



QQ MAGAZINE

For Gay Guys



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FOR ADULTS ONLY
Sexually Oriented Mat



QQ MAGAZINE ARTICLES INDEX

The following index of articles which have already appeared in QQ Magazine will help all our readers locate information on subjects of interest quickly and easily. It is intended to help subscribers who maintain a collection of back issues, and new readers desiring information which we make available through the sale of back issues (see ad in this magazine). Past articles are grouped according to general classification. Subjects are listed by exact title and by subject. The numbers following each title indicate volume, number, and page.

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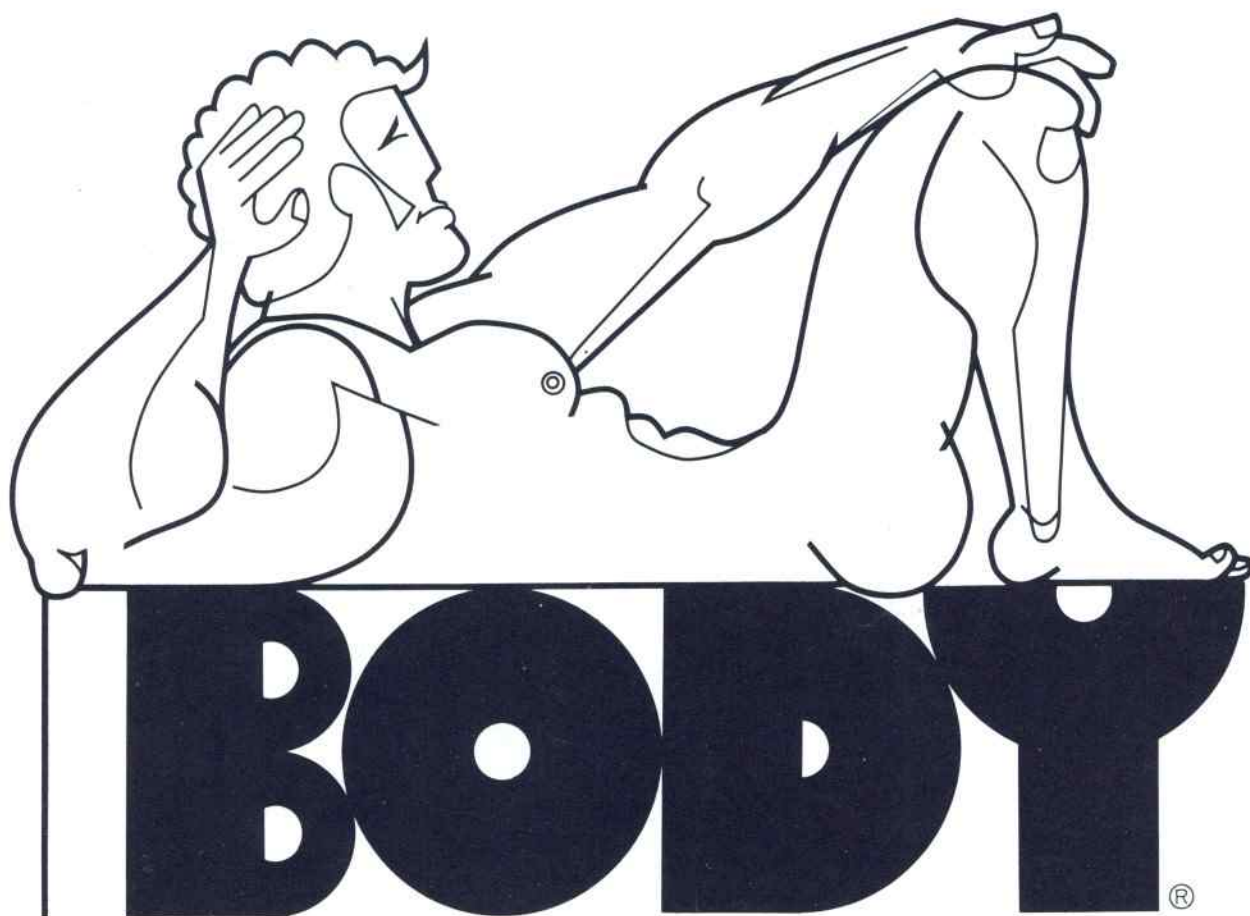
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NEW From The Guys At QQ . . . The Most Beautiful GAY PHOTO-FEATURE MAGAZINE Ever Produced . . .



Is BODY Just Another Gay Picture Magazine?

No. **BODY** is dedicated to the beauty of the male physique in its entirety. Unlike all other gay picture magazines which concentrate on the phallus only—**BODY** will also pay attention to beautiful faces and great bodies. In fact—only in **BODY** will you find the IDEAL MALE. More than 50 beautiful models will be featured in every issue—ranging in type from heavily muscled to rugged to lithe swimmer to sensitive young men. There will be something for everyone. What every model will have in common is a big phallus, firm buttocks, handsome body, and beautiful face.

Is BODY Like QQ Magazine?

Only in quality. Whereas QQ Magazine features articles WITH pictures—**BODY** features pictures WITH articles. Like QQ Magazine **BODY** is a big 8½X11 printed on heavy glossy stock. It has the same number of pages—plus a color cover, color center-spread (of the most beautiful frontal nudes seen anywhere), and color back cover.

What Kind Of Photo Features?

Here are just a few typical features you'll find in every issue of **BODY** magazine:

- **BODY** visits a gay nudist camp . . . guys stripping down and at play in the great outdoors.
- **BODY** goes shopping in America's most luxurious health foods store . . . and a bare-assed mammothly-hung shopper like this you've never seen before—and definitely not with a shopping cart!
- **BODY** attends a birthday party in the home of two lovers. Both beautiful swimmer types pop

champagne bottles . . . and each other!

- **BODY** presents the grooviest twin brothers in the U.S.A. Compare their beautiful young bods and find out once and for all if twin brothers REALLY are built alike!
- **BODY** is there when a young hippie welcomes his ole buddy from Paducah at his sex pad in New York. They smoke, play music, and sack out for old times' sake—and you're there with them!
- **BODY** travels to the nude gay beaches of the world—where the young and hung are the brightest things in the sun!



Are All Pictures Undraped Frontal Nudes?

About 90 percent. There are also rear views for those who groove on backsides. Very rarely will guys in clothing be featured. **BODY** is about bodies.

Is BODY Sold At Newsstands?

No. **BODY** comes on too strong for the average newsdealer. It will be sold only at a few select outlets in major cities—but, mainly, it will be sold BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY. The cover price is \$2—but at the U.S. subscription rate of \$9 a year for 6 bi-monthly issues . . . it comes to \$1.50 a magazine. (Subscribers in Mexico and Canada must send \$3 more for additional postage. Subscribers in all other countries must send \$9 more for postage.) Magazines are sent in heavy, "glazed" manila envelopes—so costly only Wall Street firms use them. They are plainly marked and individually sealed. **CANNOT BE SOLD TO THOSE UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE.**

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WHEN I speak of the "Gay Vote 1972," I'm talking about an estimated 4,000,000 to 8,000,000 possible voters (depending on whose estimates you believe). The Gay vote has always been strong, but the difference is that in 1972, for the first time ever, Gay people are beginning to realize that through sheer numbers, we have the potential to influence the elections—not only for President, but right on down to Senators, Representatives, District Attorneys, Judges, Mayors, Governors, Assemblymen, State Senators, and even Dog Catchers.

However, since this is a presidential election year, the "brass ring" is the race to win the lease at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. And, for the first time in history—openly—Gay candidates are running in a number of states to win delegate positions at the Democratic National Convention to be held during July in Miami Beach. And there's a strong possibility that the issue of Gay rights will be raised on the convention floor in full view of millions of citizens watching on their TVs.

All of the announced candidates for the presidency in both major parties have been approached in the last few months by various Gay organizations around the country for their views on issues of concern to Gay people, particularly in the areas of employment, housing and public accommodations. The only major candidates who have not publicly responded have been Nixon, Ashbrook, Muskie, and Wallace. In capsule form, the responses of the other candidates are as follows:

Shirley Chisholm

She has publicly announced that if elected president, she would issue an executive order banning discrimination against Gay people by the Federal government in the areas of employment, armed forces, immigration, veterans' rights and that she would support an amendment to the Civil Rights Acts of 1964 and 1968 to ban discrimination against Gay people.

Hubert Humphrey

He has declined to say publicly what he would do, specifically, to help Gay people. However, he has said, "I see no reason why homosexual Americans should be excluded from equal protection under the law. I am against arbitrary discrimination against homosexuals, especially as it pertains to unfair occupational hiring practices. Homosexuals are citizens; let us treat them as such."

John Lindsay

"The Presidency ought to be more than a vehicle for cynical manipulation of power, as we unfortunately see it used today. It should be a source of inspiration and guidance to the American people, and especially on those issues where vigorous leadership alone can wrest changes in long held attitudes and can eliminate the fears that produce discrimination. Only when the tone of leadership in Washington has been changed . . . will the grievances of homosexuals receive the attention and redress they have for so long warranted." (Continued on page 47)

Editorial

The Gay Vote 1972

By Craig Rodwell





THE 'TEMPOTENCE' TRAP

WAYS OF FULFILLING THE PLEASURE PROMISE

BY TERRY McWATERS

Gary, Gary Contemporary

how does your sexual garden grow?

*"With joy gels and popper shells
and cock rings all in a row!"*

THIS irreverent paraphrase on Mother Goose's gentle rhyme may seem to portend a meditation on Pop Sex—like crotch cosmetics, naked lunches, parimutuel fantasex, or the do-it-yourself *graffiti* that puts y-o-u in the picture. While this is partly true, what we should like to demonstrate, among other things, is that many devices and artifices of Pop Sex can help mightily in overcoming impotence.

Not absolute impotence, of course, which can be effectively treated only by a physician, but the tangling trap of what we call 'tempotence' . . . temporary impotence resulting from gay emotional hangups, of which most can be resolved with better self-understanding, a little more faith, and a lot more love (especially that!).

Because all gay guys want to function sexually with serene confidence and precise direction, impotence—whether it is absolute, temporary, emotional, copulatory, psychogenic . . . or that exasperating and embarrassing 'country cousin' of impotence: premature ejaculation—are tangents of the same sexual fraud: The Pleasure Promise Unfulfilled.

THE GODIVA PRINCIPLE

In commenting on impotence, Havelock Ellis notes that in certain gay Polynesian circles where sex is freely available around the clock—and the more casually it is accepted—the less one desires it, even to the point of abdicating it entirely . . . just as one might forego a never-ending banquet of rich desserts, or continue to bypass twenty-seven of Howard Johnson's delicious ice cream flavors for just an occasional dollop of vanilla. Thus we have impotence by *surfeit*, a kind of *nonemotional, uninvolved* tempotence that comes from having too much of a good thing (if that isn't rank heresy!).

From this, conversely, comes the sex-researchers' *Godiva Principle*—that a man is attracted to sex either in proportion to its declining availability, or in ratio to the increase of temptations or risks involved . . . sex whose promise is veiled, or which can be won only through the most artful ploys, or which is consummated in an atmosphere fraught with constant danger(s) . . . like Johns and the fuzz.

So a bit of sexillusion, or the thrill of the chase

(especially in a frequent change of locale), a greater variety in choice of sex partners (or types of partners . . . for instance, why not 'leather' if you haven't before?)—or just the intriguing 'iffiness' of doing something or someone totally out of your *milieu*, can quickly overcome the apathy of too-muchness or too-much-the-sameness that causes this form of tempotence and blast you into an exciting new orbit of sexual power and drive . . . like absolutely *insatiable*!

If you will refer to two past issues of *QQ Magazine*: Volume 2, Number 1 (*Variations On A Sexual Theme*), and Volume 2, Number 4 (*Supermarket Sex*), or the book *Gay Sex Techniques*, you will find some fascinatingly unique ways of bringing this about. All of these are available from the QQ Publishing Company and they are an investment in fun reading that yields extraordinarily high dividends in a new sexual *refreshment*.

LET'S PLAY

'COCK RING-AROUND-THE-ROSIE'

Seen any good pornographic movies lately? If so, then undoubtedly you noticed one feature common to all . . . the appearance at some time during the pornography (if that isn't redundant, since each film seems to be one continuous orgy) of the *cock ring*.

Whatever its other virtues, which are many, the cock ring is an inspired creation for firing a flagging phallus with a new enthusiasm. Based on the premise that anything that contributes to better sex is praiseworthy, the cock ring makes it possible to get a greater mileage from a phallus that—once erected—retires in defeat before ejaculating, which is a kind of impotence by *default* or *nonfeasance*.

When one puts on the metal cock ring, the erection caused by the infusion of blood in the penile reservoirs is *maintained* by the simple mechanics of compression . . . or as long as the ring is on, you're in! But it has many other intrinsic values:

- a) In putting on the larger ring (there are larger and smaller sizes, more about this in a moment), first one testicle is eased through the ring, then the other . . . and finally the phallus is worked through and pointed homeward like a happy bird dog with a prize pheasant. Happily, when this is done even the most insignificant phallus looks bigger and handsomer . . . and it's all tantalizingly there in

(Continued on page 30)





The editors neither condemn nor condone the S & M scene. It is part of gay life. In presenting this and other articles on the sexual aspect of sado-masochism and/or bizarre practices it is our intention to enlighten and not in any way whatsoever suggest the reader's indulgence in such activities. Here now we present the ins and outs of fist-fucking—a variation of gay sex which seems to be gaining momentum.

PROMISCUITY, as we well know, tends to become a way of life for the average gay. The emergence of new gay bars is definitely on the rise, and coupled with the steadily increasing number of cruising grounds (parks, theatres, etc.) it becomes ever easier for the aggressive gay to make out. No one will quarrel with the advantages of this state of affairs, but it recently occurred to me that the facility with which we gay guys get laid tends, at a relatively early age, to make us just the tiniest bit jaded. Consequently, we are always on the lookout for new thrills, new excitements, new stimulants (witness the amazing popularity of poppers in a relatively short time; and it is becoming increasingly difficult to cruise a gay bar without running into a humpy number who isn't 'turned on' with something or other). Fads come and go—and the ones which prove to be of worth linger on.

The current entry in the switched-on sweepstakes seems to be fist-fucking. While this little game is not brand-spanking new, it was not until a relatively short time ago in very common use. To my knowledge, it first figured prominently on the West Coast, where, a couple of years ago, an organization known as the Fist Fuckers of America

(F.F.A.) came into being. This small and exclusive group gradually began appearing at parties and motorcycle runs, proudly flying their banner and displaying their patches—as well as a rather impressive array of dildoes ranging in size from average to gargantuan. At this writing, another group is in the process of organizing on the East Coast, and promises to be as active and popular as its western compatriot. The fist-fuckers are out of their closets, and on the lookout for new and interested talent.

If you have never explored the anal region of the male anatomy except with a cock or tongue, you may be a little reluctant or downright fearful about experimenting. Quell your fears and read on. Fist-fucking can be fun, with the proper application of the right lubricant and a large amount of common sense.

The first step is to find the right partner. This is admittedly easier said than done, since in a nude and prostrate position and impaled on the arm of another man you will not exactly be in a position of control. If you are determined to get fist-fucked for the first time, find someone who is not only adept at the art (for an art it is) but who is either known to you or has been referred by a reliable buddy. Advise him that this is your first time, so that he may exercise the proper caution required, especially for the initial entry.

Assuming these conditions have been met, you should then set up a date for sometime in the future, to allow yourself plenty of time to get in the right frame of mind, and to exercise a few

(Continued on page 31)

Sexual Audacity Overcoming Emotional Insecurity

By Walter Norris

YOUR hands are clammy . . . your eyes glaze over . . . that lump in your throat is choking the very life out of you. Your gut knots up . . . your heart quakes, and the bitter bilge of adrenalin sears your taste buds. Do you experience these terror symptoms when a seemingly guileless trick you cruised from a distance turns out to be simply overpowering when seen close up?

Or perhaps having negotiated this opening gambit of the sexual encounter (through what you can only ascribe to the mercy of Divine Providence) do you have reflexive second thoughts and blow your luck by falling deeper into the terror trap, wanting more than anything to make some excuse to break and run lest at the moment of truth you prove not as good as he, nor as nudely attractive as . . . as clever as . . . as sexually well-equipped as . . . nor as sexually expert as he? All of which drives you more deeply into a state of emotional insecurity since you just *know* he's going to be disappointed or bored, or feel sexually unchallenged . . . that the whole scene is going to fall apart.

Baby, you can overcome! That's the confident opinion of a gay pschiatrist who says "All it takes is a little more *sexual audacity!*"

'TOP BANANA'

Our psychiatrist friend believes, as did the late Dr. Karen Horney, that while emotional insecurity may stem from many obscure sources it has a definite, provable basis in sexual insecurity, as evidenced in five identifiable neurotic trends:

- a morbid need for personal admiration*
- an overwhelming need for affection*
- a compulsive need to dominate*
- an excessive dread of being criticized*
- a morbid fear of failure*

Thus he reasons that because emotional insecurity is so linked with sexual insecurity it logically follows that a man who can achieve sexual mastery (or become 'top banana', if you'll excuse the expression) automatically inspires admiration that usually leads to affection, passion, or even great love . . . and that once in complete sexual control he becomes just as confident of success in all other areas of his life . . . that the crushing dread of being criticized no longer has meaning (for who can argue with success?) . . . and that failure (to which each of us is a sometime victim) need no longer be traumatic, but accepted simply for what it is: an error of judgment . . . as 'just one of those things' . . . or, sexually, as just a case of 'bad vibes'.

'TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US'

So what is sexual audacity . . . and how can one become sexually 'audacious'?

As defined for our purpose, sexual audacity does not mean an outright sexual aggressiveness or boldness, although that is a

(Continued on page 34)





Masturbation in Prison And in the Prison of the Mind

Reflections on Jean Genet

By David Loo

CRIMINAL imprisonment and forced military service have both invited macabre fascination, chiefly because of their disruption of normal social relationships and especially sexual opportunities and habits. The first major homosexual writer to mount his whole body of literary works on these themes was the French Jean Genet, whose novels, plays, and poems explore these worlds through a homosexual looking-glass. Perhaps microscope should be substituted for mirror, the views become so detailed and penetrating.

Genet's readers become *voyeurs*, afforded bizarre and moving insight, intensified to masochistic proportions by identification with Genet's characters, and our vicarious suffering through the developing episodes.

No matter how often a chapter's narrative may take an outward direction (either outside the prison walls, or outside the prisoner's self), the action reverts compulsively to the self, to the small imprisoning cell, and to that final alienation, masturbation.

Masturbation in fact becomes the



Illustrations from "Notre Dame Des Fleurs"

ability to make us *believe all*, even if only reality; we never know which of the "truths" Genet feeds into the story of his hero are indeed truth, or simply speculative fantasies, to trap our prurient or pitying interest thus to lay the ground for an even bigger duplicity (or *profound truth?*) on the page we are about to turn next.

Genet's chief art then becomes his ability to make us *believe all*, even if we thereby become convinced finally that we must *doubt all*.

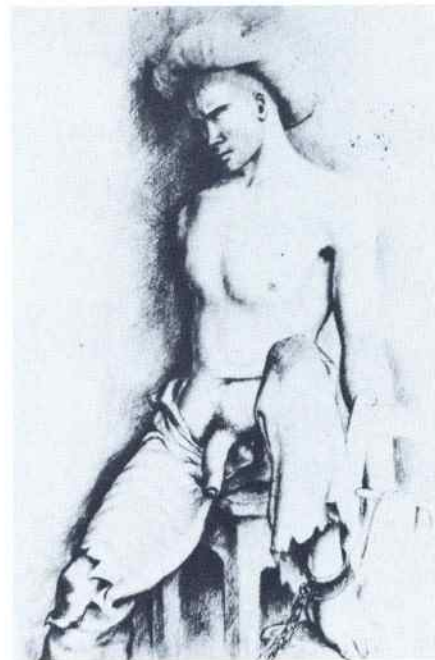
Genet's life story includes imprisonment—*frequent* imprisonment, desertion from the Foreign Legion, existence as a criminal vagabond and beggar ranging through much of Europe and massive association with both prominent and notorious homosexuals as well as petty thieves and murderers; there is no reason to downgrade the realities of his background or the validity of the materials from which his craft functions. You will believe him when, for example, he says: "... I get a hard-on, just robbing a house ... let me tell you, I really lubricate!"

I do not intend to explore either

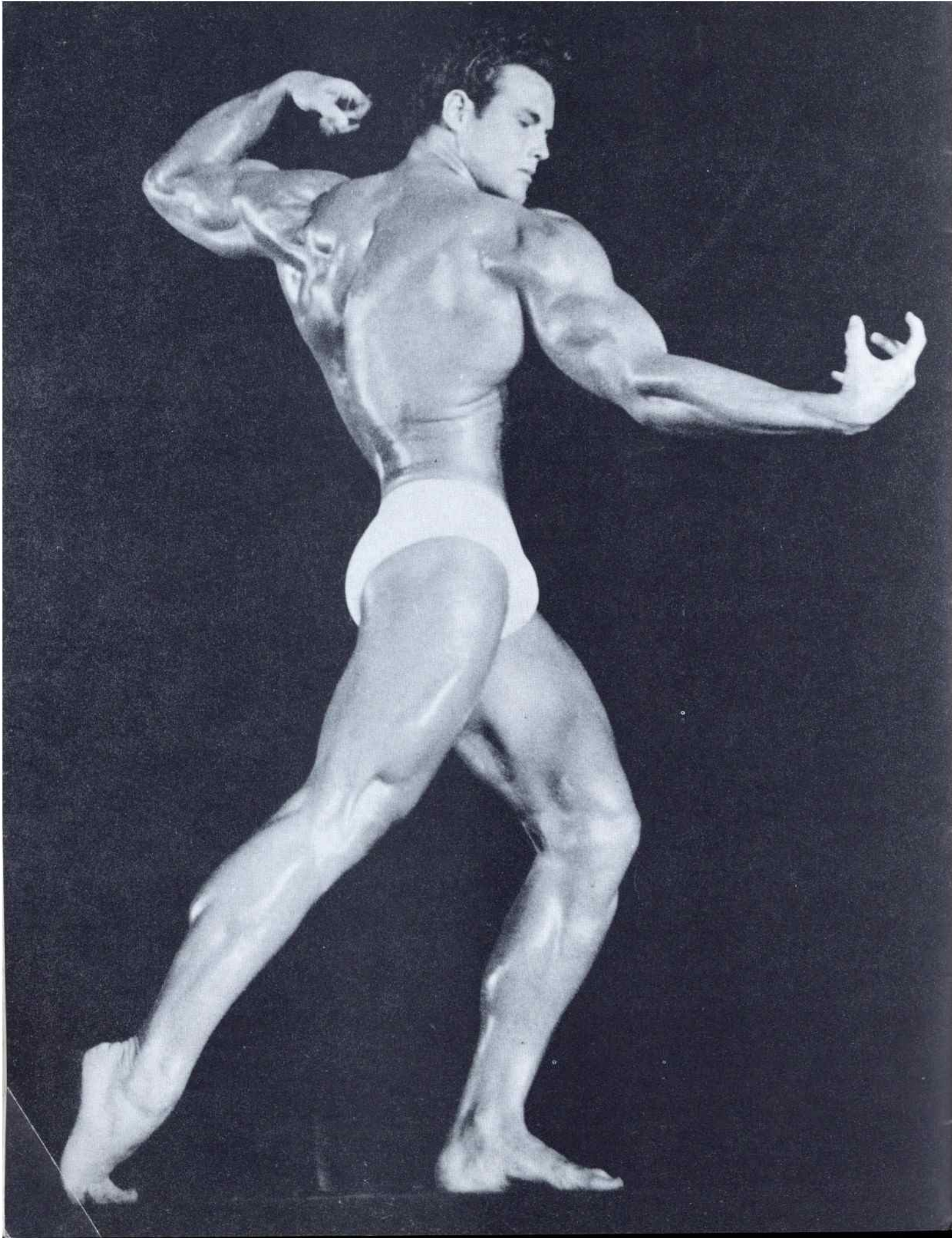
the literary or psychological qualities of Genet's writings here. They are of a high order, and merit great praise, far beyond the scope of an introductory article. What I *do* propose to stress is the immediacy of communication and impact of this writer.

My first exposure to Genet was through a translation of "Notre Dame Des Fleurs" smuggled for me by an airline crewman who shall remain nameless because he shortly became *jobless* when U.S. Customs inspectors searched him and found other publications they considered "indecent." I skimmed through the book hurriedly, because I was leaving the same night for a series of conferences in Canada. This was not my first trip to Toronto, but the memory of it still is remarkable after 20 years because the impact of this book was to force me in all my free time to scour and scourge the dark side streets and parks for more and still more sexual partners. I was certainly not drawn so much by "desires of the flesh" as by the goading of imagination inflamed by the tantalizing,

(Continued on page 36)







The Reeves I Knew

Recollections of The World's Greatest Physique Star

By Hal Warner
Former Editor of "The Young Physique"

IT is difficult to write in the first person about one's association with a noted personality without seeming to be on an ego trip, yet that is the only way I can tell you about Steve Reeves from the vantage point of my relationship with him without diffusing the image—as I remember him—of a man most bodybuilders regard as the greatest of all physique stars.

I came to know him well when I was engaged as solo harpist for the national tour of the musical play *Kismet* in which Steve appeared as one of the Wazir's guards. I led a double life in those days, preparing notes for the then *Adonis* and *Body Beautiful* magazines, often writing alongside Steve's dressing space (in tour theatres musicians, chorus and lesser stars often dress together) before going out in the pit to play the performance.

Steve had a small role of many entrances and exits but only a few lines ("Hark, the guard . . . hasten!"). However, his magnificent body was bare to such an extent that as far as bodybuilders and gay guys in the audience were concerned he was the real star of the show!

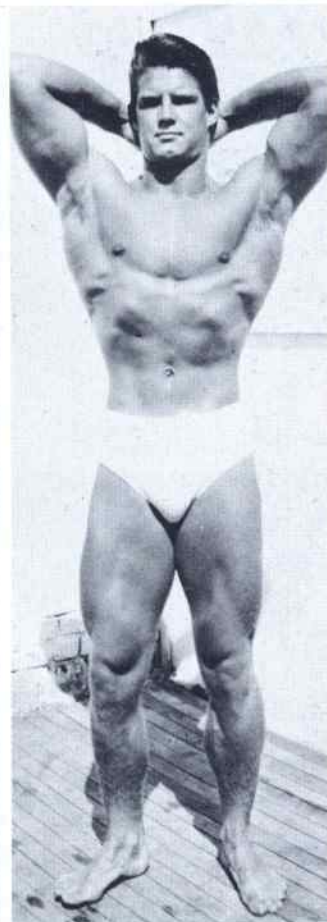
A PHALLUS OF NOBLE DISTINCTION

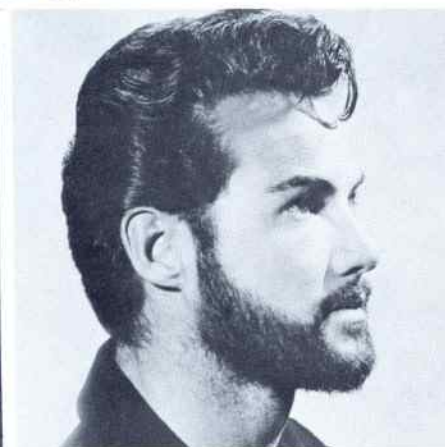
My most unforgettable memory of Steve is seeing him stride joyously nude from the shower after each performance. He had a quite characteristic gait (more about this later) which caused his gigantic phallus to swing wildly from side to side . . . so wildly, in fact, that I remember thinking it a case of 'the tail wagging the dog'.

It seems to me that it measured a bit more than nine inches relaxed and, like the rest of him, it was perfectly shaped . . . a long, thick, smooth shaft with about an inch of foreskin. All of us—musicians, chorus boys, stage hands—were transfixed. You simply couldn't take your eyes off it until he had begun to dress for to have done so would have been an act of pure treason! Quite understandably Steve seemed to relish all this attention for as soon as he'd step from the shower his eyes would light up and a gentle smile would wreath his lips.

"Hello, mother," he'd say, as he stopped at the dressing table. "Good show tonight, wasn't it?" Well-l-l . . . one never felt very motherly at such a time! However, it was a term he invariably used in addressing gay acquaintances

Left: Reeves at his best, 23 years-old in 1947—photographed in Paris by Arax just months after winning the Mr. America contest. Right, top and bottom left: "Early Reeves"—at age 16 his development foretold the physical magnificence that would soon be his. Bottom right: At 18 the "basic Reeves" was built. As the years passed his shape and symmetry remained unchanged—but his size increased.





although he did not use it derisively or condescendingly because he had such warmth of personality and depth of genuine feeling for gay guys there would, in any case, have been no sting in such a greeting. It was as though he had taken you into his confidence and, for a moment, had tried to make you feel just a little 'special'.

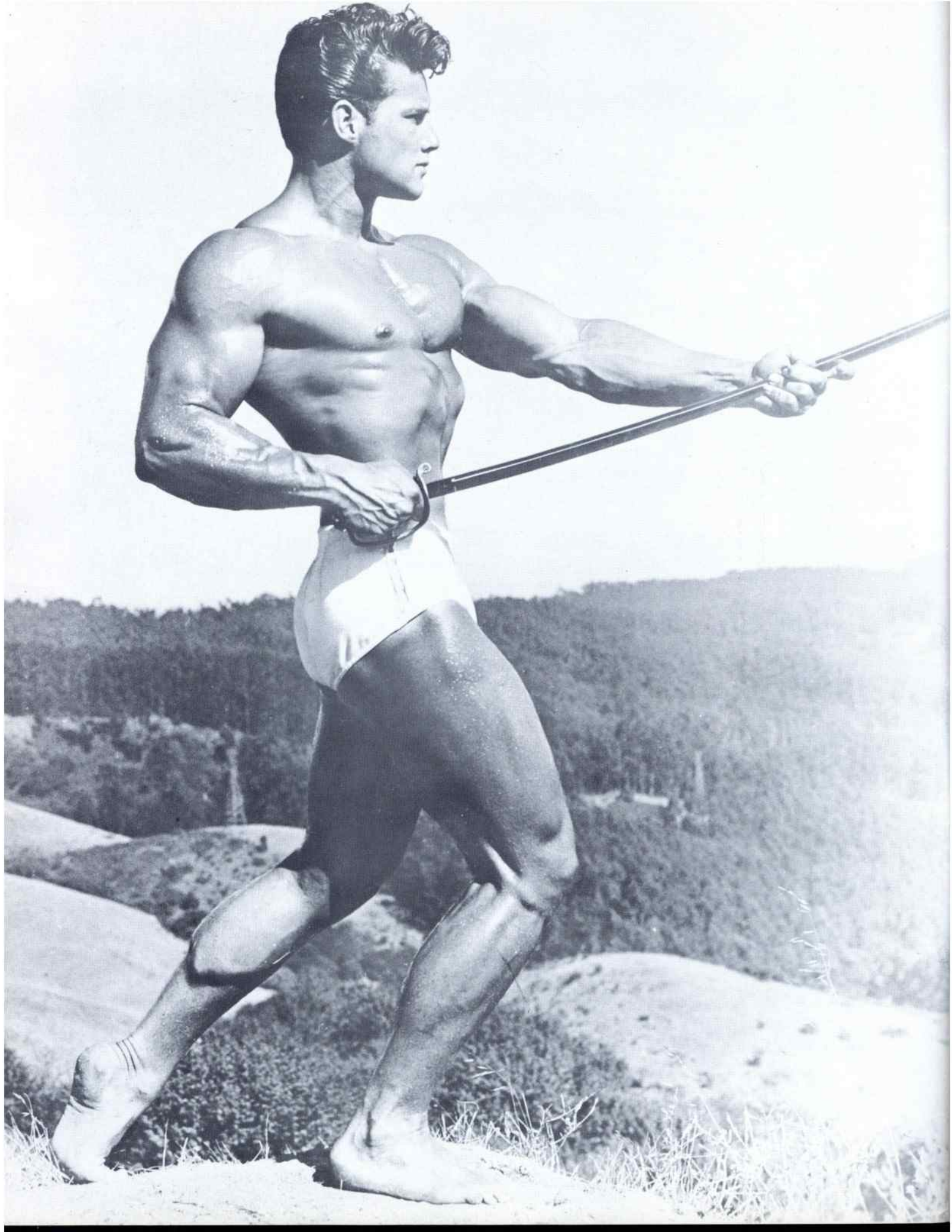
THE REEVES CACHET

The secret of Steve's spectacular development is *pelvic* . . . his pelvis is so narrow that on his six-feet-plus height everything stands out all the more dramatically by sheer contrast. His waistline is only about 29 inches, thus by virtue of its small girth his shoulders appear even wider than they are . . . and they are wi-i-ide! He would say "My mother makes my shirts because store-bought shirts won't go around my shoulders." (*When completely nude his phallus, too, by reason of this same pelvic dynamic, looks even larger than its approximate 9-or-so inches . . . more like 10 or 11 . . . unbelievable!*)

His chest is famous for its cleanly-chiseled, square pectorals, a Reeves trademark . . . his arms are, of course, magnificent . . . and both chest and arms look even larger because of the small pelvic formation. His calves are an eye-popping 19 inches . . . as perfectly shaped as a pair of fine-cut diamonds. Contrary to what has been written about Steve's calf development as being the result of his having pedalled up the steep San Francisco hills on his bike to deliver newspapers, he says "More likely it's due to my very springy stride which engages all the calf muscles with each step I take." Truly, to see him walk is like seeing the joyous liftoff of a moon-bound spacecraft. The arch of his foot is extraordinarily high. Add to this his

This page top: Soon after winning the Mr. America contest Reeves went to work in a men's clothing store in Chicago. He quit after a few weeks. Reeves was ahead of his time in every respect; note his unconventional dress—which caused quite a stir when he visited London in order to compete in the Mr. Universe contest, which he won. Middle: His handsome face helped carry him to stardom. The photo on the left was taken in 1947. The one on the right is more familiar to moviegoers who have come to love Reeves in his 'Hercules' roles. Bottom: His first movie was "Athena," which gained him public recognition—and caused Joseph E. Levine to cast him as 'Hercules'. Right: Reeves in his Chicago days—shortly after winning the Mr. America contest.





famous smile revealing 32 perfect teeth ("I've never brushed with toothpaste . . . just plain old salt!") and you have that special 'uniqueness' that is Steve Reeves.

TRIAL AND ERROR

But what is not so unique about Steve is that like so many of us he's had his share of failures. When he became Mr. America he was only 23, a boy not long from the hills of his native Montana, and he was to a considerable extent the victim of those who saw in him a success potential based on a new phenomenon of 'muscle glamour', and they wanted desperately to be near him, or cling to, or manipulate him in some way for their own private ends. Like a blind centipede they groped at him from all directions. But this caused Steve—by nature somewhat reserved—to withdraw even more into himself. A natural shyness now took on the semblance of actual coldness, and a case in point will show why this was so.

Siegmund Klein, a famous New York gym owner, asked Steve to pose at one of his muscle shows. While there a gay young millionaire sportsman (now dead) persuaded Klein to give a dinner at Toots Shor's in honor of Steve. He had the hots for Steve and hoped to get to know him better on this occasion. But more than that, as a business man he saw the Reeves potential and was prepared to back him with plenty of money until this potential became a reality. However, at the dinner Steve was so seemingly frozen within himself, and answered each of the host's questions with a monosyllabic 'yes' or 'no' that he called Klein aside, gave him money to pay for the dinner, and beat a hasty retreat . . . puzzled by the fact that one so warm and glowing with sex-appeal on stage could be so cold in person . . . and thus Steve unwittingly muffed a chance for success the easy way; a chance to be a world star years before doing it the hard way.

In the main those who manipulated him were not vicious or predatory but simply *amateurs*. While he might have known that with all his equipment his ultimate domain was show business, he allowed himself to be sidetracked into

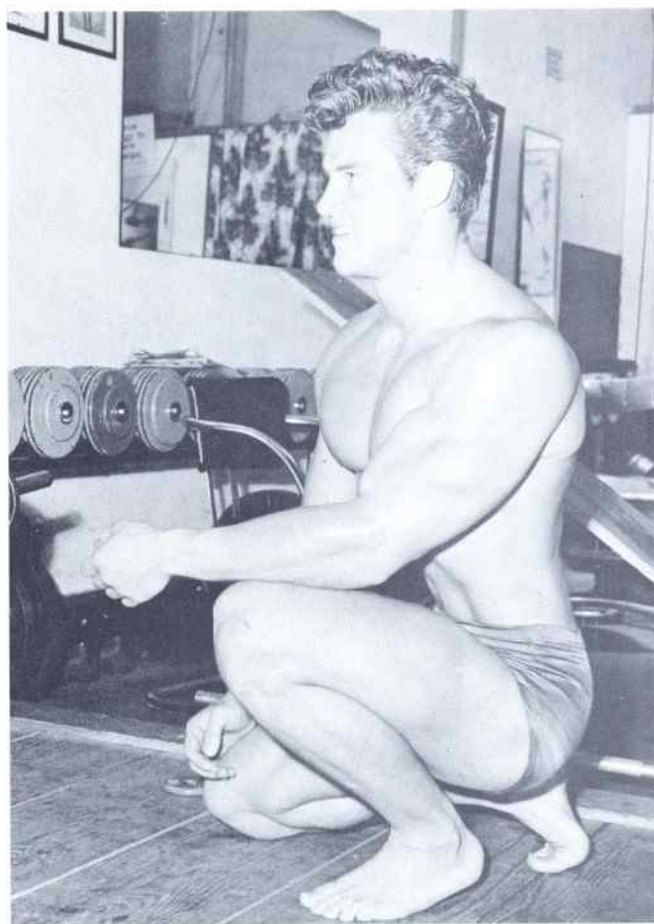
- a) *Operating a men's clothing store in Chicago (briefly)*
- b) *Operating a gym in Miami (mercifully shortlived, for why hitch a thorobred to a drayage wagon?)*
- c) *Being talked into taking bit parts in cops 'n robbers films in which none of that fabulous body ever saw the light of day!*

But his appearance in *Kismet* had a turnabout effect. Real pro movie scouts now saw in him what the amateurs had missed. Straightaway they cast him in *Athena*, and while it wasn't much of a movie it made moviegoers 'Reeves conscious' and a buildup of fan-mail and good judgment from producer Joseph E. Levine did the rest. Cast as *Hercules* he was simply breathtaking and the instant idol of escapist movie fans the world over. The rest is history. Today he is wealthy . . . happy . . . and handsomer than ever.

I shall always treasure

(Continued on page 39)

Left: This photo, from a series taken on a hill in California, shows the Reeves most bodybuilders know; it has inspired countless thousands of young throughout the world to lift weights. This page, top: Another photo of the 1947 Reeves—his first year of fame in the bodybuilding world. Bottom: Reeves today. It is rumored that he will eventually return to his native Montana—but he and his wife (a countess) have made Europe their home in recent years.



Gay Chicago

By Karl Laski

FIFTEEN years ago if you didn't know where to go for fun in Chicago you usually headed for the bus station—where entrapment was an art; the Blackstone Baths—where the management was so uptight that it was an effort just getting in; or the Lawson YMCA—where you had to trek up and down the back stairway smuggling guys into your room after having picked them up at the pool downstairs. Gay life in Chicago was in fact such a hassle that unless your scene was bars (there were a handful of good ones even then) you just bypassed it and stayed in Evanston—where the johns swung at Northwestern University, and where at the main YMCA you were more likely to run into college guys who were not uptight about making it.

But Chicago has come of age—and while many of the old places are still around there are plenty of new action spots to keep everyone happy. A plus factor in our favor is that homosexual acts between consenting adults in privacy is legal in Illinois—and while the police are sometimes forgetful and still pull entrapment the law has nevertheless eased cruising tensions.

Chicago is in fact a nice place to visit. It's the biggest city in the midwest—and that means lots of visiting farmer boys as well as sophisticated businessmen from other big cities. Winter vacations should be avoided if possible; Chicago gets bitter cold—and in summer you have the added bonus of park and beach cruising.

The city is filled with hotels and restaurants—and any guidebook will give you this information. Here is what you won't find listed elsewhere:

HOTELS

Most gay guys still like staying at the *Lawson YMCA*, 30 W. Chicago Ave. It's convenient and inexpensive and fun. Mr. Wonderful might pop up anywhere in the building—but the pool is still a good place to look.

Palmer House is not a gay hotel but has a gay bar in its basement—*Town and Country*. Cocktail hour is best. It's cruised by gay guys on the make for straight businessmen stopping at the hotel—and how convenient it is if YOU just happen to be stopping there too!

The *Allerton* is another hotel that has a gay bar. It's called the *Tip Top Tap* and it's on the top floor. Cocktail hour is a good time to meet a weary businessman who needs to find out what life is really all about.

The *Club Baths*, 609 La Salle, is part of a chain of gay baths. It cannot be considered a hotel in any sense of the word, but if you're on a tight budget and want to "have your cake and eat it too," check in late at night and after you've finished playing you can go to sleep. (Your personals can be stored in a locker at the bus station.) Tip: Secure membership to the Club by attending a branch in your home area before travelling; the managers at most places can be extremely unfriendly about admitting

strangers.

RESTAURANTS

If you insist on eating at a gay place your best bet is *The Trip*, 27 E. Ohio St. Primarily a bar but there is a good restaurant on the ground floor.

Mitchell's, corner of Division and State Sts., is not gay but popular with gay guys. The *Oak Tree*, corner of Rush and Oak Sts., is gay but doesn't swing until the bars close.

Try the restaurants near the Y. Chicago is big—and no matter where you eat you're bound to rub shoulders with other gay guys.

BARS

Lots of gay bars. Here's our selection:

Alameda Club, 5210 N. Sheridan Rd. There are drag shows and go-go boys. Popular.

Annex, 2865 N. Clark St. Crowded with young guys.

Baton, 400 N. Clark St. Front and back bars run by Madame Felicia. Go-go boys.

Bentley's, 640 N. State St. Mixed crowd and rough. A good place if your bag is making it with hustlers.

Blue Pub, 3059 W. Irving Pk. Typical gay bar.

Broadway Sam's, 5246 N. Broadway. Young guys and a good pickup place. Dancing.

Butch McGuire's, Division St. west of State St. This is not a gay bar as such but Chicago's most popular "singles bar." It's possible to make it with straight guys and this is why gay guys who dig trade go there.

Checkmate, 2546 N. Clark St. Popular with the older crowd—and young guys who enjoy older men. This classification is not rigid, however.

Gold Coast, 501 N. Clark St. Vaguely leather and western. Feminine types are not barred but find themselves feeling uncomfortable. Wear leather on Tuesdays and get 20 cents off on your beer.

Haig, 800 N. Dearborn St. Across the street from the Lawson Y. Once upon a time it used to swing and it may again.

King's Ransom, 20 E. Chicago Ave., small and cozy and sometimes interesting. Crowd looks rough.

Kitty Sheon's, 745 N. Rush St. Coat and tie required—and this is perhaps why its popularity is rapidly fading.

Mike's Aragon, 1113 W. Lawrence. Young crowd.

New Jamie's, 1116 N. Clark St. Rough crowd. Hustlers.

New Normandy, 744 N. Rush. Female mimics and male strippers.

Pepper's, 1502 W. Jarvis Ave. Youngish crowd.

Ruthie's, 2836 N. Clark St. Young crowd. Hustlers galore.

Sparrow's, 5224 N. Sheridan St. Drag shows and dancing.

Togetherness, 61 E. Hubbard St. Entertainment. Some lesbians.

Trip, 27 E. Ohio St. Young (Continued on page 44)



Nice is Nice for Nudes (II)

QQ Updates the Gay Vacation Scene Along the French Riviera

By David Bartel

READERS of the former *The Young Physique* magazine may recall with some amusement the article *Nice Is Nice For Nudes* which was the first gay European-travel article ever published and which, if it did not create a *cause célèbre*, at least stirred up a 'tempest in a tearoom', reverberations of which were to be heard for many months afterward.

First, many civic organizations of Nice were incensed by the article because, as they very testily wrote, it 'demeaned' the proud culture of their beautiful city. And although acknowledging that a gay 'subculture' existed there they had no desire to have it proliferated. (Translation: bad for business.)

But surprisingly enough the stronger complaints came from the gay citizenry of Nice who took umbrage because this surprising article had triggered a summer invasion by hordes of American gay guys of what they had always considered to be their own private outdoor nude 'ballroom' with the frustrating result that there was no longer any ball room. An excerpt from the article will serve to pinpoint cause-and-effect.

BUT NICE . . . AH, NICE!

There are many reasons why Nice is the physiquist's favorite resort, but this one will give you an idea. ('Physiquist', by the way, was a word coined by TYP for 'gay guy', which term could not be explicitly used at the time.)

Here nudity is as obligatory in certain areas as it ever was in Golden Greece. To appear clothed, even as minimally as on American beaches, dates you as being from another age and probably from another planet! Of course the beach directly along the shoreline around Nice, being quite public—and mixed—requires at least a token bathing costume . . . have some extra sequins handy, just in case!

But this, like so many frontal Riviera beaches, is rather poor, being of shale and gravel. The best beaches are the smaller ones around the little villages adjoining Nice . . . and here, just off the beaches, one finds beautiful arboreal terrain, quite secluded, where one may stretch out . . . and 'relax'. Here complete nudity is absolutely essential. Don't come if you're shy! It was this last line that did it!

"Shy . . . who's shy?" wailed a gay Nicois. "Mon dieu . . . you Americans are cannibals! And now there are so many of you here there's no longer any place where one can 'stretch out' and enjoy leisurely sex all day long as we've always done. Now we have to do it *vertically*, with each of us bobbing up and down from lover to lover like so many

genuflecting churchgoers!"

AN INVASION FROM NORTH AFRICA

Later, however, they generously forgave us, especially in the light of something they had not expected, and which the editor of the magazine had failed to take into account—that *The Young Physique* was read not just by Americans, but by gay guys the world over . . . especially in Africa!

Thus gay groups all along the Riviera—not just in Nice but in Cannes, St. Tropez and even on the mysterious and beautiful *Île du Levant* (and more about this intriguing place later on in this article)—were unprepared for a second invasion . . . this time by a phalanx of the largest phalluses known to the science of anthropometry.

Long accustomed to the blind meat/Roman Roll of their own gay brothers ('gay incest?') they were overwhelmed by the large circumcised phalluses of the Arabs from Cairo (9-10-11 inches) and even more so by those of the Afro-Arabs further north (12-13-14-15 inches . . . need we go on?). If you will refer to the unbelievable picture illustrating the chapter *The Phallus* in *The Homosexual Health Guidebook* published by The QQ Publishing Company, you will understand at a breathtaking glance at that fabulous frontal nude just what we mean!

Wild!

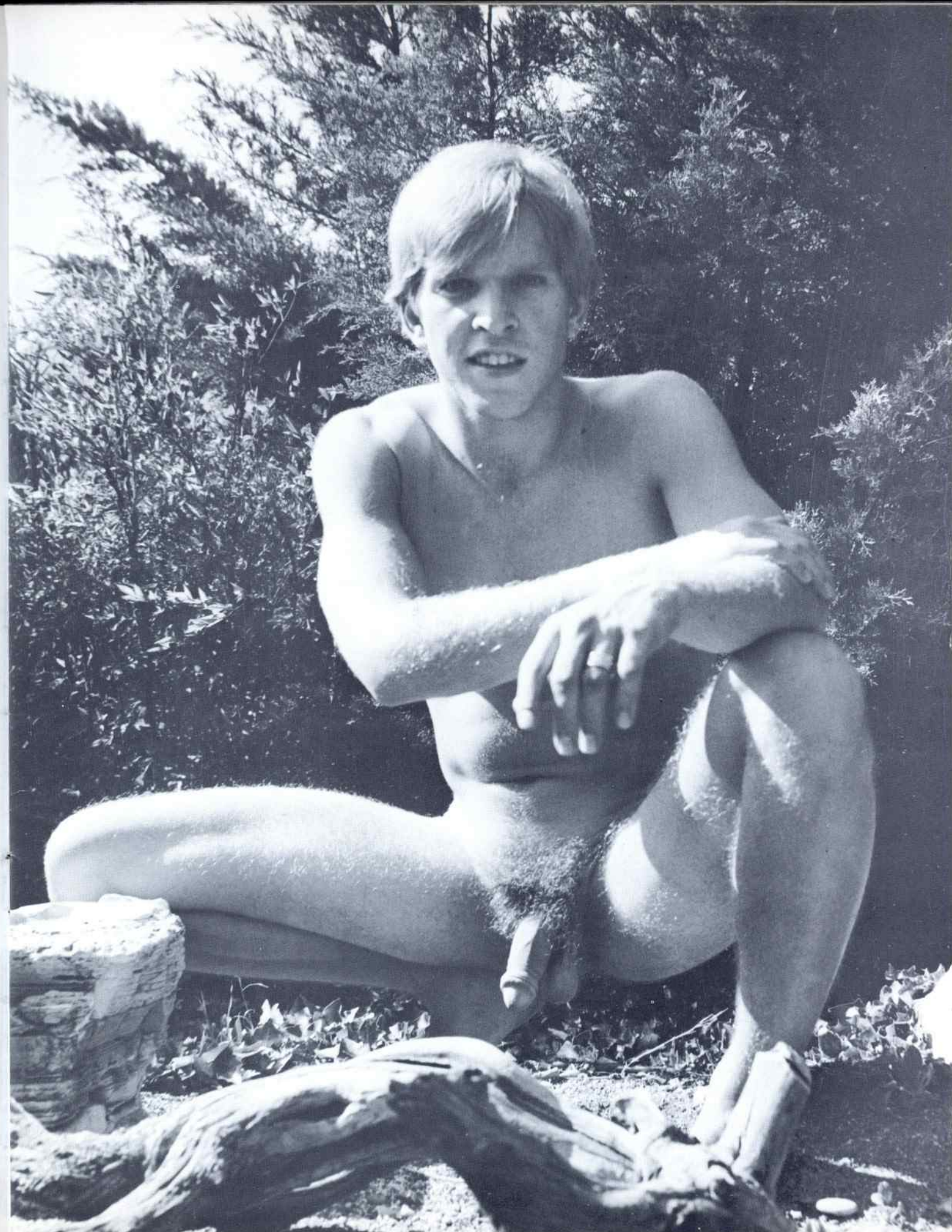
Now, of course, the French can hardly wait for summer and the annual influx of gay visitors from all over the globe . . . not only the big, big Arabs, but the long, long Swedes . . . the thick, thick Sardinians/Sicilians . . . the simply everything Spaniards (especially if there's a touch of the Moor) . . . and everyone from everywhere, each of whom has something uniquely his own to contribute.

SUMMER SOLSTICE

Would you like to share in all this Dionysian revelry? Then let us keep you *au courant* as to what to expect, where to find it, how to reach it, where to stay, and other interesting things that might help to make this a most memorable vacation for you.

First, it is important to bear in mind that the Riviera is ideal for a summer vacation—not winter. The season extends from May to September and after that the climate which has been heavenly grows damp and often cold. The *mistral*, you know. And so it is with this summer orientation in mind that we are currently publishing this article since it is the policy of *QQ Magazine* to brief all our readers well in advance of any projected vacation so that you will have time

(Continued on page 40)





GETTING TO KNOW YOU

INTRODUCTION BY
FRANK KEATING

QUESTIONS BY
CRAIG RODWELL
AND GEORGE DESANTIS

JUST recently we released two publications dealing with circumcision.

One booklet features photographs of the uncircumcised phallus ("Uncut"); the other, circumcised guys ("Cut"). Our advertising was explicit in order to enable buyers to choose either one or both, and while it is true that ordering both booklets meant a savings, the amount was too small to justify buying them if they weren't wanted.

It was not our intention to keep score when the orders came in—but on the suggestion of one of our editors we thought it might prove interesting to keep a record concerning booklets ordered and where from. A simple tally sheet was kept—listing states and major cities only; as the orders came in we racked up points.

At first the orders appeared to be scattered evenly, but as the weeks passed certain patterns became increasingly clear: While the majority of guys across the country were ordering both booklets, those who ordered one booklet only were buying ten copies of "Uncut" to every copy of "Cut." This was especially true of buyers in New York City (the majority purchased both booklets, but of those who responded to our mailing in the first weeks not one guy ordered "Cut"—compared with dozens who bought "Uncut"), San Francisco, and Los Angeles (in these cities the pattern was similar to that in New York City—but not as definitive; a few ordered "Cut").

This may or may not prove anything, but our figures are based on several thousand purchases—and while we have learned nothing about our buyers' own anatomy, we have—we think—learned something about preferences. That is to say, the overwhelming majority of gay guys across the country make no distinction between circumcised and uncircumcised lovers (a very healthy attitude!)—and that the small number of guys who do, prefer uncircumcised guys. In other words, of those who show prejudice it appears that it is in the direction of anti-circumcision. *(Continued on page 45)*



Gay Glamour 'Guydes' Natural Goodlooks From The Kitchen!

By Frank Samuels

IN search of more glamorous goodlooks many gay guys often spend all summer at the beach working up a tan that—as it grows too deeply dark—turns the skin into a kind of grainy vinyl. Then they regret it all winter when they find to their crusing dismay that its tough texture turns off even the most rabid leather lover. Worse, tanning too rapidly ages the skin prematurely, especially if done under a subtropical sun, as any paleface of 20 who spends his two-week vacation in the Bahamas (and returns home looking every day of 30) can testify.

With the imminence of such seasonal vacations in mind QQ would like to demonstrate some uniquely-effective *natural* skin preparations that treat the skin in a wholly *natural* way . . . not only turning back the hands of the clock to the witching hour by restoring the skin's life and looks, but keeping it young and velvety with that glow-from-within that radiates a vernal ecological freshness all year long.

Now all of these skin preparations can be easily and quickly made (in just minutes) from inexpensive drugstore/supermarket materials, using either an electric blender or mixer—without fuss—right in your own kitchen.

The first glamour 'guyde' is unrivaled for actually rolling *away* as it rolls *out* every vestige of scruffiness/toughness from your skin . . . leaving it texturally pliant, velvety in appearance and sensuous (wow!) to the touch (especially, his). It's our

QQ ROLLAWAY SKIN CONDITIONER

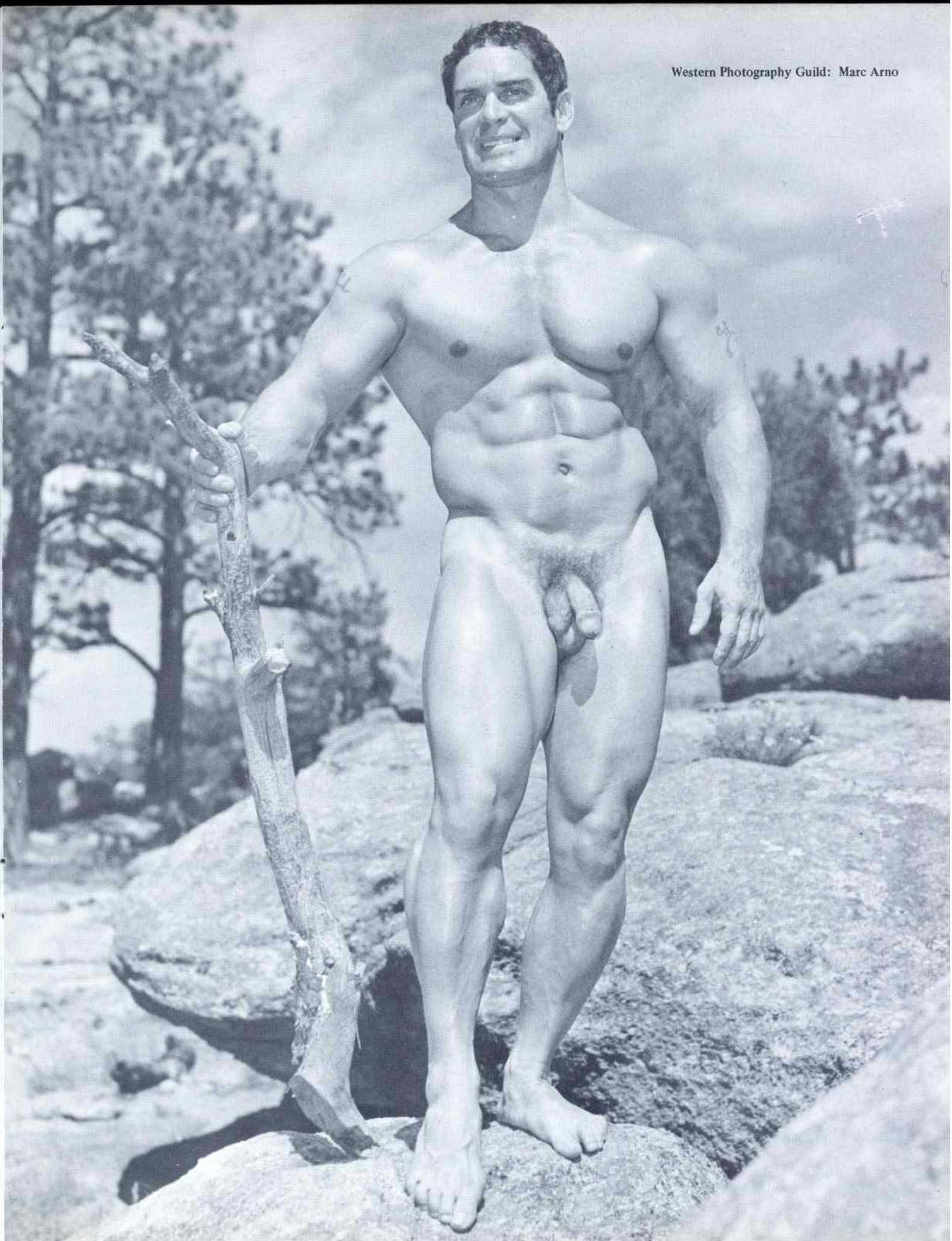
Although requiring a few separate steps which, on paper, may seem complicated, it is really a simple procedure that, once you get started and follow directions to the letter, can be done in less time than it takes to tell about it. The first two stages are for building up two bases—soap and gel—which you can reserve to more quickly make later batches of the Conditioner.

Phase 1—The Soap Stage. Bring 1 cup (exactly 8 ounces) of water to just the simmering point (don't boil) and add to it slowly (so it doesn't foam over) exactly 1 ounce (dry weight) of *Ivory Soap Flakes*. Stir until you have a consistent mixture. Bottle or jar and seal it.

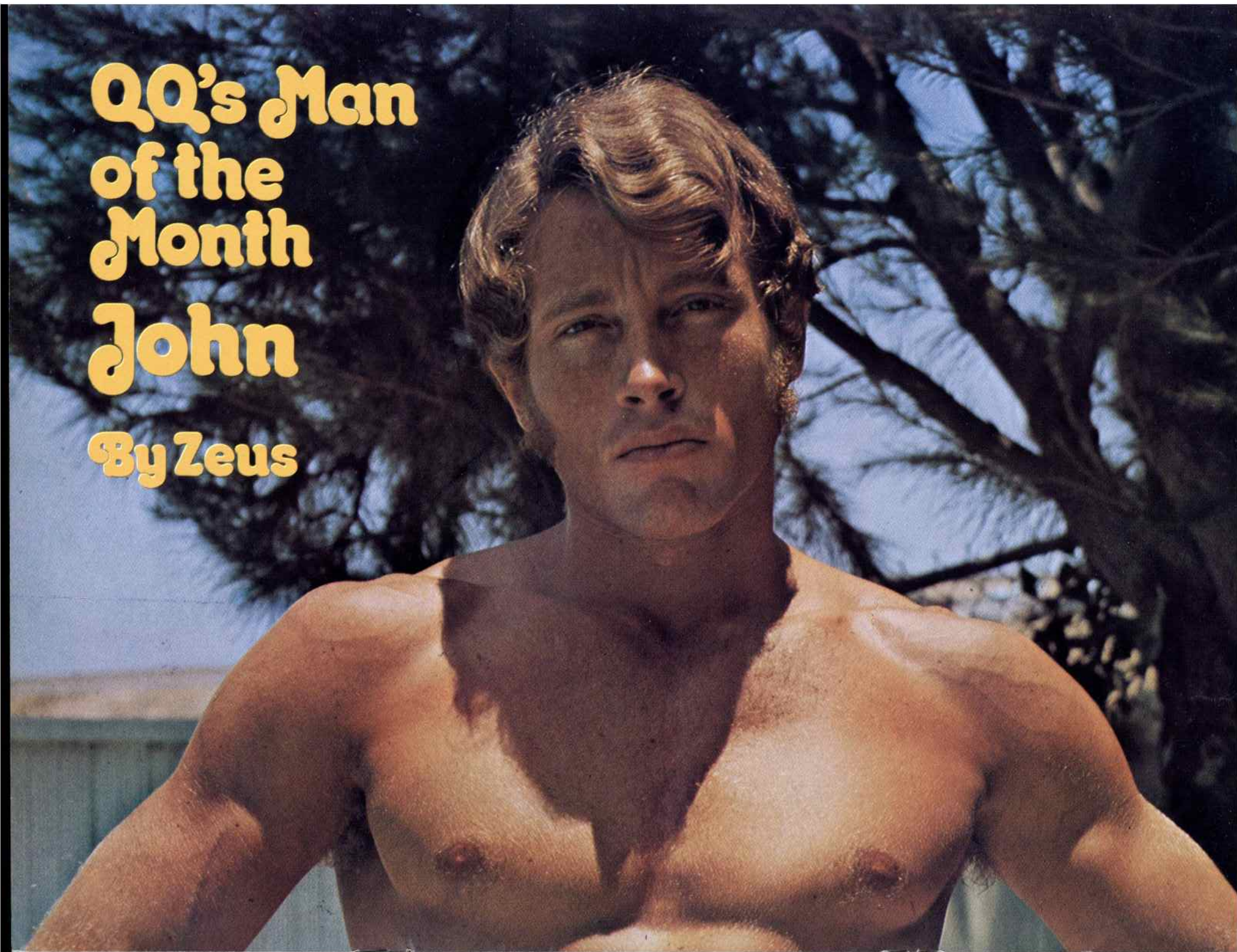
Phase 2—The Gel Stage. In a stainless steel or enamel pan put ¼ cup (2 ounces) of glycerine . . . 1 tablespoon of water . . . 2 teaspoons of cornstarch. Heat until it almost reaches the boiling point and has a 'custardy' or gel-pudding consistency. Pour into a

(Continued on page 39)

Western Photography Guild: Marc Arno



**QQ's Man
of the
Month
John
By Zeus**





THE 'TEMPOTENCE' TRAP

(Continued from page 7)

one mind blowing unit . . . like a plump Christmas goose gussied up to the gonads!

- b) It permits a complete function of the phallus all the way to orgasm and back, *no matter how long it takes!*
- c) You need no longer feel embarrassed by premature ejaculation. Go right ahead and 'ejack', inasmuch as you can continue to operate without missing a single divine stroke, since the phallus remains more or less rigid until the ring is removed.

Of course it may be argued that such compression can be continued to the point where gangrene intervenes but to date we've read no obituaries that would prove this point. Anyway, what the hell . . . isn't it groovier to die in the saddle?

We should like to stress that the cock ring does not prevent premature ejaculation resulting from causes that are systemic or psychogenic, and which only a competent urologist or psychiatrist can correct. However, in many instances of tempotence which are 'gaymotional' in origin it cannot only delay ejaculation much longer, but may—through cause-and-effect—help in completely overcoming premature ejaculation which may be a result of self-consciousness carried to its highest power, or a feeling of inferiority from some odd reasoning, which is never justified since as the gay saying goes—"Everybody shits!" Remember this great leveling thought when you are prone to lament that

- a) your phallus is too small (others are smaller) . . . or
- b) that it is too oddly shaped (an instance: when too much foreskin is removed in infant circumcision, a somewhat bizarre phallic appearance may result in adulthood, but this should be fondly regarded for its kooky value . . . as more freak-out than freak . . . which can give as much, or more, pleasure in its own unique way than 6-8-10 inches of cool tool) . . . or
- c) that you are not as good looking as other gay guys (see *Flaws That Flatter* in the previous issue of *QQ Magazine* and let us change your mind about that!) . . . or
- d) that your body, as seen nude *en seance*, is not as muscular, as well-proportioned or impressive as your partner's . . . and the conjunctive fear that because you don't measure up physically you won't sexually . . . that you can't achieve a workable erection, or if you can that you will ejaculate too soon, which of course operates in precisely that way . . . like a death wish.

Whatever the hangup that aborts *The Pleasure Promise* by premature ejaculation, the 'cockiness' of cock-ring compression can give you a new sexual perspective through a spanking new confidence . . . an ability to master a sexual situation rather than resignedly *succumb* to what you had previously felt were the 'inevitabilities' of it . . . and bring about an intensification of

sexual powers you would never have believed possible!

Certainly it is a very practical way of overcoming many casual factors of tempotence and which—and not just coincidentally—may succeed in impeding that flood of joy juice before the phallus has had time to get on the mark . . . get set . . . and *go-o-o!*



ORGASMIC 'AUTHENTICITY'

As a corollary to these thoughts about premature ejaculation as related to tempotence, it may be said with much truth that it no longer bears the stigma it once did anyway. Why?

Because today—especially in group sex from threesomes up to around-the-clock marathons—everyone wants to see a few drops of the heavenly nectar just to be sure of being more bejizzumed than befooled, and so—as the pornocinema invariably reveals—it has become practically mandatory to pull out just at the point of ejaculation (sob!) to prove to one's partner that all those moans 'n grinds 'n groans 'n bumps 'n pelvic thrusts from way back thar in the hills were not just a sexual put-on, but the real thing which is now geysering on him rather than *in* him. It's the *in* cachet of 'orgasmic authenticity'.

Ah-h-h . . . that passion should be sacrificed for expediency . . . have we really sunk so low?

GILDING THE LILY

There are some gay guys who go still further . . . who gild the lily by wearing two cock rings! The larger one, of course, which encircles the testicles/scrotum as well as the base of the phallus . . . and a second and smaller one next to it—almost like an epicycle—which encircles just the shaft. The idea is to produce an even tighter compression so that a possibly even stiffer erection—and longer-lasting one—is achieved.

It is well to note that there have been instances where a dual-rings compression has been continued for so long that the unfortunate wearer has had to have the smaller ring filed off . . . like a handcuff!

THE JAPANESE 'TEMPO-RHYTHM' TECHNIQUE

It often happens that when an aggressor in anal intercourse has not *preconceived* a logical plan of attack—or buggery pattern—the entire sex scene is played to an empty house.

While an expectant anus may be absolutely delighted for the first few exploratory strokes, if what follows is no more than an impromptu 'noodling around' of repeated jabs and feints the recipient grows weary and disenchanted, his rectum raw, and the aggressor phallus—also wearied by so much shadow boxing—gives up and limps out in a kind of tempotence by *imprecision*.

The Japanese gay guy, however, always practical and logical, has a technique which prevents this kind of tempotence and we'd like to pass it along to you. Who knows, it may work so successfully you can hardly wait to pull out and resubscribe to *QQ*!

It's called the 'ten times shallow-and-slow / ten times deep-and-fast' technique. Once completed, this 'circuitron' is repeated in its entirety once or twice. Usually one orgasms by the end of the second circuitron, but if not by the third, one switches to an alternate circuitron . . . nine times shallow and one time deep. Since few Japanese gay guys have ever gone this far, those who have had no success with it have, quite understandably, committed *hara kiri*. For as Madama Butterfly sings . . . "when one can no longer live with honor one can die with honor." (Or is it the other way 'round?)

(Although not particularly relevant to tempotence, it is well to try this formula when *fellating* an exciting trick . . . especially if he is stunningly huge and you are in a tizzy about how to negotiate it. You will find that the broken rhythms of the circuitrons will give you the breathing pauses you need and you will be so continually refreshed you can pursue the attack to final victory . . . which should be sweet and quick!)

TOPICAL 'TEMPOGELS'

Analgesic ointments such as the various 'caines are effective in slowing orgasm by numbing the sensory corpuscles of the phallus. However, the phallus may just decide to 'overextend' so wholeheartedly that it won't ejaculate at all! So you're damned if you do and damned if you don't. Isn't it paradoxical that initially the juice cops out before you can get it up or in, and that after anesthesia you can get it up and in but the juice is cut off!

But perhaps the most disconcerting thing about frequent 'caine usage is that it may aggravate the condition . . . even negatively conditioning the phallus by oversensitizing it to the point where a foraging hand in a midnight movie can, at just a touch, blast you off with a payload of semen since less stimulation is required to trigger orgasm! A truly vicious cycle.

A RATIONALE FOR OVERCOMING TEMPOTENCE

Any gay guy (or straight, for that matter) who is tempotent should at first understand that it is not a defect of the phallus, although, physicians say, one can become so obsessed by the thought that it is, the effect is the same.

So if one rationalizes that the phallus itself is healthy, but that it is simply an extension of the brain and waxes and wanes by the sexual impulses (or lack of them) of the brain, one can give more time to 'thinking sexy' rather than worrying about what the mechanical end can't do. So tempotence (or impotence even at its most absolute) comes from a misdirected or under-fantasized phallus . . . for, simply, it can't do what it's not told to do!

Generally tempotence is the result of over-concern about one's appearance and its relation to others. Tolstoy was acutely aware of this, for in *Childhood* he says "I am convinced that nothing has so marked an influence on the direction of a man's mind as his appearance . . . and not so much his appearance itself as his conviction that it is attractive or unattractive to others."

Remember . . . you are unique . . . there is no one in the whole wide world like you . . . and that you are probably much more attractive to others than you've ever allowed yourself to believe.

So think yourself 'pretty' . . . think dirty thoughts . . . and enjoy!

PARDON MY FIST!

(Continued from page 9)

preliminary cautions on the Big Day.

Diet is your first consideration. It can be the biggest of turn-offs for your partner to labor long and hard to achieve full penetration only to find his hand wrist deep in excrement. Eat lightly—a recommended diet might be tea and toast for breakfast, a yogurt for lunch, and a simple steak for dinner. Douching is recommended at least an hour beforehand. Whether or not cleanliness is next to godliness is a moot point, but it certainly helps here.

Your lubricant should be selected with care. Crisco, believe it or not, is the current vogue, and seems to work very well. However, I recommend that you cover your bed with a sheet that you do not prize too highly, because the odor of the shortening tends to linger for days after, and seems to become only accentuated with repeated washings. The various 'orgy gels' now available seem to work well for some, and of course there is always the old standby, Vaseline. Most practitioners do not recommend KY, as it has a tendency to dry up too quickly. (The real pros, of course, scorn



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

NERO

"MY dear," the emperor said shortly after his empress was buried, "now that I'm free, I'm going to marry you in a public ceremony."

The emperor was not addressing a maiden but a handsome youth named Sporus, whom he ordered castrated and did indeed marry in a public ceremony with much pomp and circumstance.

With the taking of Sporus as his "wife," the emperor's homosexuality—kept somewhat suppressed under the influence of his dominating "real" first wife—flowered fully. He married yet a third time—and this time *he* was the "wife." His mate this time was a virile freedman named Doryphorus.

At palace orgies Doryphorus was called upon to mount and service the emperor, who would then mount Sporus and other youths for the delectation of spectators. The emperor liked to kiss and fondle Sporus in public, too.

The "arbiter of elegance" at this emperor's court was the famous homosexual satirist Petronius, whose erotic *Satyricon* was the world's first novel. It contained much homosexuality.

This emperor was known for other things besides his sexual excesses. He has gone down in history as the man who set fire to his capital city so he could build it anew more to his liking. He was also

(Continued on page 33)

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all of these crutches, and prefer good old spit—but one step at a time!

Since your partner has been pre-selected for his expertise, he will probably know enough to clip his nails fairly short, and to remove any rings from his fingers before he begins. (If he doesn't, then he isn't an expert and you'd best forget the whole thing.) Remember that you're dealing with a very delicate and sensitive area of the body and every precaution should be taken beforehand against possible damage to your tender insides.

You will have to do a little experimenting before you find the most desirable position. If it's depth you're after, get on your hands and knees, with your ass well up in the air. This is probably also the most comfortable position for the fucker as well, and will make the whole project much easier for both of you. If, however, you are insatiably curious and must watch the goings-on, try getting on your back with your legs thrown up and over your shoulders. This allows you a birds-eye view, if not maximum comfort. Still others may prefer lying on one side, with the top leg bent and hugging the chest. In any case, facility of penetration is the goal, and for this you must open up as wide as possible, with your sphincter as accessible as possible to your partner's probing fist.

And now—RELAX! Your partner will work slowly, probably with a finger or two, gradually adding a finger until all five are slightly inside. When your muscles are somewhat stretched and adjusted to the penetration, he will begin to move in, again VERY SLOWLY, fingers straight out and close together. (Never should he attempt to close his hand into a fist before penetration is completed, unless you just happen to be built like Route 66.) Your body structure will ultimately determine just how long it will take for the completion of penetration; in some cases it may take upwards of an hour—or even longer. *Don't be impatient*—remember that what you are attempting to absorb is flesh and hard, inflexible bone. Your unaccustomed anal muscles will naturally tend to resist, but patience and determination will see you through.

(It might be well to mention here that unfortunately we are not all built to perform this act successfully. If you are one of those unfortunates, do not despair—there are still cocks and dildoes, and maybe, just maybe, someday...!)

After what may seem an interminable length of time, your partner has finally succeeded in overcoming the toughest obstruction—the area of the hand where the fingers join the palm. Once past this point you are probably home free, and the rest of the hand should easily follow. It is at this point that your partner will close his fingers into a fist—and just hold it right there, giving you the opportunity to accustom yourself to the bulk that is now inside you. Then, ever so gradually, your partner will begin a gentle motion with his arm, and the fist-fucking will begin in earnest. Just how far he will be able to penetrate again depends on you—your body structure and position and how much you are able to relax (poppers might help here). But give him a chance—and you might surprise yourself with what is humanly

possible. I have actually penetrated more than once up to the elbow—but rarely on the first attempt. Never, or course, will the fucking be violent. A slow, measured movement is what is called for, and sensitivity is the watchword. Over a period of time, you will become expert enough so that the fucker can attain a little speed, and even probe gently into heretofore unexplored areas. This is a strictly personal consideration, and should be determined by you alone.

The addition of stimulants to the scene is also highly personal and varies from man to man. One veteran of the fist-fucking wars tells me that when he is stoned he loses a great deal of the sensation from the act. He prefers to be perfectly straight and occasionally sniffs at a popper to heighten the various pleasures. Also, it may well be that you will be better equipped endurance-wise if you are relatively conscious, but only experience will be your determining factor.

Termination of the act requires as much delicacy as the initiation. When you are ready to call it quits, be it an hour or five, your partner should very slowly withdraw his arm up to the wrist and then, before extracting the hand, should open up his fingers straight out and pull out slowly. You will feel a great sense of loss, (something, I expect, like delivering a body), but will also have the considerable satisfaction of having accomplished a job well done.

Onward . . . upward . . . and inward!

• • •

GAY PEOPLE & THE ARTS

(Continued from page 54)

to change the situation in their company. It might come in the form of a strike or perhaps by "zapping" next year's opening. There is talk among some actors and actresses of forming a National Gay People's Theatre. In early May, a Gay Cultural Exposition was held at Rutgers University which featured Gay artists' sculpture, writings, songs, etc. Also, in the past year, we have seen the publishing of two long-suppressed Gay novels—E. M. Forster's "Maurice" written in 1914, and Gertrude Stein's "Fernhurst & Q.E.D." written in the early 1900's.

I remember about a year ago at a Gay People's Unity Rally at Columbia University (just prior to the march on Albany to demand Homosexual law reform), a woman came out, did a comedy sketch and then sang a heterosexual love song. Most of us in the audience (which numbered around 1,000) assumed that the entertainers at the rally were at least Gay themselves, or if they weren't they would certainly change the gender pronouns in any love songs to give them a Homosexual connotation. Needless to say, at the end of her "song," there were a lot of people who were very upset. But the surprising thing was that most people there weren't ruffled in the slightest. Can you imagine the reaction that would occur at a Black People's Unity Rally if a white singer came out and sang a song celebrating the joys of being white, or a gentile singer came out at a Jewish Defense League Rally and sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers"?

Even here in New York City, which is supposedly "Gay-liberated," all of the Gay bars which feature entertainment either have Gay singers singing hetero love songs, or drag shows. I don't have anything, per se, against drag shows—I can enjoy a good drag show as well as anyone—but I can't help but wonder why that is the only form of entertainment allowed by the heterosexual bar owners of Gay bars. I've worked in a number of Gay bars over the years; so I have as good a knowledge as anyone of the mentality of the bar owners, the vast majority of whom are heterosexual. Most of them "hate fags" (as they put it) and I suppose by allowing only drag shows as entertainment in Gay bars they are able to show their contempt for our lifestyle by reinforcing the stereotype in front of us and actually getting us to think that we're being entertained. And to add insult to injury, the performers are paid next to nothing while the bar owner cleans up. (In case you didn't know it, Gay bars are a *very* lucrative business. In New York alone, Gay bars take in tens of millions of dollars yearly.)

To those of you reading this who are involved in any facet of "The Arts," stop for a moment and think whether or not your creativity is reflective of your whole being, taking into account equally your Gay consciousness along with your other feelings whether they be anti-war, bisexual, abstract or whatever. As an artist, you are a leader and molder of public opinion and attitudes and you also have the responsibility to be creative, innovative, thought-provoking and even at times, shocking.

If you're afraid to come out publicly in your art, look at the example of Merle Miller who up until the mid-50's was one of this country's most promising and up-and-coming young writers. From that point until 1970, he continued to write for a heterosexual audience about what they wanted to read and hear and his career went steadily downward. But in 1970, he "came out" by writing a piece for *The New York Times Magazine* about his Gayness, his pride, his oppression as a Gay Person, his hopes for the future generations of young Gay men and women; and overnight, his career blossomed and he again became a vital, creative and successful writer.

No doubt, before his public "coming out" he had many fears about how his colleagues would react, not to mention his family. But he survived it and is all the happier and more successful for it. *You* can be, too; try it, you'll like it!

Out of the closets; into the theatres and books and art shows and movies and plays and television programs and concert halls and night clubs and . . . !

...

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

(Continued from page 31)

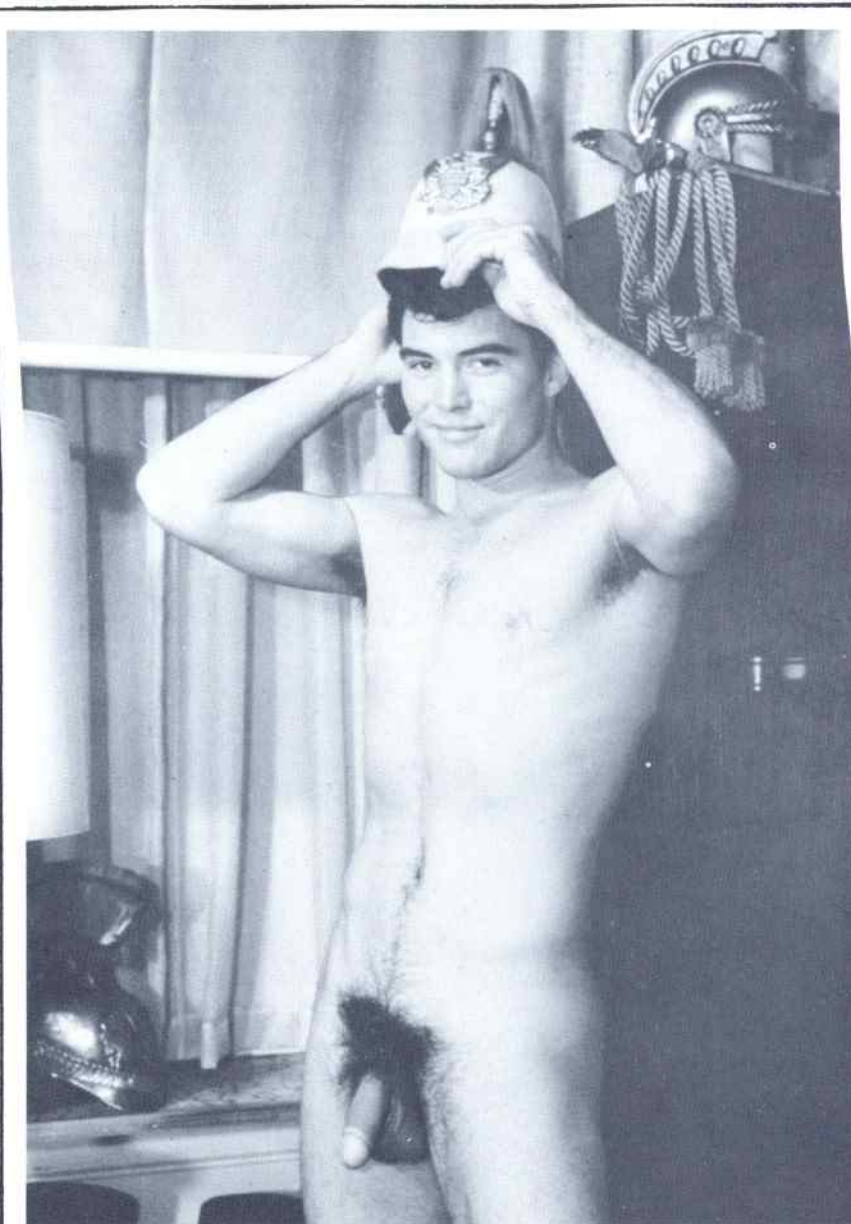
famous for his extensive persecution of early Christians.

What is too often forgotten is that his empire flourished during his reign.

Who was he?

He was an emperor of Rome—Nero Claudius Caesar Drusus—or better known as simply Nero.

...



Royal Flush

By Rob Arrington

Gay is good. Gay is great. Gay is even royal! The facts are, sir, that royal purple was also royal lavender even back in the days before there was much recorded history that has survived. Tomb art has revealed that homosexuality was anything but unknown in the golden age of ancient Egypt, five thousand years into the dim past, so we safely assume that of the many Pharaohs who graced the Egyptian throne through a bevy of dynasties, there were plenty among them who liked the boys. In eight consecutive installments we will take a look at some famous gay rulers. This month . . .

THE GAY CAESARS

The men who ruled the most powerful empire of ancient times

were a gay lot beginning with the very first Roman emperor, the famous Augustus, (Continued on page 43)

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SEXUAL AUDACITY

(Continued from page 10)

most important and desired part of the end result. Rather it means to take a *different* look, a more *audacious* look at sex, seeing it from some surprising new angles (the phallus alone) and in some surprising new ways (the phallus in action), thus objectively gaining a far greater sexual confidence/competence so that you can approach each gay encounter with a *special* eagerness, rapture, and total freedom of mutual give-and-take.

"Amen to that!" you may very well say. "But it all sounds so complicated." Really it's not because it can be quickly and easily done and all you need are

A triple-panel mirror (a one-panel mirror won't work), and

A tape-recorder with playback.

FIRST—AN AUDACIOUS NEW PHALLIC AWARENESS

Since a heightened phallic awareness is the prime requisite of more confident/competent sexual function, you should first take an audacious look at your own phallus . . . seeing it dimensionally, really *three-dimensionally*, as perhaps you've never done before. It may sound strange, but hardly any gay guy (or straight, for that matter) is fully aware of how his phallus *really* looks although he's seen it and done things with it every day of his life.

Having grown so accustomed to viewing it just from top to bottom, or 'head on' as in an ordinary mirror, he will have no in-depth conception of its true appearance and its visual effect on others until he has examined it dimensionally in a triple-panel mirror.

You may absolutely faint with delighted shock when you observe your phallus from the many angles the almost prismatic function of a triple-panel mirror makes possible . . . looking at it not just from atop—as in a bird's-eye view—but from under it (and how much thicker it is than you thought!) . . . or in left and right profile (what enchanting differences in 'prophallia') . . . and, now fully erected, how much longer it is and what exciting contours it has . . . and even semi-erected or entirely flaccid how meaty it still is!

If you've always thought it on the small side (which, of course, may be one hangup contributing to emotional insecurity) you'll discover that it's a *whopper* by comparison with the mental image you've always had of it. Yet this mirror image is a *true* one . . . it is no illusion . . . and it is exactly what your partner will see (and be sizzled-on by) when you take this simple exploratory step toward greater sexual/emotional security.

A triple-panel standing mirror—or several one-panel mirrors—arranged (use your own ingenuity . . . it's fun!) to reflect simultaneous views of the phallus/body from various angles to produce depth and dimension, can put you in the sexual limelight for the very first time . . . like it's opening night for *Peter The Great* with your own Peter Phallus in the title role. How successful do you think he'll be? Just as successful as others who've starred in the role. Listen to these

RAVE REVIEWS

Our psychiatrist tells us that whenever he prescribes this 'mirror therapy' he invariably has a delighted response. His patients wax ecstatic, exclaiming . . .

"It's gorgeous, Doc . . . if I could only have it cast in bronze at the height of erection what a monument for posterity I'd leave behind!"

"Who needs lovers? I wouldn't share an inch of it with anyone!"

"Why it's twice the size I always thought it was when I looked straight down at it!"

"Do I still masturbate? Mercy, no! I wouldn't even dream of abusing that gorgeous thing when I can have an orgasm just thinking about how much bigger and better it really is!"

"Jelq . . . jelq . . . jelq . . . like La Stupenda I'm jelqing all the livelong day!"

"Am I excited by its new 'image', you ask? Excuse me, Doctor, but may I use your bathroom for a few seconds?"

" . . . dream and cream . . . dream and cream . . . oh, the delightful monotony of it all!"

"Oops . . . there it goes again!"

"Well ho, ho, ho . . . dig The Jolly Green Giant!"

"Groovy!"

"From now on just call me Stud."

"How swee-e-et it is!"

MORE MIRROR MAGIC

As all this enthusiasm indicates, just the act of viewing your phallus in depth is erotically stimulating to a notable degree.

Yet this initial stimulation zooms to absolute zenith when you have triple- or multi-mirror sex with a surprised and wholly delighted lover.

What happens is that for the first time you (and possibly he) lay on the line in the open light of reason all those hangups that have prevented the complete fulfillment of your sex life. For as one of our friend's patients puts it, "Balling before mirrors makes you do the wildest things . . . and the fantasies I actually blushed about yesterday I act out today with the simplest ease. Wilder still . . . new improvisations . . . pop up so fast in my mind that I'm in a tizzy trying to get them all done before orgasm!"

A DIFFERENT VIEW

Another looks at this mirror revelation more introspectively. "It's not just that sex is now so total, so great and without hangups, it's that seeing your body three-dimensionally makes you realize it has a quite individual beauty and personality that escaped you before . . . and what a personal turn-on this is!

"I know my body has its share of imperfections, and I'm well aware that others are better shaped and, in the main, have other and more pleasing attributes, but I really dig my body. If I can't honestly say I'm perfectly satisfied with it, then certainly I'm not ashamed of it and I no longer dwell on its shortcomings as I've always done before.

"Instead I only think of communicating with it as naturally and beautifully and pleasurably as I can. Of course this is all the easier to do with mirrors because as one dwells longer on seeing the beauty of the body in action the feeling of having to

QQ

consummate sex hastily, furtively, or with some measure of 'shame' no longer exists, and the more deeply grows one's acceptance of one's own body as it is, not as it was yesterday in the mind's eye, but as it really and truly is in the candid eye of the mirror... now!"

I AM A CAMERA?

Tangential to this mirror study (although

to some it may seem to be carrying matters absurdly far) is the actual *filming* of one's own sexual encounter. Does this seem to be getting too much down to the nitty-gritty of it... perhaps a bit more gritty than nitty or vice versa?

Our psychiatrist friend tells us, however, that it works well—and with often greater therapeutic advantage—for many emotionally insecure gay guys. Why? As a kind of

vademecum through which one may see certain 'error' or little awkwardnesses that might be avoided in the future, with a greater turn-on for one's partner and oneself.

"Furthermore," he says, "this works quite well in group sex, particularly in those well-populated marathons where the traffic gets so jammed it becomes quite a problem just to do *something* (whatever it may be) to *someone* (whoever he may be) to feel

What is Kinky?

Early last summer a woman I know purchased some silk lingerie, panties and a slip. She misplaced the box and didn't find it until fall when it was discovered, in a bureau drawer, in her seventeen-year-old son's room. The silk bore abundant stains where the boy had dropped load after load of his thick sperm into its folds after masturbating with the sensuous silk draped about his genitals.

"Horrors! Quick, get a shrink! Oh, how could he! Ugh, just thinking about it makes me sick!" Unquote.

Now, consider the following passage from *STRANGE LOVES, The Human Aspects of Sexual Deviation*, by Dr. Eustace Chesser, Wm. Morrow & Co., \$5.95, 256 pgs., indexed.

"The spotlight is exclusively focused on anything to do with sex as though other, much worse symptoms of a disordered society were of less importance. This imbalance is the result of prejudices and taboos that we have inherited from a pre-scientific age..."

"In a world in which more than half the population is undernourished and suffering from preventable diseases the effect of sexual deviation is negligible. The death and mutilation due to wars which have become endemic do not provide such sensational headlines as the sexual pécadilloes of some public personage. War is defended, even the threat of nuclear annihilation no longer stirs the public pulse. But people who see nothing wrong in manufacturing weapons that could destroy the human race are profoundly shocked by some sexual eccentricity or even the naked human body."

Ironically, the father of the boy described above is, I swear it, a salesman for a major munitions manufacturer supplying artillery shells to the Army. Also, in this real-life example, it never occurred to either parent that the mother had invaded her son's privacy snooping in his bureau.

In *STRANGE LOVES* Dr. Chesser provides, if you will, a consciousness raising reappraisal of the order of our priorities in the world of so-called 'sexual deviation'. What was wrong, anti-social, with what the

BOOK REVIEW

Dr. Eustace Chesser

STRANGE LOVES The Human Aspects of Sexual Deviation

boy did, was that he stole the lingerie. That he used it as an aid to jacking off hurt no one, least of all himself. Again, Dr. Chesser: "Masturbation is now recognized as being a harmless source of relief from sexual frustration and tensions. In an ideal world such tensions would hardly arise. Unfortunately in a world riddled with taboos the harm done by masturbation is the feeling of guilt and shame it so often arouses—even in this day and age."

And thus throughout. In enlightening chapters on Sexual Fantasies, Exotic Sexual Stimulus, the Pleasure of Pain, Sadism, Transvestism and Transsexualism, Society and the Homosexual, Prostitution, Voyeurism and Exhibitionism Dr. Chesser authoritatively advocates a new morality based on love, tolerance, and understanding. He begins with "What Are Deviations?" and ends with "Deviations in a Permissive Society." Between these two position papers lies a wealth of clear, easy-to-read, (and sometimes radical) wisdom. As intelligent gays, presumably well-read, we cannot afford to ignore the thinking, the insights, and the inescapable conclusions in *STRANGE LOVES*.

Two barely significant points about the book. It is quite British. The use of such words as 'ponce' and 'cottaging' for 'john' and 'tea-room cruising' may distract you. Don't worry about it. Also, the book is not exclusively homosexually-oriented, but you shouldn't be put off by a few references to

straights. There are deviant heteros, too, you know.

At the risk of over-extending my reviewer's right to quote, I want to give you another chunk of Dr. Chesser's thoughts. I hope it will make you want to fly out and buy *STRANGE LOVES*.

"Any act, without exception, that two people freely choose to do, is entirely their own business. There is no need to ask permission—the very idea seems absurd. There is no need to feel guilty. If we indulge in an unusual activity, however strange it may appear to some, and we do so lovingly and with mutual respect, there is nothing more to be said. We find a great part of our pleasure in giving pleasure. 'Respect' may sound a cold word. To say we respect a person seems to put us at a distance so that intimacy is hardly possible. Yet in its true meaning it is the touchstone which enables us to see whether what we claim to be love is a disguised form of self-gratification."

"What we respect is the other person's individuality, his (or her) particular needs and desires. In this sense love is not only a form of giving, but also of giving-in—doing what we know delights the other person and finding our reward in the overjoyed response. We may have uncovered some hidden quirk, some secret desire which might be called deviant. To satisfy it without showing surprise, without disapproval, gives a new depth to the relationship. The physical thrill, important as it is, becomes an element in a profounder union in which giving and receiving are one and the same."

"The form the act takes is irrelevant. To ask whether it is homosexual or heterosexual, whether it is normal or deviant, is beside the point. What is always wrong is cruelty, selfishness and meanness. And these are to be found in many marriages which outwardly bear the hallmarks of respectability and virtue. They are frequently absent in homosexual relationships where the partnership is based on such genuine, undemanding affection that it is in all but name a marriage."

You can't beat that.

—Orlando Paris

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that at least you're holding up your end of the load.

"A filmorgy, co-starring oneself with equal others (or, shall we say, 'equal unequals' if all have not yet reached the full bloom of sexual/emotional security) provides a set of checks and balances so that right away it is possible to see where an entrance at *this* point or an exit at *that* might have been more timely . . . or whether a different sexual variation might have worked better in a given situation.

"I foresee the day when home videotaping will make it possible for couples and multiple others to not only become more aware of themselves as sexual individuals, but more extroverted, more understanding and more helpful with respect to partners. By replaying such video-tapes a greater turn-on would engender a deeper tune-in and make sex more gloriously rewarding. It would provide the ultimate impetus to sexual creativity.

"Just imagine the greater variety of positions, the myriad nuances, the greater fluidity of motion and the more polished expertise this would bring about. Sexual audacity? You bet it is!"

THE SOUNDS OF LOVE

If it is at all possible and practicable, and if it be mutually agreeable (for certainly it should not be done surreptitiously since total sexual honesty is basic to total emotional security), you should record the *sounds* of at least one sexual encounter. When played back this may be just what you need to gain a greater sexual confidence, and thus a more rock-ribbed emotional security.

Until you've heard your voice on tape or record you cannot have but the faintest idea of what it's really like and how it sounds to others, and particularly to your lover. Until you play back a seance you cannot fathom the depth of love in your voice . . . the sexual projection it has . . . the wildness of passion expressed at its most bestormed . . . a rip-out of sounds so incoherent they seem to have originated in Outer Glosallalia.

Truly the voice is such a great part of the love act that to disregard its power is not only unwise, but providential since you are all the poorer for the lack of this easily-acquired knowledge. It can certainly be the vaulting pole by which you hurdle that last barrier of self-consciousness toward the goal of complete sexual/emotional security.

You might begin by fantasizing a sexual seance. (We of QQ Magazine have long favored the term 'fantasex' as descriptive of a beautiful sex act rather than the coarser, more clinical word 'masturbate'.) So speak, sigh, gasp, moan . . . expressing vocally what you are experiencing sexually, and in whatever way the spirit moves you.

Or you may try to recall some particularly moving sexual experience with someone, and now—fantasizing and 're-fantasizing' it—'dub in' the sounds you remember having made (or wish you had, made).

Play it back, not just once but several times. Determine what may have sounded most pleasing, urgent, passionate to your lover as well as those which grate on your ear (and undoubtedly on his). Keep all the

'good' sounds in your repertoire . . . discard the unpleasant ones. Also dream up new sounds, tape 'em, and make a judgment. The more extensive your vocal palette, the more color and warmth you can bring to a sexual encounter.

With this kind of 'dry run' accomplished, take your next lover into your confidence and record the seance. He'll likely be just as enthusiastic as you and this dual enthusiasm may create such a white-hot elation you'll both begin speaking in unknown tongues! This can give you a sexual confidence you might never have believed possible. And pursued many times thereafter it can assure you of a vocal expertise as effective in its way as your newly-won phallic confidence.

Then . . . tally-ho!

• • •

REFLECTIONS ON JEAN GENET

(Continued from page 12)

suggestive imagery of Genet's novel.

That novel—literally "Our Lady of the Flowers," but also translated in one version as "Gutter In The Sky," was Genet's first, and might in fact be considered one of the most romantic or spiritual of the author's stories. In flashbacks, a prisoner recollects his life as an orphan in a provincial town, remembers the shock of introduction to sex experiments and homosexual love affairs, and recounts arriving in Paris as a young boy to become a prostitute, pimp, seeker after "butch" gay lovers, then thief and murderer. As in all Genet, the style of language, description, dialog, alternates between the starkly realistic and the sweetly romantic. The characters are interchangeable; in fact, no clear line ever emerges to separate the writer from his hero, or the hero from the lover, or the murderer from the murdered. In confusion, the reader at first retreats, then charges afresh into the novel's pages, emotionally identifying finally with not just one, but with all the rather narrow cast of characters.

I do not mean to disparage Genet when I say "rather narrow cast of characters." One soon discerns he uses one character only on his chessboard, moving the figure about against various settings of background and circumstance, giving him interchangeably the role of pawn, bishop, knight or queen, with attributes to match. Genet may change the name or the nickname of his hero, letting him alternate roles between active and passive, victim or perpetrator, worshipper or idol, whore or buyer of the whore; he may even interject physical realistic descriptions such as: ". . . with a prick exactly 7 3/8 inches when aroused . . ." But simply sprinkling a few dozen names through the consecutive chapters does not demolish our recognition of the overlapping, intermingling unity of his creatures. The twins of his novel "Querelle de Brest" form a good example; it is as though Genet had to expand his canvas, to find a broad enough human structure to support the weight of all the conflicting, ambivalent, depraved yet magnificent attributes of his universal man.

It is a special tribute to Genet's genius that this deliberate avoidance of sharp delineation of single characters does not dull our interest . . .

with the human situations. Genet arouses us to gloat when one of his meaner characters makes a ribald and insulting joke about a *tender child*, but also invites us to share the ironic humor of the "born loser" who flaunts a ring of dots tattooed around his neck with the legend "Cut on Dotted Line."

It would be hard for me to remember the names of all the young boys I've known who early discovered kleptomania. In urban neighborhoods, this takes the form of "ripping off" a magazine or candy at a newsstand, pocketing trinkets from Woolworth's, or stealing cigarettes and other goodies from the local A & P. Genet's childhood home in a bleak rural area offered no such opportunities; by circumstance, his thefts were from his home, from his adoptive parents. He is archetypal in demanding that we take note of him not only as a valid homosexual but also as a valid, fully credentialed, thief. This dual-natured self identification underlies his writing.

Another Genet demand upon us is that we do not discount the preponderant autobiographical elements of all his output. Regardless of shame or notoriety, we have prominent personages in our conventional world who seek our constant attention, seek to avoid anonymity; this ego force is inherent in the performer, the politician. May we, should we, excuse or even explain away that similar impulse in an orphan youngster who before he reached the age of ten had confirmed to himself his essential identification as both thief and homosexual? This is what Genet has seemingly done . . . seek our excuse, and our refusal to excuse!

Genet frequently uses real happenings as the basis for a story. Did the newspaper carry pictures of a hauntingly beautiful young thief on a certain day? The boy's story may be magnified, glorified, the child in fact *canonized* in some chapter of some Genet novel. Once, as camp, great piles of red roses were carried from the central markets to a demolished public urinal which had been a notorious Parisian cruising spot. Here is how the author wove the event into his fiction: "Rioting, the dissidents ripped away perhaps the filthiest but highly regarded pissoir. It was near the harbor and sailors' quarters and its iron work had been devoured by the scalding piss of thousands of fighters. Its death finally certain, this gang of gay mariconas, at least a formal delegation, in shawls, laces, silk dresses and tailored outfits, went with red roses tied with flimsy veil to the sainted place . . . at about eight in the morning, about thirty faggots . . . I saw them passing and knew I should join them in their midst, but I straggled along nearby, I knew their purpose was simply to pierce the world's shell of contempt . . . on that stinking and rusted pile of iron frame and iron sheet they placed those roses and entertained thereby the small crowd . . ."

No prison could be totally strange to us once we have emotionally experienced Genet. Nor could our notions of prison be purged of perverse desire. The fumes arise, male sexuality, frustrated and discarded masculinity. The author creates terrors and monstrous crimes, and leads us to the shadow of fear, in the fresh wind of the guillotine's blade, but forever paints the

Letters

QQ always enjoys hearing from its readers. If there is anything you would like to share with others—your feelings concerning an article, or comments on someplace recently visited, please write. Our address is: Letters, QQ Magazine, Suite 400, 255 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001. Naturally, we will not publish your name and address unless requested.



GAY WORLD POSTAGE

FLUFF NOT LEATHER

Dear Editor:

I count myself fortunate in having your excellent magazine sent to me each month. Full of interest and variety and the "Chess" comic strip is a WOW.

But please allow me to correct an error in the London article (March-April '72 issue). The Bolton Hotel is a "fluff bar," and not a hotel. Great for those who like it so.

The "leather bar" is the Coleherne, 261 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.5, and this is our only true leather bar.

Continued success with your magazine.

Sincerely,

J.F.

London, England

UNDIES AND PIES

Dear Sirs:

I was very interested in the letter from M.M.J. of Boston (July-August '72 issue); his fetish is actually quite common. Often I have been asked to spit on my lovers and have enjoyed it, and I know many guys who are turned on by feet.

My advice to all young men who think they have a sexual "kink" peculiar to themselves and about which they are a bit worried, is to discuss it with a friend—if possible, an older man—and they will find they are far from being alone in what they regard as a sexual oddity. But never discuss things with a bitchy

type, who will be no help at all. So many young men must suffer, and have suffered agonies because they think they have some kink that causes them to imagine there's something wrong mentally. There seldom is.

For myself, I have two—what I consider—*odd likings*. I like to see masculine-looking men in articles of women's clothing; high-heeled shoes, black nylon stockings, or "see-thru" frilly panties or an equally sheer nightgown. To me at least, this emphasizes the masculinity of the male. But here is the peculiar thing: I can't stand drag queens; they revolt me. Can anybody explain that one?

I was able to indulge in my liking for this. My affair of the period was a very well-built man, broad muscular shoulders, slim waist, firm buns, and slightly bowed, muscular legs, plus a very good hanging. He was a great tennis player and swimmer and kept his body hard and trim, so I was able to enjoy my "thing" to the full and he agreed that it certainly turned him on.

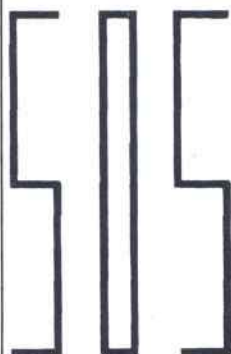
My second "thing," believe it or not, is custard pies!!! Many times I have sat in a movie house with a hardon when some male received a custard pie full in the face. If a woman is the recipient I am almost nauseated, but I get a real kick when, say, one of the Three Stooges falls into a bath of whitewash.

Only a (Continued on page 48)

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childish mask of an innocent boy on each of his monsters. Sometimes he cloaks the bully in transvestite *drag*; sometimes the meanest garb, rough military uniform or ragged prison sacking, provides masquerade for insecure naive children. Over all, a pervading aura of physical desire, and through this patina, essence of young male, Genet claims our empathy and plays with our sympathies. We share his punishment, his atonement.

What of Genet's *views* of homosexuality? How can we question so small a thing as *views*, when we could hardly gather from Genet that anything else even exists? But wait, has he plucked a "flower from a crannied wall" to illustrate the whole human condition? At the very least, his immersion, self-identification, authenticity, are powerfully convincing. Some critics have made much of their view that Genet is never a canvasser for his cause—no exhorter to add new recruits to the homosexual life. True, I can suppose that no straight would be attracted to the gay world by any Genet poem or novel. Not an apologist, he can include graphic realism, sometimes sordid realism, while still appealing to our appreciation and acceptance of the humanity of his people and his world. Who earlier than Genet described, through either caricature or simplistic characterization, the homosexual forced by society in those earlier days to flaunt his gay nature as a defense, a forestalling of epithets and degradation? Perhaps through this author and his successors the "new breed" of gays has gained courage for public action in *gay liberation*. What other author, in a patently autobiographical novel, would have chosen to use the surname "Coldbutt" (Culafroy)? His attitude may be translated as: "Don't stop to admire; don't bother to look for our 'pretty side'—Just get the hell off our backs!"

Masochism can be inferred as one element of Genet's personal life, his admitted, yes, advertised, existence as a professional male prostitute from the age of 16, and during stays in Nazi Germany, as well as under the Nazi occupation of Paris. (Perhaps an extension of this experience underlies his more recent identification with the current international protest movement, where he has attempted to ally himself with the militants at Chicago, etc.) I am struck by the thought that Genet believes we will all be tempted to betray and to kill our lovers, and our lovers will kill us, and under the circumstances we had damned well better be humble and even *humiliated*. If I *believed* him, I would not enjoy reading him! And it is only at this point that I accept at last the truth he has been trying all the time to teach: If the glory of human love is transcendent even among the outcasts and the damned, how dear we must hold it! He demands we feel the beauty of evil acts performed out of or in spite of love. Like a juggler observed, Genet can display the most disloyal, the very meanest events through the ugliest, harshest *argot*, making them things of awe and beauty. We are caught in his skillful net.

Racism? Simply another prison, another obscenity to Genet! And who are the prisoners, who the guards? The rituals which permit one fragment of our race to

alienate itself from another fragment (we nominate ourselves as "superior," henceforth our ethos denies us the right to mingle with "those inferior") are played forth as comedy, *black* comedy, pardon the expression! On the one hand, I am tempted to try to say something convincing about Genet's great sensitivity on racial discrimination, color, segregation, that whole sick scene. In the end, I come back to the speculation that here again he has used an illusion, sleight-of-hand, to make us think of total alienation, of the great stinking bouquet of intolerance in which racism is simply one more pretty flower.

Merde! Shit! The word is not an expletive to Genet, but an attribute of his lover, or a possession to be loved, not to be given away carelessly. Odorous, he gives it the odor of love. Despised, he makes it a chief decoration, a medal of honor so to speak. The act of creating it becomes as profound and majestic as Creation itself. "In the beginning . . ." All that is physical about a loved boy, an imprisoned lover, becomes more sacred to the degree we would first have viewed it profane. The narrow stone stairwell or passage corner where two inmates will become intimate through hurried, furtive groping of hands or of privates, seems more suitable for their efforts at love because Genet shares with us the thought of pungent odors of excrement, piss, yesterday's semen. He could by no means be described as a "clean" writer! Sweat mingles with those other odors as we are drawn inside those prison scenes, in fact inside the prisoner's minds, their rough prison garments.

And so once more we pick up a Genet novel—one we may have read and re-read—and become once more immersed in his fantastical world where our own sex experiences are reenacted—especially the ones we never consummated except in desire and avaricious wishful thinking. Mentally, we reach to masturbate the hero, the hero's lover, the hero's betrayer; mentally, we masturbate them to exhaustion, through his words, or are masturbated by them, or defiled by them. Covered by their ejaculation, mentally we masturbate ourselves. And as we finish his book, and lay it aside for the time, we know that in our small and imprisoning world, in our tight and imprisoning society, we will forever fall short of the excesses and monstrosities we will forever seek and demand.

PARTIAL LIST OF GENET'S WORKS

- Oeuvres Completes**, Paris, Gallimard, 1952-1968. In French. Includes the J. P. Sartre evaluation, "Sainte Genet, comédien et martyr." Out of print.
- The Balcony**, New York, 1958, translation into English by Bernard Frechtman. Evergreen Books, No. E-130.
- The Blacks—A Clown Show**, New York, 1960. Grove Press. Trans. B. Frechtman. Evergreen Books, No. E-208.
- Funeral Rites** (Pompes Funebres), New York, 1969. Trans. B. Frechtman. Grove Press.
- Gutter In The Sky**, Philadelphia, 1955. Andre Levy. In this edition in English of "Notre-Dame-Des-Fleurs" an unnamed translator has revised the better-known Frechtman

QQ

translation. Has an interesting preface by Jean Cocteau.

The Maids—A Play, New York, 1954. Grove Press. Trans. B. Frechtman. Published with "Deathwatch."

Miracle of the Rose, London, 1965. Blond Publishers. Trans. B. Frechtman.

Our Lady of the Flowers, New York, 1963. Grove Press. This is the original and complete Bernard Frechtman translation.

Querelle of Brest, London, 1966. Blond Publ. Trans. G. Streatham.

The Screens—A Play in 17 Scenes, New York, 1962. Grove. Trans. B. Frechtman.

The Thief's Journal, Paris, 1954. Olympia Press; also New York, 1965, Grove. Trans. B. Frechtman.

• • •

THE REEVES I KNEW

(Continued from page 19)

a special kindness of Steve. When *Kismet* played Detroit I was picked up by a plain-clothesman for 'loitering', which, in that city, is practically equated with murder. Needless to say I was thrown in the pokey, and while the manager of the show got me out he nevertheless fired me forthwith . . . permitting me to play only through the last performance of the Detroit engagement. During that horrifying experience not one of my gay colleagues came to express even a word of sympathy . . . shunning me as if I had the plague. But not Steve.

"Sorry about that, mother," he said. "Anything I can do?" It meant a lot to me at the time . . . it still does . . . and I'd just like to close these memoirs with a word of thanks to this very fine man.

• • •

GLAMOUR 'GUYDES'

(Continued from page 26)

separate clean bottle or jar and seal.

Phase 3—The Conditioner.

- Into a small pan put 2 teaspoons of the purest lanolin your druggist can supply . . . 1 teaspoon of *Crisco* solid vegetable shortening . . . and 4 teaspoons of paraffin wax, shaved into slivers. Heat over boiling water until it gets quite hot. Remove and set aside.
- While the above ingredients are heating, into another pan put 2 tablespoons of your Soap Stock . . . $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (2 ounces) of water . . . and 1 tablespoon of the Gel Stock. Heat it, but not so much that it boils over.
- Combine the ingredients of the preceding two steps and put under an electric beater set at *medium* speed for 1 minute. Scrape off the foam and continue to stir by hand until the mixture is barely lukewarm to the touch. Your mixture is now ready for use.

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This cosmetic makes a nice 'dessert' for a cannibalistic lover because it's flavored with peppermint. But if you'd like to use *QQ's Minty Foot Powder* for less base purposes you'll find that it keeps your toes and feet aromatically fresh and a real treat after bathing. All the ingredients may be purchased at your drugstore and/or super-market. Here's the mixture:

- 1 teaspoon rubbing alcohol
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (4 ounces) of any good talc
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (4 ounces) cornstarch
- 2 tablespoons boric acid (get the most finely-powdered)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon peppermint extract

Put all the dry ingredients into your blender . . . set it for high speed . . . then, while the blender is whirring, either spray in with an atomizer or drop in with a medicine dropper (just one drop every few moments) both the peppermint and the alcohol—alternately. Be careful to do this slowly to prevent a lumping of the dry ingredients. Dust it lavishly on feet and between toes.

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Here's how to prepare our *QQ Tea-Bag Tanning Lotion*; it's done in two stages—

- The Oil Stage**, for which you need
 - 2 ounces lanolin (get the most refined)
 - 2 ounces sesame oil (from your drug-store or health food store)
- The Water Stage**, for which you need
 - $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
 - 3 or more tea bags depending on the depth of tan desired

Boil the water, soak 'n squeeze the tea bags for 15 minutes, then remove them.

Into another small pan heat the lanolin and sesame oil over boiling water. First blend smoothly by hand, then place under a mixer and turn it to medium speed. Now begin to either spoon in or 'trickle in' the tea essence. Do this very slowly so that an even emulsion occurs, otherwise the effect is spotty/streaky.

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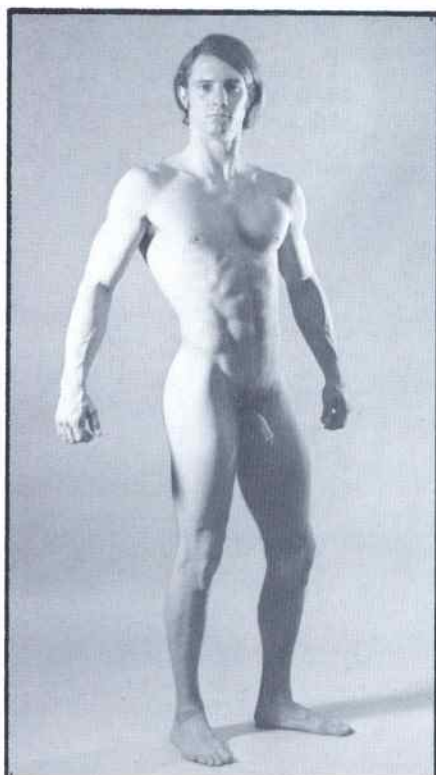
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NICE IS NICE FOR NUDES

(Continued from page 22)

to prepare for it . . . save up for it . . . secure your reservations for next summer so far ahead of time that you get just the type of accommodations you want . . . and, in short, have the most fun without having to flail around in a flurry of last-minute details.

NICE (WHICH IS NOW EVEN NICER FOR NUDES!)

For accommodations in Nice, Cannes, St. Tropez, or any other vacation spot along the Riviera, it is better to rent a house for the season. You'll find it far less expensive than a room in even a moderately-priced hotel! Better still, you can either rent space to other gay guys—and thus get your nut back (if you'll forgive the expression)—or just live high on the hog alone . . . inviting attractive acquaintances in every day and having a never-ending party of your own all summer. How?

You can do it right from your own typewriter. Write to the *Commissariat du Tourisme*, 127 Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris for a listing of rental agents for the Côte d'Azur. If you like the groupie idea tell them you'd like a comfortable villa which can sleep from four to eight persons.

Everything is furnished except the linens. You'll have to unlock your hope chest and bring along your own napery, sheets, and especially your tricking towels. Maid service is easily obtainable and far less expensive than in the United States. Moreover, many maids double as cooks (often gourmet!), and they're unfailingly discreet (no small consideration). As you will readily understand this takes time to arrange, hence we repeat our recommendation that you plan well ahead. Now is not too soon!

Also write to *World Wide Living, Inc.*, 6290 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90036. While they do not specialize in Riviera properties as do the *Commissariat's* agents, nevertheless they have a listing of more than 2000 villas in 200 cities in 32 countries—lots of them along the Riviera—any of which you may lease for one month, two, or for an entire season.

They also list *châteaux* (if your head is in the clouds), as well as apartments (if your feet are on the ground). Even yachts, if you want to take your vacation in grand style! Write for brochures. You will be very

pleasantly surprised and the entire matter can be finalized in a shorter time.

GRAND HOTEL

If you prefer to stay in a hotel in Nice you'll certainly find the *Negresco* a palace—literally. It has all been done over lavishly with exceptionally luxurious rooms decorated in contemporary versions of *Directoire*, *Empire* and *Louis XIII*.

It might be noted that the officers of the *Negresco* dress in Renaissance costumes, and that even the young elevator operators wear tight knee breeches that show off not only their sexy calves, but their bursting baskets. A single room at this magnificent hotel during the season will cost you upwards of \$34, but this includes breakfast and one large meal so, in toto, it's not wildly extravagant. And it you're taking your lover along a double room will cost upwards of just \$48 a day.

Less expensive, though no less comfortable or luxurious are the *Westminster* (singles from \$12), and the *Plaza* (perhaps a buck or two more).

However, you may want to rent a car for the season (easy to do and why not since this not only gives you a greater cruising range but opens up vistas of scenic beauty you might not otherwise see) hence you may prefer a motel such as the *Hotel-Motel Azur Etêts-Unis* (whew!), an establishment complex in name but compact in space (much mini-refrigerators, two-ring hotplates and other scaled-down 'efficiency apartment' accommodations. It will suit your purpose adequately and save you lots of francs for other frolics.

Arrangements for hotels should always be made by your travel agent. First, because you'll know that you have a room of choice awaiting you, and secondly you'll know exactly how much it will cost since prices often fluctuate from day to day in season. Indecision about this, or 'playing it by ear' when you arrive, is a sure way to ruin your vacation!

Cruising? The *Promenade des Anglais*, of course . . . it's all there. At some time during every day of the season every gay guy who either lives in Nice or comes into the city from one of the nude gatherings (although one wonders why) is sure to make the scene along this magnificent promenade.

Cruising wear? As the French say . . . *à plaisir*. Wear what you like . . . just what you'd wear back home (or wish you could). Levis . . . T-shirt . . . maybe your see-through fringe-leather vest, your Guccis but no socks or underwear. Like if you've got it, flaunt it! As for swim wear (which of course you won't need in nude areas) leave even your briefest bikini back home and buy something really wild in Nice because here's where it's at! Shop the many *boutiques* behind the *Promenade des Anglais* and near *la place Massena*.

Tanning tip (for Nice or anywhere else along the Riviera): Get out the old sun lamp about February and have a daily go with it so that you won't stand out so palely prominent in cruisey Nice. Glow and show!

What about crusing spots? First, remember that because there is a gay ambience pervading every European vacation spot, particularly along the Riviera, you are never

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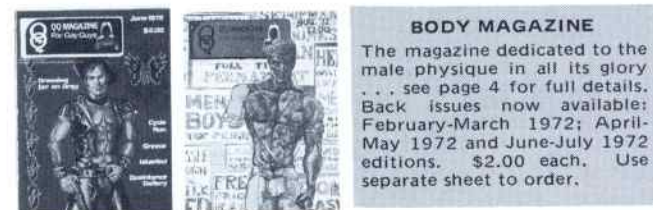


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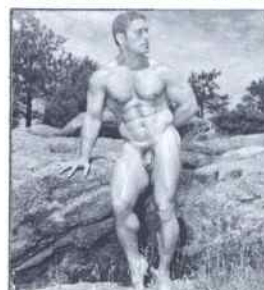
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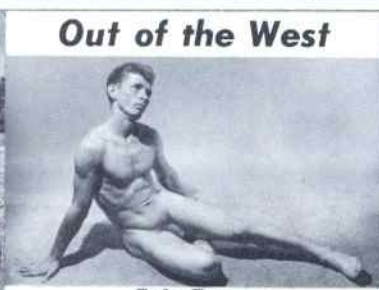
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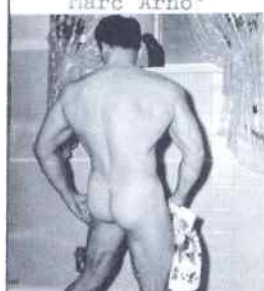
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Torso Fronts

in the crunch of a 'gay ghetto' atmosphere. There's no uptightness. Or, to put it another way, since 'gay is everywhere' the need for a kind of 'tribal teepee' no longer exists. A flick of a devilish eye along the *Promenade* can trap a trick more quickly than sweating him out over two Martinis in a gay bar. However, for those who regard the gay bar as a way of life the *Hotel Régence* at 21 *Rue Massena* has long been hallowed ground, as have *Le Chat Noir*, a bar/restaurant at 23 *Cours Saleya* . . . and *Chez Robert* at 8 *bis, rue de la Boucherie* ('meat rack' in *Americanese*).

But as the title of this article indicates, Nice is nice for *nudes*, so wend your way leisurely—by bike, car, or on foot—around the smaller beaches which face the blue Mediterranean. Here, in small enclaves just off (or even on) the beaches joy reigns unconfined!

CANNES

Gay guys call Cannes the 'city of rich uncles'. Therefore it is also the city of handsome young 'nephews' . . . at least one per uncle. Which means there's an awful lot of money there . . . which means that hustlers abound. Anyway, it's a total delight and go-go day and night.

Unlike Nice, Cannes can be rather puzzling beachwise, so choose your *plage* with care and a wary eye for the local activity lest you find yourself bored on one that's rich and beautiful and elegant but unsexy . . . as the *Carlton Plage* usually is.

La Plage Sportive on the *Croisette* is gay and made even more interesting by the art crowd which grooves to it. The beach in front of the *Hotel Grand* is also gay. Anyway, look around . . . you'll connect!

The luxury hotels in Cannes are along the *Croisette*. The *Majestic*, which will probably be overrun with film stars on hand for the Cannes Film Festival, will cost you about \$30 to \$36 single in season . . . with just breakfast, no large principal meal. The *Carlton* is also fine, and the *Grand*, just mentioned. Figure about \$26 to \$30 per day single for either. Inexpensive hotels are behind the *Croisette*.

Drag shows? The greatest, funniest and most elegant one outside Paris is *Le Charleston*. Just go!

Gay bars with shows? Try the *Casanova* at 5 *Rue Rougière* and *La Grand Eugene* at 22 *Rue Mace* (this one, however, from mid-July to mid-September).

'Just' gay bars? You may like *Le Cyrano*, 26 *Rue Meynadier*
Basque Bar, 14 *Rue Mace*
Zanzi Bar, 56 *Rue Felix-Faure*
(hustlers here)

Now if you have a drop of sporting blood in your veins, at least once during your stay in Cannes dress up formally and have a whirl with Lady Luck in *Les Ambassadeurs* at the Palm Beach Casino. Live it up . . . you may just win back every franc you've spent so far!

Then, just for the cruisy hell of it, wind up the evening at the famous *Whisky à Go-Go*, the most popular disco in Cannes. Mixed, of course—everyone goes—you may be surprised and turned-on by the great guy you'll probably take home with you!

ST. TROPEZ

A 45-minute bus ride from Cannes brings

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you to St. Tropez, the town straights associate with the Brigitte Bardot of *And God Created Woman* but which to gay guys will forever be the *Purple Noon* town of Alain Delon. As the saying goes, "Everything you've heard about St. Tropez is true, for if it hasn't happened yet, it will." The best time to go is late May through all of June, because when *tout Paris* closes down tight for the August vacation St. Tropez is packed navel-to-navel (or is that bad? ... point of view).

Where to stay? Just don't let your travel agent talk you out of the *Byblos Hotel* on the *Citadelle*. It's wild looking outside, but wilder inside ... like something straight out of *Sheherazade*. Wilder still, it's not expensive! Just \$16 to \$20 single ... doubles from \$24 to \$32 (or you and your lover can 'apartmentize' for \$35 to not more than \$40. These rates include breakfast which in St. Tropez means orange juice and *café au lait*. Or you can just skip it here and have it at one of the many cafes at 11 ... that's when the swinging begins.

Nude beaches? *Oui!* The *Tahiti Plage* ... like wow! Also a comer is *La Plage Irouana*. This was getting a terrific play as these notes were assembled. Mixed, however, as is the *Tahiti*, but remember that gay ambience mentioned earlier? It's at its most pervasive in St. Tropez, so what does *mixed* matter? Let the hairpins fall where they may ... you just cruise like crazy!

The fascinating thing about life in St. Tropez is that so much is going on, so fast, so different, so wild, with so many of such diverse tastes, and all day and night, that anyone trying to do more than just jot down more than a few names and places would go out of his cotton pickin' mind.

If your travel agent can't book space for you at the *Byblos* (sob!) or *L'Ermitage* (next to the *Byblos*) or *La Pinède*, stay longer in Nice and round-trip-it by bus over the 50 short miles to see for yourself what it's like. If you don't you may very likely miss the entire point of what the St. Tropez lifestyle, as related to other gay lifestyles along the Riviera, can truly mean to you.

THE ÎLE DU LEVANT

Where St. Tropez is all *Purple Noon*, the *Île du Levant* is all pastel morning—a beautiful, gentle place which is the home of a colony of beautiful, gentle people of all ages for whom nudity is a way of life rather than an aspect of sex. Gay it is, but mutedly so ... being but part of the whole social picture.

The *Île du Levant* is easily reached from St. Tropez (which is why we've waited to tell you about it here). From St. Tropez you bus or bike to *Le Levandou* on the coast (just minutes), and from here take the morning boat to the *Île* (a short distance away). The return boat leaves in late afternoon, giving you plenty of time to explore the beauties of this intriguing island.

From the little landing stage a red Land-Rover *camionnette* takes you up to the village of *Héliopolis* which has hotels, shops, a post-office, and even rental agents in case you want to stay for a spell. Stroll or bike around the beautiful estates and mingle with the *naturistes*. However, although they are the most hospitable people in the world, don't make the mistake of bringing your

camera. They don't like being personally photographed (most of the *Île du Levant* is privately owned), and neither do they relish the idea of publicity that would make their Shangri-La a tourist trap.

After being blown to bits by the big band beat of St. Tropez you'll find the *Île du Levant* a divine place to ease up before flying home. And what memories of it you'll treasure!

Don't miss!

...

ROYAL FLUSH

(Continued from page 33)

who got where he did by doling out his sexual favors as a youth to his even more famous uncle, another Caesar by the name of Julius.

But Augustus did little gay cavorting during his actual reign. Certain of his successors did little else. His immediate one, for instance, a libidinous one called Tiberius. Tiberius was famous—or infamous—for his sexual excesses with both maidens and boys, particularly in his advancing years, when he had the nasty habit of disposing of those who fell from favor by throwing them from the cliffs of his palace retreat in Capri.

Claudius was another one who had a favorite boy around to serve and service him at all times, in spite of his nymphomaniac wife, Messalina.

But Nero was much more notorious. Nero married his lover Sporus in public, renaming the handsome youth Sabina after his late wife, the empress Poppaea Sabina. Nero was the most sexually versatile of all the Caesars. He later became a wife himself, again in a public ceremony, when he had himself married to a virile freedman named Doryphorus. Nero loved to perform sexually with Doryphorus for large audiences at palace parties.

Domitian was another emperor that boys were big with. Domitian started small as a student in Nero's Rome, making a few extra sesterces as a prostitute in that period. Ironically, one of his better customers was the senator Nerva, who eventually succeeded Domitian as emperor. For the sake of show, Domitian had a genuine female empress during his reign, but he divorced her when he fell in love with a beautiful young male pantomimist.

Trajan always took a harem of boys along on his military expeditions besides keeping a palace full of them at home. This famous Roman emperor was so happy about his homosexuality that he performed special religious rites dedicated to the cause, with sacrifices made in the name of homosexual relations.

Hadrian was the most famous homosexual Roman emperor. His love affair with a beautiful youth named Antinous has been immortalized in homosexual history. The emperor even founded a city in honor of his young lover, and called it Antinopolis. Hadrian declared Antinous a god, and had temples built in his honor in Bithnia and Greece. The homosexual mystique reached its peak in Rome under Hadrian. Aside from that, the empire flourished under his reign as never before.

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(In our next issue . . . *The Britons Liked Boys!*)

• • •

GAY CHICAGO

(Continued from page 20)

crowd. Entertainment. Three stories with a restaurant on the ground floor, a bar on the second, and a recreational center on the third.

MOVIES

Bijou Theatre, 1349 N. Wells St. This is a converted storefront in the "Old Town" section of Chicago—and it's the oldest gay-porno movie theatre in town. Coffee is served in a lounge behind the screen. The men's room has one closet and one urinal. The absence of a door on the closet makes the small peep hole unnecessary. The pot is usually monopolized because it permits the squatter to stay a while (there is room enough only for three people at a time).

Festival Theatre, 3912 S. Sheridan Rd. This is a hetero-porno movie house. The gay activity is "fringe"—and mostly comprised of guys who dig watching straight young studs masturbate in their seats. If you're pushy enough and know what you're doing you can sometimes "help out." The theatre is in a Puerto Rican/Appalachian White neighborhood—for whatever that information is worth.

Monroe Theatre, 57 W. Monroe St. The left side as one enters (the men's room is on this side and tends to be gay, but most of the action seems to be up front on both sides. Hetero films—but soft core. The straight studs can be accommodating. Some action in the men's room; mostly black.

Newberry Theatre, 856 N. Clark St. Male porno. A busy men's room with space for three at the urinals. The show in the seats—especially up front—is almost as good as the action on the screen.

Today Theatre, 62 W. Madison St. A good turnover of patrons since the show lasts only an hour. Straight porno. There are three urinals and two closets in the men's room and the doors have been removed. A smoking lounge permits you to keep a watchful eye on the men's room door. The place used to attract more young, "green" sailors from the Great Lakes Training Station than it does now, but then there are fewer sailors in the Loop (downtown Chicago) these days.

Town Theatre, 322 W. Armitage Ave. Comments same as for Festival.

Other cruisy theatres include the *Lake-shore* (Broadway and Belmont); *Bryn Mawr* (Broadway and Bryn Mawr); *Century* (Clark and Diversey); and *Parkway* (Monroe and Dearborn).

Chicago police can still be rough with gay people when they want to but they seem to be concentrating less on bars and more on porno theatres—especially straight porno houses. Or are they there to enjoy the movies?

PARKS

The west side of North Pond in *Lincoln*

Park is cruised. Farther north, near Lawrence Ave., is another cruisy spot, mainly in the afternoons and on bicycles. In fact, bike riding anywhere in Lincoln Park can be rewarding. Yes, bikes can be rented.

Grant Park is also cruised. It runs between Michigan Ave. for about four blocks to the lake, from Randolph So. to 11th St. on Michigan and to Lakefront Airport, the Field Museum, and the Shedd Aquarium.

BEACHES

Just north of Lincoln Park, and east of the Belmont Ave. Chicago Yacht Club is "Belmont Rocks"—a breakwater that is favored by gay guys for sunning and swimming and cruising in the summer.

The Ohio St. Beach on the lake is also gay, but more "public."

STREETS

Broadway, between Belmont and Diversey Sts. is cruised. The section called "Old Town" is good on Sunday afternoons; try the 1600 block of No. Wells St. The "New Town" section—especially at Clark and Diversey Sts.—is good. The Diversey/Pine Grove/Oakdale area (2800 No.) is active. Howard St. (near the "El" station; 7600 No.) attracts the college crowd. Washington Square ("Bug House Square"), two blocks north of the Y, is risky. Police and hustlers.

MAGAZINES

If all this sounds too exhausting for you and you'd rather settle down with a good gay magazine or book—visit all four of the *Haven Book Store* branches: 5550 N. Broadway; 9227 N. Broadway; 3336 N. Milwaukee; and 7614 N. Ashland. The best selection of reading/looking material in Chicago.

DIVERSIONS

The basement john at the University of Chicago is sometimes good. Have a reason for being there, however—in case you're stopped. Ditto for the downtown branch of Northwestern University (2nd floor).

The Greyhound Bus Station has the usual action and risks.

A short elevated train ride out to Evanston will get you to Northwestern University. The campus is cruised. So is the library john (basement). The Y is a good place to stay.

The Chicago Gay Alliance Community Center is at 171 W. Elm St.

O'Hare Airport is the busiest in the country—and that means a lot of traffic in and out of Chicago. The turnover of gay guys in town helps keep the scene lively—so even if you stay a while there will be lots to do. Have fun.

• • •

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

(Continued from page 25)

This study is by no means conclusive and it was made entirely without controls—but I personally believe that likes and dislikes can be determined by buying habits.

I have long been interested in the preferences of our readers so as to enable us to present articles and photographs that appeal to the majority. We have always

September/October 1972

COLLECTORS' EDITION

ERA

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AGE
OF
GREAT
PHYSIQUES

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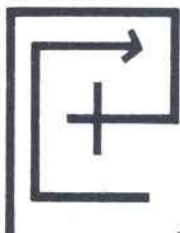
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tried to vary our material in order to
please everyone, and while we will continue
to do so, we might better serve YOU if we
had a better idea of your likes and dis-
likes.

To this end Craig Rodwell and George
Desantis have prepared a series of questions—
and we would greatly appreciate hearing
from YOU. If you wish to participate
simply list the question numbers on a sheet
of paper, and your answer (letter) next to
each number. Where a selection is involved
please list in order of preference. For
example, if you are between 21 and 25 you
would list the first question/answer as 1-a.

We do not ask for your name and
address—but we do ask that you send
serious replies only. What might be gained
we do not know; perhaps it will give us a
better understanding of YOU so that we
may better serve your needs—or it might
provide information for a serious study in
the future. Send replies to: Frank Keating,
Editor, QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602,
450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001.

Question 1

My age is:

- a. Under 21
- b. 21-25
- c. 26-31
- d. 32-39
- e. 40-49
- f. 50-59
- g. 60-69
- h. 70 or over

Question 2

My income is:

- a. Under \$5,000
- b. \$5,000-\$10,000
- c. \$10,000-\$15,000
- d. Over \$15,000

Question 3

The extent of my education is:

- a. Grade school
- b. Finished high school
- c. Finished college
- d. Master's degree

Question 4

I live in a(n):

- a. Rural area
- b. Urban area

Question 5

I travel:

- a. Frequently
- b. Infrequently
- c. Mainly in the U.S.A.
- d. Mainly abroad

Question 6

My religious identification is:

- a. Episcopalian
- b. Presbyterian
- c. Methodist
- d. MCC
- e. Baptist
- f. Lutheran
- g. United Church of Christ
- h. Eastern Orthodox
- i. Christian Science
- j. Mormon
- k. Quaker
- l. Unitarian/Universalist
- m. Roman Catholic
- n. Jewish—Reformed
- o. Jewish—Orthodox
- p. Atheist
- q. Agnostic
- r. Other (please specify)

Question 7

My political identification is:

- a. Democrat—Liberal
- b. Democrat—Conservative
- c. Republican—Liberal
- d. Republican—Conservative
- e. Independent
- f. Radical
- g. Socialist
- h. Other (please specify)

Question 8

Are you a member of a Gay-identified
organization?

- a. Yes
- b. No

Question 9

If you answered 'no' to Question 9, would
you consider joining one?

- a. Yes
- b. No

Question 10

In general, do you think the Gay Liberation
Movement in the past few years has had a
positive or negative effect?

- a. Positive
- b. Negative
- c. Undecided

Question 11

Among your close friends, are there any
Gay women?

- a. Yes
- b. No

Question 12

Do you know what the term "sexism" means
in relation to Gay people?

- a. Yes
- b. No

Question 13

As a Gay person, have you ever been
discriminated against in employment, public
accommodations or housing?

- a. Yes
- b. No

Question 14

Have you ever been harassed by the police
because you were Gay?

- a. Yes
- b. No

Question 15

Have you told your family that you are Gay?

- a. Yes
- b. No

Question 16

If you answered Question 15 'no'—would
you consider telling your family you are
Gay in the near future?

- a. Yes
- b. No

Question 17

If the election for President were being
held today, whom would you most like to
see elected?

- a. Shirley Chisholm
- b. Hubert Humphrey
- c. Edward Kennedy
- d. George McGovern
- e. Edmund Muskie
- f. Richard Nixon
- g. George Wallace
- h. Other (please specify)

Question 18

Besides QQ, do you regularly read other
Gay publications?

- a. Yes, 1 or 2 others
- b. Yes, more than 2 others
- c. No

Question 19

Which of the following in *QQ* do you like best (list in order of preference)?

- Health articles
- Travel articles
- Sex articles
- Fiction
- Ads
- Gay Lib articles
- Photos and/or drawings
- Leather and/or S&M
- Letters
- Book reviews
- Harry Chess
- Other (please specify)

Question 20

Using the same selection listed under Question 19, which items in *QQ* do you like the least?

Question 21

I am presently:

- Settled down with a lover for less than 2 years
- Settled down with a lover for the last 2-5 years
- Settled down with a lover for the last 6-10 years
- Settled down with a lover for more than 10 years
- Heterosexually married
- Single

Question 22

I prefer (list in order of preference):

- Cruising bars
- Cruising streets
- Cruising baths
- Cruising johns
- Being introduced to sex partners by friends
- Sex in private
- Sex in public
- Other (please specify)

Question 23

During sex I prefer to:

- Dominatè
- Be dominated
- Be "equally matched"

Question 24

I prefer:

- Passive (receiving) oral sex
- Active (giving) oral sex
- Both of the above
- Passive (taking) anal sex
- Active (giving) anal sex
- Both of the above
- All of the above

Question 25

- Ordinary sex
- Unusual sex (please specify)

We thank you for answering these questions. If our reader response is good and some definitive conclusions can be drawn we will publish the results.

• • •

THE GAY VOTE 1972

(Continued from page 5)

Eugene McCarthy

He has publicly announced that if elected president, he would issue an executive order banning discrimination against Gay people by the Federal government in the areas of employment, armed forces, immigration, veterans' rights and that he would support

an amendment to the Civil Rights Acts of 1964 and 1968 to ban discrimination against Gay people.

Paul McCloskey

He has publicly announced that if elected president he would issue an executive order banning discrimination against Gay people by the Federal government in the areas of employment and immigration and that he would support an amendment to the Civil Rights Acts of 1964 and 1968 banning discrimination against Gay people. However, he has declined to support the end of discrimination against Gay people in the armed forces and in veterans' rights.

George McGovern

He "pledges the full moral and legal authority of his presidency towards restoring and guaranteeing first-class citizen rights for homosexually oriented individuals. We have found it necessary to spell out in legislation that there shall be no discrimination based on race, creed, national origin, or sex in housing, employment and public accommodations. Now we are recognizing that it is unfortunately also necessary to identify yet another group that has suffered harassment and deprivation. I hope for the day when we do not need to specify that 'Liberty and Justice for All' includes Blacks, Chicanos, American Indians, Women, Homosexuals, or any other group. All means all." Senator McGovern has also promised to issue executive orders banning discrimination against Gay people in all fields and to support amendments to the Civil Rights Acts of 1964 and 1968.

At this writing, the Democratic nomination has narrowed down to either Humphrey or McGovern; Nixon, of course, will be the Republican nominee; and George Wallace, may or may not run as a third party candidate. The choice for Gay people between these four candidates should be very obvious. Nixon and Wallace have refused to say anything on Gay issues and Humphrey has refused to commit himself to anything specific. Only George McGovern has pledged "the full moral and legal authority of his presidency towards restoring and guaranteeing first-class citizen rights for homosexually oriented individuals." And further, if and when the issue of Gay rights is raised on the floor of the Democratic National Convention in Miami Beach, it will be raised by delegates pledged to McGovern.

For the past ten years in this country we have been approaching a crossroads in our history and this 1972 presidential election may prove to be the turning point. Since World War II, we have seen our government and our national policies dominated by big labor, big business, the military, special interests and secret deals between them; we have seen wars conducted without the consent of Congress, we have seen minority groups confined to a new ghetto called "welfare," we have seen the subtle manipulation of the American people through the media, we have seen national priorities given to moonshots, ABMs, corporate interests, and special interests; and we have seen the continued repression of Gay people through government-sanctioned discrimination in all fields.

For the first time in the history of any culture, we, as Gay People, have the oppor-

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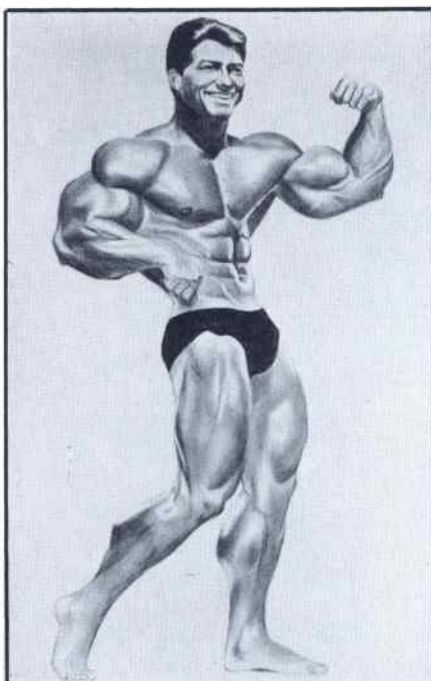
Please rush me _____ copy(ies) of Gay Sex Techniques at \$3.95 each via 1st class in a heavy, plain envelope. Enclosed is my money-order for \$_____. I am over 21 years of age.

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tunity to have a lasting impact on the history of our planet. It's still hard for me to believe it, but there actually is a major Presidential candidate who has some out publicly and unequivocally for the rights of Gay people everywhere.

George McGovern just may be OUR man!

LETTERS

(Continued from page 37)

few weeks ago I saw a re-run of a Laurel and Hardy silent and when a good-looking young waiter received a face full of custard pie I was as hard as a rock.

I did once find a man with a liking for custard pies too, but it was only a one-night stand. We both met in a strange town and found we lived hundreds of miles apart and we were unable to meet again.

Of course, we all know about the much-advertised "leather scene" and S&M brigade, but they are far too much to the fore to require any comment from me. Anything to do with the inflicting, or receiving, of pain turns me right off. But perhaps you should do an article on fetishes, and then many frightened young men might not feel so quite alone.

Oh yes, before I close, I thought I'd bring your Vancouver file up to date. The Castle Hotel has "altered its image," and gay people are no longer welcomed there.

Yours truly,

T.S.
Vancouver, Canada

Ed: An article on fetishes is forthcoming. We are also thinking of doing an illustrated book.

CIGARS AND POPPERS

Guys:

I've heard the question asked, "Should a gentleman give a Tiparillo to a lady?"—but I ask, "Should a gentleman give a popper to a guy?"

Do you think it's in bad taste to give a box of poppers to, say, a host of a party?

Sincerely yours,

D.B.

Boston, Mass.

Ed: Not at all; in fact, such gifts are thoughtful (no one ever has enough poppers!). But, amyl nitrite does require a prescription, and securing it—without a prescription is illegal. (But then, aren't we homosexuals all "criminals" by nature of our very being, as far as straights are concerned?) This aside, a box of poppers makes a very welcomed gift. Moreover, if you're really a nice guy, you should leave the leftovers when you visit someone and have sex at his place. Likewise, if you cruise johns or baths and meet someone who turns you on you might leave your leftover with him to enjoy with the next guy if you have been satisfied.

ST. LOUIS REVISITED

Dear Guys:

I think your travel articles are just great, and I really enjoyed reading about my hometown, St. Louis, in the July-August issue. Please allow me to bring you up to date on some things:

A few weeks ago, just as your magazine hit the stands, Peyton Place closed. The bar was in a very dangerous neighborhood and just couldn't attract people. Jim's Place also closed, because it was located in a residential area and the "pressures" were too much.

The former owners of Peyton Place have opened another bar, called Poor Patee. It's at McPherson and Euclid and draws a young crowd (21 to 35). There are two floors, juke boxes on each floor, and jammed on weekends. Casual dress.

Sincerely,

W.W.

St. Louis, Mo.

MATTHEW'S BACK

Hi there, Sexy Guys!

And how the fuck are ya today? Happy and horny, as usual, I hope.

I really enjoyed the latest *QQ*, especially the article on Steve Masters. "Harry Chess" is always a joy! Sure are some beautiful guys in your magazine, which is typical for *QQ*. And that picture that illustrated your "Italy" article . . . WOW! Sure would . . . (Ed: Censored!) But enuf of SEX 'n such stuff; don't want to get carried away.

Buddy and I threw our "Leather/Western Shambles" party a few weeks ago and it was a fabulous success. Almost 200 groovy guys . . . a butch beer bash with almost 1,000 cans of beer consumed. Guests of honor were Ron of Cambridge, Craig of Anchorage, Louis of Baton Rouge, and Ed of Houston. We were going to take a lot of pictures but it just got so crowded in the "Chain Room" of Phil's swinging new Outcast Bar that we just forgot about it. We (Buddy and I) were in Levi attire and kind of pushing the Levi Guy Club we belong to, with emblems on our jackets.

Went to Frisco last weekend. Stayed at the Embarcadero. Sex, sex, sex and just beautiful! Thinking of going to Europe this fall, but nothing definite yet.

Buddy and I (and the Baron, who thanks you for running his picture) wish you the best. Keep it hard! Get plenty!

Luv SEX,

Matthew of Glendale
Glendale, Calif.



Buddy and Matthew of Glendale

QQ

GREAT GRRRRRILLAS!

Dear Mr. Desantis:

At least three cheers for Frank Samuels' "Flaws That Flatter" article (July-August '72 QQ). It was not only heartening news for guys with long noses or pitted complexions, but gave us other Beauties something "hardening" to think about.

But hasn't he just "scratched the surface" of fascinating flaws? Could there be any ADVANTAGE in such "defects" as: a powerful bull neck; calloused hands; big veins on beefy arms; freckles; a wide muscular waistline; knife-fight scars; unruly hair; cauliflower ears; slightly crooked teeth; thick brooding eyebrows; or hirsuteness that extends to the shoulders, back, neck and buns? Hopefully, in future articles, we'll find out.

From my own experience, it took nearly five years of barbell work to get the kind of build I wanted, only to feel like a pariah because of horseshoe baldness, a heavy beard and a hairy bod—until discovering that some people LIKE bald grrrrrillas!

With kind regards,
W.D.

Milwaukee, Wisc.

Ed: Thanks for your kind letter, Mr. D. You give us food for thought; yes, we'll get to still other 'flaws that flatter' in future issues.

PUERTO RICO RAIDS

Dear Editor:

You have no doubt heard that just recently two gay establishments in San Juan, Puerto Rico—the Lion's Den (the island's most active bar) and the Lion of St. Mark's Baths were raided. The owners were charged with "running houses of male prostitution" and 21 guys were hauled in for indecent exposure. Moreover, the newspapers gave the incidents a lot of bad publicity—referring to them as crackdowns on a "phallic cult."

I usually vacation in Puerto Rico every winter (loved your article in the July-August '71 QQ!)—but I'm not too sure I should go this coming season. What do you say?

Yours truly,
B.C.

Washington, D.C.

Ed: From what we can gather, the raids were not part of a general crackdown on gay establishments—and it is doubtful that gay life will change in Puerto Rico; it will undoubtedly remain the wintertime playpen it has been for gay people—once the elections are over. However, you should keep your ears open come winter regarding the "climate" in Puerto Rico, and if you hear of trouble—stay away. (It has been rumored that the mayor's daughter owns property in the vicinity of the gay bars in Old San Juan and is ruthless in her methods of acquiring more. We don't know—but do suggest that this may have had something to do with these particular raids.) The gay papers here are advising homosexuals to skip Puerto Rico this season—in order to hurt the economy by not bringing in gay money. If this is done gay businesses will also be hurt—and we will have given up a great fun place.

SEX TOYS

Dear Editor:

Of what use are 'sex toys' to gay guys? I see them advertised everywhere, even in your own magazine. My lovers are enough to turn me on—and nothin' else is needed!

Sincerely,
G.D.

Tampa, Fla.

Ed: By the time many gay guys are 18 they've seen it all . . . and done it all so far as sex is concerned. God bless anyone who is as 'fresh' at sex as the first time, ten or twenty years later—but most guys are not, unfortunately, and while the biggest turn-on ever is still possible with an old lover or a new conquest, sex toys often help guarantee sexual fulfillment.

Their novelty helps stimulate the provider and also introduces a new element to the novice. They help reduce tensions and blast inhibitions—and induce experimentation (which is always fun). So if you don't need anything but a hunky bod to stiffen you up—great . . . but if you do, a chunk of rubber or strip of leather or a handful of grease or whatever is a helluva lot healthier and more fun than resorting to hard drugs—which is the 'sex toy' most straight studs turn to when that old clit loses its snap.

MUSCLE CONTESTS

Dear Editor:

I dig musclemen and would like to see them in contests. How do I find out where they are held?

Yours truly,
R.S.
Baltimore, Md.

Ed: Get into the habit of buying bodybuilding magazines such as Muscle Training Illustrated and Muscle Builder. These publications advertise muscle contests. You might also check with your local YMCA; the resident director should be able to furnish a list of bodybuilding and weightlifting competitions being held in your area. If there are any big gyms in your city a quick telephone call will usually get you information on shows coming up.

WATER SPORTS

Dear Sirs:

I like having "water sex" but I have a lot of trouble finding guys who dig "golden showers" and enema antics on the pot. Can you give me any leads?

Sincerely yours,
J.B.
Austin, Texas

Ed: Check the gay newspapers that run classifieds. Occasionally, you'll find an ad placed by someone who would like to meet others interested in "water sports"—as the term goes. Once you make contact you should compare notes and gradually build an inner circle of friends. You just might be surprised somewhere along the way to discover a player in your own city. Bizarre sex seems to be 'in' these days; you just might find out that the guy next door likes nothing better than being flooded at both ends at the same time.

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QUICK, MAN... THE TRAP DOOR!!
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Magazine & Book Exch.

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Olive Street News
3608 Olive St.
St. Louis, Mo.
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Nashville, Tenn.
Market Street News
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Chattanooga, Tenn.
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Swinger's World
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TEXAS

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Dallas, Texas



Jason's, Hollywood



Haven, Chicago



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Midtown, NYC



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Oscar Wilde, NYC



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Village Variety, NYC



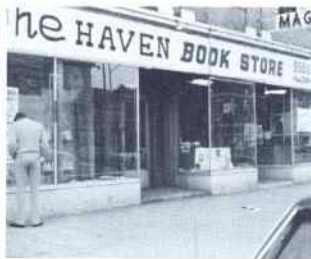
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NYC



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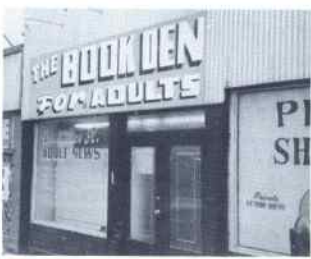
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Market, Chattanooga



Nashville



Commerce, Nashville



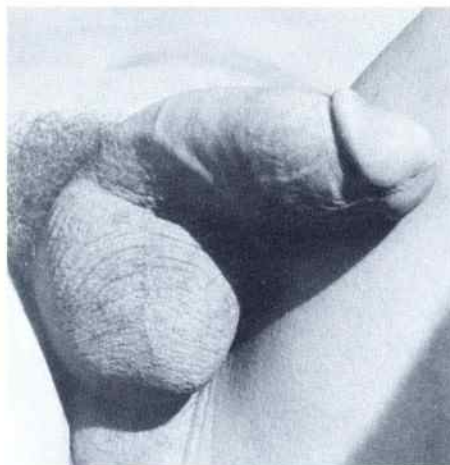
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GAY PEOPLE & THE ARTS

by Craig Rodwell



SINCE the blossoming of the Gay Liberation Movement in mid-1969 into a full-fledged political and social movement involving tens of thousands of Gay people, the one area where you would think, logically, that Gay people would assert themselves, would be "The Arts." After all, isn't it common knowledge and hasn't it always been so, that 99 per cent of male ballet dancers are Gay and at least 50 per cent of actors and hefty percentages of sculptors, artists, concert pianists, writers, set designers, producers, directors, stage managers, musicians, orchestra leaders, etc., are too?

But we have yet to see ads in the papers for Thomas Schippers conducting the premiere of Leonard Bernstein's "Homage to a Gay Brother—In Praise of Walt Whitman." Or Rudolf Nureyev and Erik Bruhn dancing a romantic *pas de deux*. Or Rock Hudson and Paul Newman starring in the film version of Gore Vidal's updated "The City and the Pillar." Or Van Cliburn playing Aaron Copland's heroic "Gay and Proud—Free at Last" concerto.

Instead we have "The Boys in the Band" with all of its clichés and stereotypes; we have dozens of so-called "male" moviehouses around the country showing "skin-flicks" which supposedly have something to do with Gay Liberation; we have virtually all of the thousands of Gay people who are artists in different fields, producing, creating, and performing works for and primarily appealing to an exclusively heterosexual consciousness; and when Gay people or situations are portrayed, they are done in a manner and style so as to reinforce the audience's preconceived thinking.

The one outstanding exception to the preceding which I must mention is the movie of "Sunday Bloody Sunday," which, to the best of my knowledge, was written, produced, directed and starred in by heterosexual people; and yet, it is by far the most creative, human and honest film about Homosexual consciousness yet made.

As an example of how Gay people are oppressed in and by "The Arts," I offer my own personal experiences with the New York City Ballet Company when I was a student at the Company's School of American Ballet. It was common knowledge that George Balanchine, the director of the New York City Ballet, didn't like Homosexuals and that if you were Gay, much less Gay and proud, your chances of ever becoming a soloist were nil. That's why the worst dancers in the company, who were usually heteros, became the lead dancers. Balanchine's idea of a good male dancer was someone who filled the public's stereotype of what masculinity in the arts should be—in other words, that ballet is a "feminine" art and that male dancers should play the role of supporting the female and doing a two-minute solo which features acrobatic and athletic fetes, in order for the audience to see the heterosexual role-playing of male/female recreated on stage—woman as passive, graceful, sensitive; man as supportive, strong, and clumsy.

The time is overdue for Gay people in the arts to come forward as creative people and to speak, write, create and perform about what they know best and to relate to the struggle of their Gay brothers and sisters by helping to break down the heterosexism of our culture. Already, there are stirrings towards this end.

I know a number of people in the New York City Ballet, for example; and in the not too distant future, they will take some action

(Continued on page 32)

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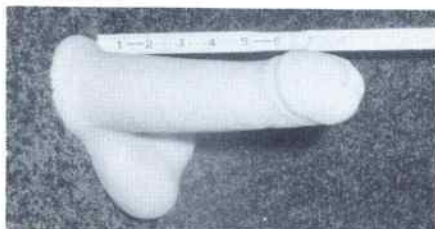


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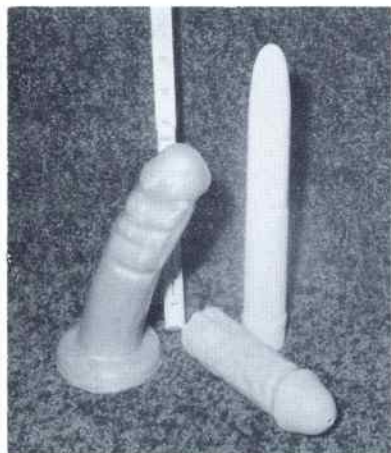
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