

IN TOUCH

FOR MEN

NUMBER 56 \$3.00

U.K. £2.00

OH, DADDY!

How you do de tings you do!

THE DADDY MYSTIQUE

Why everyone is ga-ga for Dada

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY

*A true story of passion,
punishment and incest*

FRED HALSTED

by FRED HALSTED

PSYCHIC PREDICTS

*rainbow after
storm for
gay rights*

BUTCHY BOY STRIPPERS

*Open your fly
for Daddy*

VANESSA REDGRAVE

ignites for gay rights



**ON TO
VICTORY!**



CONTENTS

NUMBER 56

LETTERS 9

XXX 000

TOUCH & GO 14

Marilyn has a birthday;

Barbara is carried out

PSYCHIC PREDICTS 24

Rainbow for gay rights

THE DADDY MYSTIQUE 26

by Jack Fritscher

Pipe, slippers and dog collar

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY 36

by Corky Jones

Daddy Dearest

TOM OF FINLAND'S PAGE 39

Finland in unity

COVERMAN: JOE DAVIS 40

Big boy from Michigan

CENTERFOLD: TALLULAH 46

Man's best friend

CENTERFOLD: FRED HALSTED 52

... and how he grew

CENTERFOLD: MARK RAMSEY 58

Honor roll

THE GAY PARADE BOOK 64

You'll love Tod and Laura

FAMOUS GAY PEOPLE 70

by Jim Kepner

Marcel and Dag and Joan of Arc

STRIPPERS! 84

Suit, tie and open fly

VANESSA REDGRAVE 88

by Meri Garcia

To the barricades, gentlemen

NIGHTLIFE 94

And, of course, Miss

Christine Jorgensen

Cover photo: JOE DAVIS by JIM YOUSLING

STAFF

General Offices: (213) 466-6333

Publisher: FRANK ROEDEL

Associate Publisher: DON BEAVERS

Editor-in-Chief: JOHN CALENDRO

Art Director: JAMES YOUSLING

Executive Editor: PHIL TOWNSEND

Managing Editor: ROGER DUHN

Subscriptions: GLORIA HABER

Advertising Director: (213) 466-6333

Research Director: DWIGHT ROSS



IN TOUCH For Men (USPS 045-890), Issue 56 (June 1981). Published monthly by IN TOUCH, Inc., 1316 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California 90027. Opinions expressed in by-lined articles and letters are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent the opinions of IN TOUCH For Men. Publication of the name, photograph, or likeness of any person or organization in articles or advertising in IN TOUCH For Men is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such persons or organizations, and any similarity between individuals named or described in fiction articles and actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Contents of the magazine may not be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright © 1981 by IN TOUCH, Inc.

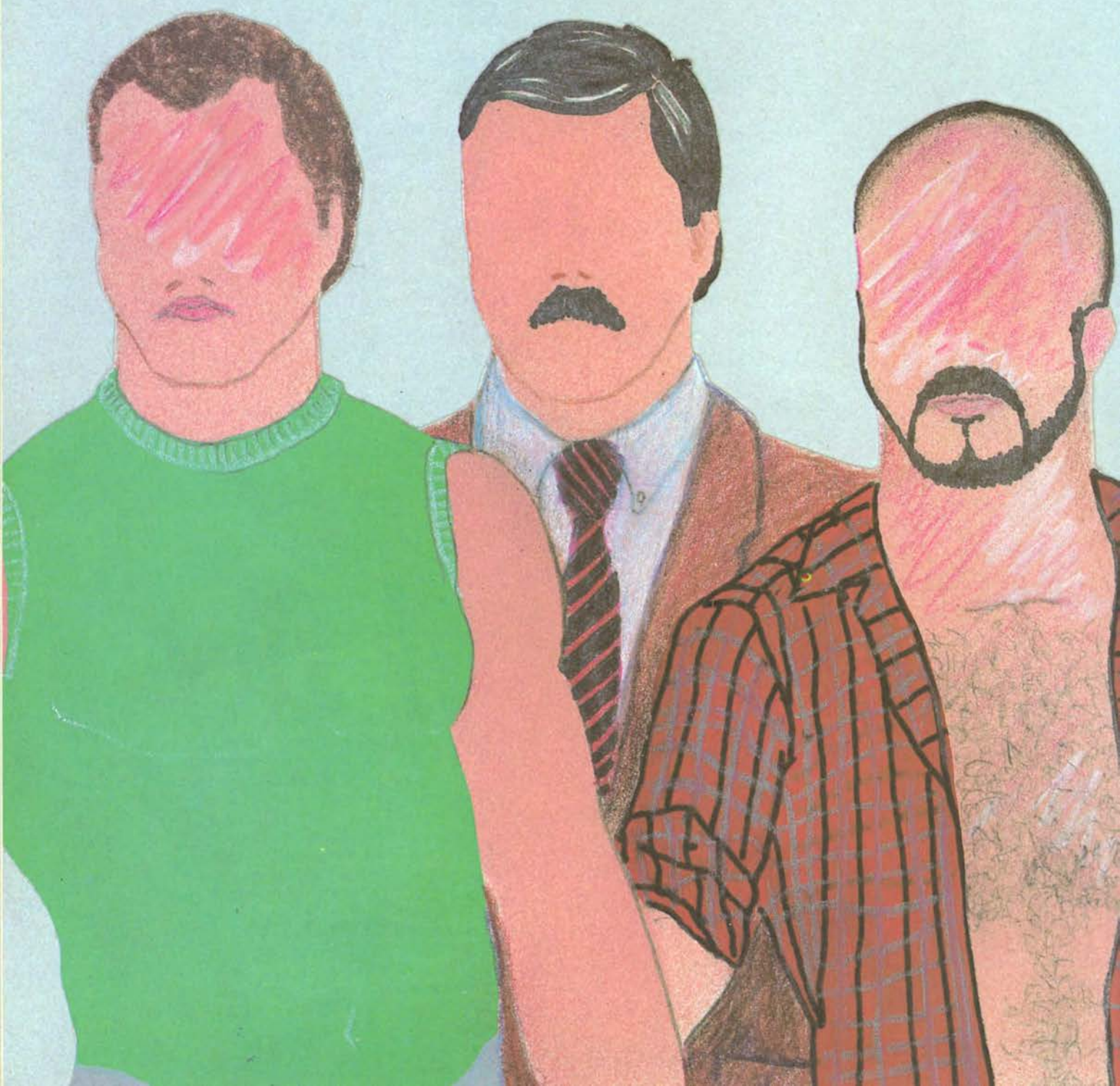
Manuscripts, drawings and photographs may be submitted to the editorial division of IN TOUCH For Men, Post Office Box 1228, Hollywood, California 90028 and return postage must accompany all submissions if they are to be returned. All rights in letters to IN TOUCH For Men shall be assigned to the publication and may be edited and commented on editorially.

Subscription rate: 6 issues, \$15.00; 12 issues, \$28.00; 18 issues, \$42.00; Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, California and additional offices. IN TOUCH For Men's list of subscribers is confidential, and is not sold, rented, traded or released to anyone at any time.

Text by JACK FRITSCHER • Illustrations by TEDDY

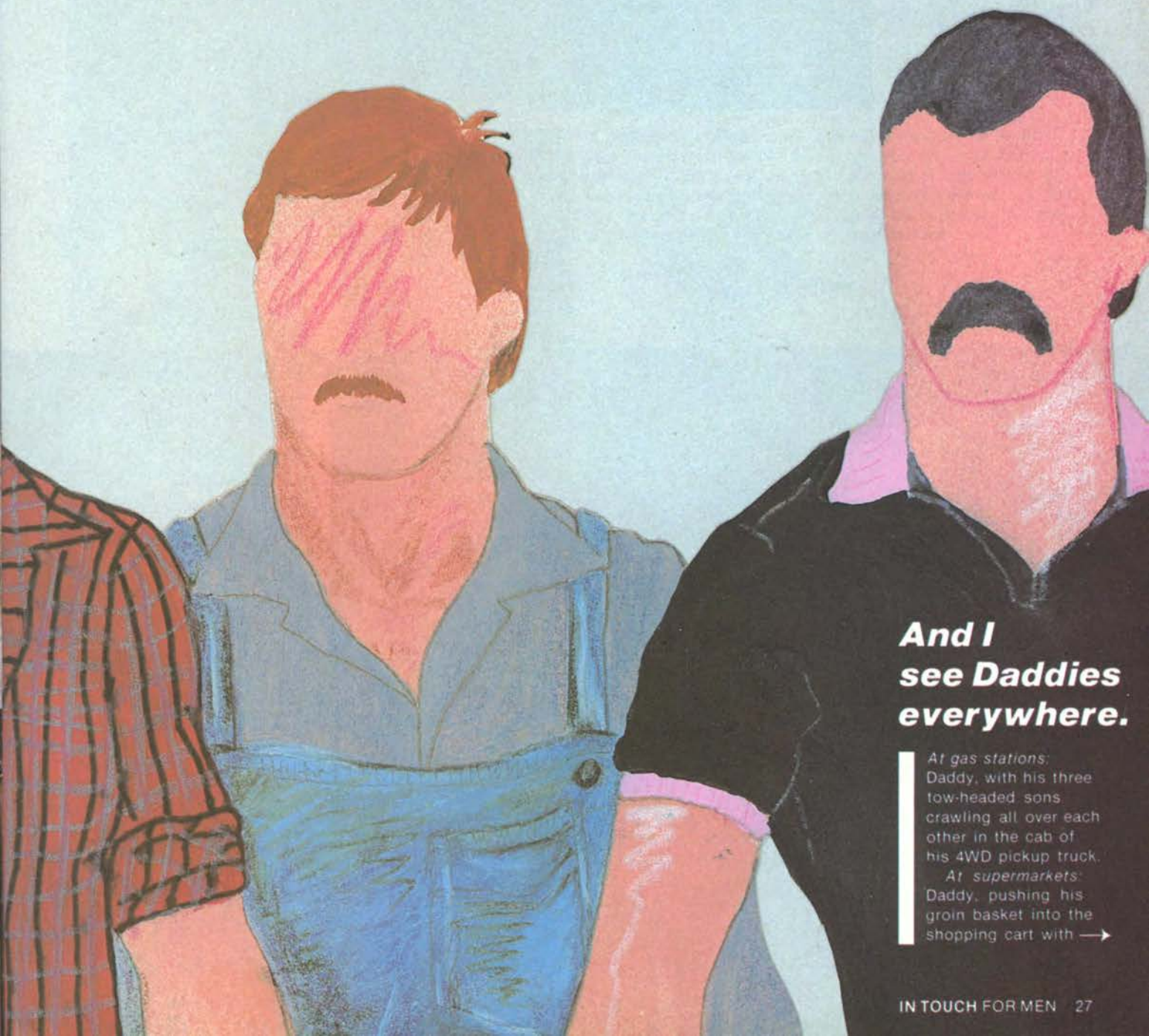
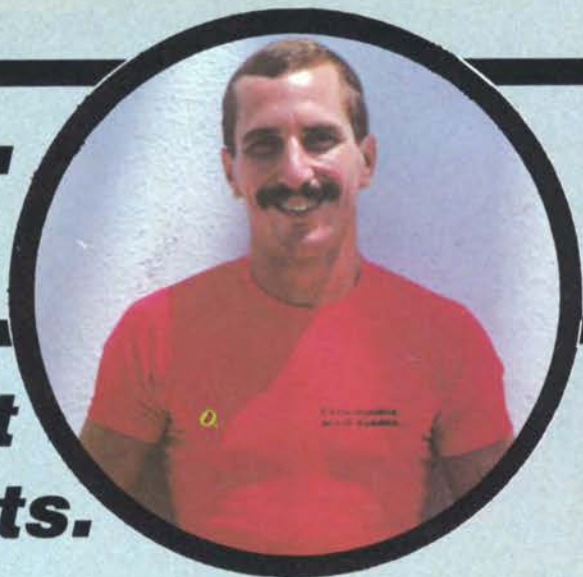
THE DADDY

When I see



MYSTIQUE

**a young Daddy, I want
to eat his shorts.**



**And I
see Daddies
everywhere.**

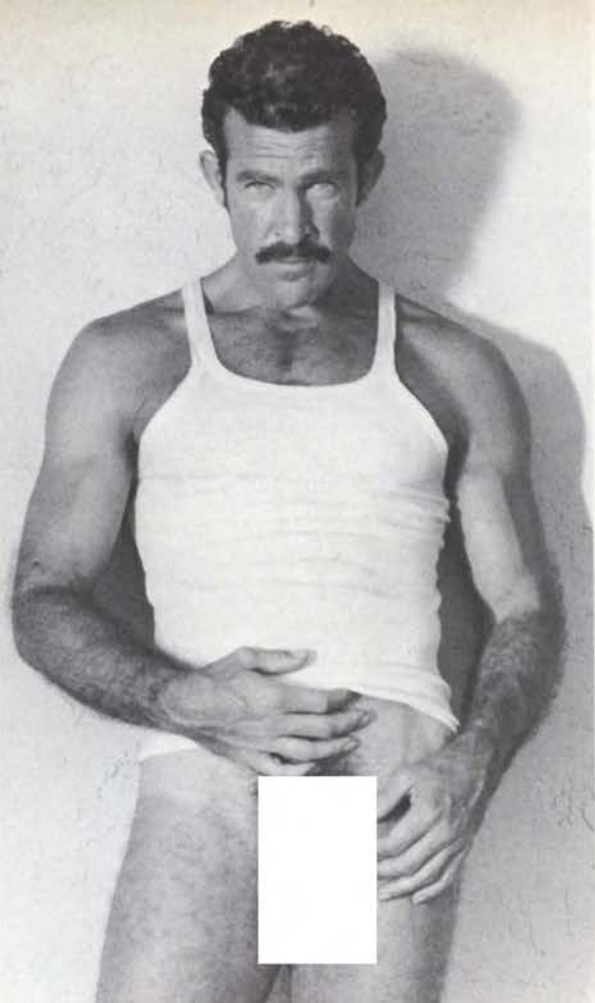
At gas stations:
Daddy, with his three
tow-headed sons
crawling all over each
other in the cab of
his 4WD pickup truck.

At supermarkets:
Daddy, pushing his
groin basket into the
shopping cart with →

OH, DADDY!



DAN PATTARSON COLLECTION



TARGET

At left, we see Big Daddy in Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. As played by Burl Ives, he was big, bellowing, brilliant—but not exactly the kind of big daddy we're talking about in this article. At right, we see a man in a T-shirt. Bingo, you win, go to the head of the class. This is exactly the kind of big daddy we're talking about! Oh, he may not live forever in the annals of literature but hell, he'll always have a warm bed and a hot meal at our place. (Probably in that order.)



Daddies come in all shapes and sizes. So maybe sometimes they wear garters, gloves and skyscraper high heels—as Dr. Frank N. Furter, left, did in *The Rocky Horror Show*. What's important is attitude. Authority. Balls. Balls is a state of mind. It doesn't matter what position you play in bed. A daddy is always on top in his head. Just look at the Reagans. Just look at the Perons. We all know who the real daddies are in those households.



PHOTOS FROM THE DAN PATTARSON COLLECTION

THE QUALITIES
OF DADDIES
ARE NOT STRAINED

Daddies are the kind of strangers whose kindness we most like to depend on. Also, daddies sweat a lot or they shake a bottle of beer before they open it and it fizzes all over their T-shirts. In any case, daddies tend to be wet. That's another thing about them we most like to depend on.



Daddies are upstanding and shoot their guns straight. Of course, we may need a couple of demonstrations. Naturally, we'll go through a lot of malarky about gritting our teeth and biting our lip and suppressing a cry. But we always ask for one more show. Cool and poised, a good daddy will shoot off again—and won't let up until we shoot off too.



Daddies know how to handle problems. Of course they're not God and they can't handle everything. But daddies usually come through—if necessary, on a wing and a prayer. True, it helps if they're also on speaking terms with Jehovah—but this is an optional feature and not to be expected in all models.



Daddies are direct and to the point. If they have anything up their sleeves it's usually great arms. Don't get your daddy mad, son. Those arms are weapons. But when they wrap around you on a rainy night, they can be as warm and vulnerable as two little babies searching for a little succor.

his son riding backwards playing with the buttons on Daddy's belly.

At swimming pools: Daddy, showering with a fullgrown man's lingering pleasure in the hard spray, while his shivering kid, wet and naked, arms wrapped tight around his own body that's a small version of Dad's, is eye-level with the soapy big Daddy-dick that four years before shot the kid into life.

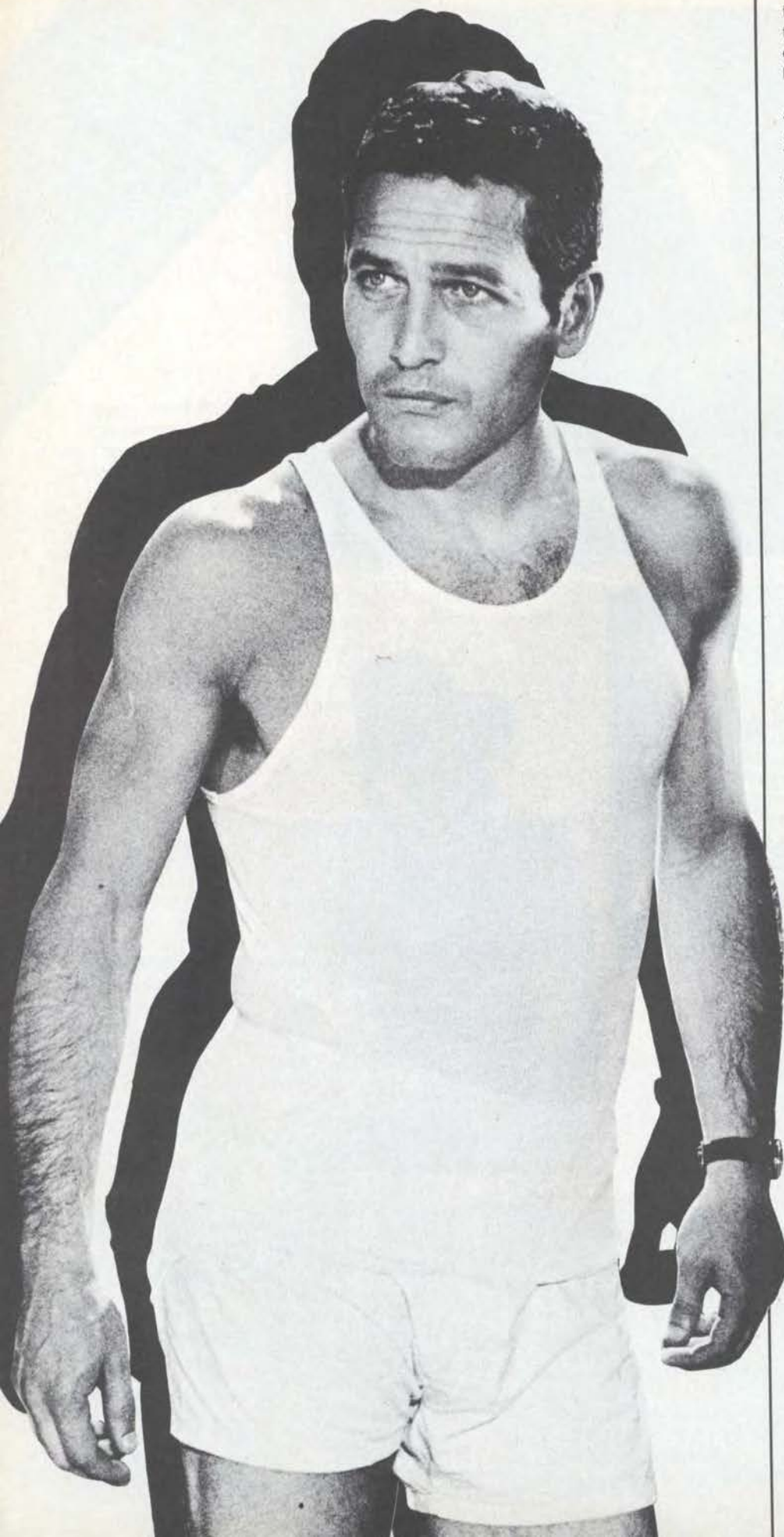
Men who dare to father kids in this day and age are a special breed. They are The Seedbearers. They like to show off their sons: the living proof that the old man's a

stud. Young Daddies have a cockiness. Older Daddies have a quiet pride. So when any Daddy has his stuff together, I'm a softy with a bone-on. Nothing, I mean nothing, gives me a hard-on like a left hand with a wedding ring!

WHERE'S POPPA?

Lots of gay men are looking for Daddy. Not to get into all the psychologically heavy reasons but to stay with the lightly symbolic and physical pleasures, the Daddy Trip is a Pop fantasy as old as Tele-machus looking for his Dad, Ulysses. And Annie looking for Daddy Warbucks. Show-

girls in B-movies always wanted a Sugar Daddy. Gay men relate more to show-biz sentiments than any other group. So we understand when the real-life mom of *Dallas*' J.R., Mary Martin, sang it all in the 1930s: "If I invite/ some guy some night/ to dine on my fine finnan haddie/ I just adore him asking for more/ 'cause my heart belongs to Daddy." And then she sang, "Daddy, I want a diamond ring, fancy cars, expensive things. . . . Daddy, you'll always get the best from me." And then Debbie's Eddie, who is Carrie Fisher's Daddy, sang "O Mine Papa! To me you are so wonder-



ful!" He took the airwaves by storm during the Fifties when Eisenhower had been elected to be the Daddy of Us All, after having led the boys to victory in WWII.

For the most part, American Daddies are an endangered species; that's the secret of their romance. The fathers of Tennessee Williams die of cancer (*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*) or work for the phone company where they fall in love with long distance and are never heard from again (*The Glass Menagerie*). If cancer and jobs don't get them then Mommie Dearest will. In Albee's *American Dream*, Daddy exists mainly to support Mommie who only wants to set her fanny in a tub of butter. Truly, Arthur Kopit's Off-Broadway title says it all: *O Dad, Poor Dad! Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feeling So Sad!* Our whole culture seems to cry out as one: There is a shortage of Daddies in America! And that which is rare is always that which is precious.

IN PRAISE OF MATURE GAY DADDY BEARS

Gay men use their sex lives to fill in the blanks of their backgrounds. As the Baby Boom grows older, lots of Gay Babies have reached their own maturity. To make a come-on out of necessity, the bar-street concept of Daddy Bear/Baby Bear cruising makes a match on both generational sides of the Daddy Trip. The Cult of Balling Mature Gay Men is in full swing. In bars, when a guy sights a hot man in his late thirties or forties, you often hear the exclamation: "Daddy!" All this proves that gay tastes are maturing from chicken through veal to beef. After all, a hot man can be in any decade of his life—as long as he does that decade as hot as he can. Some men, like good wine and fine cheese, improve with age.

Creating our own extended families, we play sons and fathers in our sex scenarios. The incest taboo is often whispered quietly when a man sort of mumbles "Daddy" to another man while they embrace. If his partner picks up the fantasy thread, all the excitement of breaking the incest taboo occurs. One "Son" in San Francisco showed up at his "Daddy's" in seersucker shorts, hightop sneakers with knee sox, a Marvel heroes white teeshirt and a Little League cap. Daddy took him out to Fleishhacker Zoo and tied a balloon to his wrist. They watched two leopards go at each other and then Daddy and Son drove home and played likewise.

Why not? Most of gay sex is psychodrama that feels good.

Since we're not "Procreational Chauvinists," we can afford to be "Recreational Sensualists."

IN PRAISE OF STRAIGHT DADDIES

When I taught at a Michigan university, I spent half my free time balling real genetic Daddies: young, hung, overheated and underventilated guys that I picked up in the gym showerroom. Many were freshly returned Viet-Vet students. Others were

faculty colleagues who wanted to have a man-to-man experience. I didn't have to take out an ad in the *Kalamazoo Gazette*—but then I also lived my life uncloseted. Because of this, any genteel colleague who wanted a discreet same-sex experience knew what number to phone.

At certain faculty dinner parties, with assorted kiddies playing on the stairs and wives klatching in the kitchen, I had slept with several of the "experimenting" husbands. Life was something like *Virginia Woolf* where George advises Nick to plow a few pertinent faculty wives to get ahead. I never fucked to move from assistant to associate professor but I certainly plowed a few pertinent faculty Daddies! And was plowed by them!

I asked one professor, who had known all his life that he preferred men, why he had married and fathered a family. "I'm just enough older than you," he said, "that I didn't have the climate of liberation. At the time I could have come out, to be gay meant a life of bars and nelly queens. I hate both." He meant that pre-lib limpstyle wasn't for him. I liked him. He was an honest, sensitive man, a real fathering Seed-bearer who looked the way Daddies are supposed to look and who sported one of the biggest uncut cocks in captivity!

Straight Daddies—be they professors, or plumbers—are available only on a limited basis. Bluecollar Daddies, for instance, show up at reststops and bookstores around 3:30 PM when the shifts change at factories and construction sites. The day before Mother's Day, like the days before Christmas, are good for Daddies because they can use the holiday as an excuse to go out shopping for a few hours to buy some presents. Alone. At the Mall. At your apartment door. Daddies, since their time is taken up by work and family, want their nut off NOW when they call or pull in the drive and ring the doorbell!

DADDY-FIX

Daddies are real Men-in-Authority. So in a sense, a Daddy is the Ultimate Male Role Model. No matter what else our parents raised us to be, doctors/lawyers/chiefs, they all presumed, maybe without saying it, that we'd be Daddies. But we're not. So we are fascinated by the Daddy Mystique. I stare in wonder when the Gay Fathers march in the Freedom Day Parade. Do they have a secret? Daddies are supposed to know everything and be able to fix anything.

It's natural for gay men, most of whom live the Peter-Pan Syndrome, to have a thing for grown-up men who've dared to assume their place in the adult male world: Coaches, cops, DI's, construction workers—all the men of erotic fantasy fit in here. They're all Men-in-Authority. And authority, after all, is the Ultimate Attitude. Authority is what comes when a man assumes he has power/potency until someone else informs him otherwise. A man who assumes authority in America is



rarely told otherwise. He's an Ideal. A Man-in-Authority is a man in control, he is the pitcher not the catcher, the Top not the Bottom. He leads in the dance. He never leaves his cake out in the rain!

MY DAD CAN WHIP YOUR DAD!

Seedbearers walk with an attitude only a Breeder can have. This one Daddy I ball up in Sonoma County has four kids and two dogs. He won't breed one dog because he dislikes its temperament. He's blowing off about giving at least two of his kids away. All his talk about his rugrats boils down to both a brag and a bitch about his male potency. "Sokay with me! Seedbearing Breeders carry rich loads of snow-white gelatinous sperm in their ball-bearing, big-basketed Daddypacks. Balling Daddies is like balling a man who's into procreation as much as recreation. His wife gets him for the former; you get him for the latter!

My most unusual Daddy lived across the lane from me on a small one-way San Francisco cul-de-sac. My second floor studio looked directly into his second floor flat. For six months I watched his wife leave for her shift as a nurse while he babysat their fourteen-month-old son. Alone with the kid asleep in the other room, Daddy without pulling the shades stripped himself naked, pulled on his jockstrap and faced sideways to the window into a mirror, jerking himself slowly off.

For six months. Long, lingering, solitary J/O sessions. Daddy rubbing his own body, cupping his jock, playing his own tits.

He never pulled the shade. I don't think he ever thought to. He never even looked across the lane into my apartment.

One summer afternoon, his wife left and he went at himself: jockstrap, oil, a clothes pin on each nipple. My kinky self could stand it no longer. I grabbed an extra jockstrap and some poppers and ran down the stairs and leaned up against my building, provocative as Cat Woman in the afternoon sunshine. I put out so much energy he had to notice. I willed him to his window. Sure enough, he came and looked out. I raised my jockstrap to my mouth, bit it and walked across the lane, up his steps and rang his bell.

Would he answer the door? In a minute, oiled in his jock, his tits red where he had removed the clothespins, this hot Daddy stuck his head around the partially open door.

He looked at me. He said nothing. A question in his eyes.

All I said was, "I've come to help."

We made love like tigers in the nursery with his baby son asleep in a toy-filled playpen in the livingroom. The fact he was a Daddy with his son asleep in the other room made the *Verboten Vater* hotter. Besides sometimes Daddies for all their genuine love for wives and children still

need love and reassurance and play they can only get from another man.

MY OWN DAD

I worship good Daddies. I bump into them at flea markets and at athletic events just so I can physically touch them. I like Daddies not because I didn't have one but because I had such a good one. My own Dad was strong and big, a varsity jock who married the cheerleader, my mother, and then went on to work construction. I like Daddies because my Dad held me on his lap, up against his big chest, swaying in a creaking porch swing on warm summer nights in the Midwest.

While the women, off in the kitchen making dessert, quietly laughed and talked, I sat with him and the other men, their voices deep and serious in the quiet dark. Rocking in my Dad's big muscular arms, smelling his breath, feeling the rasp of his nine-o'clock-stubble, I watched what seemed to me then to be the whole safe warm world, as we rocked back and forth on that porch, the lights across the street and down the block rising and falling like tiny ships brightly lit out on the dark sea of endless night.

Nothing has ever, will ever feel like that again. But to come close to that feeling with another man who is a Daddy, or who plays Daddy, sometimes can be almost enough to keep those summer evenings, and him, alive forever.

© 1981 Dr. Jack Fritscher ■■