

Young, Gay And Restless

My Scandalous On-Screen & Off-Screen Sexual **Liberations**

Thom Bierdz

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DEDICATED

To Tequila.

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* 1: **SEX IN MY CHILDHOOD**

THE DADDY FANTASY



I posted this photo on Facebook, March 25, 2018: *“HOW COULD I NOT HAVE A CRUSH ON MY DAD AND NOT TO THIS DAY STILL HAVE DADDY FANTASIES? LOOK AT HOW SEXY HE WAS IN 1970. LOOK AT HOW SEXY I WAS AT 8.”*

Me being sexy at 8 was an obvious joke: I don’t think kids are sexy and besides I hated being a skinny gay geek – and even though in my twenties I was arguably the top soap opera hunk on the #1 soap opera which played to a hundred million viewers worldwide, I personally did not find myself sexy then. *Did I have hundreds of sex partners over the years because I was looking for validation and to convince myself I was sexy – or could be? Or was I simply a slut? Was a friend right when he said I had as many issues as a magazine stand?*

Having daddy fantasies was not a joke, and my FB friends and followers knew to expect shocking posts from this actor turned reclusive artist venting from an isolated forest cabin in scenic Lake

Arrowhead, California. It was clear I was finally rebelling against my early Wisconsin Catholic 1960's / 1970's sex-shaming, and even objecting to my silenced homosexual storyline on *The Young and the Restless*. I would gladly reprise the role of Phillip Chancellor III, but not because I was a frustrated nonworking actor but because the publicity was always good for painting sales, and I had rent to pay.

With sincere apologies to those millions who suffered sexual abuse from their father, I wished I had -- I mean I longed for him to be in love with me -- but he was entirely respectful and never touched any of us inappropriately, besides unwarranted spankings almost assigned to middle-class homes in the 1960's.

As decades bounced away, my passive hands never spanked a human (unless it was their fetish), but my mind spanked the limitations that humans forced upon me, and forced upon us all. Facebook substantiated that the American consciousness was riled up, and millions of us citizens knew there were injustices needing to be punched, but we didn't know exactly where, or who was the bad guy; which was the fake news. Like most of you, I accepted the drama invites to argue on FB, but I was in the small minority who questioned the corporate albeit commercial narratives, eventually growing comfortable with such unique philosophies that none of my 10,000 friends agreed with me. Weekly I'd expose (embarrassing?) things about myself that I never had before, partly to inspire others to cut tradition and free their minds, and partly to challenge myself. "No limits!" I'd frequently comment. *But was it really true I was unlimited? Come on, I am 56 at the publishing of this book. Even though nothing is broke yet, won't it break soon? Do humans have limits – or NOT?!*

"No other celebrity shares so openly," I'd be messaged every couple hours. Truth is it was wholly unnatural for me to be a pretty actor on a red carpet who smiled biggest to the brightest camera; the real me was an unpredictable social misfit and could never abide a soap opera actor's moral clause contract. Fortunately, my Facebook friends were turned on by the rebel in me; a free-thinking wildly-opinionated unconventional artist, more akin to expressionism and art brut than the commissioned dog portraits that I churned out weekly. It amused me that not only was my face unrecognizable from my early *Y&R* fame, but so was my personality. Not only did I like the idea of posting

controversial taboo subjects, and being a controversial taboo subject, I LIVED for it. Not in the sense of a reality TV star addicted to tantrum PR, but an aged has-been mountain recluse who recognized his soul, and wings, were clipped by other people's limitations in the past, and would never allow that again.

My dad, now 78, lives in Washington state with his third wife, his best friend. He is an easy-going man with a great sense of humor and drinks scotch after noon and writes suspense novels after that, under the name Tom Bierdz. Although he supports me because he loves me, he said he has no interest in reading my sex memoir and cannot imagine why anyone would.

MOM AND DAD

My mom, Phyllis, was a dark-eyed five-foot Italian beauty. Her short black hair covered a head so small she had to wear children's hats. When people remarked about her stature, she would grin and remark, "Big things come in small packages." More than likely she'd then lick her finger and "chalk one up" in the air.

My father, Thomas Alexander Bierdz, Sr., about 5'8", also had dark hair, but his soft hazel eyes were as passive as Mom's dark ones were engaging. Their eyes perfectly summed up their differing temperaments; he observed and commented from a distance, while she loved, laughed, held, argued, and cried in your face. Mom never did this for effect; rather she did not have the ability to censor or hold back her truth. It appears I inherited that quality of hers to "overshare." She personified authenticity and integrity, in as much as a woman in her 20s with four kids could. I have spent my life attempting to match her authenticity and integrity, but it's probably impossible to achieve.



My introverted father, a very honest and responsible young man, dreamed of becoming an actor. He rarely mentioned that in 1960 he was accepted as an actor at the renowned Pasadena Playhouse in California, because he was embarrassed that he chickened-out of going to Hollywood. Raised by an over-protective mother who never even let him spend an evening out with relatives, he lacked the confidence to venture out on his own. So the 21-year-old tossed his dream out the window and did the expected: he married his passionate 19-year-old girlfriend who gave birth to my sister, Hope, the following year. Part of me wondered if I, born the next year in 1962, had crawled outside that window and gotten my hands on Dad's discarded Hollywood dream. I inherited his desire to be a famous movie star; in fact, this had been my number one focus each minute of my life from when I was six years old until my mid-life crisis at 49.

Instead of being Walter Matthau or Frank Sinatra, Dad studied psychotherapy and earned a master's degree. Pregnant mom made big sacrifices to support him while he attended a Chicago university. The only apartment they could afford was in a very dangerous Chicago neighborhood. For our safety, Mom was advised to lock us in the basement with her when doing laundry. She took in people's ironing to help pay bills. Her mother taught her how to make meatballs taste expensive to satisfy Dad's scholarly college friends when they came

over. Mom felt left out because all of her husband's buddies and their wives were advancing their educations and social lives while she was imprisoned in a rough building, without any friends, and nurturing two small children. When Dad's peers weren't over for supper, Mom cooked discounted ground beef with noodles. She finally grew so sick of it, that once we left that apartment she would never again eat hamburger.



I don't remember 1962-1964, those first two years of my life in Chicago. I do remember when Dad got his master's degree and we moved 90 minutes north back to our hometown of Kenosha, Wisconsin, which was about 45 minutes south of Milwaukee. Both sets of my grandparents visited our little house and spoiled us four kids with what they could afford. Though the Bierdzes loved us and

made Sunday lunches after we went to St. Mark's Church, the DiLettis were more generous with physical affection and daily help. Grandma DiLetti, with dyed-red hair, spent all day playing Matchbox cars with us on the rug, while my mother waitressed and my father worked as a social worker. On weekends, short Grandpa DiLetti, with a round head and little hook-nose like an owl, helped my father fix up our basement. My mother called her parents "saints." I understood this to mean that the harder someone worked, the closer they were to God; God being a giant, handsome white-bearded man who roared in thunder -- but penis-less of course because penises were naughty.

FIRST PENIS

At nine years old, I fell in love.

Me at 9.

Buddy Brikstein was an eight year old German kid with blue eyes and blond bangs. We lived across the elm-treed street in a middle-class neighborhood where the one-story houses were all on a 45-degree angle to 10th Avenue. On a sleepover in his bedroom, with the lights off, door closed, we lay next to each other on Milwaukee Brewers sleeping bags, my head by his feet. Our little hands explored our bodies and each other's and discovered that



a foreign finger on our tiny balls sprang our penises up like Jack in The Boxes. The smacking of hard little boy-penises against our stomachs thwacked as loud as the *Three Stooges* hitting each other, but luckily no one else in the house heard us. I was feeling more than my friend's boy penis. I was feeling more than hard. I was falling in love. He probably doesn't even remember me, as I believe he grew up to be a handsome tall straight husband and father.

He probably also does not recall the baths his mother gave us. Together. One day, my mom came to the Briksteins when we boys

were in the tub, as I was rolling the bar of soap on Buddy's freckled back. Frustrated Mom made it clear it was naughty for two boys to share a tub and I was swiftly removed from it, dressed in my overalls and brought home.

It wasn't only my mother who saw how naughty the naked body was. Her younger sister, Aunt Mary who looked like a Breck shampoo girl, also knew how naughty the body was. At a holiday barbecue Aunt Mary saw me and Buddy swimming in our standing backyard pool and me slipping my bathing suit to my knees underwater. She tattled to mom and I was swiftly removed from the pool and sent to my room to be alone.

But I did not feel alone. I felt that the 50-foot-tall, white-bearded penis-less God around me approved of me even when others shamed me for being naughty. My independent spiritual journey was beginning, as was my sexual journey, and these would forever battle for my attention, and at best, would balance my frenetic energy. For the next 47 years, my soul would jump as if it were on a trampoline, reaching for the sky and the unseen godlike forces, then being immediately pulled in reverse to base sexual pleasures. Interesting perhaps that this metaphor granted me physical touch only to the bounce of tightly sprung material, and no physical reward no matter how hard my hands grasped for the invisible entities in the heavens. It could also be noted that although my jumping between sex and spirituality was where I spent the most physical time, there was nothing en route either way giving me physical gratification or any degree of contact to satiate. Only sex did.

Maybe all incarnate females inherently knew nudity was naughty whereas we males did not? One night, not only did Buddy get to sleep over in a tent outside in our backyard, but our sisters got to join. My sister, Hope, a shy brunette, was a year older than me, 10, and Buddy's sister, Dora, blond, was a year-older than him, 9. Holding the flashlight, I initiated an idea that we all be naked and flung my pajamas instantly to my knees.

"Look what my penis can do!" I exclaimed proudly, and swung my hips back and forth waving my dick like a hotdog nailed to a washing machine on spin cycle.

Less enthusiastic, Buddy dropped his pajamas exposing only part of his penis. Dora showed a couple inches of lower stomach flesh, but my sister barely even moved her panties. Apparently, my gyrating antics were horrifying to the adults who gasped at my bouncing flashlight silhouette on the tent exterior. I was punished and informed how truly sinful it was for me to treat my penis like a public yo-yo.

GIRLS' PENISES

If Hope or Dora had revealed their genitals, I would have learned that girls had vaginas. Since they did not, and this was before the computer age, I had no reason to believe otherwise. I grew up thinking girls had penises, but imagined they were smaller like baby penises, not big hairy man penises which I luckily caught sight of one night on a camping trip.

My modest dad walked me and my younger brother, Gregg, from our Starcraft extendable camper to the campground showers, and was dismayed not to find individual showers, but rather one big shower area lit by a hanging bulb. He may have been uncomfortable and awkward undressing and showering with his young sons in this wood shack, but it was perhaps the most exciting minutes of my life. I felt I had won the lottery seeing my dad's adult penis with black pubic hair so long it equaled his bangs, underarm hair and lamb chop sideburns. This was the first and only time I had ever seen my dad naked, and it just made sense to me that because women did not have sideburns and underarm hair, they did not have grown man penises. Obviously, women had little boy penises with no pubic hair.

The day after my strip show in the tent with the Briksteins, Mom dragged me to Grandma DiLetti's house. My Mom's mom was informed of my heinous antics, and my typically loving grandma paused making homemade ravioli to form a scowl like when she read about robbers in the newspaper. As my mom egged her on, grandma fingered her crucifix and lectured me that the body parts in the underwear were private and to be kept that way, lest I end up in Hell. This kind of made sense. Never had grandma dropped her pants and

flung her penis around, smacking it on her thighs to make loud noises. Mom never interrupted making her meatloaf and scalloped potatoes, exclaiming, "Look what I can do with my dick," using her penis to push Tupperware containers in the refrigerator. Not only had my attention to my evil penis caused everyone upset, it changed my relationship with my grandmother. Grandma DiLetti was the most loving person on the Earth, but it seemed she would remove that love if I were naked or touched my penis, so I was from then on in a pickle.

PAUL HAUGLE

Me at 11.

Good thing I never told them about Paul Haugle's sleepover. In fifth grade, when I was 11, chubby blond Paul Haugle invited me over for a sleepover. He was not a popular kid, but I was because I was an A-student, extremely polite to my teachers and captain of the crossing guard. I wasn't popular in the sense that I laughed loudly with friends at recess; I was more of an admired quiet kid.



In any event, Paul had invited me and two other boys to spend the night in the old square white Winnebago camper parked in their stone driveway. Jerry was a year older, and Lenny even older from another school. After pretzels and RC cola, Jerry popped a deck of cards, and suddenly I was participating in my first strip poker game.

Even though Paul and Jerry had winning hands, they volunteered their

clothes, and soon we were all naked and giggling, silently streaking through their moonlit grassy yard ironically right across from our elementary school. After we went back inside the Winnebago, Paul laid his chubby body face-down on a camper bed, and Jerry climbed on top of him, simulating intercourse. I kind of pretended it wasn't happening, and declined the invite to join in, but I watched in shock as Jerry then started to grease up Paul's butt and actually penetrate him. In, out, squishing his body on top. Paul hardly moaned or groaned at all. He just smiled like a pumpkin. Minutes later, Jerry climbed off, and his small erect penis dripped white fluid and then shriveled up. They turned the lights out and went to sleep.

I lay awake knowing I had to tell someone about this the next day! And I knew exactly who!

The priest in the confessional asked how long it'd been since my last confession. I told him six months.

"Grandma told me sex is wrong," I stated to the priest I could not see. "She never plays with her penis and I am sure she never even gets a boner..."

"Your grandmother?"

"Yes. But I played with mine. A lot. And yesterday, Jerry intercoursed Paul Haugle."

The priest stopped me and said God would forgive me if I said 30 Hail Mary's.

"Will God forgive Jerry and Paul Haugle?" I questioned.

"God has no limits," he said kindly.

After I whispered those prayers, I tried, but I could not ignore wondering what Paul Haugle and Jerry felt while they did what they did. Seems now that my pubic hair was growing, I was always erect and hiding my dick under math and history books when walking home from school. As if I didn't stand out enough already in my bright yellow shirt and plaid bellbottoms...



When I was 12, my father asked Mom for a divorce, and he moved out. Was God punishing our whole family because of my constant erections regarding the Paul Hagle sleep over?

My younger brother, Gregg, nine, blond, and I shared a room in the basement. With our twin beds covered in red football blankets, the next best thing to being naked with a hard-on was wearing a jock where my hard-on was restrained like an epileptic in a potato sack.

Gregg was not the least bit interested in my raging hormones as he sat in his pajamas with me in my stretched-out jock over a board game called *Prize Property*. For some reason he was much more fascinated with the play money and pretend real estate. He was never interested in playing around sexually with me, and looking back, I am glad because I never would have wanted to make him uncomfortable or subject him to what some consider molestation or sexual assault; an older brother enticing the younger for sex. That being said, I was a horny lonely kid, with extreme guilt and shame, and I would have welcomed sex from him, or an older brother if I had one, or a cousin, or an uncle, or dad. Of course, I am speaking from a perspective of not knowing the consequences of what that would entail, and while it's true that most seduced youths are bothered or traumatized, there remain some who are not and who liked it. Maybe it's because I felt rejected, unloved or unbonded with my dad and brothers that to this day porn videos on that taboo family incest role-play excite me more than others? Though I regularly fantasized about all my male relatives spanking their manmeat between my eyes, oddly I never fantasized about sucking my mom's cock or having grandma teabag me by pressing her wrinkled hairy scrotum to my forehead.

THE WINSLINTER BASEMENT

Decades later, Gregg would confide that even though he and I never had sex, at 10 years-old he let a neighbor kid blow him up the street when almost everybody in the neighborhood was fucking Vana Winslinter. To my shock, Gregg apparently had a great deal of neighborhood sex, fucking Vana Winslinter on the green shag carpet in their basement, as did younger brother, Cory Winslinter, and Buddy Brikstein, who had long ago cut me off from playing Jack in The Box. Vana was a heavy, wallflower C-student with stringy brown hair who was quite unpopular in school. The only reason I knew her name was because we passed the Winslinter house on the way to school.

I do remember one birthday party in the Winslinter basement that I attended. When we were unchaperoned, every couple minutes a junior cheerleader turned the lights off and we kids had to kiss who was next to us. I kissed Liz somebody, and hated it, but did not tell her that because I did not want to hurt her feelings. It was not really a roaming kiss, but just a mutual touching of lips frozen for an agonizing 20 seconds until lights were flicked on again. This minimal saliva exchange was a new alien sensation which grossed me out. Maybe Liz felt a tingle in her penis, but I sure did not. I felt intruded upon and intrusive.

Later that night, as I kissed my mother goodnight, I closed my eyes and kept my lips planted on hers, like I had with Liz. Mom let me keep my lips pressed on hers for maybe 15 seconds until I pulled them off. I did not get a boner and I doubt Mom did either. She probably had thought nothing of it, but I felt entirely exposed and predatory. No one had to tell me how naughty this was. Mom was too pure to do anything done in that Winslinter basement.



Younger Gregg was better-looking than me, more popular and won sports awards. Notice we grew up with fine art (dogs playing poker).

While pre-teen Gregg was secretly double-penetrating Vana Winslinter with Buddy Brikstein down the block, I was only fucking my twin bed in my bedroom. The whole shaft felt great rubbed anywhere, but it was the head being stimulated that brought me to orgasm. While I do not recommend anyone else fill a sweat sock with warm oatmeal and fuck it between their sister's large teddy bear's legs (oatmeal hardens—ouch), I did discover God's greatest temptation that year in my mother's dresser drawer.

1974 *PLAYGIRL* CENTERFOLDS

Kitty, one of mom's loose divorcee friends usually in halter tops with frizzy blonde hair and large hoop earrings, bought Mom one issue of *Playgirl* magazine, and for some reason Mom told us all about it, laughing at the absurdity. As time went on, whether Mom was outside weeding the yard, making a rhubarb pie or at a Parents Without Partners meeting, I secretly tiptoed to that drawer and pulled out that Holy Grail. Using her floral-scented skin lotion I waxed my dolphin to the most beautiful thing in the universe: hairy grown men with bushy pubic hair surrounding their beast penises like wide frames around art. I would trade my car for that issue just to see again the gorgeous blond man with cleft chin and mustache, fishing naked, or the hairy dude on his motorcycle with dark hair, sideburns and huge black pubes that seemed to stretch from his thighs to his neck. I was in love with all the 1974 *Playgirl* models, and since I believed anything was possible and was optimistic to have the love of a dream man, I went to sleep fantasizing about us as lovers, and to this day, nothing turns me on more than that Paul Michael Glaser 1970's look.

Another friend, awkward teen, Marvin Zurich, was allowed to spend the night when his parents were out of town. Trying to be as quiet as possible, in my bedroom with the door closed and light off, Marvin and I played with each other's erect boypoles.

He whispered, "Don't you think we're missing something?"

"Like what?" I asked.

"Maybe we should do something with the mouths," he offered.

"Oh. My. Godddd," I whispered, disgusted. Marvin Zurich was obviously a pervert and should be in a straight-jacket. I could not imagine doing anything with the mouths! Gross! Mom taught us never to even eat off each other's forks or drink from another's glass, and I am sure whatever Marvin was suggesting would also be a hellish germ extravaganza spawning diseased bodies that even Jerry Lewis couldn't telethon-save.



Me, 15. Troy, 7. Gregg, 12.. Hope, 16. Evidence I was the geekiest teen.

PORNO IN DAD'S BUILDING

When I was 16, with braces still on my teeth, my sister was 17, Gregg 14, and youngest brother Troy, 8. Mom was working three jobs to feed us; as a jewelry store clerk, waitress and secretary at the police department. She was an extremely lovable woman—fun and devoted—in addition to her warm honesty and integrity which she extended to everyone. That being said, for some reason we were not getting along. I guess I was no longer listening to her strict rules, and when she grabbed my arms to discipline me, I threw her hands off. She told Dad I hit her and demanded he take me into his Racine apartment one city away. I think she felt this would punish both Dad and me.

A loner in school, I didn't mind transferring to another, and I was fine leaving Mom's rules, although I have no recollection of any in particular that led to our argument(s). I do recall her pointing to my face and ordering, "Change your disposition, young man!"

Dad set me up in his spare bedroom of his small apartment with green walls and palm trees, and when he was at work being a psycho-

therapist, I scoured his place for porno. To no avail.

But finally, one day I found a photo-less dirty paperback titled, *She*. Three times a day I jacked off to sentences like, “His stiff member entered her,” or, “He dropped his pants exposing his furry manhood.” Strangely, it never read, “He rubbed his big hairy man penis against her hairless little lady penis.” This is when I learned women do not have penises. They have meat curtains, fiery love tunnels, man-craving pokeholes, G-spots and cock ovens.



From what Catholicism taught, I was not going to Hell only because I masturbated, I was also going because I had become a thief. This A-student had previously only stolen one candy bar from the White Hen Pantry when he was 10, and guiltily returned it only slightly opened afterwards. But doing laundry in the basement of Dad’s apartment complex when I was 16, I discovered each unit had a large storage area, divided by floor-to-ceiling chicken wire. One lucky afternoon I saw from the corner of my eye a porno magazine poking out of a neighbor’s storage bin. Making sure no one was coming downstairs, I quietly reached under the wire fencing, inching my finger toward the nude flesh image, but could not grab it. It was just too far away. Nevertheless, somewhere deep inside me I knew nothing was impossible and with mumbled prayer and fervent concentration my arm slowly extended an inch in a feat no less unexplainable than Moses parting the sea. Trying again, and scraping my bony shoulder under the wire, I tore the magazine cover. Then I moved it slightly nearer. Eventually using a hanger I hooked the *Hustler* magazine and dragged it across the cement then buried it under my brown plaid

bellbottoms in my laundry bushel to sneak upstairs.

Once in Dad's bathroom, page after page showed young women spreading their legs. In all my life I had never known girls or women to stare so aggressively, nor twist their naked body parts at odd angles, their wet fingers yanking on their secret skins. Women, too, can have massive pubic bushes like wide painting frames, but in my opinion the art was missing! There was no penis, just meat curtains which actually did look like rare roast beef sandwiches a bit. This did not excite me. But luckily on the back inside cover there were a couple small ads that showed naked men with mustaches and pubic hair and sausages in various stages of erection. Mesmerized, I beat off incessantly.

The next day I used two hangers and pliers and was able to heist a second magazine, a *Playboy*. Page after page of bodies without penises; another grave disappointment to me. Within weeks, I had dozens of *Hustlers*, *Cheris*, *High Societies*, *Healthy Handfuls*, *Titties*, *Betty Pages* and *Playboys* hidden in my dresser, but unfortunately no *Playgirls*. Worse, the pile was spilled all over the neighbor's bin, so anyone walking past to do laundry would see tons of porn, and obviously deduce that there was a demonic masturbator in the building.

Between my wanking sessions five times a day the guilt was too much. This is when my 40 years of insomnia began. I placed all the porno neatly in a paper bag, taped it shut, and put it on the doorstep of the apartment matching the storage bin, with a note, "I am sorry that I stole your magazines. You can tell my dad if you want. Tom Junior in Apt. 8B."

Don't know if the perverts ever talked to dad. He never mentioned anything.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

Many of the girls at my new Racine high school were very welcoming to me and squeezed me in on their lunch table. When I read my ambiguous love sonnets to a few bookworm girls in the library, they

seemed enthralled. I overheard a librarian with frosted hair say to another, “He’s the new Ben Shannon.” Having no idea what that meant, I later did my research and found out Ben Shannon was a popular guy who had graduated and was known to be gay. Yikes. The librarians with frosted hair had perfect gaydar.

Even though it was my first year there, I was surprisingly nominated for Homecoming King. Jacqueline was the prettiest brunette in school with the white skin and unblemished big-eyed face of a doll, and she asked shy ME to the Sadie Hawkins dance.

Dad bought me an oversized tan Lee Major / Steve Austin on *The Six-Million Dollar Man* leisure suit “to grow into,” and an extra-large gladiola corsage to give to my wide-eyed beauty wearing a sparkly pink dress which seemed more apropos for an ice rink. Jacqueline and I double dated with some girl with short, curly blond hair and some guy with incredible biceps bulging through his light blue silk shirt. I have no recall of anything from that night besides his biceps stretching that blue material as I noisily sipped root beer through a straw across our pizza booth. Apparently, my awe of him was noticed because the next day Jacqueline started spreading rumors around the school that I was a fag. Oh my god! To be called a fag or gay in the 1970s, when homosexuality was still listed in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, was a stigma that could destroy one’s job, social life, reputation and future.

There were no gay role models anywhere, and the only implied visibility to gays was the transsexual tennis player Renee Richards, so it never occurred to me to say, “Yes, Jaqueline, I am a homo. So, what?” Instead I frantically tried to figure out how to deny it—or shut her up.

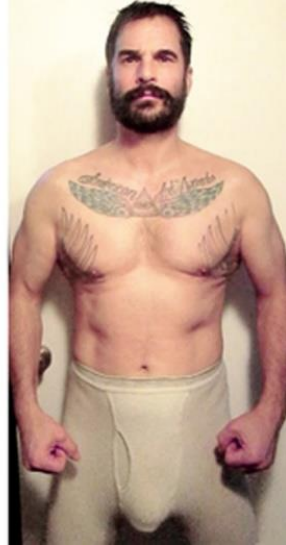
The next week she again challenged my manhood by bringing a new boy on a date to Gusto’s Italian restaurant where I was a fry cook, so I had no choice but to take her frozen shrimp into the bathroom and pee on it, then fry it, have it served to her, and have my best girlfriend, Marla, tell her the next day in school that I’d peed on her shrimp. Perhaps I was inspired by the grill man who wiped the toilet with another high-maintenance customer’s steak before he broiled it. It is amazing to me that few closeted gays have figured out this way to stop gay rumors. Some closet-cases actually marry suspicious

YOUNG, GAY & RESTLESS

Jacquelines and have kids to prove they're hetero. They stay married 50 years to someone they are lying to, and they work their entire lives to pay for these big families, when all you have to do is pee on their shrimp and they'll forever avoid you.

* 2: **2016, ALMOST PRESENT DAY**

ME AT 54 YEARS-OLD IN 2016



Leaving Hollywood after 28 years for the woods five years ago when I was 49, it was almost like I died and went to Heaven. My aesthete eyes filled with joy as I turned my attention from crowded Whole Foods stores and busy parking lots to meadows of evergreens and Stellar Blue Jays and oaks and squirrels and my homemade food. Working from my new cabin home painting portraits for FB clients (who were fans of my soap opera character) at my leisure, I was in pleasure all day, and that included great sex—by myself.

Why did I write such a candid sex memoir? One reason is because in the 2016 presidential election news, women were accusing Trump of sexual assault, and I wondered if it were true, and if a candidate should be disqualified if it were true. Then in 2017, celebrity after celebrity, from Harvey Weinstein to Kevin Spacey, was accused of sexual assault, which pretty-much seemed to end their careers. On FB, I asked what people considered to be sexual “assault” and shared that I thought I had been sexually assaulted at least twice, once involving

me being drugged to the point I was unconscious, sexually violated, and then when I awoke hours later and drove home, I was so drowsy that I hit two cars. The other instance paled in comparison; dropping off one of my paintings to a celebrity, he gave me a tour of his home and in his bedroom grabbed me and forced open-mouth kissing.

(Cue the *Y&R* theme: the hauntingly gorgeous piano concerto composed by Barry De Vorzon and Perry Botkin, Jr. in 1971. Often referred to as “Nadia’s Theme” because Olympic gymnast Nadia Comăneci performed to it at the 1976 Summer Olympics, it’s been expertly used to underscore heterosexual drama and romance on *The Young and the Restless* since 1973. Isn’t it about time that gorgeous instrumental also enhances homosexual sex drama? Wouldn’t it be ironic and wonderful if this book gets made into a movie, with the *Y&R* theme blaring over unconventional and gay sex drama in movie theaters across the country, in ways the soap opera seemed afraid to use it?)

All my Facebook commenters agreed that I being drugged and sexually violated was considered sexual assault, but some felt the celebrity incident was merely me being “hit on.” Many FB friends remarked it was very rare for a man to reveal he had been sexually assaulted, and, inspired, men started sharing their own stories of their assaults and rapes on my post. Folks urged me to compile a book of men’s perspectives on sexual assault—from both the victim and perpetrator perspectives. They also wanted more insight into the hidden male sex scene in Hollywood.

These were very easy books (this memoir, and another compilation of men’s sexual assaults) for me to write and to give assaulted men a voice, and since I was no longer acting but a painter in the woods, it could pay my rent. But the bigger reason I decided to write this sex memoir was to challenge myself to see if in fact I had fully conquered the sexual shaming of being a closeted gay Catholic kid in the 1960s / 70s. True that in 2009 I had the pride and honor to be the first openly gay player on a soap opera in a principle role, also playing a (romance-less) gay character, but by 2011 the TV serial had once again all but forgotten there were homosexual men in fictional Genoa City. I am guessing they aired about 10,000 scenes with heterosexual kisses over the four plus decades, but they had never even had one gay kiss (until

a lesbian kiss in August, 2017, but still never two men kissing). Why is that? Is that naughty / disgusting / unforgiveable / shameful?

Did homophobia still exist to the point of Bible-thumpers burying soap opera storylines? Dare I push the envelope even further and force this gay sex memoir on the public? I had never considered my sex journey particularly interesting or noteworthy—just privately trial-and-error amusing.

Between painting and walking the dogs in Lake Arrowhead's magical forest I sat at my home desk, recalling and organizing my sexcapades. Having given up watching TV and all social life I had plenty of time, since I had invited no one to my home for years, besides Mary.

Mary, the pretty 77-year-old neighbor who lived a couple blocks away was such a hoarder that she seriously could not get into her home. The long-haired beauty, who could be a senior model, slept outside, through the previous four winters, under her front stairs, where drop cloths hid a miniature refrigerator, grill, DVD player, coffee maker and electric blanket. Her million other possessions were not hidden from the neighborhood: her windows were stacked with plastic bags of clothes and mystery items, and her mountain yard was piled with boxes, plastic chairs, drop cloths, enormous umbrellas, crisscrossing hoses and countless potted flowers and trees. Those plants she had assigned herself to be her work, apparently much more a priority than removing whatever items were in her home that prevented her from entering because she just could never "find the time." It was pointless for me to keep offering help, as she always put me off, but she knew she was welcome at my place anytime and had occasionally joined me for lunch; my dogs jumping against her legs and on her lap as she shared her meal with them. The sweet old woman got more pleasure giving to the dogs than actually eating herself.

"I can't chew with so many teeth missing," she laughed.

"Oh, I hear you. I don't have health insurance anymore and a dentist last year said I needed \$7,000 work to fix four cavities and maybe root canals. Can't afford even \$500 so I searched YouTube for home cures and now use a natural mineral solution, MMS and DMSO, if my cavities get too sensitive and I feel pain. Right now, that, and pulling with coconut oil, is working."

YOUNG, GAY & RESTLESS

Millions of soap opera fans were accustomed to seeing my wealthy TV character with a beautiful maternal older woman, Mrs. Chancellor, who dripped in diamonds. But in real life, here I was, visiting as warmly with a woman of her age and beauty, who was essentially homeless—both of us unable to afford a dentist.



With actress and friend Jeanne Cooper. 1986 and 2011.

* 3: SEX IN RACINE AND MILWAUKEE

FIRST MAN SEX: ME AT 17, 1979

John, Gusto's prime-rib cook, seemed to enjoy my peeing-on-seafood shenanigans to silence Jacqueline of gay rumors. The balding man in his late 20s with a Village People-like handlebar mustache whispered to me that he was gay, so I nervously invited him over to Dad's apartment as soon as I knew Dad was not going to be there. I was not quite a man and had never had sex with a grown man, and so I put on a record of love songs and then ripped open a large bag of M&M's, saying, "You don't have to eat them all at once," like Dad did when we watched HBO, and I assumed Dad did when he romanced women. However, I was too worried about the religious ramifications of sinning to really enjoy a grown man's body.

John orally pleased my teenmeat to Ann Murray's "You Needed Me" and then asked me to 69 to Rex Smith's "You Take My Breath Away" and we came that way. Then he abruptly took off. I felt incredibly guilty, so much so, that I am convinced I gave myself a horrific disease. While it is possible John was the one who gave me a disease, because my sperm was yellow for months after this, I do believe my excess guilt opened me up to negativity, like disease. In other words, if I was not so guilt-ridden I do not think I would have been trapped in bed for two weeks with a painful strep throat, so delirious that I thought I saw Ann Murray as the angel of death sending me to Hell at one point. *Was my throat in extreme pain for weeks because I'd had a full-grown hairy man kielbasa in it? Because I had done (gasp), "something with the mouths"?*

I healed just before my weeklong trip to a Wisconsin art camp where I met a short, dark, hairy 20-year-old named Tim W., and we gravitated to being alone in the woods at night, humming on each other's eager skinflutes. He was old enough to live on his own and have his own red Gremlin car, so one night, a month later, when Dad was sleeping, I dismantled the screen in my bedroom window and snuck Tim in, so we could cling clang each other's underwear swords and (gasp), do things with our mouths. We may have made love. I was

not sure, as I didn't really know what that was, but it seemed like there were two of us in the room flying into each other's heads, off and on, in slow-motion. He spent the whole night, then snuck out the window in the morning, and I felt puppy love for him and his musky, short, hairy man body—but also felt disgust for both of us at the same time. The passion we shared pissed me off because it was “wrong.” Something so sick should be reserved for the Winslinters. *Maybe Mom was right when she pressured me to follow a calling and be the (sexless) priest in our family?*

The next day at school I asked skinny blond Cindy Goldman with uneven teeth to go steady and dated her four months until we were making out in her car and she told me I put my finger in the wrong hole. I mean, how could I face her after that? It was way too embarrassing. How was I supposed to know how close her pussy was to her asshole? The *Hustler* spreads did not have cut-outs to finger. Ewww I would never want to put a finger in a butt! Butts had feces!! After washing my hands for 15 minutes in scalding water I phoned her and broke up. What a whore.

Because I had transferred high schools I had enough credits to graduate a semester early. I informed Dad I had made up my mind on my future occupation: I was going to be a dancer in San Francisco, even though I had only tap-danced for five minutes as a child inspired by *The Andy Williams Show*, which did not get applause from my reserved Polish grandparents, rather a frightened silence.

“San Francisco?” Dad paused, poured some scotch, and downed it.

I explained my real first goal was to be a movie star in Hollywood.

He told me I was not tall or good-looking enough to be a movie star and not going anywhere until I was eighteen. He politely insisted I finish off the school year at nearby Parkside College then consider architecture because I showed promise in drawing.

Despite it being a beautiful campus in a hardwood forest of ancient maple trees by Pike River, I hated Parkside. Even though I was 17 and had lifted weights for the last year and gotten my braces off a few weeks prior, I still looked like a skinny 14-year-old, and I was roaming the halls of college with real manly hunks who could be in *Playgirl*

even though they were just a year or two older than me. I wanted to look like a macho man so desperately... and to explore the body of every grown man at Parkside. I whacked off many times in campus restrooms, my eyes closed remembering how my arm had accidentally brushed a stranger's hairy forearm as we carried poetry books through crowded staircases.

For my birthday, my father gave me several gifts, and one was a book titled *There Are Men Too Gentle To Live Among Wolves* by James Kavanaugh. I resented him or anyone thinking I was gentle. Even though I was skinny and brittle, I wanted to be a macho rugged cowboy or construction worker or sideburned biker like in the Village People, and never opened that book, although I did not want to throw it away and hurt his feelings.

SEX AT MR. STEAK

At 17, I got a job dishwashing at Mr. Steak in Racine. The other dishwasher was a skinny, friendly, sweet Sicilian kid my age with shifty eyes named Louie. Working together for a couple weeks, paying attention to the things we said and did not say, laughing at certain things and knowing all of Barbra Streisand's song lyrics, we figured out each other was gay.

We carpooled and hung out. His short father with a beer belly talked with an accent and made it obvious he had expected a more macho son than Louie. Louie had his bedroom in the basement and we played with each other's dicks and used our mouths. I started to like this oral thing, but his balls smelled like Parmesan cheese. The scent of scrotum was an acquired smell which I had then not yet acquired. (By the way at that time I also had not even acquired a taste for Parmesan cheese.)

Pic of me and Louie years later when we were 21 in 1983.



Louie had gotten around in gay circles a lot more than I had and educated me on what bars in what neighboring cities were gay and in what parks and bathrooms gays could pick up other gays. One of the older guys he hung with worked at an A&W Drive-In and creeped me out with his bad skin and perpetual grin. I stayed away from guys like that at pick-up parks, fighting my extreme urge to experiment with anonymous men. The idea of seeing strangers naked was a thrill, but I did not have the guts for that. My sex remained to masturbating about TV heartthrob Paul Michael Glaser

of *Starsky and Hutch* revealing much chest hair in his red long john underwear photo.

However, I did sneak another Mr. Steak dishwasher, Don, handsome, dark black, 17, 5'10," into my bedroom on another night when Dad was sleeping. About sneaking through the screen, Don said, "This is not good. It could lead to something." Don was bisexual and tried to fuck me, but it hurt, so we just jacked off. Leaving, he commented on the jar of silver dollars on my Dad's dresser.

A day later, Dad leant me his car, so I could take a date to a drive-in movie. He did not know my date was a boy. I was so nervous that I drove Dad's Cordova too close to the speaker post and scratched his car door. Don and I pleasured our power rods with Vaseline as we pretended to watch *Kramer vs. Kramer*, but the night didn't end as well because Dad was pissed about the car damage. The next night when Dad and I were not home, someone stole Dad's jar of 70 silver dollars, and I could only surmise that Don snuck through the window screen as I just showed him.

For one Mr. Steak employee party, Louie came over and we made a chocolate cake, and we both jacked off in the white frosting. Hey, it's like we were new adults with new male bodies and new hairy schlongs and new ideas. We didn't tell anyone. Looking back, I can see if we weren't so repressed we would not have acted in that passive-aggressive way.

The young group of employees might not have actually minded anyway. When shifts were over the waitresses put on heavy makeup and curled their hair and the geeky cooks and gang would joke around in a booth and then they'd move the party to a bar or apartment. Everyone was rather promiscuous it seemed except Acne Kathy, who transformed into a beauty with heavy makeup. If big-boned Sue-Ann with the long, flat brown hair was the last one working and no other waitresses were around, after close she'd be laid out in the back of the station wagon as the male employees took turns fucking her. One ride in the front seat watching was enough for me, and I politely refused access to Sue-Ann's meat curtains, but everyone else plowed away. I remember peeking at a blond cook's furry ass crack and big hairy balls banging away as he could not refuse the opportunity to roast his man member in her hot-oiled preheated cock oven. Geeky cook Roy surprised us all by removing his coke bottle glasses and pounding his hammer in her toolbox, and within a few years he actually married her (and they are still together almost 40 years later).

TAKING A NEW NAME: T.J.

The week before I turned 18, I felt it was time to have a heavy talk with white-bearded God who seemed to be giving me crossed signals; a pecker that liked men, not women. God seemed to say at times man was unlimited and could have everything, and yet many church elders explained how we must deny our sexual thoughts and actions. I wrote out a letter saying, "God, I am gay. I know one day that I will be a famous and important gay man, and if you do not want that, kill me in my sleep before I turn 18. If you allow me to live, I will take the new name T.J. Not for Thom Junior but for To Jesus. I promise to dedicate my life as a gay man To Jesus."

Obviously, awaking on my birthday was a reason for an extra celebration that year. Louie and I, wearing loud silk shirts with large collars usually reserved for clowns, hurried out to Kenosha's only gay bar, aptly titled The Shack. We were now legal drinking age. Seems most homo hideaways in small towns were run by the drag queens, and this dark bar was no exception. Nosey transvestites with perfumed wigs and Virginia Slims in long sparkly cigarette-holders surrounded and befriended us, but my eyes went to a James Dean character entering in tight Jordache jeans and a white T-shirt. He was greeted warmly by the drag queens as well. His name was Billy.

On a future trip there, when I came alone, Billy and I took our bottles of Schlitz outside, and into his car. He wanted me to fuck him in the backseat after he finished his Marlboro cigarette. That excited my unit a lot, but I didn't want to be arrested. Nevertheless, the sexual tension increased as minutes passed, and I could not refuse. This was the first time I fucked anything besides my sister's large teddy bear with the sock full of oatmeal. This felt a lot better and I was surprised there was no poop on my injector afterwards, but I still hurried home to wash it 10 times.



I never saw him again after that, but I soon fell in love with another Shack patron named Rusty who was blonder and taller, with a full reddish mustache. I fantasized us walking on St. Thomas beach a million times, as those lyrics from Kenny Nolans' "I Like Dreamin (Cuz Dreamin Can Make You Mine)" played over and over on my record player. Everywhere I went, I pictured

him and me in a great love story, or on *Fantasy Island*. My mom and sister had no idea why I was smiling so often that summer.

After long anticipation, Rusty and I only fooled around once, and it

wasn't as romantic as our song. We went our separate ways and never saw each other again.

Shortly after I turned 18, I told my parents, separately, that I thought I was bisexual. Neither believed the bisexual thing so I leveled that I was gay and if they did not accept it I would not talk to them ever again. Certainly, I loved them and was grateful for all they had done for me, but my inner core felt I deserved the romantic love in ballads and fairy tales and being near haters would jeopardize my chances. My dad was a very laid-back passive psycho-therapist, and poured a scotch and nodded, offering his support. He mentioned that in 1974 homosexuality had been taken off the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* to be categorized as "sexual orientation disturbance," and he knew of other homosexuals in town who seemed like nice men.

Mom was a bit more dramatic. I suppose it was the company I kept the night that I told her. As tall drag queens Gloria P. Hole and Ginger Spice, sitting on Mom's couch, adjusted their eye shadow, I told Mom I was gay. Mom hugged me, burst into tears, then gestured to Gloria P. Hole, "Tommy, this is your next step, isn't it?" After, Mom fled to the kitchen to dry her tears with a paper towel. I followed her, but there was no way I could convince her that I did not want to be a transvestite like Gloria P. Hole or TV's Renee Richards.

SEX FOR A WAITER JOB

I was not as naïve as I looked, even though I was definitely a slim 18-year-old who looked 16 at most. However, I was completely knocked off balance, in more ways than one, when the owner of the Auctioneer's Inn, Jeff, 30, moved his eyes off my employee application to my crotch. We were the only two people in the old western saloon bar / restaurant 40 miles away from Kenosha or Racine in the middle of nowhere. No moon—so it was pitch black outside, and Jeff, in a fox coat, had lowered the lights inside so all I could see was the roaring fireplace and the glass of Bailey's Irish Cream in his big fist. The handsome black-bearded half Cherokee chugged what was left of his

drink, then he reached for my Wrangler belt buckle. *This was crazy. I had done nothing to indicate I wanted sex. How did he even know I was gay?* He was a total stranger; my potential new boss. Yet Soft Cell's "Tainted Love" played on, perhaps prophetically.

I looked at my waiter application and realized it was quite clear that if I wanted the waiter job I had to also get a blowjob. Well, it wouldn't be my first. Not like they hurt. As he dropped to his knees and played with my flaccid teen-tool and oversized pubic bush, I stood there in shock, but I dared not resist. I needed the job because I'd just moved into my own apartment. There was no other way to pay my bills besides a work check... from somewhere. I prayed as he blew me that I would fall in love with him, and somehow that would take away the sin and make it all right.

He was a striking well-built man with a rugged manly face: a King of Hearts in the deck of cards. I did not reciprocate oral sex that first night, and I let him kiss me on the mouth even though I just wanted to go home. Over the next couple of weeks, I did fall in love with him. He was masculine and paternal, and sex was okay, even though I was weirded out that 70% of his body below his face was burned, making it pink and lumpy and strangely baby soft. I didn't know what to say or what to do, so I just avoided asking him about it as not to hurt his feelings.

I was very naïve not to realize that his business was a front for drugs. When he took me to The Playboy Club in Lake Geneva to play billiards, he was secretly selling large baggies of marijuana, totally hidden to me. His hushed conversations when I approached his friends at these places did not alert me. I was barely 18 and had never done drugs. In fact, I was decidedly anti-drug, consistent with me being a straight-A teacher's pet momma's boy. Rumor had it rock stars visited the Auctioneer's Inn for more than the two-pound lobster tail. Even though I was making great tips, I warned Jeff that if those rumors were true and if he ever did drugs, I'd break up with him and quit. Jeff assured me that he did not do drugs.

Months later, after my shift one night when all customers had left, in his bedroom on the second story of the saloon structure, I was just about to fuck him doggy style, but too eager slipped head-first off the bed between the mattress and the wall. From that angle I saw more

of his fur coats covering maybe 30 huge plastic bags of marijuana beneath the bed. I was furious. I dressed and shouted, "I told you no drugs!" Before he could catch me, I ran down the stairs and went to the cash register and took out the \$60 owed to me from my shift, then I stormed outside, still dressing as it sprinkled rain.

Though he, still naked, tried to prevent me from leaving by smiling and standing in front of my used Javelin, I backed the car and squealed off, reaching almost 80 mph until I knew I was safe and away. Over 30 minutes of fast driving and speeding, the rain became a storm and I pulled into a Piggly Wiggly grocery store a mile from my new apartment.

After spending my last dime on groceries, my car would not start. I forcibly tried the key in the ignition for 10 minutes. How could this happen? I did not have money to fix a car. And I had no job. I punched the steering wheel with a can of string beans.

As I walked home carrying my three paper bags of groceries, the rain shredded them. I was many blocks from my apartment and had no car and nowhere to put my groceries since the bags had ripped. I took off my waiter shirt, packaged my food in it, and walked shirtless, shivering. *Being an adult was too hard*, I thought. *I will never be able to make it on my own.*

Looking back, and realizing how extensive Jeff's drug dealing was, he must have worried that I was going to report him to the police. That thought had never crossed my mind. I personally did not care if he or other people did drugs; I'd just never known any drug story with a good outcome, so I decided it was not for me and did not want to be around "burn-outs." How strange, though, that I could have been arrested for drug trafficking with him during our entire three-month relationship, when I had no clue what he was doing. Imagine that, if at 18, I had been arrested for drugs, and that undeserved reputation and stigma would have always followed me.

Selfless Mom cut back on her groceries so she could afford to get my car fixed, and I followed her lead for a waiter job across from her favorite bowling alley. As we bowled, and shared a pitcher of beer, I told her about Jeff, and asked who she was dating, wondering if we liked the same type of men. She was not quite ready to compare

boyfriend notes with her son. She was dating, however, and I told her I would be again, soon. Not excited for that possibility, she told me if I were a priest I'd find great satisfaction helping others and never have to worry about food, shelter or clothing.

A week later, at The Shack, I met an older preppie guy with a goatee named Neil who asked me to his home immediately. He had the smallest adult penis I had seen, and I didn't really like his personality. We did not phone each other afterward, but that did not mean I never thought about him. Of course I did. I was neurotically preoccupied with sex and men. I didn't know if I would see him again or not, so, to be safe, I bought him an early Christmas gift in October—a cheese board with a wedge of local Wisconsin Muenster cheese. I kept these wrapped for months, and when he did not call, I thought I'd surprise him with the gift on Christmas Eve.

He opened the door quite shocked to see me. I am not sure he even remembered me. Maybe my beginning of a mustache threw him off. It was awkward, and he had friends over. He fidgeted with his bow tie. Nervous, I handed him the present and said, "I got you this."

He was stunned, and quickly mumbled, "I have something for you, too," and grabbed a small box with a tree ornament that I think someone had given him.

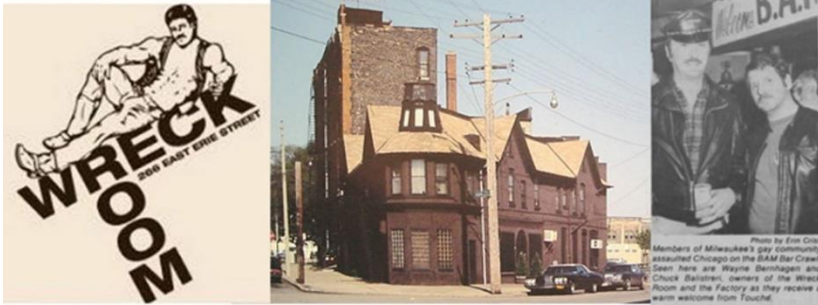
"Oh wow. Thanks," I said, and tripped, stepping away.

He opened his gift. It reeked horribly, as unrefrigerated cheese would do after several months in wrapping paper. I learned that dairy needed to be refrigerated. I felt so stupid surprising him with a present, and one that stunk up his home, and putting him on the spot to give me something. I'd just always felt I SHOULD give presents. Mom always did. To everyone. But to me it felt forced and fake and brought expectations which made everyone tense and fake.

COWBOY GARY AT THE LEATHER BAR

Louie and I wanted to explore the few gay bars in Milwaukee. Singing

we had nothing to be guilty of, to Streisand's "Guilty" CD, we drove through the snow to the indiscreet Your Place tavern, a rather quiet, small joint, with a back garden of trees in white Christmas lights. There we learned about a leather bar called the Wreck Room and hoped the clientele would be more exciting.



After our drinks, we drove to the building with some painted black interior and few brick walls. It wasn't a terribly busy night, and as we passed a few men in cowboy hats and leather pants, and an old man in butt-less chaps, we approached a tall muscular blond bartender, 30, in a cowboy hat. He was shirtless except for a leather vest way too small for his bulging hairy chest, and he smiled when I said hello. When I asked for a gin and coke he asked for my ID. Louie showed him his, and I explained that I really was 18 but had forgotten my wallet. The bartender's blue eyes sparkled but he said I would have to leave. I called him an asshole. The towering muscle-god looked a bit taken aback, like I was a small deer bucking against his three-foot antlers, and he pointed me toward the door.

The next night I came back without Louie and slapped my ID on the Wreck Room bar. The same bartender laughed, checked it out, and poured me a gin and coke. I was glued to his muscles as he took my cash and rang up the sale, then gave me my change. It was a busy night, and my eyes did not leave him as he gregariously served dozens of older guys, but none were the Tom of Finland wet dream that he was.



Ten minutes later he asked, “You want a refill?”

I said, “What I want is to take you to Big Boy on Friday for Lake Perch. My treat.”

He smiled, amused, and when he returned with my drink, said his name was Gary and he liked my confidence. I said my name was TJ. He touched my teenage mustache and said yes, he’d like to go to dinner. I had three more drinks, flirting with him but growing jealous at the other guys trying to do the same. Eventually I shook his hand then left.

Driving home through a snowstorm on the I-94 highway, singing loudly to Kenny Rogers, “Coward Of The County,” I realized, too late, that I was drunk and should not be behind the wheel. A Kool cigarette truck ahead had stopped, and I floored the brakes. My car spun out of control over inches of fresh snow. Situations like these often kill the driver or others but luckily no one was hurt. My car was not even damaged as I hadn’t hit anything, and few cars were around, so I could make a clean start and drive on, this time going much slower.

On Friday I took Gary to Big Boy. He was already a role model to me; I was wearing a brand-new cowboy hat inspired by his. He looked 100% German but was part Native American, like Jeff. Gary was very affable, —a perfect gentleman—someone Mom would approve of.



To be sure, I asked her to come to the Wreck Room when he was working so she could meet him.

It had been awhile since I'd come out to her, and I didn't know if she'd cry that I was dating a shirtless guy in a leather bar. She may not have wanted to meet her son's boyfriend in a bar with barbed wire walls and Tom of Finland posters, but in her

petite furry-collared winter coat she mustered the courage and was her typical polite and sincere self. Stirring her gin and tonic while chain-smoking Pall Malls, she asked Gary many questions, like why were the men wearing different colored handkerchiefs in their pockets? He chuckled and explained the colors pertained to their sexual appetite. When she pressed for more info, he explained.

Color ♦	Meaning ♦
 Black	S&M
 Blue (Dark)	Anal sex
 Blue (Light)	Oral sex
 Brown	Scat
 Green	Hustler/Prostitution
 Grey	Bondage
 Orange	Anything, anywhere, anytime (but not necessarily anyone)
 Purple	Into piercing
 Red	Fisting
 Pink	Dildo/Anal toys
 White	Masturbation
 Yellow	Watersports

Mom and I both needed more explained, like what was fisting?? After he told us some men put their hands and forearms in other men's butts, she and I both were horrified. To appease her worry I told her I was only light blue, and apparently boring—and did not share I was yellow curious (watersports).

Mom put out her cigarette and told Gary to turn around, so she could check his hankie. He wasn't wearing one.

She said people at the police station where she worked told her to beware of bears in the Wreck Room, and she looked around puzzled. Gary chuckled and coyly pointed to men and explained which were considered bears, polar bears, pandas, chubs and otters. Mom then turned to me and straightened my oversized collar on my tie-dyed silk shirt and asked what I was. He said a twink or chicken. A very cute one.

Gary owned a ranch house on Big Cedar Lake an hour north of Milwaukee. He had just purchased a white motor boat, and as he drove me around the lake, I put nightcrawlers on our fishing poles, feeling guilty for stabbing the worms who had done nothing to deserve it. Gary stopped the boat in a weedy cove and waved to some shirtless guy at a pier. The young stranger had a much better body than me, and I was jealous. I asked who it was, and Gary chuckled, as he always did, said it was just some neighbor family that he knew.

We dated off and on for several years. Friends called us Dick and Liz because we always broke up at my temper tantrums every couple of weeks for the littlest things. One time I found poppers by his bed after I made it clear I wanted nothing to do with drugs or poppers, so I ended our relationship—until he profusely apologized and said he'd throw all the poppers away. Looking back, I would never act so jealous and immaturely today, but hey, I was 19, and had no relationship experience. My parents divorced when I was twelve, and it's not like there were any gay relationship models on TV shows to emulate.

Reflecting on our photo, my confidence must have been sexy to Gary - because my body certainly was not, in my opinion. I was never attracted to young skinny guys. He had a phenomenal smile and a fantasy body any which way you looked at it. And I looked at it every way possible.

How did I go from a shy high school nerd to having a hot man boyfriend like out of a Tom of Finland book? I was a jealous, bossy, high maintenance chicken. *Anybody looking at us would see Gary was the more manly.* Believing masculine men were tops not bottoms, I refused to let him fuck me just like he refused to let me fuck him. However, he did fuck me one time, and told his Wreck Room boss, so I broke up with him because I was so embarrassed he told. Weeks later I'd forgive him when I heard Sheena Easton's "For Your Eyes Only."

Gary and I never lived together. I had three different apartments during my two years in Milwaukee. One was an enormous loft apartment at Swiss Chalet with 30-foot ceilings in a refurbished furniture factory. The Tuesdays Café on the main floor hired me to wait tables in the day.

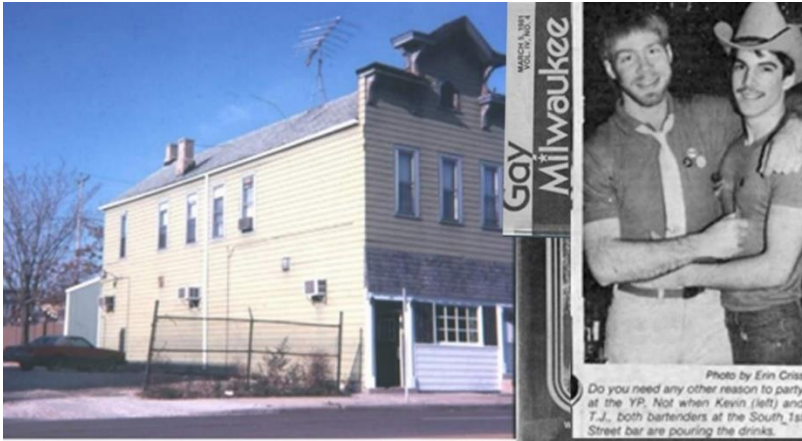


Gorgeous Bobby-Jo
with Scott Evans, a
friend I'd soon meet.

A co-worker was busty blond Bobby-Jo, with a model heart-shaped face. In her twenties, the beauty had a little padding in her stomach in an area where occasionally she was asked if she was pregnant. She was not, but certainly was sexually active,

and had the best sense of humor, and hung with us gay guys. I'll never forget how she and I would seat customers at each other's tables then say something like, "What do you get when you cross a frog with a firetruck?" If she said this, I'd walk almost giggling to my new customer, fully expecting a person who resembled a frog to be wearing a red sweatshirt. Those poor customers never heard us joke, and probably just thought they lucked out with an overly smiley, laughing service person.

Gary got me a night job bartending at Your Place that was owned by his Wreck Room bosses. He and I were two popular bartenders for different crowds in different bars. He had leather guys and gawkers. Even though I spent \$120 to get a pair of 28-inch waist leather pants, at Your Place I served drinks to older men looking for chat and a quiet cocktail hour. It was so exciting to be openly gay and have such attention and validation and make my living by serving drinks. Music was mostly old ballads like "Love Is in The Air" or Johnny Mathis's "Chances Are," until the small dance floor was lit, and I threaded up the disco reel with "Gloria," "I Will Survive" and "It's Raining Men."



Your Place bar. Local gay mag, fellow bartender Kevin.

Apparently my newfound freedom and confidence behind the bar was interpreted as arrogant. One of my regular customers had a Middle Eastern accent and told me that I needed to learn humility. I did not feel I was cocky, but maybe I was, but I knew I wasn't THAT attractive—certainly not the best-looking man in town, or even in that room. That honor would go to Mr. Gay Wisconsin, and I never wanted anything more in my life than to hold that title. But no way was I even a Mr.; I was just a chicken. My high school days were painfully closeted, so I had come a long way, but I was not big or muscular enough to be Mr. Gay Wisconsin.

However one of my nerdy customers took the title of Mr. Gay Wisconsin the next year! Terry P. totally transformed himself, replacing his glasses with contacts and pumping massive iron to transform his body into a super hero. When the hunky Terry, now Mr. Gay Wisconsin, was being celebrated by everyone who knew him and sat on Gary's lap, I slammed down the jar of olives from behind the bar and marched over, yelling, "Get. The. Fuck. Off. Of. Gary!"

I yanked Terry off Gary, and everyone looked stunned at my temper, since Terry was only goofing; he and Gary were just friends.

My jealousy was dangerous then. I was secretly pissed and humiliated that I could not attain the dream of being Mr. Gay Wisconsin, but my insecurity held an even greater goal. Soon, when I'd saved \$5,000 of tips and was 21, I would go to Hollywood and become a movie-star.

Then Terry and all my customers would see what a star I was.

This secret I only shared with Gary and a new customer named Scott, who was my age.

Scott, short black hair, 5' 11", thin, cracked me up like nobody else, and when we hung out, it was relatively harmless. He loved to play Doris Day and Dean Martin records, but had a wild side, too. We both were curious what a glory hole was, so one night we went to an adult bookstore and squeezed into a little movie booth. We giggled as we put a quarter in the dirty movie machine and grainy porn played of a man rimming another, and then a real penis came through the hole in the wall. Holding our mouths to stop from laughing, Scott reached for his cigarette lighter and flicked it at the underside of the penis. The man screamed, and we ran the hell out of there before he could zip up, catch us and beat us up.



Another time we sat in the back of a theater that played porn on a large screen, chuckling as we filled water guns with white hand lotion then squirted what appeared to be sperm at people.

On one of my break-ups with Gary, I pursued the man who lived in the apartment above the Wreck Room, a man named Bill, who looked exactly like he could be my father. We were the same height, same coloring, but he was 25 years older and stockier like I wanted to be. My paternal cravings took over and my eyes followed his every move, lusting after him. He was as masculine as Gary and his place was rugged with just a metal cage bed, butcher block table and a fridge. The rest was empty rooms with cement floors filled with hanging

plants. Very exotic. We had sex a couple times over a few months, and he told me he liked me as much as his other boyfriend, Del. This did not please or upset me; I knew it was only a sex thing and not a relationship.

My Milwaukee years were active; bartending, waiting tables, watching Doris Day and Rock Hudson movies with Scott, or dating Gary—but I also had lonely nights. Seems as long as I can remember, I was always in a hurry, and when I did not have a man in my bed, I felt I should.

Like it was yesterday, I can remember making the rounds looking for love at bar close; walking into the large Factory, or Park Place on gay Sunday nights. As Donna Summer's "Last Dance, Last Chance for Romance" blared, I ordered a drink from the bartender, and shyly peeked at the four or five seated customers to check if they were my true love. Disappointed, I sipped my drink and strolled past them, hating the loud music, peeking in every room and corner to see if a fairy tale prince was hiding. Never stopping my cruise, by the time I checked out all the customers, my drink was empty, and I'd walk out, lonely, defeated, embarrassed, and cursing under my breath.

*** 4: 2016, HOARDER MARY**

2016 - MARY

As I recalled my lonely Milwaukee nights from decades ago with my Lake Arrowhead neighbor, Mary, the hoarder, she shared some of her dating history with me. "In Hawaii, I dated a bit," she said, "Fifty years ago, when my daughters were kids. I worked on a cruise boat, and many men followed me around."

The pretty old woman combed her long white hair as she shivered in my faux leather chair in my rented mountain home. Her wet jacket was hanging by my heater, drying. I convinced her to have lunch and leave the rain which was invading her secret hideaway under her front steps.

Pouring almond milk in her coffee, I said, "You have to get in your house and out of the rain."

"The house is probably leaking, too," she said, concerned. "Maybe mold."

"But wouldn't it be better to live INSIDE it? It can't be leaking worse than your drop cloths?"

"I can't get in," she frowned. "I have to use the window."

"Why can't you use the door?"

She looked at me as if the answer was obvious: "There are too many boxes by it. I can't get in the door."

"Let's move the boxes out of the door to your storage facility."

"Well, I don't think any of it will fit in my storage."

"Your storage is packed, too?"

"Yes."

"But wouldn't you rather throw some boxes away, so you can at least get in your house and sleep in a small, dry, warm area?"

"I have such beautiful things...a lifetime of collecting. I can't just throw them away. I could GIVE some away if someone needed anything. Do you need anything?"



"No. Can we empty stuff out your window and you could keep more in your yard?"

"Oh no, the neighborhood fines me for the way it looks now. There's that man that

gets drunk every couple months and hollers at me for making the neighborhood ugly."

"Can we move stuff out your window, so you can sleep inside?"

"We'd need to get rid of the old refrigerator up there, but then how would we get it off the high deck?"

"We could do it with help. What about the neighbor lady, Patricia?"

"Oh no. She's mad at me."

"Why is she mad?"

"I gave her my first batch of grapes. She said they were sour!"

"Pat is mad at you for sour grapes?"

"If she gave them to me, I would have eaten them. She THREW THEM AWAY!"

"Because she did not like them, not because she does not like you, right?"

Mary shrugged, bothered. I couldn't tell her I'd hid most of the sour grapes she'd given me in a sweet fruit smoothie.

I mumbled, "I think we run into problems when we have expectations from others. Like when I was walking around the Milwaukee gay bars expecting to meet Prince Charming. Those expectations did not serve me. And you gave grapes to Patricia expecting to get a thank you. I just don't think you can expect anything from people. I just don't think it serves either party. Like your daughters and your car."

"I didn't demand that they buy me a new car, but they have plenty of money. I was 15 when I had my oldest daughter, and the other at 16. They saw how much I sacrificed to raise them. I didn't plan on driving into my friend's garage door and totaling my vehicle. My shoe got stuck."

"Right, but..."

"My Social Security barely covers my pain pills and groceries. How was I going to buy a used car?"

"My point is that all people seem to expect things but maybe we should not. If a relative gave me a toy as a kid, I was expected to smile and say, 'thank you.' But what if I did not like it? Mom said honesty was the most important thing. If I honestly would rather not have received it, wasn't a thank you a lie? Was my honest reaction, 'This is awkward now,' a good thing or a bad thing or a right thing or a wrong thing?"

"Depends."

"It was almost impossible to stay honest in Hollywood. Friends asking me to be honest about their behavior or appearance but not really wanting me to be honest; America's facade as a two-party democracy run by the people but elected Repubs and Dems are both taking bribes from corporations who are really running the country; politicians holding and kissing babies for the cameras, TV shows with hidden agendas, women hidden by make-up and wigs, closeted men hiding their attraction to other men, waiters forcing a smile when you want dairy-free substitutes, touchy-feely talk show hosts pretending to love celebrities who they've never met before. Auditioning and pretending you remember the casting person. So much fake stuff. So much expectation, right? Who does it serve though, in the end? Mary, I hate pretense. I hate traditions, and people doing what they are supposed

to but not what they want to.”

“Oh, I do, too!” she laughed. “The husband of my oldest daughter wrote me the most despicable letter, saying they won’t visit me because of my house condition, but they drove to Vegas, which is only a few hours away. They could have stopped here.”

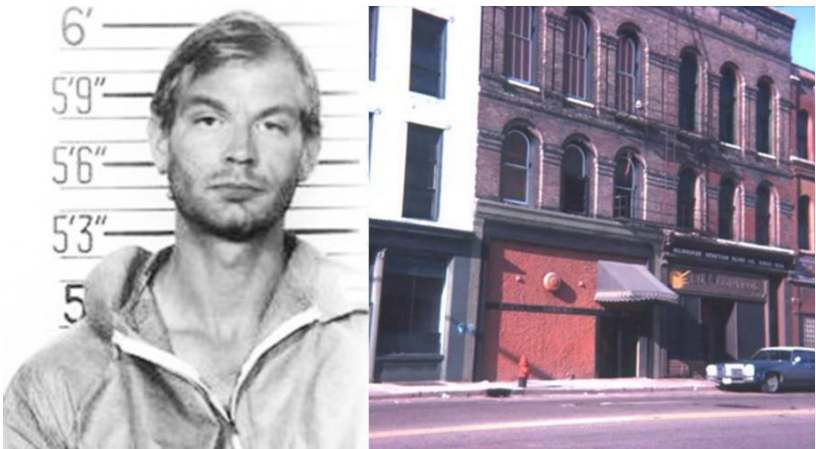
“I don’t think we can expect people to do what we want.”

I looked around her yard, piled with things. If I were her daughter in another state, I also would not want to visit her house. It was a hoarder house, a hoarder yard. I, too, would have preferred Vegas. I loved Vegas; slot machines brimming with potential. No limits, right?

* 5: **GETTING TO HOLLYWOOD: 1982**

SEXUAL DEVIANCE AT CLUB 219

Back when I was 20 and feeling lonely, another bar opened in Milwaukee called Club 219. They hired me to bartend upstairs at the wide dance floor where my little ass could be seen in ripped jeans from the lower bar. There was also a small basement dungeon bar for the leather crowd and Gary worked it. He and I became a couple again, and one night he told me a psychic voice said there was a serial killer in his presence. Creeped out, he stalked the entire bar, making sure I was all right. Then he went back to the basement with his only customer, Jeffrey, a handsome blond bearded man.



Years later Gary would see on the news that his regular customer was Jeffrey Dahmer, the serial killer who lured 17 young twinks to his nearby apartment where he killed, cooked and ate them. Perhaps I had been protected by an unseen force because Dahmer was exactly my type and I certainly would have gone home with him if he'd asked me to dinner at his place, not realizing, of course, that I would be dinner. There's no doubt he came to my bar and I served him, and we cruised each other.

This sex memoir was originally initiated because of the discussion of sexual assault. For that reason, I'll include this next event about the

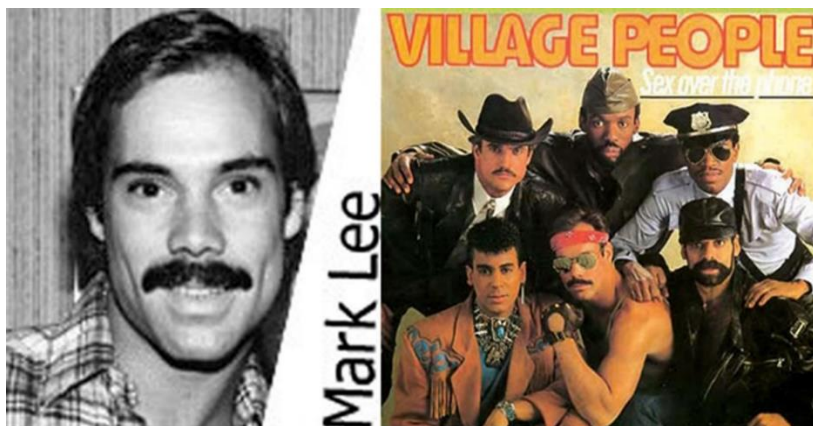
owner of Club 219. He was named Cleveland, an Italian guy with a big wide nose, maybe 45, maybe my height, 5' 9", who had been married to a woman but divorced her. His lover was Del, who went back and forth with Bill as often as I broke up with Gary. When I was once again broken up with Gary, Cleveland kept giving me shots of Peppermint Schnapps. I went to pee, and he followed me into the bathroom and seduced me by the urinal. I was so drunk I do not remember if he blew me or if we jacked off or what. I do know I was never attracted to him and he knew that, so this boss definitely took advantage of me and planned it. Still, if I told my mom this, she'd say I allowed it and was accountable, so I just place it here for discussion.

I was so drunk that I could not drive and vomited on the bus ride home.

Gary and I remained very close and he wished me the best as I, at 21, excitedly took my \$5,000 bar tips savings with plans to head to Hollywood. Louie had moved to Key West and loved it and said to make sure my destiny was Hollywood, I had to experience Key West first to rule it out.

KEY WEST

Louie lived in a flat trailer park and his shifty eyes floated above his enormous grin as he whispered about the sexy straight guy in the neighboring trailer whom he blew on occasion on his ripped couch. That drama, and the bars with drag queens lip-synching to Dionne Warwick's "Heartbreaker" were not enough to keep my interest in Key West in 1983, but I did get to have sex with a rock star.



Mark Lee, of the Village People band, caught my eye at a noisy large disco. I could see why years ago he'd caught the eye of French music producer Jacques Morali who hired him as the mustached construction worker. (Morali placed ads in music trade magazines which read "Macho Types Wanted: Must Dance And Have A Mustache." The ads stated no voice talent was needed since they would not be singing on the record. But Mark had a great voice.)

Mark Lee was breathtaking and hypnotized infinite men with his "Y.M.C.A.," "In the Navy" and "Macho Man" stage action. Since he was not at the moment performing, but cruising, I zeroed in on him like a shark, and after buying him a drink, we went back to his hotel. All I remember is how absolutely stunning and macho he was as he stood on the hotel bed naked, asking me what I wanted to do. I was naked as well, laying on my back, staring up at his hairy thighs, balls, salami, abs and hairy chest and strong man-arms and mustached movie star face and I was tongue-tied.

Flashback to a science class in junior high school when sexy mustached Mr. Sorenson called on me to answer how the body eliminated fluids. I knew the answer was urine, but I was way too sheltered and uptight and nerdy and self-conscious to say a naughty word like that in public. I blushed and shrugged my shoulders when I wish I would have said, "When your big hairy cock pees on my face, teach."

Lying under the perfect-looking Mark Lee, when he asked me repeatedly, "What are you into??" I wanted to say, "Dude. Don't you get it? You're as beautiful as a Chippendale dancer! I want to do

anything! But stand like that for a whole hour please because there's nothing more beautiful on Earth..." Instead I turned into a little girl and shrugged. He kept asking me what I was into, but being raised to think sex was bad, I couldn't emit a sound. How I hated myself. I could certainly boss Gary or Jeff around, but I just lay there looking up at the legs of a Village Person, afraid to speak and afraid to move, and afraid to disappoint him, which I am guessing I did, because I certainly did not offer much.

CALIFORNIA

Mom arranged for my dad's aunt and uncle to pick me up from the Ontario airport in California. They greeted me in my cowboy hat and took my bags and extended an invitation to stay with them as long as needed in their double-wide mobile home in a lushly landscaped motor park in Orange County. I had not seen them since I was 11 when our family took the Starcraft camper to meet all our Polish relatives in the west. Petite blonde Aunt Emily was one of my favorite aunts and so nurturing, always making sure we had plenty of strawberry jam for our warm homemade biscuits. She had not changed, and sexy Uncle Joe was still a tough macho guy with long white bangs.

Uncle Joe seemed exasperated the next week when I bought a used Chevette with half my money, \$2,500, because I had never driven a clutch and he had to teach me.



Between jerky lessons on the clutch with sexy macho Uncle Joe, I sat with Aunt Emily as she watched her soap operas. She couldn't believe how beautiful Susan Lucci was and seemed confused why I was not as spellbound. I was, however, for the first time intrigued with the idea of being on a soap opera, but my goal was motion pictures. I wanted to be 50's movie-star Montgomery Clift. Within two weeks I was comfortable driving the car and left them money for food and a thank you note, then ventured toward Hollywood, first secretly stopping in Newport Beach to see my dad's gay uncle, figuring he may have advice and know where to go.

GAY UNCLE

Dad's Uncle Wally wasn't the handsome uncle I remembered from our camper trip to California ten years prior. He was shorter, and his brown greasy hair gripped his ears, obviously a drinker from his red cheeks and nose. Walking me around his neighborhood, his bright blue eyes danced as he pointed out cruisy parks, but I had no interest in trying to pick up men in parks. I told him my only goal was to be a

movie star and I regretted that I did not come to Hollywood before I was 21, thinking I'd already missed my opportunity.

He was shocked and said most men do not reach success until they are 40 or even 50. He mapped out exactly what highways to take to Hollywood, informing me that West Hollywood and Silver Lake had a lot of gays. After he made us pasta and Caesar salads at his place and we talked about the relatives, he offered me his couch to sleep.

We met eyes, and he said, "If you prefer, you can sleep in my bed with me."

As much as I had fantasized having sex with every one of my male relatives, it just didn't feel right to do so at that time. Not like I was actually attracted to him. I mean, he was not a stunner like Mark Lee or Gary or TV's new heartthrob *Matt Houston* played by Lee Horsely, so I just said, "Naw. The couch is great, thanks."

That was the only time we ever spent together. He died years later, and I never went back to visit him or Emily or Joe. My focus was Hollywood.

* 6: SCARY INTRODUCTION TO HOLLYWOOD

WEST HOLLYWOOD

My Chevette putting on Robertson Blvd, I asked the driver in the lavender Pacer next to me where was West Hollywood. He pointed right with his glitter glasses, so I took a right and jerkily drove my clutch car until I eventually saw a bar with an Eagle sign. There were many gay bars in the USA called Eagle, and my gaydar found this to be one.

It was afternoon and the handsome dark-haired bartender had no other customers. I bought a brandy and coke and told him I was there to be a movie star, tipped my hat and said I needed a place to live. Lucky for me, his friend was renting out a guesthouse in Silver Lake for \$250 a month. Apparently Silver Lake was a large residential community surrounding a small reservoir with hipster hangouts and great restaurants, half an hour east of West Hollywood. He confirmed as my uncle stated that it was a very gay area.

The youngish gay landlord approved me and rented me the one-room place with bathroom and kitchenette.

I was hired a couple of weeks later at the nearby New York Bar And Eats, a large gay club that I was reticent to apply at, afraid for casting people to peg me as gay. Even though I had several years bartending experience, the NYB&E refused to employ me as a bartender because I looked too young, even in my cowboy hat. I took the position bussing tables with the understanding that they would eventually make me a bartender. True—I was nowhere as macho sexy as the bartenders they had; the hairy French one with a *Colt* model body I slept with the first week.

He wanted to see me again, but I did not want to get tied down. One night I adventured half hour west to West Hollywood to check out the many bars stacked along Santa Monica Boulevard...

THE PHOTOGRAPHER SEXUALLY ASSAULTED ME

The Revolver was a dark West Hollywood hotspot with a high TV screen over the bar playing campy movies or MTV videos, and I could sit on a bleacher in the far corner and check out men. A medium height Asian man, about 28, was cruising me, but I was not interested and instead looked into my beer. He smiled and looked me up and down. I smiled but again looked away, politely making it clear that I was not attracted.

Later he introduced himself to me and said he figured by my cowboy hat that I was new in town. I explained that I had come from Wisconsin to be a movie-star. Lucky for me, he said, because he was a photographer that did head shots. He went by one name starting with an L. I said I had head shots already and showed him wallet-size pics that a Your Place patron took, thinking these would be the ticket I needed to be a movie-star.



He explained casting directors would not find those very professional and suggested I come to his place to look at his portfolio and see what working actors used as head shots.

Driving my car, jerkily, behind his toward the San Fernando Valley, I was thanking Jesus for my good luck. After parking where directed, I followed L. through a long boxy apartment complex. Opening his apartment door for me, we were met by several cats. Being allergic, I immediately began to snuffle. A few minutes later, as I paged through

his very impressive B&W portfolio of attractive young wannabes, my asthma kicked in and he offered me allergy pills and a glass of water. After taking the pills, my vision got foggy. My body felt weak and my motor skills left me. He caught the portfolio from my lap before it fell to the floor.

Blackness was all I saw for a few minutes and then I got quick fuzzy images of his hands by my pants. Blackness again—until I saw a few seconds of his fingers lowering my pants and underwear. My head fell back and sometime later, no idea how long, I saw him performing fellatio on me for a second, but I quickly passed out again.

I have no idea what else he did to me that night. *Did he fuck me?* I had no idea. *Did he photograph me naked?* I had no idea.

When I awoke about six hours later, everything was fuzzy, and I had little strength. I was lying in his bed without pants and underwear. I did not get angry at him and scold him or fight him, not that I had the strength anyway, because I could not see how that would serve me. I just said I needed to go, and tried to dress, unsuccessfully, as my arms and legs were not doing what my brain told them to. He ordered me not to go, but I insisted, and somehow I got on my pants, shoes and cowboy hat, and stumbled to the door, only falling once. Again he told me not to go, that I'd had too much to drink, but later I would realize he had snuck me some kind of drugs, maybe Quaaludes?

I do not recall how I found or got into my car. The next memory I have is being on a busy street almost to my Silver Lake apartment. It must have been morning rush hour because there was a lot of traffic. Unfortunately, my foot did not have the strength to stay on the brake at a stoplight. Even with all my might the foot still did not stay where I wanted it to and it lifted off as if it was helium, causing my vehicle to hit the car in front of me.

With my hands I forced my knee to push my foot on the brake as the driver jumped out of his car. I apologized. He glared at me then he checked his back bumper. It was okay, so he got back into his car.

Luckily he drove ahead just as I lost strength again, my foot gave way and my car followed his by inches. But ahead there was another stoplight. I do not know if it was the same car or another, because

again my feet were numb and could not keep the brake pedal down so my Chevette hit the car in front of me. Again, the driver looked pissed, and I apologized. That is all I recall.

This story that I shared on FB in 2016 was the reason I started writing this book—because people wanted to hear the concealed stories of men in Hollywood being sexually assaulted. Certainly, at 21 I was drugged and sexually assaulted by a photographer. Maybe I was even raped. I didn't know. But I preferred to think of it as a one-night stand gone wrong. Even though I was not attracted to the photographer, in my history I had gone home with guys I was attracted to and then realized during sex that I was not. Instead of getting creeped out or angry, I just tried to erase it from my mind. This assault was similar to Jeff from The Auctioneers Inn seducing me as I applied for a job, or Club 219 owner getting me drunk and forcing himself on me at the urinal. By now I had a pattern of ignoring sexual assaults, and so I did again.

I instead focused on the positive: I was in Hollywood and needed head shots and L. the photographer said he would photograph me for free. So, I called him later in the day. He was shocked to hear my voice, and sounded guilty - and was surprised to hear me ask when I would get free head shots. Later that week he photographed me. I just made sure not to take any pills from him or drink anything that he gave me. They were actually very good headshots. As good as any of James Dean or Marlon Brando, I mused, and when Scott from Milwaukee visited me briefly we snuck my new 8x10's with the name Thom Bierdz into Hollywood memorabilia shops and hid one behind a Marilyn Monroe pic and one behind Montgomery Clift. My excessive drive to succeed demanded my presence be visible among my idols on Hollywood Boulevard, and it did not matter to me that fans of the greats would finger past me wondering who the heck I was. Scott and I thought we were hysterical. Not like we were shoplifting; we were doing the opposite: Providing free merchandise, as invaluable as it was.

FB commenters wanted to know if I called the police on L.. That never occurred to me; that he could be a serial assaulter or rapist. The thought that dozens or hundreds of innocent men could fall victim to him never even entered my mind until 2016. When people said I

should confront him 30+ years later like the Bill Cosby accusers, I refused. I had no idea who this man had become. I myself had done stuff that was embarrassing 30 years ago that would be unfair to bring attention to now because I was a completely different man. However, if I found out new allegations had been made about this photographer and he had not changed, I would step forward now and give my testimony from this event in 1983.

Many of my FB friends shared their stories of sexual abuse and I compiled dozens of their gripping events into a book that stands on its own. I chose to include only one of their stories in this particular book because it shows how deep and dangerous it can be for a newcomer in show-business. The next gripping pages are NOT my experiences, but alleged events from an anonymous man we'll call Mark. I have every reason to believe he is telling the truth, but I do not have proof, and must emphasize for legal purposes that his pages are alleged, not proven. I have deleted most the names or reduced them to an initial.

EXPOSING THE SECRETS OF THE HIGHEST PROFILE MEN – BY MARK

While skipping high school to go surfing a photographer approached me on the beach. "Want some easy cash? I know an agent who'll get you some jobs modeling swim suits."

Zippering toward Miami on my motorbike I was wild, horny and cocky. With life in the fast lane blasting on the radio, I was ready to jump on the casting couch. In 1978, most of my classmates joked about raging gay parties. Speed boats full of drugs. By that night, I had a photographer slipping me in the backdoor of club vice. Minutes later I was being pushed into a corner. My drink laced with LSD shattered as I went through the looking glass.

Mostly the modeling work was underage soft-core porn getting shipped off to Copenhagen. At first, it was exciting being admired and desired. I'm not sure if it was true, but my agent insisted I had real talent. He paid for my acting classes then convinced me to think of sex

acts as an experimental way of improving my acting skills. Madness in the method acting of playing a hustler. Pretending I was preparing for a role in a Midnight Cowboy remake or Midnight Express prison film. I tricked my mind as I slowly stripped bare to turn actual tricks for the chance of getting featured on TV.

In 1980, I flew from small movie roles in Florida to landing in Hollywood. My agent told me, "Mark, give blowjobs to both casting directors" of a [deleted] soap opera [not Y&R]. They were both notorious for lusting after young boys. Since the [deleted] storyline was generating huge ratings I was thrilled to do anything I could do to get on the show.

Certainly I, Mark, was not the only 17-year-old who was seduced by the rewards of getting a contract with [a major network]. Beyond the screen test I knew I had to compete in the sexual favors department. Back in bed with my agent he told me to carefully seduce a network casting director while playing innocent. Quickly, I learned the [sci-fi primetime show] casting director needed to feel in control of boys by giving them spankings.

One night in his apartment full of nude boys mixed with men in Roman togas, the director explained the philosophy of being a NAMBLA member. I was careful to keep closely shaved. Smooth butt. Anything to try to appear forever young. Appeasing. Appealing to the demands of commercial society that tells us we must sell ourselves.

On the sound stage a few crew members and the costume designers often wanted to suck my dick. It got awkward and annoying, but man was I afraid of falling out of favor with anyone. Outside the studio gate there was always a line of new arrivals. Piles of pictures and resumes that constantly reminded me I was paid to play in more than one way.

D[deleted], who was an actress on [a soap opera, not Y&R] took me to a party at P. Pictures where I met the president of production, Don[deleted]. Don was constantly on coke lusting after strip dancers. He didn't like guys, but he'd get drunk and whip out his dick to pee on me while working on the script for [deleted].

That success shot us all into the box-office stratosphere. The leading man was not yet a closely-guarded superstar, so everyone really had

fun on location in San Diego. Especially with all the young soldiers at the El Toro Marine base. The film production trailers were rocking with orgies. Lesbians, drag-women and cock fights imported from Tijuana. Everyone was losing it. I was a really good sport about everything, including dealing with the director's gambling debts and overdosed hookers. So much money poured in from that movie that we were constantly running loads of cash to Elizabeth[deleted]'s empty house in Puerto Vallarta.

I met Rock [deleted] at D[deleted]'s Malibu mansion parties which were packed with the most handsome young men. Star-studded events with more cocaine than sand on the beach. And always the desire to pump up the volume on the kinky stuff. Keep the executives entertained with daring surprises. A survival of the fittest in the sexual stamina stampede.... Then total secrecy. Acting like none of it happened the day after. In those days, the Hollywood Gay Mafia was very undercover. Membership came with the threat of murder.

Men who dared to blackmail a box office superstar disappeared in the desert. When they went to collect a suitcase of cash in Vegas, they were drugged. Their bodies were found days later in a broiling hot, broken-down car in Rancho Mirage. Eventually one of the desert murders that was connected to a [soap opera, not Y&R] player made the news.

The original Gay Mafia term "don't ask don't tell" was deadly serious. The 'boys' cleaned up the mess with [deleted]'s dead transvestite. Dealt with T[deleted]'s cover ups. Eventually, the rise of Scien[deleted] as Hollywood crime scene handlers eclipsed the network of actors and executive assistants who were connected to the Gay Mafia.

By early 1986, I knew a silent pandemic was spreading. Some horrible virus from the bathhouses in San Francisco. Yet of course, we were supposed to keep all the sexually transmitted diseases a top secret inside the studio. So many players were sex addicts, constantly demanding all manner of sexual hits. Bloody fist fucking. Nipple clamps. Penis piercings. Risky business games. I was getting really frightened.

Barfing up sperm and bile I collapsed in a dressing room closet. I was only 24 but I knew I could no longer go on with the show. The material

world tells us we must sacrifice for success. But in truth, it's not to die for. It's not. I went to the Betty Ford clinic to detox then continued to assist [deleted] when he became the president of [deleted]...

My father was a congressman, so I helped with planning the formation of Homeland Security in 2002. Today, I continue to work as a CIA and NSA contractor formulating Argo programs, tracking the Dark Web and our DARPA development of ultra wave direct-to-mind audio signals. The public can already experience mind wave programing in grocery stores where you can stand on a blue spot to hear advertising focused entirely inside your head! Imagine how this new technology will transform us far beyond WiFi connectivity.

Hollywood might seem glamorous but most of the stars and power players are not very happy. They live with lots of competition and stress. Similar to the way the AIDS epidemic exploded after first being ignored, our most sophisticated computers calculate that new biological disasters are brewing. Like sands through the hour glass....so are the days of our lives.

----- OFFERED BY ANONYMOUS / MARK

THE ABOVE WAS FROM A FB FRIEND. NOW BACK TO MY OWN HISTORY:

While it's true that I could have been killed if I went home with Jeffrey Dahmer who frequented the Milwaukee bar where I worked, and I could have been killed by L. the photographer that drugged me, I continued to take chances by going home with strange men—and not just for sex.

When I was 21, I was grocery shopping at Ralphs in Hollywood and a short mature white-haired man, maybe 55, kind of effeminate, approached me. He said my cowboy hat made it appear as if I was new in town, and he asked if he could be of any help. I said I came from Wisconsin to Hollywood to be a movie star and asked him where the protein powder was. As I followed him, he gave me his business card and said he'd like me to come to dinner that night; he and his family

may be able to help me out.

I drove to a large Tudor house in the Hollywood Hills. When he opened the tall doors, I was in awe of the estate and view of the endless city lights below. He said his husband (not legally of course) was a doctor, and introduced me to a more masculine, handsomer taller white-haired mature man with stubble, a very sexy doctor indeed. During the comfortable dinner, I also met a very studly school teacher, maybe 35, with brown hair and mustache, like a slightly shorter Tom Selleck. He was rubbing the back of a tall, hunky, muscular, young blond man, maybe 25, who seemed to have been plucked off a Midwest farm. As crazy as it sounds, these four men were all in a sexual relationship together and showed me where they slept—a room connected by two king size mattresses. The effeminate man said there was room for me.

I walked away to the kitchen and helped myself to the vodka, refilling my martini, and theirs. Digesting his proposition, and countless olives, I was otherwise frozen as he explained I could move in with them and be part of their “family.” Eventually, my eyes locked with those of the doctor, and the teacher, and the blond god.

As I pictured the blond naked, I imagined me holding him from behind, maybe fucking his huge muscles. The Tom Selleck teacher could be tea-bagging my face and maybe the doc could be peeing on all of us. About 30 of these fantasy scenarios raced through my brain, but the one who kept commanding my sight was standing in front of me, batting his eyes like Loni Anderson. He had no sex appeal to me, no more than my Aunt Emily or my grandmothers.

That new orgy family may have been a fantasy worth considering, except that I was not attracted to the one man, and I have never had a romantic or sexual relationship with someone that I was not attracted to, unless of course I was being assaulted.

Maybe I stayed another two hours studying the bodies of these masculine gods hoping the effeminate one would have a spleen collapse and fall off the mountain to a painless coma, I do not know, but I eventually thanked them for the offer and politely declined.

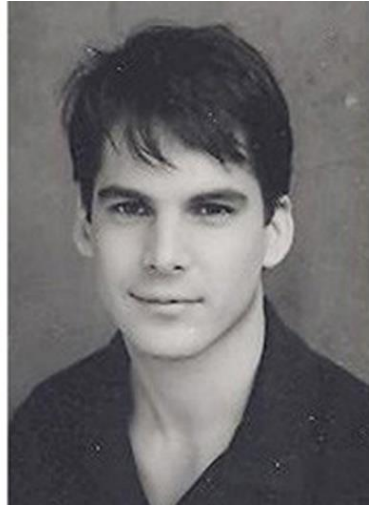
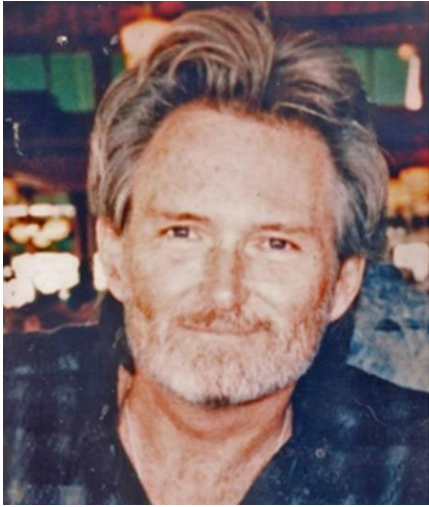
I have never forgotten that unique household and mused how great it could have been to have such a rugged male family of sex, love and

support—but without “her.”

Looking back at my bussing tables at the New York Bar and Eats, I am sure such a young chicken busboy, who was not their typical straight Mexican busboy, was gossip for the regular crowd. Joe, a man with scarecrow hair and the worst skin I had ever seen, 50, seemed interested in my journey, and we talked in the main bar after my shift. He said he may know a powerful acting manager for me and asked me if I’d come to play pool at his house after bar close. I said yes.

At his modern multi-level home in Silver Lake with immaculately framed art, Joe studied me intently as I shot pool in his den. He could not figure me out. But I was not playing any role, I just chatted with him like I did with my Your Place bar patrons, for several hours. He never put the make on me, as I was not giving him any signals that I was interested, and eventually he asked for my number to give to his manager friend, who he said managed teen star, Rob Lowe.

A week later I was summoned to the manager’s house, off Crescent Heights in the Laurel Canyon area of the Hollywood Hills. Tim Wood reminded me of Jeff from Auctioneer’s Inn—handsome, tall, black beard. He explained that he and his partner Chet managed Rob and Chad Lowe, Brooke Adams, a few others, and a baseball player named Drake Hogestyn (who would later become a longtime star on *Days of Our Lives*). I knew who Rob Lowe was, and was very impressed. Tim said he liked my look and confidence and he’d send me to a few casting interviews to see what the response was.



Tim Wood, manager, sent me to acting classes and photographers.

The response was that I was “very green.” This was an extremely polite way to say my acting sucked. Tim did not give up on me though and suggested I audition for parts in student films to gain experience.

I booked the lead in an AFI project, and don’t really recall what it was about, but I do recall walking through East Los Angeles holding a gun. Since the student film had no budget for security, looking back it seems very irresponsible to give an actor a gun and tell him to walk through seedy alleys where gangs abide. At the time, it didn’t faze me. The director was a young guy named Jim, who was grappling with AIDS and his infatuation for his leading man; me. Jim died after finishing the film.

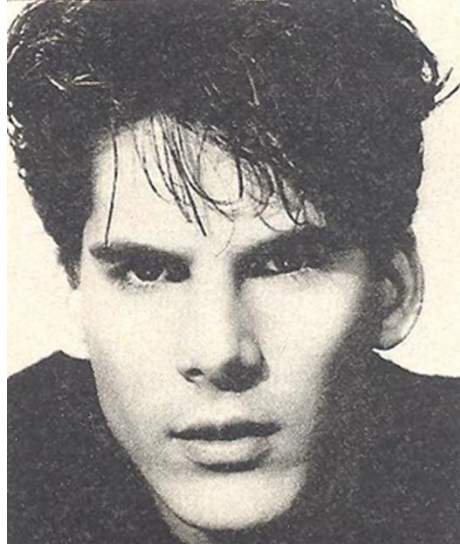
Jim bequeathed me a reading from Kate Diamond, a celebrated numerologist. By my birth year and letters in my name, Kate had deduced that unless I committed to a love relationship early, my life would amount to little more than a series of dramatic love affairs. I was amused but did not believe numbers decided my fate.

In addition to getting me a line in *Back to The Future* and *St. Elmo’s Fire* (both were cut), Tim also set me up to have photos taken by a very established photographer, Greg Gorman, who had a similar look and age to Gary in Wisconsin, but was taller. Gorman took iconic photos of all the stars from Streisand to Lowe to Bette Davis to De Niro to David Bowie to Blondie to Michael Jackson. He sure knew how to

work the little side lights to make my thin face appear wider and sculpted—and the photos turned out great. Going over them at dinner, I felt special in the eyes of this older man and excited and confident to be on the path to be a movie star. After dinner, he showed me his entire house, and, in his bedroom, we kissed and had sex.

Photo by Greg Gorman.

A couple days later, I told Tim that, and he said Greg has the reputation of having the biggest penis in Hollywood. I just blushed because although that was probably true, I was uncomfortable talking about anyone's penis size. Even in this sex tell-all, I feel people's penis size is their business, and if they want to



tell you, then they should, not me. In this book I may have suggested someone's penis size only if they are utterly unrecognizable, or dead. In any event, I did not feel a love connection and was too insecure to date someone 6'5", so did not want to date Greg again. And amusingly, I would find out he told Tim that, "TJ is no mental giant." Being a straight-A student who was usually considered bright, I found this more startling than insulting, but it was good feedback for me to understand how I came across to older people in this new metropolis.

BISHOP OFFERED MONEY FOR SEX

While I bussed tables, an older man with a small head, huge gray eyebrows and a high belly had me refill his bread basket several times,

then asked me my name. He explained he was Bishop Harnold and would like to take me to a fancy dinner at West Hollywood's 5-star restaurant called L'Orangerie on La Cienega Boulevard. Never being one to turn down being alone with a strange man in a strange place for an unspecified reason, I went.

The sweating bishop was seated at one of the best tables which overlooked the entire place exquisitely designed in French Renaissance. He ordered us drinks and appetizers. I told him I had never had an appetizer before, and I selected my fish entrée with the help of his translating the menu. He asked me how it was going in Hollywood and I told him great, that I had auditioned for the soap opera *Santa Barbara* the prior month. I asked him what it was like being a bishop, and as the appetizer arrived, explained that my TJ name was an abbreviation meaning To Jesus, and that at 18, I'd told God I was going to be famous and important and to kill me if being gay was bad—and He did not. When I was real famous, my plan was to come out of the closet and push gay rights. The bishop agreed gay is okay but said that actors would never be hired if they came out and that gays would never have equal rights. My jaw dropped. *How could he think that?*

"Of course we will," I implored. "I'm gonna make that happen someday."

Unfamiliar with regal etiquette, I assumed I should raise my small appetizer plate to my mouth, and then use my fork to slide the food across a couple of inches to my mouth. He was slightly embarrassed, and maybe a little turned on by ignorance, and quietly instructed me to keep the plate on the table at all times. After a few more drinks he said he'd like to have sex with me. That was not what I expected this dinner to be about and he must have seen stun across my face. He said he could offer me money.

"Aw, thanks," I said, "But naw, I don't do that." I passed him the bread.

As we finished our entrees and watched celebrities eat from afar, he quietly offered me \$900 to have sex. I was very flattered and realized that was almost four months' rent for 20 minutes of pretty much doing nothing!! But again, I said, "Naw, thanks." After he paid for dinner and we walked to our cars, he withdrew a billfold and showed

me nine one-hundred-dollar bills then asked how many tables I would have to bus for that. I didn't answer. He asked how much money I had in the bank.

I knew exactly, "After my bills clear, \$87. I need to get a better job, but I have a callback for a Dr. Pepper commercial in the morning."

He said, "God helps those who help themselves."

Was he suggesting God wanted me to have gay sex for money? This was a very different God than I grew up with. I thanked him for dinner, hugged him, declined the money, and got into my car. Driving away slowly, I slid my tape of Billy Joel's "My Life (I Don't Need You To Worry For Me)" into the cassette player and sang loudly to the rebellious lyrics.

As a child it never occurred to me to have sex with anyone for money. When Jeff seduced me and made it clear the waiter job depended on him blowing me, it felt horrible to do so. The guilt and shame made me feel small and surrendering my will and freedom to do what someone else wanted was completely foreign to me and made me feel powerless. It confirmed to me that I never wanted to have sex with anyone I was not attracted to.

Never a sound sleeper, I tossed more than usual the night the bishop propositioned me.

* 7: **FIRST CRUSHES IN HOLLYWOOD**

MITCHELL ANDERSON AND IAN ZEIRING



The next week Tim phoned to say that I got my first job! That Dr. Pepper commercial ran a lot and brought me in about \$15,000 that year. Not long after, I also did a Duncan Hines commercial with Mitchell Anderson (later he would do *Doogie Howser M.D.*, *Relax...It's Just Sex*, *Jaws: The Revenge*, *The Richard Carpenter Story*, *Party of Five*, etc.) and Ian Ziering (who would later do *Beverly Hills 90210*,



Melrose Place, *Dancing With The Stars*, *Sharknado*, etc.).

Teenage Ian in bushy blond hair was amazingly friendly and I envied his extroverted personality, which had landed him almost 20 commercials that year alone. I bonded even more with young Mitchell, and developed a crush on him, and

deciphered he was also gay.

Mitchell and I hung out after the shoot and became friends. He was

so handsome and honest that I was falling in love with him, but I do not think he was attracted to me. We went to many parties with his roommate, a girl named Hailey. Never have I seen such a drunk—or anyone who matched my drive to be a star. My bet was she would kill herself from alcohol first.

To this day, Mitchell laughs about me telling him, “I came to Hollywood to be a movie-star,” because many other young people felt the same, but no one said it so directly and with such naivety.

I was also naïve to fall in love with his young friend, Chuck Janson.

CHUCK

Chuck, 25, was not the big, burly, muscular hairy type that I always went for. Instead, he was a good-looking, clean-shaven, small-framed blond guy, three years older than me, about my height. Brown eyes as soft as velvet, or almond butter, or weathered logs. Some people you come across and you can’t explain why you love them instantly, and my feelings for Chuck were deep, as if he were a soulmate. I did not believe in soulmates, and Chuck was just a beautiful spirit in an oversized denim jacket who had such a comfort in his own skin. Later I would be told that several other men also felt the same way about him, one being a flamboyant throaty Broadway star. If I am not mistaken, they were friends, maybe Chuck was even a paid escort? I just know his past was very complicated, not that it showed. One time outside my apartment as he was dropping me off after we had joined a group at a dance club, and I asked him to come in, he refused. I was tense, and he asked, “Why are you always so afraid? What are you afraid of?”

No one in Hollywood spoke that calmly and directly. It was like he was from another planet.

Though I had no idea he saw me as afraid, he was entirely correct. I did not mind loud bars when I was behind the bar with many things to keep busy, but he saw earlier that with strangers in crowds I felt unsettled. My anxieties and insecurities ran deep and because my

drive to be a movie star was so strong, my energy was peculiarly erratic. Maybe I appeared “jumpy” like a youth on a trampoline reaching for the stars above, and reaching all around me to be a star as well, and then needing to free myself from the failures by landing in primitive, base sex? I did not pass as the confident macho man I wanted to be, nor an easy-going one. Usually I slipped into being a boy who did not understand how the world, and people in general, operated. A stranger who intimidated me once described me as “brittle.” I was indeed brittle or bold or determined or near macho or afraid or needy, depending on the minute. I was definitely unpredictable. Chuck was always calm—always the same—and seemed to have no need.

Months later, I still pined for him, and one night at his apartment I suppose I charmed him so much with my pathetic adoration that he relinquished his borders and let me hold him. He surprised me by telling me he had AIDS and was dying. I said I didn’t care, that I loved him anyway, and I would expose myself to his AIDS, but his AIDS would not hurt or kill me because my mind power would kill the virus, as the new-age books taught. He looked me square in the eye as we undressed and made love. Oral, at least.

After that, he kept me at a distance, maybe because he knew how sick he was and that he would die soon. Weeks later, when I found out he died, it kind of made sense as to why he was so carefree and unbothered. He had been free of this complicated world of emotions a long time and ready to leave it. His spirit was so pure and sweet and centered.

AIDS, 1983

In Hollywood two years, it was time for me to fly back to Wisconsin and see my family and Gary. While fishing at Big Cedar Lake, supportive Gary listened to me recount my Hollywood adventures, and added that his bar customers were dropping like flies to AIDS. Not only had the owners of the Wreck Room died, but so many of the customers that the place closed. Bill, Cleveland and Del were also sick,

and dying, and my friend Scott had just been diagnosed positive.

Gary and I spent a few romantic nights together, but my mind was on stardom.

Because I was an introvert, I often chose extroverts as best friends. Back in Hollywood, I met tall, blond, thin, witty Bruce at the New York Bar and Eats. His humor totally captivated me, and I also gravitated to his sensitive nature and good intentions. From NY, he had also come to Hollywood to be an actor and was 10 years my senior.

Though he initially had a crush on me, we easily transitioned to best friends. Most nights I'd go to his small apartment, and he'd cook, and then we'd put ourselves on video. Both of us loved being on camera, and we played on video until three in the morning many nights when I was not working. He sometimes smeared on lipstick and became Bette Davis in *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane* or danced in his bathrobe and wig as Dionne Warwick in his music video rendition of "Say a Little Prayer." He was as hysterical as anybody in drag on-screen from Milton Berle to Flip Wilson playing Josephine. There was a ridiculous rumor that Nancy Culp of *The Beverly Hillbillies* died eating her own feces, so, of course, one night we made a movie of that using a Baby Ruth bar, Bruce playing Nancy. He was the funniest man I ever met.

Usually, I opted to be Marlon Brando or James Dean to his brilliant comical characters. We had such pure fun and were such an interesting combination that I so regret we did not try to market ourselves doing comical videos, but this was 1984, well before the Internet happened. Another friend, Jamie, a wonderful singer who I knew from Wisconsin, joined us one night. Jamie insisted on lip-syncing to Streisand's "Queen Bee" as Bruce and I in matching yellow and black sweaters tried to dance like little bees behind him.

Jamie and I first met when he ordered a drink in Milwaukee's Club 219. I loved his humor and accessibility. We became friends and roommates. The morning after L. the photographer assaulted me in Hollywood, Jamie had phoned me and asked if he could come live with me because he wanted to pursue singing in Los Angeles. I have no recall of that conversation, but apparently I said yes, because Jamie showed up with suitcases a couple of weeks later. We shared my tiny

Silver Lake studio apartment.

One night there were loud footsteps on the roof that went on for 10 minutes. I joked, “What are they doing? Dutch aerobics?” We always cracked each other up. I gravitated to witty guys so wherever we went there was a joke every few seconds.

Even though I was an introvert, most nights when I was not working I went out to dinner and the bars with either extroverted Jamie or Bruce. Not only was I fascinated by their quick wit and theatrics, but they craved attention, which meant there were less eyes on me, and calmed my anxiety. Bruce and Jamie felt comfortable talking to any stranger, looking them straight in the eye, and were very accessible, warm and likeable. Either could have been successful at politics because they instantly made friends, and everyone immediately joked back with them. I was the tagalong nice guy butting in on occasion with one-liners when I felt confident.

CUBAN SHAVES MY ASS

One night when Bruce and I were in The Revolver I was mesmerized by a chiseled Cuban and after gulping two drinks for courage, cornered him and bought him a Corona. Big bushy eyebrows that met in the middle (my favorite kind), huge brown eyes, military build. Very masculine, and a couple inches taller than me. When he and I were alone, naked, on his West Hollywood bed, he told me his fetish was shaving assholes and that he wanted to shave mine. Not being one to avoid dangerous predicaments with strangers, I said, “Go for it.”

On my hands and knees, I looked over my back to see him grab a razor and graze me with it. The shaving didn’t hurt but I hardly knew him enough to trust him to that extent. Afterwards, we 69ed. He was so handsome, definitely my physical type, but he was gruff to the point of being rude. I never called him after that because he just didn’t seem like a nice, respectful guy—but it could have been the language barrier. I regret not calling him again because I really liked him otherwise and found him so sexy, and I suppose I could have been

patient on a few dates to discover who he really was.

PARKER

West Hollywood had bars, restaurants and clothing stores packed tightly within a few blocks on Santa Monica Boulevard. Shopping for a leather jacket at All American Boy, a beautiful blond jock with a Kirk Douglas-dimpled chin, Parker, asked me if I needed help. His skin was a bit blemished, like Robert Redford, but he was as good-looking as Robert Redford and Kirk Douglas together. A wide chiseled jaw kept his straight teeth open as he whispered to me, staring straight into my eyes, "How does this fit you in the shoulders?" This was like a scene in a movie; the instant chemistry we were feeling—two Midwest boys starting out in Hollywood, exploring new worlds. Everything was going in slow-motion. I bought the jacket and asked him to write his number down for me, because when I wanted something, I went after it. The next night I drove to his place to take him out.

He was renting a room in Los Feliz from a famous aging football player, David Kopay, who would soon come out of the closet publically. Kopay probably had a crush on Parker. Who wouldn't? Kopay was a nice guy and did not seem bothered I was taking Parker out. At dinner at the Spaghetti Factory, I paid more attention to Parker's cute throaty voice and familiar accent as he was from Minnesota, next to Wisconsin. Over salads, he shared what it was like being in the Navy for a year and having to hide his attraction to men. Over pasta, we talked about high schools, and no one knowing our secrets. I got lost in his wide light eyes. He caught me staring with my mouth open and said, "Didn't anyone ever tell you it's impolite to stare?" then smiled, reading my infatuation. The popular restaurant was packed with loud families and people waiting for tables, but all I heard was Andy Williams singing, "You're just too good to be true. Can't take my eyes off of you."

After dinner, I drove Parker back to his place, humming our song. He tried to hold my hand, but I had to keep moving it jerkily to drive the clutch.

Kopay was gone. I followed Parker back to his rented room. I took his hands and rubbed my face against his, then kissed him. I turned off the lights, but there was a slight glow from the streetlight outside issuing us silhouettes. In this sparse lighting, I watched his muscular legs as he took off his pants, and then lowered his white Jockey underwear briefs, and saw his amazingly long hairy ass hair in shadows. My heart skipped a beat. What could be more beautiful than this hairy-ass blond jock? He had the hairiest crack I had ever seen. That image was forever burned into my brain as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. We kissed some more, and I felt the hair in his ass with the side of my hand. I dropped to my knees and kissed his cheeks, then his butt hair, then moved him so I could smell his balls and suck his cock. His pointed and arched up straight to his belly button. Was so hard and up that I could hit and thwack it.

We had several incredible dates until I accidentally spilled something on his letter jacket and he threw a fit about it. Never caring much about clothes, it seemed silly and pretentious to me that he had become a drama queen about a spill. Looking back, maybe he was just borrowing the jacket from his workplace and the spill meant he would have to buy it? I had no idea. The night ended with two 20-somethings bickering, and I never saw him again. At that time, not seeing him again was fine with me. My goal, after all, was movie-star fame, not a particular romance. But as the years passed, and I remembered him with such irresistible magnetism, I did regret losing touch with him. He has a piece of my heart.

LENNY

Maybe a month later I was lonely and horny and went to the Mother Lode bar on Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood to shoot pool. On the high screen MTV played Tina Turner's "What's Love Got To Do With It," Madonna's "Like A Virgin" and Phil Collin's "Against All Odds" but no one in the bar knocked my socks off, however I went home with a tall black guy in boots, who looked a little like a younger Samuel Jackson. There was no chemistry though and as soon as we were naked it felt forced and I wanted to leave, but I did not want to be

rude and hurt his feelings. I figured we'd made an implied agreement that we'd have sex, so I let him blow and rim me as he masturbated and I just pictured Parker instead. For some reason, I also felt like I owed him me to sleep over, but as soon as he fell asleep I tiptoed to my clothes and put them on as fast as I could. He woke up and said, "Where do you think you're going?" I lied that I needed to get home and sleep because I had to get up early for work in the morning.

There was another black guy I saw sexually about that time; Lenny Hines. Handsome, wide chiseled jock jaw, and an incredibly muscular body. One of the times that we had sex in his Hollywood apartment a black girl kept walking past and discreetly knocking on his bedroom window. She couldn't see what we were doing, so we continued pleasuring ourselves and massaging each other's privates. Eventually I asked him why she keeps knocking and he whispered that she wants a booty call, that he was bisexual and fucked her on occasion. Lenny was a bit of a playboy and I couldn't trust him completely, so we only saw each other once more. The truth was that I was a jealous lover and at that time, could not deal with my man having eyes for anyone else.

MIDDLE-AGED MODEL

Marix was the most happening restaurant in West Hollywood. The cruisy Mexican restaurant and bar was so packed that people waited an hour to get a table, ordering pitchers of zesty margaritas. This particular night, a tall slender European flirted very heavily with me at the bar while we waited for tables. The stranger said he was a model and invited me to his house after dinner. I said no, but took his card, and called him the next day.

The model must have been very wealthy because he owned an incredible property above the Hollywood reservoir. It was white and spacious, had many palm trees in and out, a sunken pool, wide open floorplan. But as we got to know each other in a late afternoon over cheese fondue and tropical drinks at his bar, I could not feel any heat with him. When he moved to kiss me, my eyes searched his many

forehead wrinkles and crow's feet. I was only 22 and had never kissed a person with so many wrinkles. It weirded me out so much I left, and never talked to him again.

Did I ever sit back and wonder what my life could have been if I was more patient and accepting of these men I had sex with, if I would have allowed myself to fall in love with them, as I did Jeff, who at first, I was not attracted to either? No. I did not. Again, my goal was to be a movie-star, not be a husband, and Los Angeles had so very many gay men; I was sure to find the dream love portrayed in movies.



Tim Wood had me audition for *Highway to Heaven* and I won my first speaking role. We filmed at a Hollywood High School off Fountain Avenue that I often passed on my errands, and it was exciting to have my initial acting credit. After a short scene in the halls, Michael Landon announced the next scene to be shot and directed me through it, telling me where to move when I said my lines.

“What lines?” I asked. I thought I had already shot all my lines because I did not realize shows add scenes during shooting. The new blue pages I got the day before I just ignored. But there was a full page of lines I needed to learn very quickly! Michael Landon looked at me sternly and said I better know them in five minutes.

Fortunately I was able to memorize them, but was then not familiar with these infamous Pastor Martin Niemöller’s quotes about the cowardice of German intellectuals following the Nazis’ rise to power, *“First they came for the Socialists, and I did not speak out, because I was not a Socialist. Then they came for the Trade Unionists, and I did not speak out, because I was not a Trade Unionist. Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out, because I was not a Jew. Then they came for me—and there was no one left to speak for me.”*

The episode was about Neo-Nazis, and in the van ride from the makeup room to the set, I was already feeling a sexual connection with one of the Nazis. We kept our eyes locked longer than straight men do, and our backseat body language, with legs spreading, knees touching, indicated a sexual interest.

He looked the Nazi part; tall with Aryan features, a small tight nose and piercing blue eyes, and I was a sucker for a man in a uniform. Literally. And I demanded him to keep on the uniform. Man, I loved uniforms. We saw each other once or twice more, but he was at least 10 years older, and experimenting with drugs. I wanted nothing to do with anyone who did drugs.

A few commercials brought in enough residuals for me to pay my acting classes, gym, and other bills, but the New York Bar and Eats did not promote me to bartender as they'd promised, which totally surprised me because I was raised to keep promises. Keeping my word was top priority. I quit being an underpaid bus boy and applied for other jobs.

Joe Allen's was the trendiest eatery in Beverly Hills, but they did not hire me, however, I found work a block away, at Kathy Gallagher's restaurant. Kathy, 35, blonde, petite, was a former model, and her industry friends like Marcia Strassman who played the wife on *Welcome Back Kotter* were regulars. Leonard, the manager, did not hire me as a waiter, but as a host to seat the customers. But when I showed up to work, Kathy did not like my Levi jeans, flannel shirt and cowboy hat. Leonard took me shopping for tan khaki pants and blue long sleeve button-down shirts. No hat. I felt ridiculous in preppie attire but did my job. I seated stars like Streisand, Genie Frances, Travolta, Tom Cruise, Cher, Emma Samms, Rock Hudson, Nancy Walker, and my favorite, Ann Bancroft. She smiled back and could tell by the way I looked at her that I just loved her, but probably thought because she had played infamous Mrs. Robinson who seduced Dustin Hoffman in 1967's *The Graduate*. The truth was I loved her because she reminded me of my beautiful dark-eyed Italian mom back in Wisconsin.

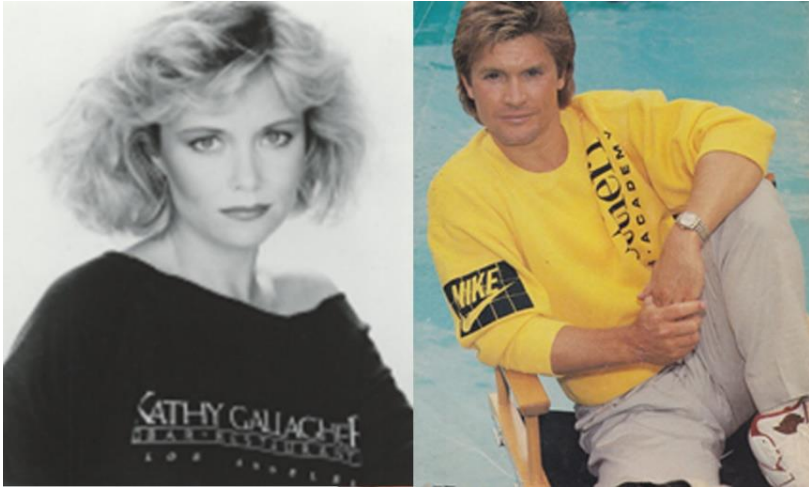
Jamie was also working at a Silver Lake restaurant Casito Del Campo and saw celebrities—so we kept a long list on the fridge of our star sightings. This was such an exciting time, even for friends like Bobby-

Jo back in Milwaukee, who soon moved out to Hollywood to share our fun.



The list of stars and posing for a calendar by photographer Kal Yee.

One evening at Kathy Gallagher's, I seated a large group of fairly well-known actors. As I stood at the end of the table, reciting the specials, under the table, sexy young actor Andrew Stevens grabbed my leg. I didn't know what to do, so I kept on talking. He grabbed it harder—like really hard. I froze, like when naked Village Person Mark Lee had stood over me asking me what I liked to do in bed. As a child I learned that a stranger touching a body part was naughty, and stupefied and confused, I ignored Andrew and instead focused on the vegetables du jour, but Andrew kept grabbing me up and down my leg the entire minute I answered questions from the table until I walked away. One fellow waiter surmised he was bisexual, but that was probably only a rumor, and his grabbing me was so obvious it was like he wanted me to say something to the entire table, so I do not think he was coming on to me but was rather trying to be amusing and I was probably part of a group joke.



Restaurateur Kathy Gallagher and heartthrob Andrew Stevens.

Kathy Gallagher's had hired so many handsome employees that the head waiter initiated making a calendar with one handsome face for each month, and I was surprised he selected my face as the cover boy! That same year I was also featured on another calendar.

Lisa Lond was one of the pretty cashiers. The toothy redhead could have been a stripper, and she was as seductive as one. One night, she brought John Travolta his ordered meal and flaunted her cleavage like Jane Mansfield and she outright asked to be in his next movie. There was obviously nothing she would not do for a part, but Travolta just smiled politely and said thank you. Wonder why he never pursued her?

* 8: **THE BILLIONAIRE**

BILLIONAIRE DAVID GEFFEN

Risky Business had recently been a huge hit. As Tom Cruise walked to the bathroom once at Kathy Gallagher's, I stopped in his way and said, "You're Tom Cruise! People say we look alike." What could he say? He smiled politely, and then continued on.

A couple weeks later, Kathy actually spoke to me, more than her quick hello and goodbye. She pulled me to a table and sat directly across from me, saying, "David Geffen wants to go out with you."



Actor Steve Antin, David Geffen, Cher.

I said, "Who is David Geffen?"

"He made Tom Cruise a star."

"Sure, I'll go out with him."

David was a nice-looking Jewish millionaire in his 30s, soon to be a self-made billionaire, but at that point, my type was still Matt Houston or a hairy Chippendale with a porn stache. David invited me to his Bel Air mansion and showed me a structure and furnishings you'd see on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. He was also thoughtful and conversational and complimented me on my shirt.

"It was \$4," I said, "Got it at a thrift store."

"Why did you say that?" he laughed. "My mom always says stuff like that."

I just chuckled, and he continued to impress me with his house and art. I told him I was also an artist and he said he'd buy a piece if it was reasonable. He supported all genres of artists but was then concentrating on his own music label repping Cher, Donna Summer, and others. As we drove to industry hotspot, Spago, I wondered *why I did say my shirt was \$4?* I mumbled that mom had to work three jobs to support us, so we were middle to lower class, and bought the least expensive things. *Growing up, we knew no rich people. We never went into a mansion, or hobnobbed, or had appetizers at restaurants. Consequently, we never discussed wealthy people, or being wealthy.*

Not like Dad told my sister to marry a rich spouse. That idea would have never entered my sister's mind, or mine, although it did seem to enter my brother Gregg's.

Trendy Spago was too bright for my taste, overflowing with celebrities, many of whom came over to say hi to David, and he graciously introduced them to me. I told him that I wanted to be successful and so I wanted to hang out with successful men. He was very intrigued with me, especially when I offered to pay my share, but he wouldn't hear of it and gave the waiter his credit card. He then took me to meet Cher backstage at her concert location. She was polite but in her recharge-for-the-next-number concentration.

David and I drove back to his place, and he said he'd had a good time. I said I did, too, thanked him, and left.

Not long after he asked me over again. We went to another very trendy restaurant in Beverly Hills where celebrities once again came over to say hello to him, and he introduced us. When the bill came, I insisted on paying, which surprised him. Fair is fair, I thought. This is what friends do, and I paid, even though it was alarmingly expensive. After dinner, he took me along with him as he drove to the concert location where Donna Summer was performing and introduced me to her backstage. She could not have been nicer. Then he had his staff arrange a private screening at his mansion's cinema room for him and

me of a movie that I believe he was involved with. The word America was in the title; I don't recall much else besides it being very long.

The third time I saw him, he told me he had been talking to his therapist about me. After dinner, he wanted to show me a movie. In his bedroom. As I sat upright on his bed, feeling a little awkward to be in his intimate quarters, he put in a VHS of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, explaining it was his favorite movie. He sat next to me, and we were pretty motionless, except for maybe slowly inching down as one does when trying to sit up in a bed. Halfway through the movie, as I was almost laying on my back, he yawned and turned to lay on his stomach, hugging me, his arm landing over my chest. He was looking for me to respond but I could not. I froze. He froze. Once again, I did not know what to do, so I just did nothing. Thankfully the movie ended a half an hour later, and when the credits started I said, "Thanks!" He walked me to the door and as he opened it for me, he kissed me on the lips. I did not kiss back, but looked down and slipped away, walking to my car. I was too confused to return his phone calls after that.

Unlike my brother Gregg who was reading *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, I had no social agenda or "game plan." Looking back, since my only ambition had been to be a movie star, how foolish of me not to have pursued a friendship or more with the billionaire movie mogul who made Tom Cruise a star. But I never used people and felt that would be insincere.

Now at 56, in hindsight, after so many decades of wondering how I was going to pay my rent, and not being able to afford a dentist, I wondered what would have happened if I, at 22, tried to fall in love with David, as I did with Jeff at Auctioneer's Inn? Could I have fallen in love with him? Could David have delivered me my dream of being a Hollywood movie star that I never attained on my own? I suppose if I knew then what I know now we could have made that happen. Do I regret that? I don't know. I do not think so. Would you?

While it's true that I had rarely had more than one month's rent in the bank, I had spent my entire life—every day—working on one of my creative projects dreaming to hit the jackpot. Even though I did not win fortune, I had always done exactly what I wanted to do, and never did what I felt I should do—or was told to do—or what someone else wanted me to do. Each of those thousands of days I was inspired,

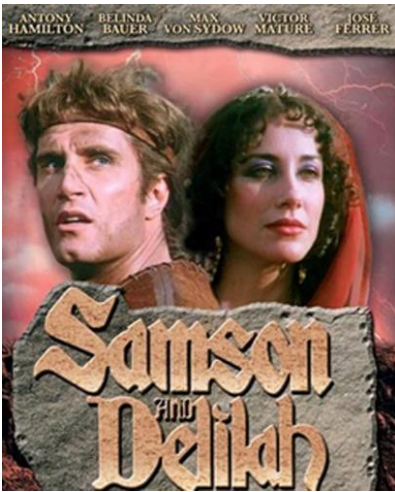
excited and jubilant. I never had a million bucks, but I always felt like a million bucks. Also, I have had many loves and have never pretended to love anyone, and I had never stayed in a love relationship pretending love after my feelings were gone (I don't think I am a good enough actor to pull that off.)

So instead of being Thom Geffen living with my husband the billionaire and befriending A-list stars and contacts and building a career as a solid movie actor, or being one of the Geffen boys, who I later learned typically received a brand-new jeep on the fifth date, I continued to share a pull-out couch in my Silver Lake studio with Wisconsin friend, Jamie. While going to auditions and acting classes, and fantasizing true love, my car repeatedly played the 1970s CD with my love ballad, "I Like Dreamin."

* 9: **SEX WITH TV STARS & THE POLICE**

ANTHONY HAMILTON

Australian Anthony Hamilton who starred in the TV series *Cover Up* about a male model solving crimes, and also played Sampson in the *Sampson and Delilah* huge TV movie, came into Kathy Gallagher's. He and his male friend were so good-looking I could not look either of them in the eye. These were perfect 10s, both over 6 feet, football player frames, cover of GQ faces, smiles only seen in posters in dentist offices. Never before and never again would I ever see two guys this good-looking at once.



For some reason, Anthony / Tony liked me, and we had sex in his West Hollywood apartment several times. He told me, "TJ, if I wanted only one boyfriend, I'd pick you." Many people said Tony slept with a great deal of partners, and maybe he also told other guys the same thing. Never did I expect to be in an actual monogamous love relationship with a man that tall and rugged model handsome. My ego couldn't deal with that. Anthony died years later (Wikipedia says AIDS-related pneumonia), and he left a huge legacy. What a gift of beauty he was to so many. I wonder what his adoptive parents thought as he grew from an unknown baby into one of the best-looking men on the

planet. What a wonderful life he lived, I am sure, with no regrets. I am just one of so many that were beneficiaries of the heroic specimen that he created and inhabited.

SEX WITH THE LOS ANGELES POLICE

Sergeant Pike hung with the head waiter at Kathy Gallagher's, and man, was Sarg my type! Macho cop with a great hairy body and a wide brown mustache! I respected him for being one of the first Los Angeles cops to be openly gay, a rarity so feared that his fellow homophobic straight cops once refused to back him up in a dangerous situation that almost cost him his life. His heroic trailblazing story was being featured on talk shows and developed into a movie.



Pike insisted he was a top, and insisted he fuck me. Some men have strict positions or fetishes, whereas at that point I was pretty much oral, but into roleplay, and still watersports curious, though I never seemed to meet anyone else willing to experiment with urine. If anybody was going to fuck me, it would have to be a real cop with a mustache. He was very endowed but knew what he was doing. It didn't hurt too much. We dated a few times, but he was a real playboy I heard, forever conquering the new manboy in town.

A fellow waiter at Kathy Gallagher's introduced me to his friend,

Aaron, a very sexy, funny guy my height, black short hair, who was the assistant to George Burns—who I happened to see in his underwear when I picked up Aaron for our first date. When my friend Bruce met Aaron, he described him as gorgeous. Aaron’s sense of humor impressed me as much as his stocky hairy muscular body. He said we fit great together in bed holding each other. Absolutely right. What a hunk he was. As smoldering as his dark features were, one time when we were walking in the rain I looked back at him, and having his windbreaker hood pulled tight, his head looked huge. So, I had to break up with him.

I was beginning to see a pattern in my relationships. As soon as I discovered something in my partner that was not perfect, it worried me that at some point this imperfection would upset me to the point of breaking up, devastating him and breaking his heart like Dad did to Mom, so I broke up as fast as I could, thinking this would save him the pain of me breaking up later when we were more in love. Not dissimilar to the Jerry Seinfeld character who broke up with women for the silliest reasons like them having man-hands or looking different in bad lighting.

Were many men (and women) as surface as I was...or was I an enigma? Did I keep the world at a distance for their safety... or mine? I’d felt religiously persecuted as a gay child and crawled into a shell (where I eventually discovered what I felt was “God’s” unconditional love and support) and became extremely self-reliant and self-sufficient because I could not trust the world which limited me and gay-shamed me. Did allowing someone into my heart and soul threaten the security of being whole (on my own)? Did I continually turn away from potential relationships because I really feared hurting them like Dad had Mom? Or, did I just believe that I did not have to “settle”? The latter may be more consistent with the drive of a self-conscious skinny gay introvert from Wisconsin who incredulously believed he could be a movie star, right? Since I argued with dad all my life about him and others limiting me, and believed my future to be unlimited, and if I believed I’d be a movie-star when a billion others had failed, did I also believe I would find a love who was perfect to me in all regards at all times? Aren’t they about the same odds?

I was hardly perfect—I would never even date me—I would never

even find myself attractive, although I admit I photographed well from some angles. In any event, I am deeply embarrassed even today about my continual dismissal of lovers because for one reason or another they did not meet my unrealistic surface expectations. Although part of me was on a perpetual hunt for the perfect man, my early 20s may have been more fun if I had been more relaxed and taken things one a day at a time instead of worrying what the future would bring.

STEVE ANTIN

Looking through a *Teen Beat* magazine at Tim Wood's office, I saw Greg Gorman's and L's photos of Rob Lowe, and Chad Lowe, and then I came across the cutest man I had ever seen. His jock face and green eyes sparked my heart. THAT was who I wanted to be in love with. The text said his name was Steve Antin of *Sweet 16* and *The Last American Virgin* (soon to be in *The Goonies*).



Since Kathy had “let me go” at Kathy Gallagher’s with no explanation of why, I got a bartending job in West Hollywood at a swanky multi-level Chinese restaurant called Palette. Every night I would picture this super cute jock actor and me going on a dinner date, joking and laughing and holding hands on St. Thomas Beach like the lyrics to my favorite song, “I Like Dreamin (Cuz Dreamin Can Make You Mine).” Did my loving law-of-attraction vibrations bring Steve Antin to Palette? One night, I looked up from the bar, and he was standing there just like I’d pictured in my fantasies. I told him I saw him in a magazine, then served him and his friend their drinks.

When the man he was with went to the bathroom, I flirted with Steve and, well, just fell in love with him more. His eyes sparked, and he didn’t turn away. He grinned—so it seemed he might be gay. When he accepted a napkin with my phone number written on it, I was absolutely certain he was.

That same week, I arrived at his contemporary two-story Hollywood home, and he and his dog showed me around, giving me a feel of his casual life and beginning movie success. He was in jeans and a white T-shirt and he must have used bleach. *My white T-shirts never looked that good.* He was making steamed vegetables and when I looked in the pot, he said, "Summer squash."

"What are the other ones?" was my joke attempt.

After dinner we had sex on his bedroom floor. I wouldn't say made love because although I would have gone there, Steve was very experienced and instructed me how to please him. I am not sure I did. I just felt like an awkward nerd. He would comment, "Why do you seem depressed? You got a nice life, big dick." *Not as big as yours,* I could have said, *or, I don't know you, but I want us to be in a monogamous loving relationship and I'm already pissed and jealous that I'm not as sexy as you and afraid I can't please you like other studs can.* THERE YOU GO. LOL. That's the right energy for a first date.

Steve's romantic interest in me diminished; the next week he said he was going back to an ex, but we remained friends. Later, when I mentioned my experience with Geffen to Steve, he inferred it would be best not to mention to Geffen that we'd had sex. Apparently, Steve and Geffen used to be boyfriends, and I was unsure of their present relationship.

Each time I hear Chaka Khan's "Through the Fire (For A Chance To Be With You)" I think of Steve.

Steve was certainly one of the most sought after manboys by Hollywood moguls, and the Internet says he dated Geffen for a year and eventually had a longer relationship with Clint Culpepper, president of Screen Gems. Decades later, after much success wearing many hats, Steve not only directed Cher and Christina Aguilera in the hit *Burlesque*, but he was able to help launch his sister, Robin Antin in *Pussycat Dolls* and his sexy brother Jonathan Antin in the reality TV series *Blow Out*.

I will always be in love with Steve as he was back then. Unforgettable. And in love with Chuck, and Gary...and Parker. A young Marianne Williamson lectured weekly on *A Course in Miracles*, enlightening us

with quotes like: “Love never dies. It just changes form.” It was very clear why Steve did not return my love. I was so afraid, and already jealous: My energy was not attractive. Tim Wood once remarked of my similar energy and disposition when I walked into his office. “What’s wrong NOW?” he’d asked. This reticence of mine, this playing low, this shrinking, this inner angst, this displeasure in public, the narrowed eyes and faltering smile, was as true to my core as the alternative; my beaming optimism. Maybe my concerned disposition started when grandma scolded me for being naked in the tent. Maybe it was earlier when TV ministers said gays go to Hell. I didn’t know, but I’d never felt like I’d belonged in social environments—and I couldn’t shake it.

However, the most attractive, joyous, free, unjealous, funny vivacious me was true to my core the majority of time. That was me when I was alone working on a painting or a song or a poem or a script. Only introverts knew the pleasure and freedom of being alone and creating. From my Lite Brite to my Etch-A-Sketch to my designing my dream house and my dream man and my masturbating, my endorphins sailed high. How fortuitous that each time and each day I was alone, my spirit excelled, and I felt unlimited. The irony was that no boyfriend had ever seen me at my best or could.

How crazy that an average guy like me had been intimate with handsome TV stars and macho cops and studs with Chippendale bodies. I think they were attracted to my humor, drive and ambition more than my looks, because I did not find myself that good-looking, even though when I was buying a lotto ticket at 7-Eleven, a drag queen told me I had a face that could stop a train. I eventually took it as a compliment but for years wondered what kind of faces stopped trains.

My Hollywood apartment was not far away from a small gay bar, which I had never been in, but passed when I took my occasional stroll on Hollywood Boulevard to visit the Walk of Fame with the names of movie-stars.

“Excuse me, sir,” a short-haired young man said as he walked toward me rather fast from the mural of Joan Crawford and Charlie Chaplin. “Do you want a blowjob?”

I froze.

He explained matter-of-factly, "I do not mean to offend you in any way, but I was just wondering if you wanted a blowjob?"

I smiled politely, "Naw, but thank you."

"I won't tell anyone," he said.

I looked at him incredulously, having the gall to ask a stranger that. He looked very young. Maybe he was not even old enough to go into the gay bar? Maybe he had been kicked out? Maybe he was a cop?

"Naw thanks," I said again, and moved on. It wasn't until I lost sight of him that I realized he was attractive, and wow, that would have been weird, and maybe fun. Sex that anonymously was foreign to me in my early twenties, yet alluring.

Even though I had a number of sex partners and lovers, more often than not my ambitious heart was pining for one, and on the hunt. Of course, I wanted to go up to sexy strangers and ask them if they'd like me to blow them. But I never would. Sure, that'd be fun to just let loose the instinctive animal within me.

"Excuse me, sir." (As we stand in line to pay for groceries) "I was wondering if I could just smell your balls?"

"Excuse me, miss." (While you guys wait for your pizza), "Do you mind if I smell your husband's balls?... OK, just the left one?"

"Excuse me. You guys are such an attractive, young hetero couple. I was wondering if I could hold your husband's balls as he fucks you? Would it be inappropriate for me to ask if he could teabag my forehead as he plows you?"

"Excuse me. I noticed you two holding hands as you left church. Could I just feel how hairy your husband's crack is with the side of my hand?"

"Excuse me, football team. Can you guys all sit on the benches and lower your pants so I can see all your dicks and jack off?"

"Excuse me!!!! Would all of you hundreds of male tourists on Hollywood Boulevard drop your pants right now and stand in a line so I can feel all your pubic hairs and butt hair and smell your pits?!"

"Excuse me, all you handsome actors who are also auditioning for the part of Phillip Chancellor III on *The Young and the Restless*, can we rehearse while peeing on each other? Can I just slip my lubed cock in your asses—just a minute each?"

When I won the part of Phillip over many other talented actors and five call backs, my Italian grandmother who watched many soap operas was the first one I phoned. I do not think she believed me. No one in our family had been an actor and no one had even left Kenosha, let alone sign a three-year contract on the #2 soap opera.

Bierdz makes debut on 'soap'

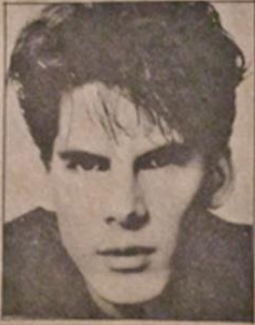
By DENNIS A. SHOOK
Staff Writer

It's ironic that former Kenosha Thom Bierdz is now on the TV soap opera "The Young and the Restless," because when he left Kenosha five years ago, that's exactly what he was.

Bierdz, the son of Thomas Bierdz, Whitefish Bay, and Phyllis Bierdz, 5116 58th St., is now 24 and has been living in the Los Angeles-Hollywood area since 1981. But when he was 19, his mother recalled, he was out of high school and unsettled.

She said she was "floored" when he said he was leaving to pursue acting in Hollywood. He had no prior acting training and showed no interest in it.

"There was a lot of rejection at first," she said of her son's efforts. "Some of his phone calls home weren't very happy."



Thom Bierdz

Then he started getting small jobs. He is in a TV commercial for Dentyne that her friends have seen but she is still searching the air waves for.

His big break came when he was signed recently to play the

bitter Phillip Chancellor Foster character on the "Young and the Restless." He told his mother and father about the role before taping began in April.

His first appearances were Tuesday and today. The show airs on CBS, Channel 2 and Channel 6 from 11:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m., Monday through Friday.

Bierdz also is scheduled to appear Thursday and all next week.

The character is the teenage son of prominent series character Jill Foster. She has been shot in the scenario, so her son — raised in military schools and distant from her — has returned after an hiatus of many years.

This is Bierdz's first acting role in a soap. His previous credits include appearances on "Highway to Heaven," the made-for-TV film "Gladiators" and the film "St. Elmo's Fire."

Mom got Greg Gorman's photo of me in the Kenosha News.

* 10: SOAP OPERA STARDOM & SECRET SCANDALS



Photos by Tony Rizzo for Soap Set magazine.

Though I was 24, I had a lot in common with my 17-year-old soap opera character...

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