisons are the last
medieval institutions in
our American life; and
they are important to the
State's economy. The
irony is that prison is a
walled ghetto where
administrators, guards,
civilian employees, and
cons are all locked
together in an
environment of fourth-
rate failure. San
Quentin features a law
library and a furniture
factory as well as a
number of vocational
rehab programs.
Ironically, in most
prisons, lifers get the
best jobs. "Why train
somebody who will
eventually get out?" is
the rule of the place.**

Conditions at "SQU" are nowhere as bad as conditions in the absolute secrecy of USMC-run

brigs, where little is reported about the adhesive-tape head bondage the beatings, and the sexual abuse. The worst US prison, as recently as the 1960's, was in Alabama where guards whipped cons with heavy leather paddles across bleeding buttocks for minor infractions-like refusing to be turned out as punks for a line-man trustee-or where guards forcefully injected thorazine into the veins of a cornered con and took bets on which way he'd fall.

Paul Newman did not film COOL HAND LUKE out of thin air; the 1978 film THE BRUTALIZATION OF FRANZ BLUM was not just a screenplay. In Alabama, prisoners have been strapped to tables in the sick bay and exposed to the Tucker Telephone, attached with electrodes to their cocks, tits, tongues and/or toes, cranked up to proper screaming voltage. Reynolds may film prison comedies like THE LONGEST YARD, but only recently has even California abolished spot-welding a con into his cell, for up to a year at a time, so he stays put, isolated, with no key to bypass the weld, no way in hell to get him out fast when he is sick suicidal, or burning in his cage. In this Age of Compassionate Conservatism, the death penalty is everywhere on its hanging, shooting, gassing, injecting, electrifying way back. Gary Gilmore, hooded and strapped into his death-wish wooden chair, proves we live perilously close to the days of I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG.

STIR CRAZY

San Quentin features a dozen indoor and outdoor gyms for pumping iron, and pumping out anger on incline benches of sweat soaked canvas. All around, 3-foot diameter coils of wire, barbed every four inches with two-inch razor slashes of steel top the grey-pink walls. San Quentin grew like Topsy. Very turvy. The prison's origins are lost in myth.

"Once," Bill said, "convicts were locked in a prison ship anchored in the Bay. One night a storm tore the ship loose from its mooring and washed it up on Point San Quentin. First, tents were put up, and then the compounds, compounded with other compounds, until this frigging place became the virtually uncontrollable maze it is today."

The Marin County moon rose full over Quentin as our group was conducted through the puzzle of corridors, catwalks gates, and

gardens marked OFF LIMITS because the bushes and trees planted as a bleeding-heart rehab idea so long ago had grown big enough to overshadow quick sex and quicker stabbings.

"Some guys used to like to go into that garden and sit by the fishpond and meditate," Bill said. "Not now. No more. No way." He pointed to the way the moon threw deep shadows across the maze of buildings constructed with no particular design over the years. "New retention facilities," he said, his words again proper as befit an honor guide are laid out for easy inspection by guards. Quentin has too many nooks crannies, unused corridors, old stairwells places no guard can cover long enough to keep a con safer than sorry."

A double-knit man raised his hand, like he was in some fucking schoolroom. "I read," he said, "about the problem of homosexuality."

"Homosexuality..." Bill cut him dead, "ain't no problem." And that ended that conversation.

"But are you in physical danger?" a woman asked.

"Not if you keep to yourself. Sometimes a guy will owe a dealer, and when he can't pay, the dealer has him offed. Sometimes when he can't pay, he offs the dealer. You keep clean, you get good time, you get privileges. Like ahead of us here in the Honor Block, you're gonna peek into Citizens' Row."

Two guards, one of them with (I swear) 18-inch-circumference forearms, clicked us off on their counters. They stamped our hands with ultraviolet identification-just so us prison-tour-junkies couldn't change places with some con, him leaving for the cold streets Outside, us staying in the warm security Inside.

"San Quentin is," Bill said, "for 363 of its 2,197 inmates, a fairly comfortable home away from home."

Our group single-filed along the row of honor cells where each man, with 16 months good time, can live alone in a 4x9 foot space, 9 feet high. The walk was embarrassing, like some Toms peeping in where we shouldn't, but even embarrassed, fast glances showed that when a man has nothing but time in a very small space, his personality ingeniously expresses his total attitude.

One by one we cruised the empty cells like exhibits in Macy's windows. Each coffin-like space an idealized fantasy: one with swastikas

and covers from outrageous Easy Riders magazine; others set up for jewelry hobbies; some with black velvet nude tit paintings under blacklight; one, a definite monk's cell; another arranged like a writer's loft, a rack-bed hung two feet from the ceiling, and under it a plywood shelf centered with a typewriter and paper neatly arranged. Stereo headphones and small color TVs sat in every cell. The honor cells can be locked from the inside by the con himself to protect his belongings.

"I thought this was supposed to be a jail," a man said. "This is peace and quiet."

"This is," Bill said, "even in the honor block, a place where you do what you're told to do."

"Everyday I have to do," the good citizen threw back, "what my corporation tells me to do."

"No shit."

"I pay the taxes that let you live here."

"For the rest of my natural, unnatural life."

"But, really," the I. Magnin coat rolled back into the action, "what about homosexuality?"

"Frankly, lady, in prison, homosexuality has nothing to do with what you call on the Outside being gay. Our up-front gay cons stick pretty much together. Just like any group of consenting adults."

"But TV is always reporting homosexual rape," the taxpaying citizen said.

"Homosexuals don't attack other males," Bill said. "Straight dudes rape other dudes, straight or gay. A homosexual attack, as you call it, like the rape of a lady, has nothing to do with sex. It has to do with aggression. The cock is the weapon; it's just pure, simple, brutal, bleeding-ass aggression."

CHOW DOWN

We ate with the cons.

While I waited in line behind Old Reliable, with my tin plate, fork and spoon-no knife-an eye came to a peephole in a heavy metal door. The eye changed to a tongue that wiped its wet way around the perimeter of the cold green hole. Old Reliable checked the action too.

Then the tongue pulled back behind moustached lips that whispered, "Hey, Bro, you got a file on you?"

The various con-guides split strategically to tables where the foxiest touring ladies sat picking at the chicken and mashed potatoes. That was the last we really saw of Bill. He disappeared into the subtle lust heteroing his way over the dessert and coffee.

Above us, prisoners' murals depicted California history. The wooden ceiling, 80-feet high, was stuck with forks. The outlawed outlaw game had been to bend three tines back and place the fork on the mess-table edge. Then with all the bulked strength of a hard-fisted blow, hit the fork handle, shooting it ceilingward. If it stuck, the con's rep was made. If the fork fell short, turned in mid-flight, and started its murderous descent faster and faster, point down, into the mess hall crowd, somebody shouted

HEADS UP, and every con ducked fast under the protecting table tops. Some fun.

BUSTER AND BILLIE

Currently, Old Reliable has come down like a fork from his ecstasy of the dinner-tour-show at the Big Bastille on the Bay. All because one of his corresponding cons has recently been paroled after ten years for armed robbery. Buster is a primary heterosexual, but he puts out either way. Reliable, remember, like all gay men, is considered an easy mark. Buster on parole needs all the support good Old Reliable can give. Besides the straight cons, a lot of gay men languish in prison. DRUMMER received an interesting and seemingly authentic letter reprinted here:

Dear Publisher:

I would like for you to print an ad in your gay newspaper for me, I am in Columbus State Prison, doing 4-25 years, and don't have any money or family to write to. My name is Bud E. Gooden Jr., I am 30 years old, and have been gay all my life. My number is No. 144- 292. I have brown hair and blue eyes. I am 175 lbs, 5 feet, 11 inches. Sir, it sure does hurt when the Officer passed my cell, with no mail for me. I like to dance, and go camping, hiking, fishing, horseback riding, and most of all have sex with a man and make real good love with them. When I don't get any mail, then I will read a book or write me a poem, so please print this ad for me if you will, Sir, and I want to Thank You so very much for taking the time to read this, and hope you will help me out, Sir. Sir, if you do help me, or even if you don't, please let me know something if you will. I am sending my full name and number for you, Sir. Sincerely yours,

Mr. Bud E. Gooden Jr. No. 144-292

Gay people in prison suffer a whole different trip-two prisons for the price of one. It's one thing to get fucked, to give consent to be fucked. It's traumatic, even if you ordinarily like it up the ass, to be raped in a cellblock gangfuck.

Meanwhile, Old Reliable's Buster has met his inevitable big-titted peroxide Billie. They're a very small-time Clyde and Bonnie working Reliable like a fish on the line. Billie even confessed the other afternoon that she only looks 20. She's a lot younger. One yap out of her and Buster violates parole with a statutory rape charge. She's got him where she wants him. But maybe he needs to go back, leaving the mean bricks of Market Street for the max security of the Big House. Billie, with her sweet adolescent urge to confess, told Old Reliable between Cokes and chain-smoked Marlboros, while Buster was out at McDonald's, that Buster was thinking about burgling Reliable's apartment.

Reliable took Billie's revelation in stride.

"You write to somebody in prison for six years, send him money and new Frye boots and he comes out, sits on your face like he's told, twists

your tits, makes you lick his 18 blue tattoos, fucks you silly, then takes off with a kidcunt who wants to rob you. I could," Reliable said, "become more cynical."

"Disgusting," I said.

"That, my friend," Old Reliable said, "is what the world is about. Finding new ways to be disgusting."

"Why do people want to be disgusting?"

"Because it proves they're BAD."

"You set yourself up every time you go down on one of those fuckers."

"I'll let you in on a little secret of why I like what I like and do what other guys only beat off to thinking about doing. I'm like every other sexual specialist. I'm 80 percent impotent unless I get it my way, unless I'm with these ex-con biker boys. Prison turns out some of the best trade in the country."

"You're going to use up your karma."

"So I'm an easy mark for ex-cons. Still I have to judge each one on his own merits. I know my sexual preference sets me up for everything from an easy touch for a few bucks to a full-dress armed robbery with a side-order of a stomping and maybe a murder. Mine."

"You have sex with them. You pay them. You yourself have nothing."

"I have only a relative nothing," Reliable said. "If I have 15 bucks and Buster and Billie have 37c, then they have nothing. For 15 bucks I could get killed." He looked contemplatively around his early-Salvation-Army apartment recalling the armies that have marched over him. "Actually, for about 50 bucks, you can get anybody offed."

"You always talk that badass gangtalk from the bad company you hire."

"Ah, gangs. Disgusting, ain't it? Those wonderful prison-gang initiations. First you have to get tattooed. Then, like in the Aryan Brotherhood, they send you out to 'stick a nigger'. Everybody's disgusting. You know, of course, I know how to do away with violence in prisons."

"So go tell Grey Davis."

"Ha. Segregate them. I've been to bed with men from every pen in the country, coast to coast, and bed is the only true confessional. I have maybe one good point to me: I listen to what they tell me. Just segregate the goddamn prisons."

"You, your karma, and Buster and Billie. When you don't answer your phone, I figure I better come down and discover your body. Why do you keep doing this?"

"Why do you keep touring prisons like some fucking prison-tour junkie?" Touché. We both laughed. We knew.

At the musical show, the night of that San Quentin tour the country-western band had twanged out a number called "Ladies Love Outlaws like Little Boys Love Puppy Dogs."

Old Reliable O'Riley and I may not be puppies, but we know authentic macho when we sniff it.