

667-2620

CLASSIFIED

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Are you more than just another pretty face?

Generous, Creative Businessman Wants To Find A Hot, Sexy Woman With A Good Sense Of Humor

Are you a soft, sexy, exciting lady who would like to have a little taste of part-time paradise?

If so, read on.

My name is Gary and I am looking for a very special woman who would like to share a few small (but exciting!) adventures with me and who wants to enjoy a part-time slice of the good life. Are you that woman? Maybe. Maybe not. The first thing it depends on is me. You see, if I'm not your kind of guy, then what I have to offer may not be your idea of how life should be lived.

So let's start with me. Here's what my life is like. First of all, I'm an early riser. I usually get up around 6 a.m. and eat a piece of fruit and drink a cup of coffee, and then, on most days, by 6:30 a.m. I'm jogging around Lake Hollywood. How far I run depends on how good I feel. It's never less than three miles and seldom more than seven. When I'm finished, I get into my car and drive to a place I call "The House of Pain" (actually the sign outside says "Vince's Gym") where a stone-age sadist who masquerades as a fitness instructor forces me to use dumbbells, barbells, and other fiendish contraptions in ways for which my body was not designed.

Whatever. After about an hour of this, I travel to yet another establishment where I give my tired, hurting body a chance to recover while I rest upon a UVA suntan bed and listen to soothing music (usually Rod Stewart or Jimmy Buffet) on a pair of stereo headphones.

By the time I am finished, it is approximately 9:45 a.m. and what I do next is go home, shower, change into fresh clothes and eat a light

breakfast.

Finally, after all this, I go to work.

And boy, do I ever work! I love what I do for a living, and, I must confess, I am truly a workaholic. For example, right now I am attempting to put together the financial and promotional packages for 10 different feature films. I am writing two books (one fiction and one non-fiction). I am collaborating on a screenplay and I am attending to the details of two businesses I own personally, and also, to the business details of several corporate and personal clients whose names are household words.

It's quite a workload.

And what do I do after I stop working? What is my big reward for all this running and grunting and pumping iron and stretching and straining and writing and thinking and solving and creating and caring and so on?

Nothing, that's what! Nada. Zip. Not doodley squat. No "Miller Time!" No drugs. No sex. No rock and roll.

Not even a little wine and some quiet classical music.

Why? The answer is simple. You see, for the last 3-1/2 months, I have been spending my evenings and weekends on a marathon of non-stop sulking.

Why have I been sulking? Good question. And, once again, the answer is simple. You see, up until 3-1/2 months ago, my "Miller Time" was terrific. It was terrific because there was a very beautiful, very erotic, very special lady in my life and we were in a relationship I thought would last forever. But, that relationship has ended. It has ended stupidly, tragically, and for insane

reasons totally beyond the ability of any human to control.

Well, such is life. But what's done is done and 3-1/2 months' worth of sulking is more than enough for anyone and now it is time for me to climb up out of my sulk and find myself another special woman.

So why write an ad? Why do I have to *advertise* for a woman? Am I some kind of geek with two heads and bad breath?

No, I am not. I'm a reasonably attractive (maybe even semi-handsome?) caucasian male in his mid-forties with a sparkling personality (except when I'm sulking), a keen wit, a steady hand, and a clear eye. I've got a good tan, dark brown hair and a short, neatly trimmed dark brown beard with a couple of "interesting" spots of grey. I am of average size. Not short, not tall; not fat, not skinny. I'm in excellent health. I'm not hurting for money and I can look any maitre d' in the country right square in the eye without flinching.

So once again, why do I have to advertise to get a woman? Well, actually, I don't. I've been married twice. I've had a few other serious relationships and, of course, my share of one-night stands and short-term romances. I've enjoyed the company of a few really outstanding ladies and I want to do so again.

But you know what else? I've also met many ladies who were not so outstanding. In fact, I've met more than a few women who, although they had great exteriors, they were, on the inside, *flat out bummers!*

Want some examples? You do? OK, you asked for it. Try these out for size.

Zelda The Princess. Zelda is a

26-year-old Jewish lady who waltzed into my office and immediately informed me (before I even had a chance to say hello) she wanted me to write an ad for her and she wanted to go to bed with me.

Well, what the hell, on some days I'm a pushover. She got what she wanted and I must admit, she gave me one of the most thorough screwings I've ever had in my life.

Unfortunately, it didn't happen in bed.

And, what happened in bed was unfortunate also. You see, Zelda's idea of good sex is brutality. She wants a man who will slap her around, degrade and humiliate her and, quite literally, bounce her off the walls.

Sorry, but that's not for me. I like to make love with a woman, not war.

Sherry The Tragic. Sherry was a secretary and a go-go dancer. Great body, a very pretty face and a good sense of humor. Unfortunately, she was also a "walking accident" looking for a place to happen. She was always in court on charges relating to neglecting her four-year-old daughter and her ex-boyfriend was a Mafia hit man (true) who wanted her back and was trying to find her.

We had a *very brief* affair.

Karen The "Would-Be" Prostitute. A gorgeous woman who, after our affair got going, confessed to me she wanted to live her life as a hooker. Then she informed me she wanted me to be her first "John" and I should start paying her for sex. When I refused, she decided I would be her lord and master (pimp) and she would have sex with other men and make them pay and then give the money to me.

This also was a *very brief* affair.

Claudia The Actress. Sensational looks. A real traffic stopper. I used her in a few full-page ads and I created a perfume promotion based around her. We started hanging out with each other and I was the envy of all the men who saw us together.

Except me. I wasn't envious of me at all. Claudia had a terminal case of tunnel vision. The only thing she could focus on whatsoever for more than 10-seconds was her precious career.

She was deadly dull. I couldn't

sustain enough interest in her to even take her to bed.

I could go on and on. All of these examples (except for the names) are true. They have not been made up. In fact, they have been *toned down!*

And so far, I haven't even described what I consider the *worst* category of women at all.

These are women who, in my opinion, might actually be clinically crazy. You want to know how I can tell? It's easy. You see, these are all the women who do not have any of the drawbacks that turn me off, and who, for some inexplicable reason, are not interested in me.

Can you imagine that?

What do I want in a woman? Well, I've got a pretty good idea but I am I must admit, quite flexible. However, I have a *very clear* idea of what I *don't* want and it is here I am *not* flexible at all. So let's start with that. Here then are...

7 Things Gary Does NOT Want From A Woman!

#1. DEATH OR DISEASE. This is my number one no-no. Listen, I've never had sex with a gay man, a bi-sexual man, a transsexual man or any kind of man at all. I hardly ever go near Santa Monica Boulevard and, when I do the only place I ever stop is Barney's Beanery.

And, even then, I never eat quiche.

In other words, I'm straight. Also, I'm not a hemophiliac. I've never had a blood transfusion. I'm not a junkie and I never stick needles into my body. I'm not promiscuous. I don't mess around with prostitutes (I tried it years ago and it was boring), and I've never even been close to Africa or Haiti.

What this means, of course, is with any kind of luck at all (knock on wood) I do not have AIDS. Also, to my knowledge, I do not have any other type of dreadful communicable disease including syphilis, gonorrhea, herpes, hepatitis, or even the bubonic plague.

If you can't say the same, *please, please* do NOT respond to this ad.

#2. DRUG DRAMAS. Do you like to drink a little or get a little high once in a while so you can loosen up and party down? You do? Good! That means you and I can have some fun. But please... read that first sentence again. See where

it says "a little" and "every once in a while"? Those words are important to me. Therefore, if *your* idea of "a little" and "every once in a while" is to get drunk or stoned every day, if the way you like to use cocaine is by freebasing or injecting it, if you gulp down Valium or Quaaludes by the fistful, if you use PCP or heroin in any way, shape or form, then I must, once again, ask you to please NOT answer this ad.

#3. DESPERATE DILEMMAS.

Are you sleeping in your car because your rent is six months overdue? Is your ex-husband a hatchet murderer who is trying to track you down and who swears to mutilate any man who so much as looks at you? Are you in desperate need of fast money because your poor old mother needs a kidney transplant in order to keep on living?

I'm sorry. I really am. But I'm just an ordinary everyday nice guy. I'm not Superman or even Lee Ioacocca. I'm very compassionate and very understanding but I have recently retired from trying to save the world.

Therefore, I'm not qualified to save your life. However, if you will let me, I might be able to enhance it by adding to it some excitement and romance.

#4. MARRIAGE. I've been married twice and, both times it spoiled a great romance. I don't want to get married again and I don't want to live with you either. You see, at this point in my life, I don't want to *own* a woman. I just want to *enjoy* one.

It would be nice if you decide to answer this ad, if you already have some sort of life of your own. I don't want to be your everything. I would much rather be that special somebody who you see two or three times a week and who makes you feel good.

Would that be OK?

#5. I DON'T WANT A SEXUAL SWINGER. Do you spend your evenings attending orgies at the A-Frame? Do you have a lifetime membership at Plato's? Do you refuse to call yourself a prostitute even though you run a credit check on every man you meet before you go to bed with him? Do you have a time clock in your panties and a cash register in your bra?

Sorry, we're not compatible.

You know, even though I've been married and I've been around, I feel that by Southern California standards, I'm almost a virgin. For example, someone told me recently Hugh Hefner has been to bed with more than 3,000 women.

Could that be true? I don't know but, if it is, he is in my opinion, a man to be pitied, not to be envied.

I'll take quality over quantity any day.

#6. I DON'T WANT A SEXUAL PRUDE. I bet by now you think I'm repressed, don't you? I bet you think the hot throb of lust does not live in my loins. I bet you think if you and Kelly LeBrock showed up at my door with a suitcase full of excitement from Trashy Lingerie (they're located at 402 N. La Cienga and they've got the hottest stuff in town!) and suggested we have a menage a trois I would toss you both out on your ear and report you to Jerry Falwell.

You are wrong. You are wrong. You are wrong. You are wrong.

Fear not. I may be cautious but I'm *not* crazy.

Hark unto me. Listen. Just because I'm not into freebasing, orgies and non-stop promiscuity doesn't mean I'm dead. It's true I don't want a woman who's been sleeping with everything in pants. However on the other hand, if you are a 35-year-old virgin who thinks foreplay should be 1/2 hour of begging and "oral sex" is the name of a disgusting new group of punk rockers then, you may rest assured, our stars were simply not meant to cross.

#7. I DON'T WANT A WOMAN WHO CAN'T STAND PROSPERITY. Don't laugh. I lost the love of my life because things got "too good." Some people are into the struggle and not the reward.

I'm into both. As you already know, I like to work but work without reward is senseless. It seems to me many women (and men) just insist on filling up their lives with a lot of needless trauma.

Not me. I want the payoff along with the pain. Therefore...

*"If you don't want the good
And just want the bad,
Don't waste your time
By answering this ad!"*

Good Lord, that was corny, wasn't

it?

Well, anyway, that's my laundry list of what I don't want and in fact, what I can't handle. Now comes the hard part. I really feel awkward about saying what I *do* want. I'm afraid if I get too explicit it will seem like I'm an insensitive clod ordering something from a Chinese menu.

On the other hand, if I don't set down *some* guidelines, I'm afraid this ad will be answered by many women with whom I would not be at all compatible.

So please, give me a break. I'm not nearly as definite about what I am about to write as it will appear in print. Remember, what I am about to write is *not* etched in stone.

Anyway, here I go. My idea of a perfect woman is someone who is intelligent and healthy with a good sense of humor and someone who will *take my breath away* when I see her in a string bikini!

As far as age is concerned, if you are somewhere between 25 and 35 that would be just fine and, if you are a little younger or a little older, that is probably no big deal.

I like women who take care of themselves. If you have a slender, healthy body, a reasonably slim waist, rather generous breasts (God that sounds redneck, doesn't it?), a very pretty face and a good sense of humor then quite frankly, you sound like *heaven* to me!

So much for specifications.

And now if after all this, you are still interested, what can you *expect* from me? Well, the first word in the headline of this ad is "Generous" and I am just that. However, generous does not mean "chump." It also doesn't mean I want to pay for sex. That's ridiculous. Any man in L.A. who wants to pay for sex doesn't have to write an ad, all he has to do is *answer* one. Those ads are all over, even in the yellow pages.

Here's what I mean by generous. I love to buy presents for women. I like to take them to movies and plays and I love to send flowers and buy them jewelry and clothes and, if I really get involved with a woman, I rather enjoy helping to support her and helping her to elevate her lifestyle.

Also, I give great vacations. I love to travel for long weekends (four

days or so) to Acapulco, Hawaii, Fort Lauderdale, the Bahamas, and so on. I only fly first class and I try to always stay in the best hotels and eat in the best restaurants.

Does any of this sound good to you? I hope so. This is an honest ad. Every word is true and although I've made a modest attempt to make it entertaining, you should also know I am sincere.

Are you leery about answering a personal ad? I don't blame you. I sure am. Before I decided to write this ad I started reading other "personal ads" and they scare the hell out of me. I'm always afraid they are being written by sexually sick people or real losers and sometimes by people who are downright dangerous.

I mean have you read those ads? They go like this:

"Psychotic white woman wants to be sodomized by 12 Cuban truck drivers and a boa constrictor while husband watches and salivates. Call 1-800-SICKY"

Or like this:

"96-year-old lady with youthful outlook wants to meet vegetarian non-smoker to discuss saving the whales and other ecological concerns."

Or:

"Pleasingly plump 590 pound woman wants to meet sincere fun loving man to care for her and her lovely 18 children."

And so on.

I'm not like that. Really, I'm not. I promise. I'm a reasonably normal healthy male who would like to add a little excitement and romance to his life with a reasonably normal, healthy female.

If you are at all interested or even curious, please write and tell me about yourself and how to get in touch with you and, also, please send a recent full length photo.

Who knows. Maybe we'll click and maybe we won't. But, at the very least, you won't be writing to some sick psychotic and maybe, just maybe, it will all turn out great.

Just write to:

**Gary, Box 208, 8033 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90046**

Thank you for your support.