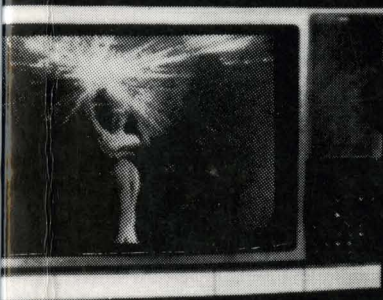


CRUISING THE MOVIES: A Sexual Guide to “Oldies” on TV

Boyd McDonald



STAR OF STARS

As shown here, Jim Lassiter has just enough leg hairs to establish that he is a human being rather than, as some might think at first glance, a god. Lassiter, of course, was a star in the 50s and 60s at AMG, which most well-bred men rank as immeasurably superior to MGM. In portraying sailors, for example, Lassiter was far more credible than such famous players as Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and Fred Astaire. Paradoxically, the three bigger stars lived the "straight" life but seemed too queer on screen as sailors, while Lassiter, who did sailor parts superbly, undoubtedly had, as what he calls a "hustler," more homosexual experience than Sinatra, Kelly, and Astaire put together.

Bob Mizer, founder of AMG (Athletic Model Guild), was, and remains, the DeMille of posing strap pictures. Lassiter and the other AMG models wore posing straps until recent years, when AMG has been turning out bareass pictures. Shown here is a rare still of Lassiter without a posing strap. It would have been pleasant to see him step out of his strap, but I not only have not seen that, I have not seen him in a motion picture at all. But I don't have to. I can see in his stills that he's a star. Doubtless Lassiter found a ready market for his posing strap when he pulled it off; Mizer allowed fans of his models on the set, which was usually the backyard of his house in L.A., and Lassiter reports, in correspondence with the writer, that some of what he calls his clients "wanted me to come in them [underpants] often and save them in a plastic bag for them."

The other still of Lassiter in this issue has a spot on his left nate which I assume is just drool from one of the boys in the back room at the photo house which machines prints for me. I doubt that it is saliva from the manager, a big, beautiful blond who wears his shirt unbuttoned to display a hairless, tanned torso and who is the most undoubtedly heterosexual man I've ever met; he is absolutely un-

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troubled by the pieces of AMG ass I bring him for machining, in the same way that I am untroubled about seeming to be, or becoming, a Lithuanian or a Lesbian.

By contrast, a male at another photo house wore a crew cut before they became fashionable again, which is suspect to begin with, and feels a need to show contempt for the work I bring him. If he were authentically heterosexual, like the blond, he would have no more need to show contempt for my dick and butt art than I have to display contempt for Lithuanians or Lesbians. If I had a young daughter, I'd hope she turned out to be a Lesbian. Lesbians worship women; "straight" males despise them, and love only ballplayers.

Today, Mizer reports, Lassiter is hairier than he was in the stills shown here. Lassiter, a carpenter now, lives near AMG, still visits the studio, and still, understandably, likes to look at his body in the mirror. Through Mizer, I arranged to have Lassiter answer a questionnaire. I knew from experience that this type of man is terse; I tried to compose questions that would elicit informative answers even if the answers were only one word:

Q.: Have you ever sucked dick?

Lassiter: Yes.

Q.: Have you ever taken it up the ass?

Lassiter: Yes.

I thus have more data on Lassiter than on the more famous stars I write about; Ryan O'Neal, for example, has never told me what is the biggest number of times he has jacked off in a single day (Lassiter's answer is five), nor have Chevy Chase and Eddie Murphy told me whether they take it in the ass (I merely assume they do).

Before he was "discovered" by AMG while hitchhiking, Lassiter "hustled around," in his words, in Manhattan. Normally he was stationed outside the Astor Bar in Times Square, a maddeningly glamorous bar, especially during World War II, when a combination of "tomorrow we may die" attitude and the fact that it was not the custom then, as it is now, for women to put out, made the nation's handsomest soldiers, sailors, and airmen readily available for sex with each other and with their civilian male swains. Lassiter had first been sucked off at age 13 in his native Midwest by some fantastically fortunate boy or man, and when he came to New York he soon learned, from a kindly stranger who took him to a coffee shop when he was

AMG



"broke and hungry," that his dick and ass were worth money. The stranger told him about a bar where his meat would be welcome. He hustled for about seven years, working a seven-day week from one to seven hours per day, averaging "two big spenders" per day. Thus as many as 5,110 men may have "had" him during this seven-year period. Many of them would still be alive today, and I hope any who see these words will write a letter to the Editor giving precise data on the various parts of Lassiter's body as well as on his character.

Meanwhile I can report, from his questionnaire, that he "played the part of a passive gay hustler, enticing men with my good looks. Having a passive nature, I allowed them to do what they wanted while I relaxed and enjoyed it." He had "Many married clients."

"I always kept myself clean," he writes. He was thus what is clinically called sweet-assed. He enjoyed having his balls and asshole licked, but this happened "not as often as I would like." I was surprised to read this; in my innocence I had assumed that it would be a routine, almost daily, occurrence. He operated thusly: "We would go to a coffee shop. I would say I was hustling around, he would ask what I did, then the price was set." It is almost painful for men who like the stills shown here to imagine what Lassiter was like earlier when he was one of Manhattan's principal pieces of eating stuff and could be rented for other gratifications as well. It seems certain this his flesh was the finest money could buy.

For me, his most interesting response was to a question about compliments from his customers: "One stands in my mind by a sculpture [sic], he said, I have the most perfectly proportioned body he ever measured." The sentence contains two incorrect punctuation marks and one incorrect word, and thus enhances a charm that didn't really need enhancing; studies conducted privately by the writer show that men who write incorrectly are more fun in bed than those who do. I have for my next book letters from semi-literate heterosexual Englishmen whose use of "to" for "too", as in "to [sic] much," and of "of" for "off," as in "it turned me of [sic]," increase the allure of their sexual secrets. Men who mistakenly use commas for periods are unusually erotic, as are those who use periods for question marks.

The only big budget actor that I find comparable to Lassiter is Mel Gibson, but in *Mad Max* (1980) he had the excessively lovely walk of a dancer. Still, millions worship the ground he minces on. That he is trying to make his image more butch is suggested by his announcement, in the garment industry's gay magazine, *Andy Warhol's*

Interview, that he wears dirty socks. But just wearing dirty socks is not enough; I'm sorry. Probably the city's most intelligent, and therefore most confident, editor regards William Hurt (*Body Heat*) as fully competitive with Lassiter. The editor has seen Hurt's bare butt in two pictures and has followed him into a men's room in a Manhattan restaurant, where the star failed to wash his hands after taking a leak. (The same editor reports that Doubleday's most publicized editrix, Jackie Kennedy Onassis, does not wash her hands when she emerges from her booth in the ladies' piss-house. This may be all right if she only took a leak and may not be all right if she actually took—don't you see?—a shit.) *The New York Times* described a rehearsal in which Sigourney Weaver straddles Hurt's lap, facing him in a fucking position. After the scene, Hurt told Weaver, "You're very brave," and the director, Mike Nichols, said to Hurt, "You're brave, too." Of all the adjectives that might describe the simulated taking of Hurt's pecker in Weaver's twat, "brave" seems the least appropriate; we don't call IBM computers brave for performing as programmed, and that, after all, is all Hurt, Weaver, and Nichols are doing. But to compensate for the fact that they are common, ordinary robots, heterosexuals like to heap honors upon each other; just as Hurt, Weaver, and Nichols were congratulatory toward each other, so the United States Government, again according to the *Times*, awarded more medals after its invasion of Grenada than there were troops in the invasion.

If the word brave is to be used for any sexual activity, it should be saved for people like Jim Lassiter; Hurt has turned down a homosexual role but Lassiter isn't afraid of what people think of him. They think highly of him; I have used his photo on my stationery and it has won favorable comments. His simple, strong statement that "I don't think homosexuality is wrong" and his easy discussion of his sexual experience are as inspiring as the stills of his butt; someone who casually admits to doing what is forbidden is more honest and braver than someone who can only do what he is supposed to do—or act as though he does.