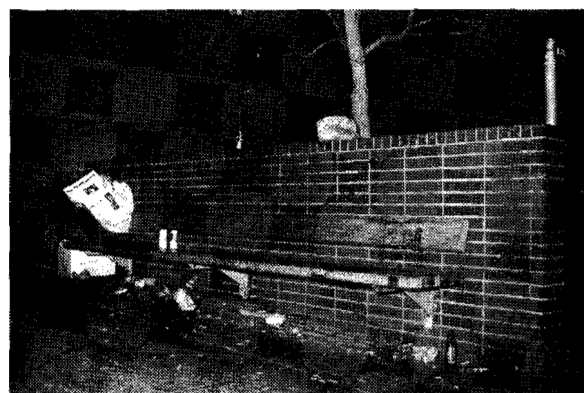
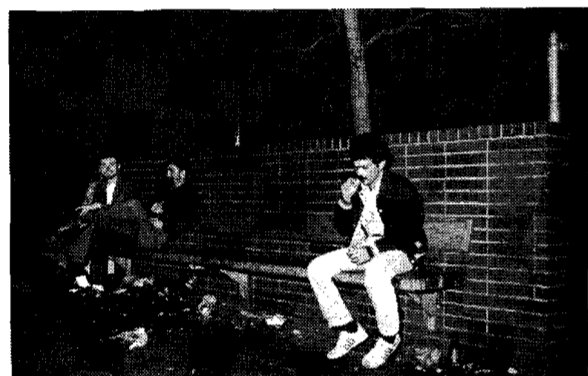


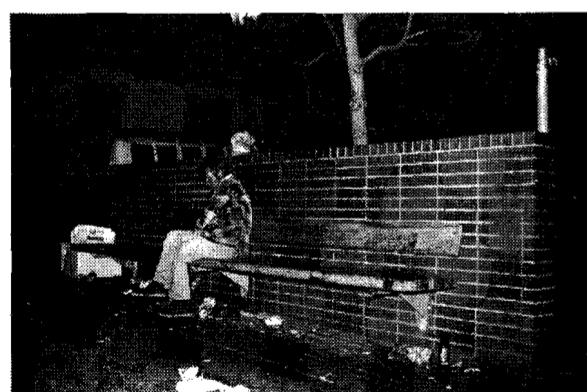
10:00 p.m. Teenagers smoke dope and drink beer behind the wall. On the bench W and D engage in conversation. I sit down next to W and D assumes that we are lovers. D lives in a hotel off Market Street and judging by his conversation, he spends most of his time fighting with his mother. D decides that we all need a beer and departs for the liquor store. We sit there drinking out of aluminum cans and D reminisces about the past, dwelling on his attractiveness at age 20. W and I walk up Collingwood and come down Castro at 19th. In front of the record store he tells me his boyfriend stood him up on Friday night. W didn't mind that his boyfriend had been out tricking, he just didn't like being stood up.



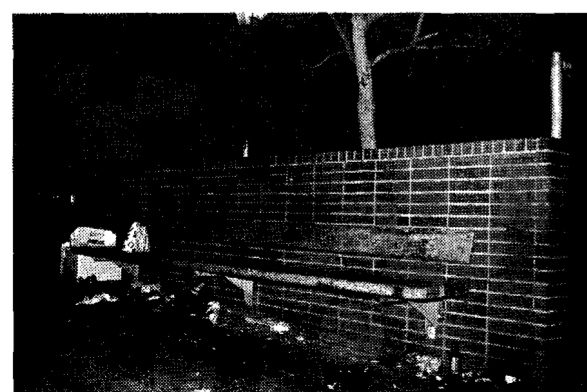
11:00 p.m. The bars are crowded but the bench is almost empty. W is hungry so we walk over to his apartment to fix some dinner. The rooms are rather sparsely furnished and the empty white walls make it seem rather transient. W's roommate builds models and the living room and bedroom are filled with airplanes and ships. W is preparing dinner but I can't look at the food because of the speed. After dinner we go into the bedroom and lay down on the bed. We both know there isn't enough time so after rolling around a bit we head back to Castro Street.



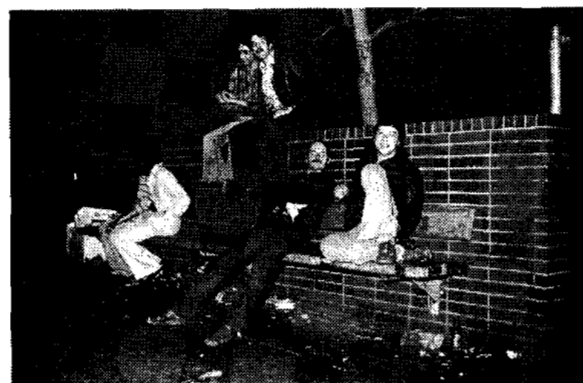
12:00 midnight The boys discuss the attributes of Buena Vista Park. One of them makes caustic remarks about everyone who walks by. I'm sure that at any moment he'll start a fight with a passerby. Eventually they leave, planning to try their luck in the bars before heading up to the park. W and I are alone now and he tells me he must go because he has to be in church early Sunday morning. We exchange telephone numbers. I depart for Toad Hall and find F sitting at the bar. He's pretty drunk at this point, which I find rather humorous. F buys me a couple of beers as we drunkenly try to assess the state of the visual arts in San Francisco. I excuse myself and head back to the bench.



1:00 a.m. D has returned but is not quite conscious. Castro Street is quiet and I go back to look for F. I'm loaded by this time and worry about the camera and flash not working properly. F is out of control, dropping everything on the floor. He wants to go home so I steer him to the door. Out on the street I flag down a cab and hope that F will be moderately coherent in the morning for his brunch engagement.



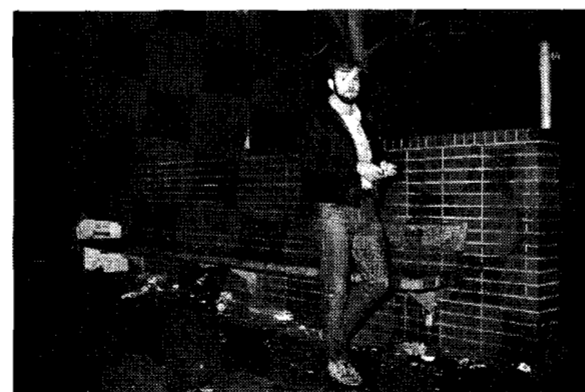
2:00 a.m. The bench is empty but Castro Street is filled with hundreds of men looking for a Saturday night trick. The sidewalks are almost impassable as the boys look each other over and try to find someone to spend the night with. Everyone is a little more desperate and obvious at this point. I walk up Castro Street to the Bank of America where a woman is performing on top of a wooden platform. She does impersonations and perverted puppet routines, and attempts to sing. I fantasize, was Berlin like this? There must be two hundred men watching her. They throw coins and dollar bills into the violin case which her assistant passes through the crowd. She breaks the late night desperation, joking and gently abusing the men. For a brief moment the boys forget why they're out on the street. More men move towards the corner. Some have picked up tricks and pause to listen to her on their way home. Others depart alone. Some filter into the Jaguar Bookstore, a few catch buses down to the baths. It's easy to cruise people in the crowd. A handsome boy with short, dark curly hair smiles at me. Shyly we look each other over, but neither of us makes a move. I enjoy the game, but eventually another man approaches him and they leave together. I walk back down to 18th Street, pausing to talk to friends of friends along the way.



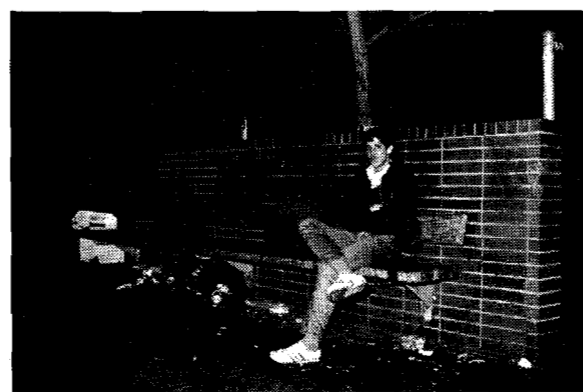
3:00 a.m. The bench becomes a resting place for men who have nowhere else to go. V appears and we walk up to Castro Cafe for breakfast. The restaurant is jammed and we wait 30 minutes for two seats at the counter. After ordering I excuse myself and return to the bench.



4:00 a.m. I arrive back at the cafe just as breakfast is being served. I've lost all sense of time and my eyes burn from the fluorescent lights. Considering my past involvements with V this rendezvous is particularly strange. We hang out as long as possible and then I walk V back to the parking lot. He promises to leave some Valium taped to the door of his house so that I can come off the speed when I finish the photographs.



5:00 a.m. The street is almost empty and even Castro Cafe has shut down for an hour. The Jaguar Bookstore closed down at 4:00 a.m. and half a dozen boys from the back room pace up and down Castro Street. They move in a great circular pattern from the doughnut shop to Twin Peaks, across the street to Bank of America and then down to the drugstore. Little streams of urine flow from the doorways where the boys have paused to relieve themselves. M, a Jaguar regular, and I meet in front of Toad Hall and pace back and forth together for awhile. The doughnut shop is the only place open on the street. The crowd is mixed, but a lot of punks seem to be hanging out drinking coffee.



6:00 a.m. S sits on the bench with his duffle bag and cassette recorder. He had finished his laundry at 4:00 a.m. and is waiting for the bus to take him up the hill. Neither of us knows what time the bus starts running on Sunday. S seems content just to sit there and watch the sun rise behind Hibernia Bank. Periodically someone will cruise by in a car and slow down when they see us on the bench. I drive back to the Haight for the remainder of the hour and pick up the Valium and check my mail. I give a lift to a kid in black leather who can't be more than 18. There's an old Fred MacMurray movie on television, but I can't remember who the actress is.



7:00 a.m. I park the car on 18th Street and a man in a station wagon pulls up behind me. He follows me to the bench and asks if I will come home with him. He only lives up the hill he says. But it's 7:00 a.m. I reply. I can't figure out if he's getting an early start on the day, or still working on Saturday night. S hasn't left the bench and I don't think he really cares if the bus comes or not. The Castro Cafe is open and I head over there to read the paper and drink some Sanka. The crowd is friendly, but the waiter is really buzzed. Someone slipped a hit of acid into his coffee while he was working the graveyard shift. The bar owners are sweeping the floors and trying to air out the bars before the Sunday afternoon crowds arrive. Over at the Bakery the cooks are readying the hashbrowns and eggs for the Sunday brunch crowd. Out on Castro Street a few of the boys are beginning to make their way home. Black leather looks absurd at this time of day.



8:00 a.m.