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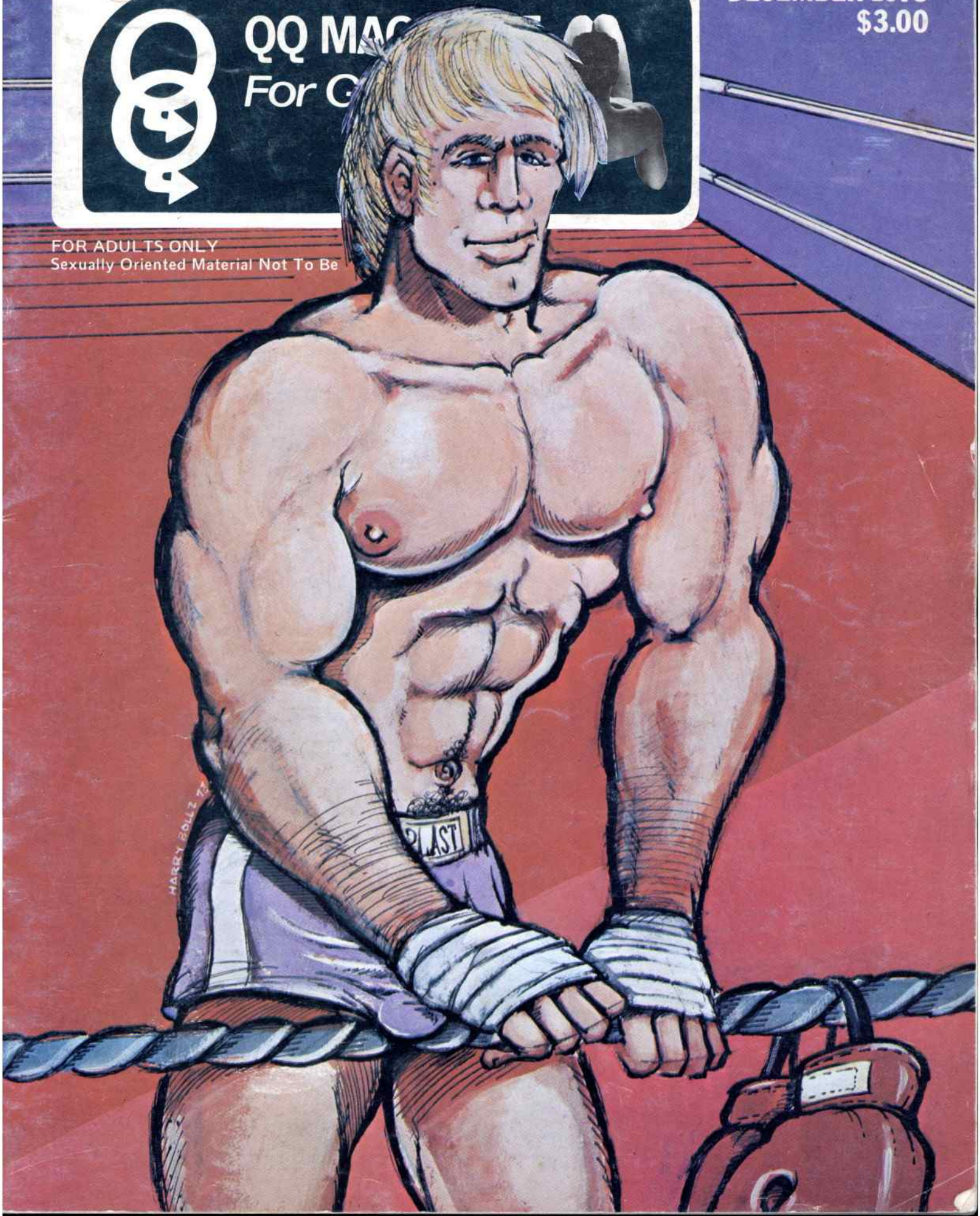


QQ MAG
For G



FOR ADULTS ONLY
Sexually Oriented Material Not To Be

HARRY POLLER '77



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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ANNOUNCING . . . A NEW MAGAZINE FROM THE GUYS AT QQ
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CIAO! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL®

First there was QQ MAGAZINE—filled with in-depth articles on ALL subjects of great interest to gay guys . . . PLUS some great body pictures . . .

Next came BODY MAGAZINE—dedicated to the beauty of the male physique . . . every issue containing more than 75 pictures but hardly any writing . . .

And now a new magazine—CIAO!—a little like QQ (many articles) and a little like BODY (many pictures) but ENTIRELY NEW—devoted to the World of Gay Travel!

CIAO! tells you where the action is!

Every issue of CIAO! will feature colorful articles on the world's gay cities—complete listings and everything will be rated. Many articles will contain maps as well as photographs of local streets, bars, baths, etc., to show you exactly where the action is and how to get to it. We'll tell you what it's like too. Gay restaurants will be featured, as well as news as it happens around the world—and lots of travel tips geared to fill your vacations with sex.

CIAO! will show you the action too!

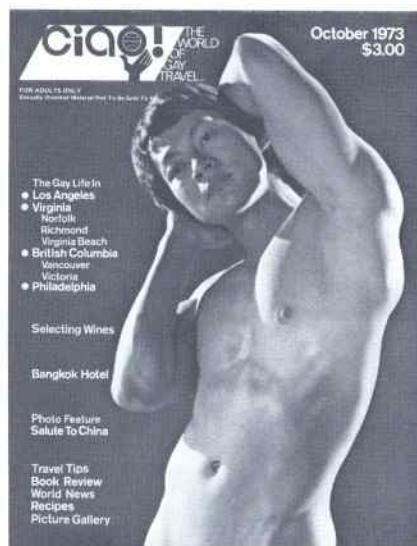
In addition to pictures taken on location every issue of CIAO! will contain dozens of full-page photographs of the world's greatest studs—including four big ones in living color!



Typical spreads...international picture gallery and fully-illustrated ("on-location" photos) detailed articles (over 20 per issue).

CIAO! says it all—accurately!

CIAO! will succeed where gay guides fail. Most gay travel listings are inaccurate to begin with and even when the information is good—by the time it's written up and printed and sold in book form it's months old. When you get there bars have closed and you find vacant lots. CIAO! works fast. Its editors will gather information and write it up—and days before publication contact correspondents around the world and make fast trips to check things out. All information will be up to date—and because of this it stands a better chance of being useful months later.



CIAO! is for armchair travellers too!

Articles will be so colorfully written that even armchair travellers will treasure every issue. Just take a look at some of the features in the first issue: Great Gay Islands of the World—featuring Manhattan (New York City), Fire Island, Puerto Rico, Capri, Sylt, Île du Levant, and Mykonos. Gay Holidays in the Sun—like Miami where there's lots of wintertime sex at the beach. Japanese Sex Shrine—dedicated to worshipping the phallus . . . where tourists can buy giant dildoes. Turkish Wrestlers—in their glory writhing around in slippery oil. Picture Gallery of International Studs—to show you where the biggest ones are. Plus much more.

CIAO! says it all!

The Italian word "Ciao!" (we pronounce it "Chow!") says it all—"So long . . . it was great, Baby . . . see you around sometime!" That's what sex is like for most gay guys on the move . . . beautiful but fleeting—and CIAO! will always be beautiful and new . . . every issue completely different from the last.

CIAO! is a big magazine!

Like QQ and BODY CIAO! is a big 8½x11 magazine—printed on the same heavy glossy paper with the same love and care. CIAO! is loaded with frontal nudes and cannot be sold to those under 21. Sorry.



Monthly features such as Gay Dining

CIAO! is a great travel bargain!

Why waste time going to places where gay guys are not welcome—and where sex is hit or miss? Be sure by knowing in advance—by reading CIAO! It comes out 6 times a year, every other month and will be sold at only a handful of bookstores in the bigger cities for \$3 a copy. We urge you to subscribe and save money . . . a 1-year subscription is only \$12 in the U.S.A. (\$15 in Canada and Mexico; \$17 all other countries). That's only \$2 an issue (on the subscription rate). Magazines are sent in heavy "glazed" manila envelopes which are plainly marked and individually sealed—and in 4 years of being in business we have never missed a publication date . . . and we're proud of it.



A special photo feature appears in every issue of CIAO! Here you see The Italians—part of a spread in our February 1973 issue. CIAO! also features a monthly picture gallery of international super studs—to forever end the argument over where the biggest ones are!

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OVER the months we receive many letters from our readers expressing various attitudes and opinions concerning gay life. Certain themes keep recurring—all complaints and all downers. We discuss three here, and offer suggestions on how certain ills might be remedied.

Role-playing. Generalizations are usually misleading. It does appear, however, that the *macho* look is more than just beards and mustaches. It is a notion that the Super Butch image must be played to the hilt—that there must be distinction between the masculine and feminine in a gay relationship. In other words—“Me Tarzan, you Jane!” Or, to put it another way—“Me man, you woman. Me fuck, you suck and get fucked!”

Role-playing is becoming increasingly evident among gay guys these days—perhaps in part because the Now Generation (and that includes all ages) is very self-centered, and self-gratification is more important than satisfying one's partner; perhaps also because the *macho* look tends to brainwash those who have it into really believing they are studs whose main function is to sexually dominate and conquer their partners. The act is played well in most cases; the roughness, the seeming lack of concern for one's partner—and sometimes it is sustained right to the bitter end. In more cases than not, however, the gay *macho* usually reveals feminine qualities after sex is over with—and *that* is a real bummer for his partner.

A good sex partner will generally go along with any scene in order to please (though the average *macho* is hardly worth it). If the *macho* is truly masculine then most partners at least find satisfaction in that, even if mutual pleasure is not experienced—but when a guy has been used by someone whose femininity comes out after climax it can be a real letdown.

Role-playing is more common these days but it has always existed and it usually is the feminine guy who tries to exert himself in a purely masculine role in bed. Such individuals are selfish and incapable of pleasing their partners, and inadvertently deny themselves complete sexual gratification because beautiful sex is mutually giving and receiving right up to and including climax.

As far as avoiding the *macho* scene before you get to bed is concerned we offer a suggestion: Since it is usually a turnoff for most gay guys to be asked what they like to do in bed at the outset, if you suspect that your new friend is going to use your body for his pleasure only, then ask before you go home, “Are you into role-playing?” By doing so you are not asking *what* he likes to do, thereby conveying the idea that you are limited in what you can do, but instead you are implying that you are anticipating something more than ordinary sex—which can be a turnon for him. Depending on his reaction you can either leave together or leave him. And if you are into role-playing then this is also a good way to determine at the outset that you have indeed found your Tarzan—thereby avoiding disappointment on your part later on.

False Images. The old gay stereotype is disappearing but is being replaced by a new one which is just as detrimental to our image. Back then it was the feminine look. Now it's the disheveled beat who is very much in evidence. The overly vocal gay radical who really is as dirty as he looks. And he certainly is not typical of gay men.

Because this sort of person is demonstrative he is into everything and dominates

(Continued on page 46)

November/December 1973

Editorial

“Me Tarzan, you Jane!”

By The Editors

Pisces





Dial 'O' For Orgasm

How To Score By Telephone

by Walter Norris

A noted gay New York fashion photographer stands for hours each day in the window of his high-rise studio/apartment, peering ten floors downward on an outdoor telephone booth on a busy Manhattan street intersection through a telescope affixed to a tripod on the window ledge. With telephone in one hand and the other on his always-throbbing phallus, he racks up orgasm after Vesuvian orgasm, completely satisfying his sexual urge in his own quite individual way—never causing harm or grief, embarrassment or disillusionment to his sexual 'partner' below.

His technique is simple. Knowing the number of the telephone, and relying on the maxim that 'curiosity killed the cat', he waits until someone attractive comes within telescopic range. When his quarry is about fifty paces from the booth he dials the number. This is timed so exactly that the unsuspecting man is within earshot of the first ring, yet far enough away for repeated rings to trigger a sense of urgency, causing him to hurry toward the booth. Curiosity scores the trick through a very human impulse. Even thieves in the process of burglarizing a home have been known to knock off caper-time for a moment to answer an insistently ringing phone.

A PLAY WITHOUT WORDS

Oddly enough in this little metropolitan by-play, a simultaneous *dual fruition* occurs in *less than thirty seconds!* Although basically the man below may be as straight as a vaulting pole, or even—as possible trade—as stiff as a corpse on a cooling board, nevertheless in a very brief moment he satisfies an overwhelming curiosity that may very likely be a form of sexual inquiry/response to many things (to mystery, or intrigue . . . to the oddity of the phone ringing at just the *precise* time he comes along to answer it . . . maybe, he hopes, it's Ms Right), although he may not realize it, nor would he admit it if he knows . . . all this while the photographer high above satisfies his quite definite sexual eagerness—and all without one sentence of conversation!

At the same time The Chosen One speeds sacrificially toward the phone booth, the cream begins to clot in the watching caller's prostate gland . . . and at his quarry's sexy "hello," ejaculation blasts off in fierce multi-spurts. Here—in this incredibly short time—a grouping of sexual shock troops occurs . . . the visual and auditory senses . . . the senses of vicarious touch and palpable reaction. All join to bring off as great an orgasm as if two magnificent bodies had met head-on for the first time in a sexual encounter—perhaps

even greater.

THE FIERY BREATH OF DESIRE

With this amazing gay guy a wordy conversation rarely ensues. After all, *he* has masterminded the whole plan . . . it is *his* idea . . . his *strategy* has brought a total stranger into his own orbit of sex . . . his *cleverness* has made all the pieces of the sexual puzzle fall into place. *He* is calling the shots. And so words are scantily needed at best. Just the sound of the other's sexy voice saying a hesitant "Hello," is quite enough to start the jizzum a jizzuming. Generally the only sound the other hears is the photographer's heavy breathing as his blood pressure zooms to 240/100 and he explodes in torrents of white lava.

Occasionally—if the tide of sperm doesn't break down the sluice gates in the usual time—he may chop out a couple of phrases. "I can see you, but you can't see me . . . but jeez, how I'd like to ram this ten-inch cock up your humpy ass!" Or, if he still needs a teasy moment longer, "I'll bet you're a helluva stud, too." Well, if he is or isn't, the quarry—now realizing how he's been had—will either slam down the phone or grate out "Go fuck yourself, you faggot creep!" No matter . . . it's all the other needs. Wild blastoff. Sex with him—no matter if it were consummated in fact with his 'telephone lover'—would ever be so great.

"What a trippy closet queen!" one might be tempted to say. Yet to those who know him well quite the opposite is true. Before he lost his left ankle in Vietnam this young photographer lighted up the New York gay world with his many freaked-out variations of sexual Roman Candles and pinwheels. Anyone lucky enough to have sex with him was on a rocket ride to the moon. Physically he is today a prize specimen—muscularly greater than before; as handsome in a powerful masculine way as any man could hope to be. Any gay guy who meets him is instantly blown out of his mind with the urge to throw him in bed—cock, crutch, pot, poppers and all.

The photographer, however, deals with perfection rather than reality. He can make the drabest sparrow of a woman look like a goddess on a magazine cover. And as for the male fashion magazines (almost singlehandedly he has created whopping successes out of nose-diving failures), his models—being mostly gay—go through each assignment with a lump in the throat . . . saddened by the knowledge that they'll never make it with him.

Bodybuilding has given him a physique that—taken as an almost-perfect whole—would

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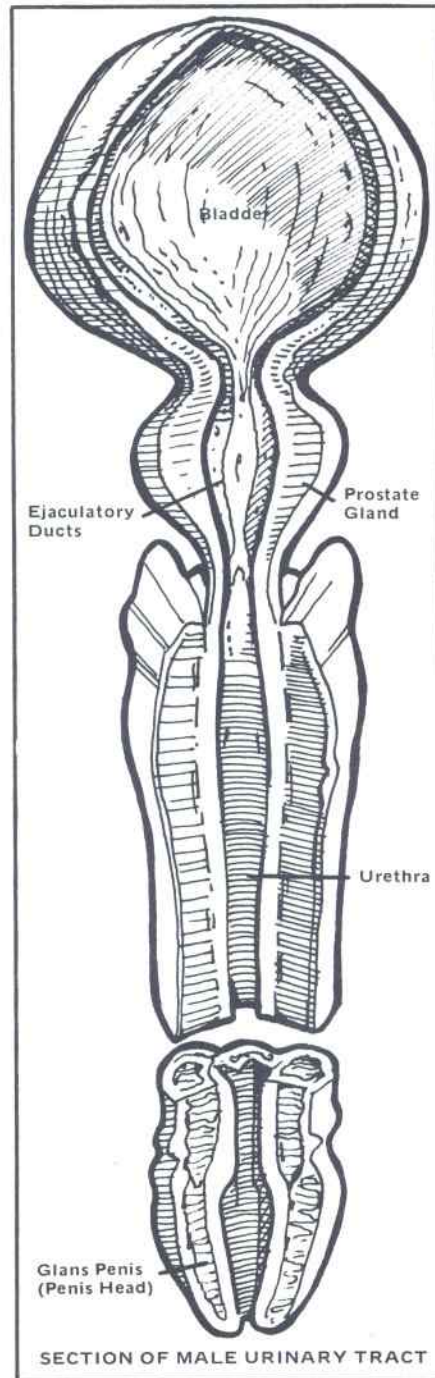
Prostatististics

How To Guard Your Sexual Lifeline

By Roger Watson

IT sometimes happens that when a man reaches his middle thirties and, for the first time in his life, experiences urinary discomfort or pain in the sectors around his prostate gland, he is shocked and appalled by what he thinks is the sinister significance. "Cancer—and I'm still a young man!" Even if the simple examination later performed in his doctor's office reveals no evidence, or nothing alarming, such as tumor, any recurring twinges of pain or burning may so traumatize him into the belief that—at very least—impotence is imminent, he can psyche himself out of years of active sex.

It should be borne in mind that, early on, prostatic cancer does not usually produce symptoms which direct attention to the prostate. Unlike the *benign enlargement* of the gland which can more immediately affect the bladder outlet—the urethra—and cause urinary pain or burning by constriction, cancer starts in the outer areas of the gland and may not be suspected at all. It is therefore important for any man past the age of 35 to have regular six-month checkups to detect any encroachment of prostatic cancer, or a benign enlargement of the prostate, or to investigate other symptoms that may indicate something amiss. By inserting his practiced finger in the rectum while the patient lies on his side with his knees drawn up, the physician can feel the prostate gland and tell whether it is enlarged, or too soft, or too hard (probably indicating tumor), or whether certain other related symptoms are present. If none are, fine. If any one is, however, he will arrange for a urologist to examine you more extensively. This 30-second, finger-in-the-rectum examination every six months should be as medically routine as your dental checkup. Look at it as a sound



investment in good health and long life—particularly longer *sexual* life. Why take chances?

PROSTATITIS

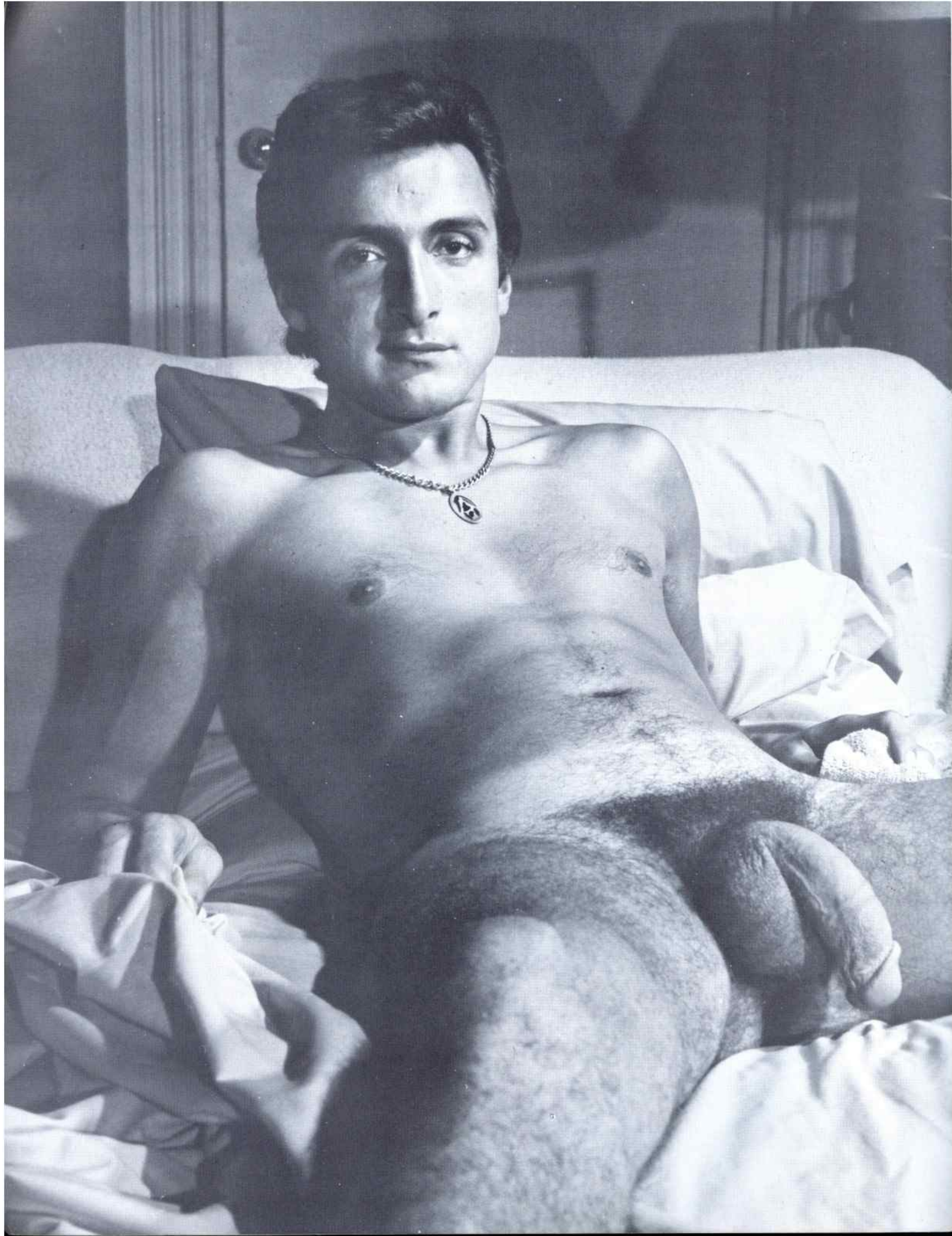
Inflammation of the prostate—prostatitis—is often as puzzling to your physician in its *non-specific* forms as it may be alarming to you. In other words when it's something he *can't* put his finger on. It can be caused by many things but is so often of *bacterial* origin (gonorrhea, for example). "Can it be a *virus*?" you wonder. Yes, it can. An antibiotic such as *tetracycline* taken for several days will clear up most common viral infections. Tetracycline is your friend, helping prevent many possible or accruable sexual infections (among other infections unrelated to sex—a cold virus, for example), as well as overcoming many that have already made some headway. There are many other symptoms of non-specific prostatitis, such as these:

1. 'Horseshoe' urination—when the stream of urine is divided.
2. Intermittent-to-constant or mild-to-sharp pains in the small of the back, groin, or region around the kidneys, and/or (especially worrisome to gay guys) around the base of the phallus near the pubic bone, or pain felt deeply in the testicles—and not peripherally. (Wearing a too-tight-fitting cock ring for too long at a time can also cause such pain; such pressure pain need not occur if one uses the new hard-rubber cock rings with considerable 'give'. Continued pressure on any area of the phallus can cause considerable damage in many other ways.)
3. Too rapid ejaculation. (This, of course, is often of emotional origin and must be ruled out as a possible cause of prostatitic pain.)

4. An (Continued on page 35)



Bruce of Los Angeles



L'Chaim

Israeli Wines Of Love And Greeting

By Tony Giordano

CAN the sacramental wine of a small-town church not only bring out a latent homosexual, but actually godspeed him on the road to a life of gay love and lust? "Wicked . . . blasphemous!" many will cry, while many more, horrified at such a thought—including religious gay guys (though conceivably more intrigued than horrified)—will hotly deny that such an irreverence ever did or ever could happen.

But it did, and in the most warmly human yet innocent way, and—we hasten to add—through an honest mistake. It was all the more remarkable because drinking deeply from the communal wine cup on an Easter morning brought out so many who were in doubt, while triggering instant, first-time "hellos" from those already committed to gay life, albeit under-cover in our small town at that time. One might honestly say that the joyous celebration of the Resurrection had also created another miracle—a resurrection of a distinctly secular kind. It happened at the eleven o'clock Sung Eucharist at Grace Episcopal Church in our hometown—like this.

In our town Temple Israel and Grace Church are friendly neighbors standing almost side by side, separated by a lovely garden shared by both congregations. Since in this particular calendar year the dates of the Jewish Passover and Christian Easter virtually collided, a delivery of sacramental wine for the Episcopalians was made simultaneously with one for the Passover Seders of the Jewish community (ours, being a local-option town, beer is the only spiritous beverage that can be legally sold, and one just can't use Budweiser for sacerdotal purposes . . . too much burping during the Seven-fold Amen).

The driver, fortunately or unfortunately, depending on one's sense of humor of the maladroitness, brought the heavy, fruity, so-thick-you-can-cut-it-with-a-knife grape wine to the Episcopal church, and the shipment of dry, characterless, Episcopal wine to the Temple.

Our beloved rector, then in his late years and quite near-sighted, simply opened the crate and removed a gallon, to be poured into the crystal cruets for the following morning's service. Since a shorter service without music (and mercifully without sermon) is held each Sunday at 7 a.m. in addition to the high service at 11, the good rector, having drunk this strange, powerful new wine at the earlier service was in rare form by the time "Welcome Happy Morning" boomed out at the latter service. During the processional everyone had noted with surprise that he seemed a bit tiddly as he sashayed up the nave from the narthex, and that by the time

he reached the sanctuary he was doing a jaunty little Chaplinesque hitchkick every few paces . . . his face wreathed in smiles, and looking more like Puck than Pius.

It is the custom at Grace Church for the organist to go first and alone to the communion rail so that he can get back and thump out a voluntary while the choir boys and men go, so that, in turn, they can belt out the *Benedicite, omnia opera Domini*—that 'bless everything' canticle that's sung by the dressmaker's yard, and which includes among its exhortations "O ye Sun and Moon . . . O ye Showers and Dews (hm-m-m!) . . . O ye Fire and Heat . . . O ye Ice and Snow . . . O ye Birds and Fishes" (everything, of course, except O ye Gays and Straights), and thereby weave a kind of musical tapestry for a more beautiful Easter service.

But on this day, not two minutes back from the cup to the Mighty Wurlitzer, the organist began blasting out notes Bach never wrote . . . a boy soprano became an instant alto . . . and right away the whole scene came gloriously apart. All of us knew that something miraculously gay was happening. A wink at that special choirboy we always thought just *might* be gay was returned instantly and very broadly . . . and we knew! ("Ah-hah . . . aren't *you* the sly boots!")

A humpy tenor looked lovingly at a handsome bass he'd secretly had the hots for, and got not only a ravishing smile of encouragement, but a playfully challenging nod that seemed to say "Guess who's gonna make it first in the parish-hall john after the service? Just *you* . . . and *me*!" Damn the grammaticals . . . full speed ahead!

After at least six yards of the *Benedicite* had been sung by the choir, the congregation was still lined up at the communion rail. They knelt longer, drinking deeply of this fantastic oriental wine, so unlike their custom of bobbing their heads like birds into the cup for the merest token taste of the usual cooking sherry. Finally they wandered back to their pews, faces aglow with sacred love or profane lust, and the recession of choir, acolytes and rector wended its tipsy way out to the narthex like an ecclesiastical Conga line. Then, miraculously, at the congregational Kiss of Peace at the conclusion of the service, the 'heartly handshake' now canonically optional and common to many churches, turned into the real thing . . . *real* Kisses of Peace . . . *real* long smoo-oo-oochy Kisses of Peace!

"Man, oh man, oh Manischewitz!" a giggly choirboy was heard to say.

THE ROMANCE OF JEWISH WINES

Until just a few years ago

(Continued on page 44)



Pederasty In The Movies

A Chicken In Every Plot

By John Marvin

With Paul Marvin

MOVIES, like milk, have always had something for everybody, and particularly during the twenties, thirties, and forties, they had a great deal for the movie-going chicken hawk. This was the era of the child star, and there were several youngsters not yet old enough to total up their own box-office receipts who could be counted on to carry a picture on the drawing power of their names alone.

Child stars were already a dying breed by the late forties, however, and although there have been child actors since who have achieved some renown, there have been none of truly star calibre. (One of your reviewer's fond memories of his own movie-going youth is the torch he carried for his contemporary, Richard Eyer—one of the last of the moderately well-known child actors.)

At first glance, the movie industry seems fortunate to have discovered so many fabulously talented youngsters, but on reflection it is not so surprising, given the liberties with time and space that may be taken by the really good film director and editor. It is entirely possible for film technicians to "manufacture" a performance by a child, an animal, or even an inanimate object. Thus, a youngster need actually have very little real talent to come off looking absolutely brilliant with proper handling. Despite this, though, there is reason to believe that many of the popular child stars of films were very nearly as talented as their movies would suggest, even though others actually had very little going for them.

Like most other films of the period, the films of the child stars fell into a few set formulas, and one of the most popular formulas—one in which literally every young actor found himself with some frequency—is the story of the relationship between a man and a boy who, through mutual love and understanding, are able to help each other to a brighter tomorrow. Few plotlines have seen as much use or enjoyed as much popularity as this one. It is interesting that the man and boy depicted in such a situation were frequently not portrayed as father and son—in fact, they were often not related by blood at all. They were the epitome of the classic pederastic relationship, in which an older man represents a combined teacher, ideal, big brother, and love object for a boy.

Ironically, while the thought of an actual, complete pederastic relationship between a man and a boy would

elicit a Pavlovian spasm of disgust from most heterosexuals, there was a tremendous positive response among moviegoers to the countless (presumably non-sexual) pederastic relationships dramatized on the screen during this period.

It is important here to differentiate between the ideal of pederasty and the perversion of it that passes in the minds of many Straights for all of homosexuality—the child molester. The child molester thinks only of his own gratification, and has no long-term consideration for the youngster he interacts with, whereas the pederast is first and foremost concerned with the child—his welfare, his sensibilities, and his development. A pederastic relationship goes far beyond sex, and indeed may not actually encompass sexual contact at all. The true pederast is perhaps the most ideal of all teachers, concerned as he is for the total boy—his personal development as well as his educational growth. Ironically, the boy who has been involved in a good pederastic relationship has an above-average chance of growing into a "normal" heterosexual adult, contrary to the hysterical scare-stories of many straight propagandists, since he has had a strong surrogate father image with which to identify.

Nonetheless, uninformed hysteria about such matters may very well have contributed to the decline in popularity recently of films depicting strong relationship between men and boys. Witness, for example, that during the wave of popularity enjoyed by the BATMAN television series there were many complaints about the covertly homosexual relationship between Batman and Robin. Much of this talk was tongue-in-cheek, naturally, but there were also some perfectly serious attempts to have the series removed from the air for just this reason.

Indeed, until the advent of the popular television series THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER there was an almost total lack of positive man-boy relationships, even between father and son, on television and in the movies since World War II. One reason, of course, is television's emasculation of the American father. The father or surrogate father is no longer the desirable model for a boy that it was before the advent of the television situation comedy, in which the bumbling, inept father and the cool, efficient mother have come to be the accepted norms. In well over two decades of week-in, week-out television programming, it is probably safe to say that there have not been a dozen family situation comedies produced in which the father was not a weak, stupid, or inadequate personality. A whole generation of youngsters has grown up being exposed nightly to the same repetitive propaganda: Father is a weakling, Father is a dope, Father is a clown.

By contrast, it is always Mother who is wise, understanding, knowledgeable, and adequate to any situation. It is always Mother who saves the day after Silly Old Dad has

JOHN MARVIN is active as a film editor, and is also an authority on motion picture history. He is the author of four past QQ articles—"Male Nudity in the Movies" (April 1972); "Homosexuality on TV" (December 1972); "Cross-Sexual Casting" (February 1973); and "The Gay Villains" (August 1973). This month his brother Paul, a fellow film researcher specializing in child actors, joins him in our presentation.

November/December 1973



This page: Most of the movie Tarzans have had young companions. This gallery of jungle family portraits includes, left to right starting top left: Frank Merrill and Bobby Nelson, the first Tarzan-Boy team, in *TARZAN THE MIGHTY*. Johnny Weissmuller and Johnny Sheffield palled their way through a total of nine Tarzan movies. Tommy Carlton and Lex Barker in *TARZAN'S SECRET FURY*. Jock Mahoney and Jai the Elephant Boy in *TARZAN GOES TO INDIA*. Steve Bond and Mike Henry in *TARZAN AND THE JUNGLE BOY*. Ron Ely and Manuel Padilla, Jr. in the Tarzan television series. Opposite page, left to right starting top left: Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan were the first important man-boy team in the movies and set the standards for others to follow in their film classic, *THE KID*. Spencer Tracy played Father Flanagan of *BOY'S TOWN* in the award-winning film of that title; Mickey Rooney was among the many boys helped by the loving priest. Spencer Tracy won an Academy Award for his portrayal of a kindly but stern Portuguese fisherman who befriends Freddy Bartholomew in the classic film *CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS*. Victor McLaglen played a soldier-of-fortune in the film *PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER*. William Bendix played a kindly officer dedicated to reforming delinquent boys in *JOHNNY HOLIDAY*; his young charge here is Allen Martin, Jr.

thoroughly bungled everything he has touched. Not since *FATHER KNOWS BEST* has Father known best!

Some students of society would like to have us believe that this kind of situation has produced a greater number of young homosexuals in our generation than at any time in recent history. This is a questionable theory at best, but the situation *has* led to a distinct lack of admirable adult male figures for a young boy to want to emulate—after all, who wants to grow up to be the family jackass?

The primary reason for this television image is not hard to pin down; it is, in a word, financial. Despite the assertions of the various Women's Libbers, women today have almost total control of American society. Our entire financial structure, for instance, is geared to the female buyer. Nearly all advertising, even for strictly masculine products, is aimed at the woman. Thus television, whose primary purpose, after all is to sell the sponsor's product, is also geared to the pacification of the feminine viewer. As a result, for an entire generation, the sponsors have carefully nurtured the image of the wise, omnipotent Mother and the ignorant *schlep* of a male upon whom she bestows her superior graces.

For a young boy looking for a hero image, however, this leaves only the one-dimensional protagonists of the crime and detective programs—tough, unemotional, cynical men who demonstrate that a quick gun and a ready fist are all one needs to conquer any problem in the world. And, indeed, we seem to have raised a generation in which, except for a few people regarded as social misfits, any tender emotion in a male is looked on as a sign of weakness, and love and understanding are equated with homosexuality and impotence.

This was not always the case. The twenties, thirties, and forties, as we have noted, brought moviegoers scores of films dealing with healthy, productive, and emotional relationships between men and boys. While your reviewer dislikes imposing homosexual implications upon films in which they were not specifically intended, it is interesting to look at some of these films from the perspective of the classic pederast.

One of the first man-boy films, and the blueprint for them all, was the classic Charlie Chaplin comedy feature, *THE KID*. In this film Chaplin, the down-and-out tramp, is given an unwanted baby to raise. The baby grows into little Jackie Coogan, in his screen debut. The nature of young Coogan's

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education at Chaplin's hands is a little questionable, perhaps—he is taught to go around breaking windows so that Chaplin, a glazier, can keep in work repairing them—but there is no doubt about the healthiness of the relationship. There is a love between the two that is clearly better for the child than all the money and position of his legitimate home could ever be. One of the most honestly heartrending moments in film is the sequence in which the uncaring, impersonal welfare workers drag the screaming boy from Chaplin's arms and carry him off to a "proper" home in an orphans' institution.

Jackie Coogan went on to become one of the most popular stars of the twenties, perfecting the character of the tough, self-sufficient ghetto kid who frequently forms mutually advantageous relationships with older, down-and-out men. Coogan's luck with his own parents does not seem to have been so good, however. He never benefitted from the considerable fortune he earned as a child star because his parents squandered the money as fast as he could make it. This prompted a law setting aside trust funds for money earned by youngsters in films—known to this day as the "Jackie Coogan Law."

The sound era brought us one of the most off-beat teams in film history, one synonymous with the portrayal of loving relationships between man and boy—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. Wallace Beery had entered movies in 1915 as a female impersonator, playing a comic Swedish maid, and had been one of the twenties' more popular screen villains, but Jackie Cooper was just nine years old when the two were first paired in King Vidor's classic film, *THE CHAMP*, in 1931.

Beery played a pitiable old wreck of a prizefighter who regains his self-respect and makes a successful comeback through the love and understanding of his son, who deserts the luxurious comfort of his mother's home to live instead with his Dad. "Instead of the usual sweetheart watching at ring-side," wrote one contemporary critic of the film's climactic fight scene, "there is little Dink, whose bright eyes urge on his father."

Cooper's bright eyes were to urge on Beery in several more films through the thirties, including a remake of the Robert Louis Stevenson adventure classic, *TREASURE ISLAND*, in which Beery played Long John Silver to Cooper's Jim Hawkins. The character of the bloodthirsty pirate, Long John, had been somewhat sympathetic in Stevenson's novel, but like the Dickens villain, Fagin, he was turned into an almost adorable companion of young boys by the movies. By the mid-fifties he was even the hero of a television series, in which Silver, played by Robert Newton, and Jim Hawkins, played by Kit Taylor, were boon companions and practically humanitarians!

The popularity of the Beery-Cooper films prompted a flood of similar films throughout the thirties and forties. One actor who became particularly popular in such roles was Freddy Bartholomew, a delicate-looking young English boy who, with the backing of a pushy, aggressive aunt, became a top box-office attraction for several years until his late adolescence. Aunt Mylicent brought young Freddy to America for the express purpose of landing him the title role in the MGM production *DAVID COPPERFIELD*, and in England his father helped matters along by falsely announcing that he had been signed for the part before ever leaving England, thus getting MGM in hot water over a law forbidding the importation of children for labor. Nonetheless, he did project the right image, and was eventually actually





This page, left to right starting top left: The bloodthirsty pirate Long John Silver, played by Robert Newton, was softened into a charming if rascally companion for young boys by the movies; his friend here is Kit Taylor, who did one movie and a TV series with Newton as Long John. Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper were the most famous of all man-boy teams, appearing in several movies together; this happy portrait is from O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY. Richard Widmark provided a strong, helpful idol for Dean Stockwell in the 1949 production DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS. One of the few recent films to feature a man-boy relationship was A THOUSAND CLOWNS, in which Jason Robards, Jr. looked after his nephew, Barry Gordon. Opposite page, left to right starting top left: In the early talkie SQUARE SHOULDERS, Louis Wolheim turns to criminal means to provide for his adoring son, played by Junior Coghlan. The TV series BATMAN, starring Adam West and Burt Ward, came under fire from some vice-hunters for supposedly depicting a homosexual couple, although it followed in a long tradition of man-boy crime-fighting teams. Edward G. Robinson provided love and support for Fergus McClelland in the adventure film A BOY TEN FEET TALL. Tommy Kelly assumes the position in THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, one of countless films featuring light-hearted youngsters being spanked.

cast in the role.

Young Copperfield's close friendship with the jolly if impecunious old Micawber (W.C. Fields in his only serious dramatic role) set the tone for several subsequent man-boy relationships in Bartholomew's future films. For instance, in PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER, Bartholomew is a youthful monarch kidnapped by soldier-of-fortune Victor McLaglen, whom the boy reforms through his awe-filled hero worship. And in CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS he played a snobbish youngster rescued by a Portuguese fisherman (Spencer Tracy in an Academy-Award performance). Once again a deep love develops between the man and boy before Tracy is eventually killed and the grieving boy returned to his distant, reserved father.

Many pictures followed in the tradition of THE CHAMP, detailing stories of men who find new hope and self-pride through the love of a boy. In THE BIG CAGE (1933) Raymond Hatton was the man, a failing circus performer, and young Mickey Rooney was the boy who loved him in spite of it all. In 1939, it was Adolphe Menjou as a broken-down wino in KING OF THE TURF who makes a comeback as the trainer of a successful race horse with the love and understanding of Roger Daniel, a jockey who, in a throw-back to Victorian coincidence plotting, turns out to be Menjou's long-lost son. In 1947, Wallace Beery was biting the canvas again as a prize-fighter who is regenerated by a young English orphan, played by Dean Stockwell.

Tales of men given a new lease on life by loving boys were strongly paralleled by another group of films in which errant boys were put back on the straight and narrow through the patient understanding of a loving older man. The prototype of these films was BOYS' TOWN, with benevolent Father Flanagan (Spencer Tracy) providing love and direction for a whole houseful of waifs, Mickey Rooney most prominent among them. Following in its wake were a number of films such as MEN OF BOYS' TOWN, with Spencer Tracy again providing the love, BOY'S RANCH, in which James Craig helped out Butch Jenkins and Skippy Homeier, and JOHNNY HOLIDAY, with William Bendix supplying the inspiration for a houseful of young delinquents.

On a more one-to-one level were films such as the aforementioned CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS, in which Spencer Tracy provided a strong masculine model for Freddy

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Bartholomew, *DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS*, in which Richard Widmark helped Dean Stockwell face manhood, and *THE PENALTY*, in which a tolerant young farmer, played by Robert Sterling, aided in the rehabilitation of a gangster's son, played by Gene Reynolds.

Naturally, no resume of the movie's man-boy relationships would be complete without looking at the Tarzan films. Most of the movie Tarzans have had youngsters tagging along through the trees at one time or another, although the most famous team was undoubtedly that of Weissmuller and Sheffield. As early as 1921, however, Tarzan was blessed with a son in the serial titled, appropriately enough, *SON OF TARZAN*. Actually, there was very little interaction between Tarzan and his son in that film, in which Tarzan (P. Demsey Tabler) had retired from jungle life to his palatial English estate. His son, Jack ran away and assumed the identity of Korak, the ape man, living in the jungle for several years before being retrieved by Tarzan. As a boy, Korak was played by Gordon Griffith (who had played Tarzan as a boy in the first Tarzan film a couple of years before) and as a man he was played by a handsome Hawaiian actor, Kamuela Serles, who was unfortunately killed filming a stunt for the film.

The real first Tarzan-Boy relationship did not actually come about, however, until 1930, in a serial called *TARZAN THE MIGHTY*. Frank Merrill, one of the handsomest of the Tarzans, took under his wing the kid brother of his mate (who was called Mary Travers in this film, for some reason). The youngster, Bobby, was played by Bobby Nelson. After his brief stint as Tarzan, Merrill, realizing his immense potential for inspiring young men, retired from films to spend the rest of his life working with underprivileged boys in the Los Angeles area.

A boy next appeared in the Tarzan series in 1939, in *TARZAN FINDS A SON*. The lad, played by Johnny Sheffield, was introduced because Maureen O'Sullivan, who had been playing Jane to Johnny Weissmuller's Tarzan since 1932, wanted out of the series, and Tarzan needed some kind of companion for those long lonely nights.

Weissmuller personally picked 5 year-old Sheffield from the many possibles, and the two formed a close bond off-screen as well as on. Sheffield grew to manhood in the Tarzan films, appearing in all of the remaining Weissmuller pictures except the last one. By then Weissmuller was showing the deteriorating paunch of middle age and Sheffield was showing the robust beauty of late adolescence to such an extent that the comparison was detrimental to the image of Tarzan, and so Boy was quietly dropped from the final Weissmuller film.

Weissmuller's successor to the loin cloth, Lex Barker, also had a youthful companion in one of his films, *TARZAN'S SECRET FURY*, as did his successor, Gordon Scott, in *TARZAN'S RACE FOR A LIFE*. Barker's lad was Tommy Carlton and Scott's was Ricky Sorenson. Then *TARZAN GOES TO INDIA* found Jock Mahoney travelling in the company of Jai the Elephant Boy, played, oddly enough, by someone named Jai the Elephant Boy. The character of Jai returned, in the person of Manuel Padilla, Jr., to the Tarzan television series which starred Ron Ely. Padilla had already served an apprenticeship under Tarzan Mike Henry in *TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD*. Mike Henry also had a youthful companion, played by a stunningly beautiful lad named Steve Bond, in *TARZAN AND THE JUNGLE BOY*. The feeling of the Tarzan-Boy relationships was summed up beautifully

(Continued on page 40)



Mr. France



Mr. Europe





Mr. France/ Mr. Europe

By Bud Parker



READER response to our spreads on muscle contests has been so great that we are prompted to report on still others. This month we feature two contests that were held together in Nevers, France this summer—Mr. France and Mr. Europe. There were junior and senior divisions, as well as class breakdowns for height.

The Jr. Mr. France contest was won by Gerard Brunet. Roland Ollagnier, in the tall class, won the overall Sr. Mr. France title.

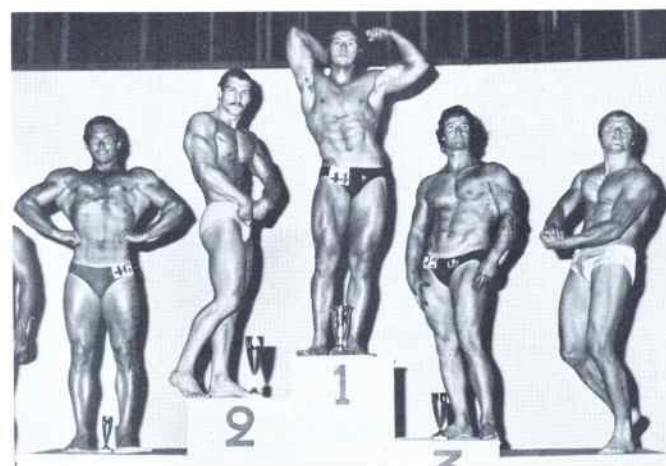
The Jr. Mr. Europe contest was won by Eddy Miller of Ireland. Norbert Albrecht of Germany took the Sr. title.

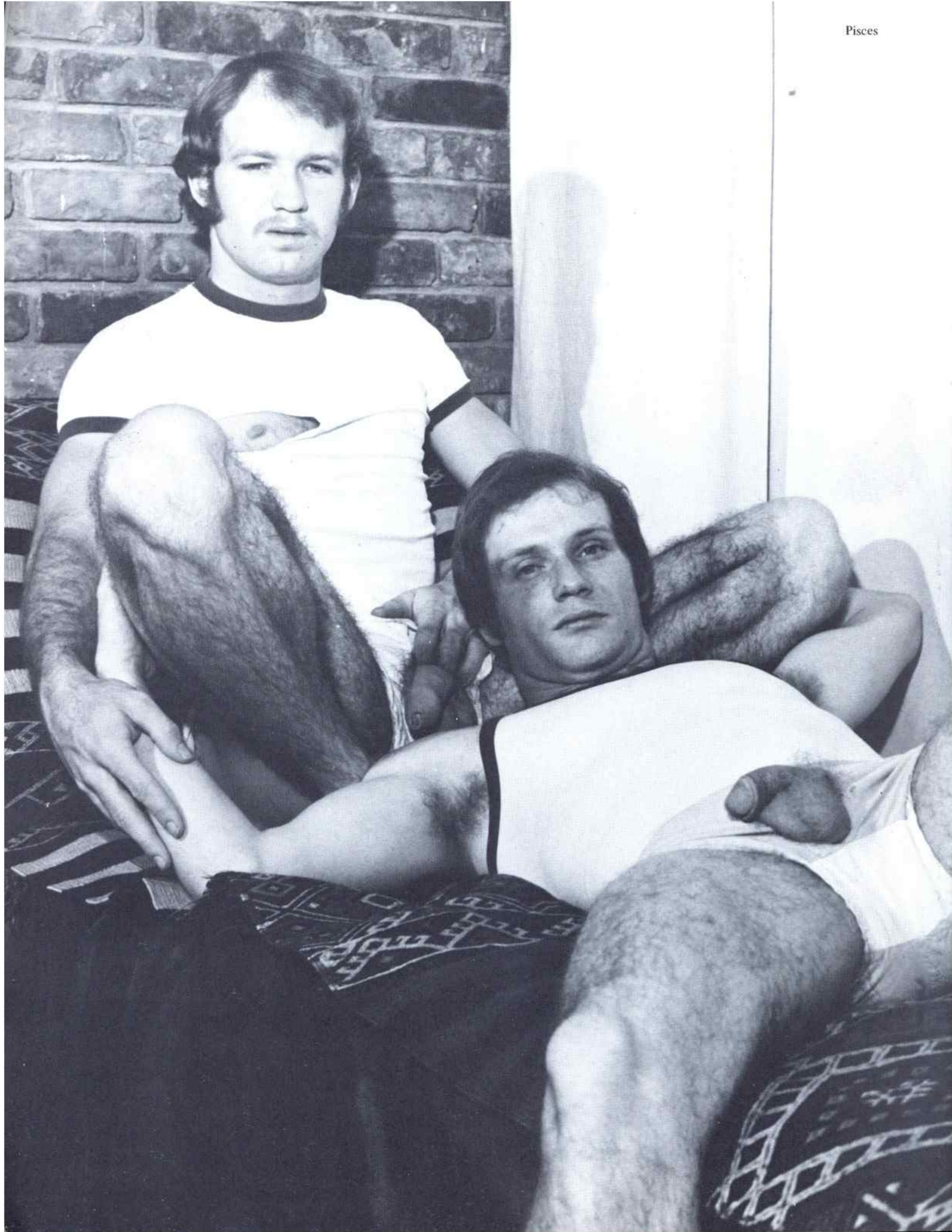
On these pages you see the lineup of contestants in both of the contests—Mr. France, top photo, and Mr. Europe, bottom. On the following pages we feature some outstanding contestants and top winners.



The Sr. Mr. Europe contestants are seen on this page. Left: Tony Emmot (England) did not compete but was a special poser. He won the Mr. Europe contest last year. Middle row, left to right: Height class winners—Antonio Trovato (Germany), 1st place Short; Roy Duval (England), 1st place Medium; Imlach Shearea (Scotland), 2nd place Medium. Bottom row, left to right: Eddie McDonough (England), 3rd place Short; Klaus Buck (Germany), 3rd place Tall; Peter Phillips (England), 4th place Tall. Opposite page, top row, left to right—Richard Smith (England), 4th; Jurgen Brand (Germany), 2nd; Eddy Miller (Ireland), 1st David Little (England), 3rd; Richard Cottrell (England), 5th. Right: Sr. Mr. Europe Short Class winners, left to right—Abel Dupuis (France), 4th; Hans Ringer (Germany), 2nd; Antonio Trovato (Germany), 1st; J. Paul Vandeveld (Belgium), 3rd; Jean-Claude Corot (France), 5th. Second row, left: Sr. Mr. Europe Medium Class winners, left to right—Lucien Auguste (France), 6th; Guillaume Verschuere (Belgium), 4th; Imlach Shearea (Scotland), 2nd; Roy Duval (England) 1st; Eddie McDonough (England), 3rd; Claude Lambole (France), 5th; Setten Martinovic (France), 7th. Right: Sr. Mr. Europe Tall Class winners, left to right—Peter Phillips, (England), 4th; Bill Richardson (Wales), 2nd; Norbert Albrecht (Germany), 1st; Klaus Buck (Germany), 3rd; Bend Drewitz (Germany), 5th. Third row, left: Mr. Europe winners, left to right—Eddy Miller (Jr.); Norbert Albrecht (Sr. Tall and Overall Sr. Mr. Europe); Roy Duval (Sr. Medium); Antonio Trovato (Sr. Short). Oscar Heidenstam, who runs the annual Mr. Universe contest in London every September, is on the left. Right: Mr. France winners, left to right—Gerard Brunet (Jr.); Claude Lambole (Sr. Medium); Roland Ollagnier (Sr. Tall and Overall Sr. Mr. France); Abel Dupuis (Sr. Short). Bottom row, left: Sr. Mr. France Tall Class Winners, left to right—Charles Blanc, 4th; Georges Torelli, 2nd; Roland Ollagnier, 1st and Overall Winner; Roger Francois, 3rd; Jean-Paul Gendre, 5th. Right: Jr. Mr. France winners, left to right—Michel Bonnard, 4th; Yves Devallez, 2nd; Gerard Brunet, 1st; Bernard Pinelli, 2nd; Didier Mahe, 5th.







An Original Book The Ebanykus Journal by Dakota Jonson

You are about to read the fifth installment of "The Ebanykus Journal," a novel by Dakota Jonson. A condensation of the book will appear in six consecutive issues of QQ Magazine prior to its release in book form by a major publisher in 1974. Our editors met with the author numerous times over a period of six months in preparing this abbreviated version—in order to present a story which is as detailed as the original. And now, we invite you to share with us the sex-filled adventures of fiction's first Gay lover-detectives who find themselves entangled in a web of intrigue, dope, a kinky 'bull ritual', and murder. This month . . .

CHAPTER V

THE week dragged to Thursday. Ebanykus didn't call again. I fucked around with the YOCK riddle Rip Zonderling laid on me, but gave it up. And I got another nasty letter from the Foundation about my book, "Sexual Customs and Rituals of Ancient Greece." Got nowhere with that either. Stymied. I *had* to get into Diana's YOCK ritual Saturday for more than one reason! What was it Ebanykus had said? "Get into the legend, man."

Jimmy's death was called homicide—"the result of massive amounts of toxic levels of narcotics, fatally administered by a person unknown," the paper said. No one, the police had determined, would purposely give themselves such a lethal dose of drugs unless they wanted to kill themselves. Bruises discovered on the back of Jimmy's head, "stunning blows which could have caused temporary loss of consciousness or coordination," seemed to rule out suicide. And when they found Carlos with the same YOCK tattoo, that clinched Jimmy's death as homicide. Already The Press was dubbing them "The YOCK Murders."

As yet, Rip had not been named in Carlos' murder, and I wasn't about to. Not until I was sure Ebanykus was safe. Diana was hauled in for questioning in Jimmy's death, but released for lack of evidence. Man, they were gonna have a hard time proving that one. Anyway, Ebanykus had been correct. Diana had split to a house somewhere in Water Mill.

I was exhausted from God knows what by Wednesday night—frustration, I suppose—and slept through to mid-afternoon Thursday. Ariadne and David woke me up, pounding on the back door.

Seeing them was a mixed blessing. I wanted to be alone, but perhaps they could fill me in. And I hoped David had heard from Ebanykus.

They were dressed loose, David in his damned buttoned-unbuttoned Levis; Ariadne in a pullover knit, her tiny nipples pushing at me.

I put on some coffee and we got it together in the living room.

"So," I began, "I guess you guys want the use of the hall. Be my guest. You can groove in the front bedroom."

Ariadne nailed me with her piercing blue eyes.

"You don't mind?" she purred.

"Fuck no," I said.

"You mean, fuck—yes, don't you?" she laughed. Was she challenging me? "That's what we're here for—to fuck."

"You heard from Ebanykus?" I asked, turning to David. Ariadne didn't dig me ignoring her one bit. Her alabaster skin knotted just above the eyebrows.

"What's Ebanykus trying to pull off?" Ariadne interrupted. "Why'd he split into town, anyway?"

"Who knows?" I said. David remained silent. "He told me he's gonna be in the YOCK ceremony Saturday night . . ."

"What's that gotta do with his going into town?" she asked.

"Well," I replied, "I don't think YOCK has anything to do with his going in town, contrary to popular belief."

"Which means what?" she snapped.

"Which means Jimmy and Carlos were bumped as part of a dope hassle."

"Yeah, well, Diana's probably into dope too," she agreed. "She's sure as hell the one called the cops on *Golden Door* and tried to get me and David busted for heroin. Fat chance."

"Another thing," I said, "Ebanykus wanted me to warn David to keep out of the YOCK thing Saturday. I didn't think you were involved in it, David. As I remember, Diana doesn't even know you."

"She doesn't," he said flatly, "but see, man, Ebanykus is gonna be there and I was hoping Ariadne could get me in, just in case anything bad—you know . . ."

"I was hoping the same thing," I said. "How about it, Ariadne? Can you get me into YOCK?"

"Shit," she said, "why don't we all go? But you better shave your moustache, Jonquil. She just might recognize you."

"Then you'll take me there?"

"Sure. Why not?"

They were anxious to ball, and I wasn't getting any new information out of them, so I split. I was going stir anyway after sleeping fourteen hours.

I took "Absolutely" out to Springs and had dinner at the Villa Capri alone, rapping with the owner's wife, Angie. In between, I gained precious thinking time.

The more I dug into it, I just couldn't bring myself to believe Rip killed Carlos, or Jimmy, or anybody. Sure, it was easy enough to dream up a motive—like Carlos was trying to blackmail Rip because he knew Rip was the distributor and killed Jimmy. But was Rip into dope?

He just isn't that sort of guy, I kept telling myself. Maybe Rip was trying to escape from an uptight lover by running around with

(Continued on page 30)

Costa Del Sol

by David Bartel



It is often said with much truth that the worst thing that's happened to Spain since the Moorish caper is the 21-day excursion airline ticket. The once individual color, flavor and character of so many Spanish areas that draw a heavy tourist trade is now so polyglot European/American (with the Japanese coming in by the plane-load, and rots of ruck to you!) that one is virtually blinded by a phantasmagoria of neon signs that relate to nothing even remotely Spanish: Swedish smörgåsbord . . . German beer . . . Austrian 'Tyrol Villages' . . . 'Holland Houses' . . . pizza palaces and Greek souvlaki huts, as well as those signs whose message is *wir sprechen Deutsch*, or *si parla Italiano*, or *on parle Français*, that the embattled Spanish businessman has found it necessary to flash his own sign, telling his countrymen that "Yes, Spanish is *still* spoken *here!*" So if you've had the slightest apprehension about visiting Spain because your knowledge of the language is nil, fear not. In many places it's almost a dead language, like Latin, Old Slavonic, or ancient Greek.

One wonders if perhaps it is not through the divine intercession of some early Andalusian saint who loved this part of Spain that the Costa del Sol has so far escaped the intense pan-nationalization, vulgarization and bastardization of other areas. But for whatever reason, if you can make the scene here this season, or next year at the latest, you'll still find unspoiled miles of fabulous beaches where the sun shines 320 days a year, giving the Sun Coast its happy name.

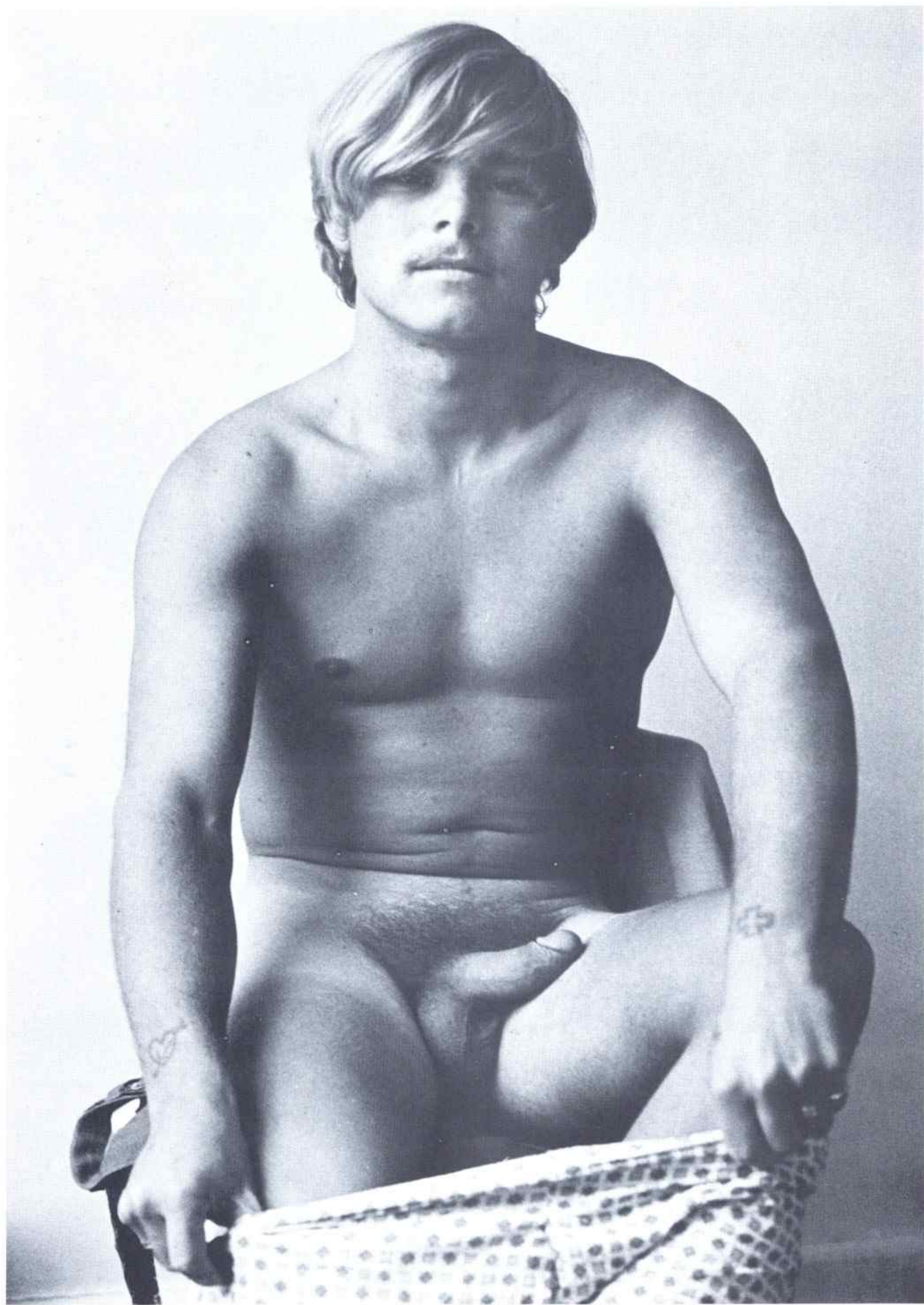
Its special charm for gay people is that there is such an exciting contrast between peaceful sunbathing in the nude in secluded areas along the coastline—plus free-and-easy group contact—and the boom-boom of night life in such metropolitan centers as Málaga, Marbella and Torremolinos. As the 'ritz and glamour' coast of Spain it is the sophistication of the Costa del Sol that attracts the gay pleasure-seeker, rather than the "where's a good hamburger joint?" tourist with his quota of '21 sun-filled days and fun-filled nights' and his \$330 worth of air fare to use up to the last plebeian penny. Then, too, since 'sophistication' inevitably translates as 'money', bring along plenty. While Spain is less expensive than France, Italy and Germany, because of the dollar re(de)-valuation it still takes a healthy buck to get by on.

MÁLAGA

Stretching 120 miles from Cabo de Gata to Algeciras—from where a short ferryboat ride takes you to Tangiers—the Costa del Sol is an unending panorama of spectacular multi-colored mountains and

(Continued on page 37)





Sex Polonaise

The Emerging Gay Life Of Warsaw

By Jon Lorrimer

LIKE East Berlin which *QQ Magazine* reported on in the June 1973 issue (*How They Ball Behind The Wall*), Warsaw seems far out of the gay scene—that is, until you get there. It's a city everyone is curious about, yet nothing in the news or along the gay grapevine seems to whet the sexual appetite enough to make one call a travel agency.

Somehow to most of us Poland is just as immured in Commystery as China was behind its Great Wall of twenty-centuries ago. Thus it is *QQ's* privilege and joy to tell you that gay guys are alive and well and living quite actively in Warsaw and other Polish cities, and they'd like it a lot if you'd come over during your vacation and get acquainted.

Two important notes, however: Note 1—please bring along several necklaces of poppers and some cock rings. These will delight our brothers abroad since such things are not widely known in gay Poland. Note 2—instead of metal rings, bring the equally effective but *flexible* hard-rubber kind. You see, the Polish phallus, as a national characteristic, is unbelievably enormous (have you ever shuffled off to Buffalo where one-third of the population is Polish?), and it just won't do to have budding international gay relations take on a gangrenous turn by phallic stricture of even the biggest metal ring which is, of course, designed for lesser phallo-mortals. In Poland the gay guy—the straight too—equates the length/circumference of his phallus with the *kielbasy*, never the cocktail wienie.

It is also interesting to compare the emergence of post-war gay life in Warsaw with that of East Berlin. The Russians ground East Berlin to a pulp with their bombs, and even now—thirty years later—the city still shows the scars of her deep wounds . . . a monument half in shards here . . . a roofless church with its truncated spire there . . . plus a partial rebuilding with the dreariest Russian architecture this side of Minsk (or even Pinsk) and so totally without style. Gay life—as we reported—was slow to emerge (so many punitive laws had to be nullified, mitigated or rendered obsolete), yet—happily—it swings to a lively gay beat today.

Warsaw, on the other hand, suffered even more total devastation (Hitler destroyed 85% of the city). Yet today it is spick and span . . . there is laughter in the air and music everywhere. One could not possibly dream that even *one* bomb had fallen on this beautiful city. It is one of the miracles of man's ingenuity and his national pride and determination that Warsaw has been restored—to a building, to a home, to a door, to even a fanlight—*exactly as it was before the war!*

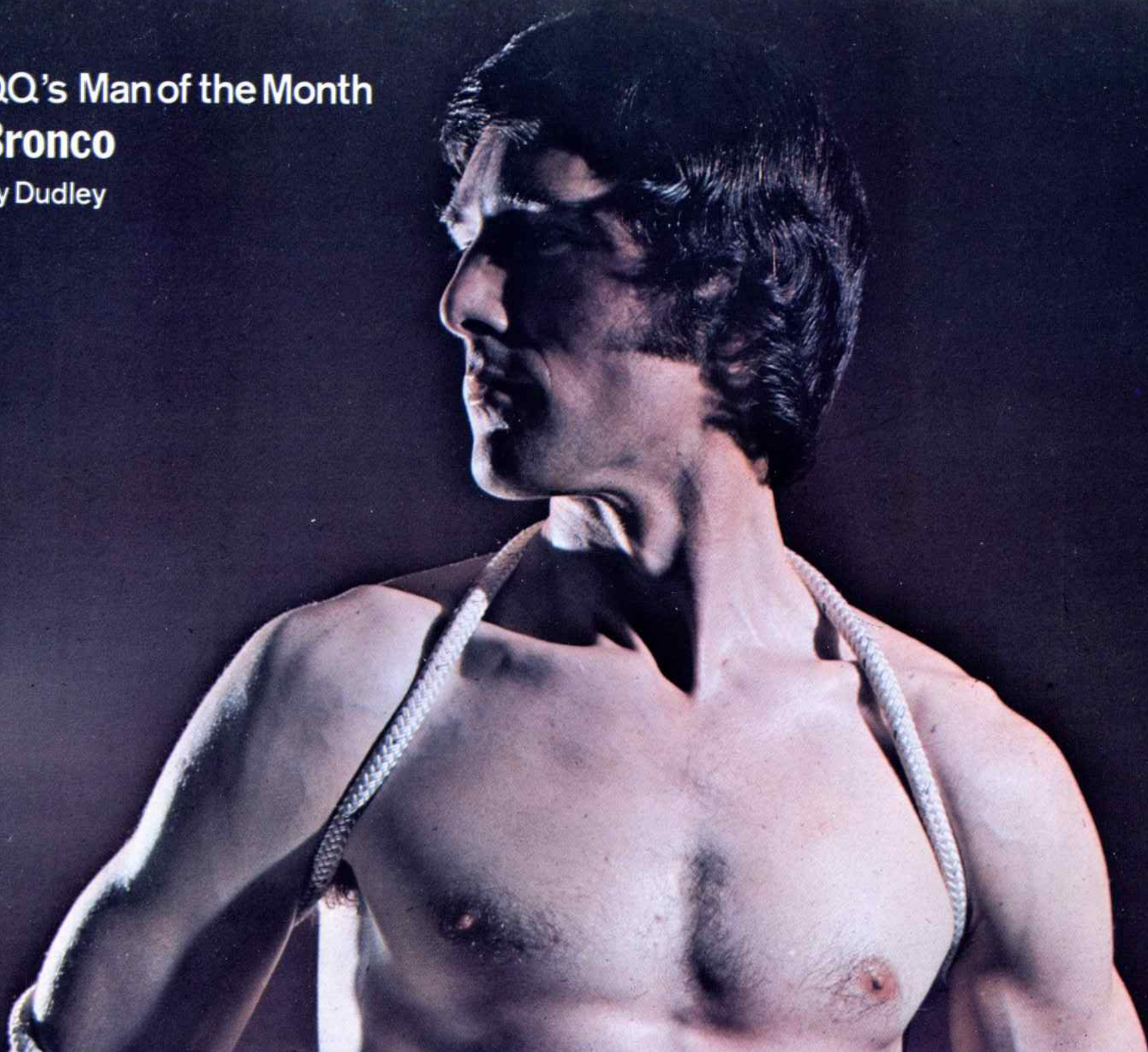
This has been due principally (Continued on page 34)

November/December 1973



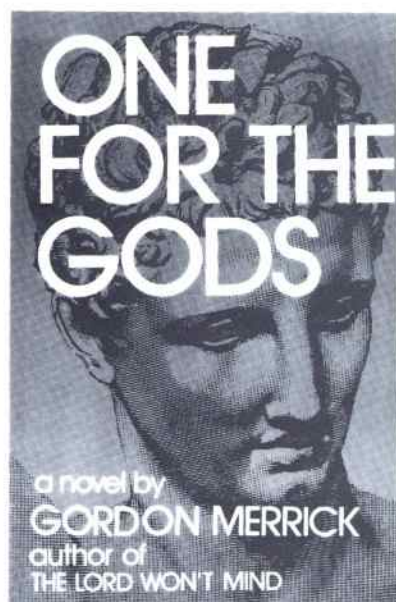
QQ's Man of the Month
Bronco

By Dudley





book review



Months ago in these pages, in reviewing *The Lord Won't Mind* by Gordon Merrick, I wrote the following:

"I visualize the author writing his book the way a small boy crosses a stream, stepping from one slippery rock to the next: one slip and he's done for. Mr. Merrick does not slip, but when he gets safely across he has merely traversed a little brook compared with the raging torrent the rest of us, in real life, have crossed, are crossing, or are about to cross.

"If the author, perhaps, had slipped, fallen in, gotten soaked and picked himself up and gone on his novel would have achieved (a distinguished) literary dimension . . ."

Happily, I can report that with *One For The Gods*, by Gordon Merrick (Bernard Geis Associates, 312 pages., \$6.95; also Avon paperback, \$1.50) the author plunged in, damn near drowned, and surfaced with one hell of a novel. Talk about torrents!

One For The Gods is the story of two young American guys, Charlie and Peter, lovers for ten years—

counting a year off for Korea (well, maybe not Korea, actually, but San Francisco). They are so tremendously beautiful they look alike; two blond gods, flat-bellied, well-hung, cultured and fairly well-heeled.

What makes these two paragons interesting, aside from the natural interest generated by their being gay and in St. Tropez on the French Riviera, is their credibly deep love for each other.

Charlie, the painter, and Peter, the art dealer, have had a quiet enough existence in their small Connecticut home. This, after Charlie's ill-fated four-month marriage (to a girl) and Peter's one disastrous escapade in the Army.

But, on the Côte d'Azur, where they've gone for a summer vacation, sex everywhere rears its beautiful head, and the ramparts of their love begin to crumble, particularly under the assault of a hunky Jean-Claude.

Martha and Jack, rich Americans (she's sexy; he's sterile) come to their rescue with an invitation to crew their yacht on a trip to the Greek Islands.

Now I admit I'm a sucker for sea stories, but this one is a real beaut. The foursome, confined by days to the yacht, develop an interplay, or inter-war, which is subjected to every pressure (storms, calms and steamy ports; idyllic beaches and beautiful native boys) the Mediterranean has to offer, and there are plenty of them. Like Sartre's "No Exit," it is an existential hell which drives all four to excesses which, in turn, reinforce the horror of their doom, a destiny of terror into which they are inexorably drawn like a rudderless boat that is drifting, being sucked onto a deadly reef.

What happens to their lives and loves is fascinating stuff, and the author holds our interest unflaggingly. His characters are real, gutsy and humanly frail and strong. His denouement is totally acceptable.

Here, then, is what we've been looking for; a sexy book, no trashie; a solid novel, no fluff; a great story, no phony histrionics.

This is Gordon Merrick's sixth book. We are told by his publisher he's at work on a seventh. If he manages to maintain the standard he has set for himself with *One For The Gods* I imagine we are in for some good gay fiction in the years to come.

I suspect, anyway, that gay fiction is ready to leave the trashies, as the growing pains of Miller, Vidal, as well as Rechy, behind. Gordon Merrick has not joined the first rank because, at present, he is the first rank. Hopefully, he will stay there and be joined by a few others.

By all means, have *One For The Gods*.

—Orlando Paris

THE EBANYKUS JOURNAL

(Continued from page 23)

the YOCK scene. But dope? And murder? Pushing heroin? No, damn it. I just couldn't swing Rip into it. I might've been prejudiced because Rip was Gay and gorgeous. God knows he sure looked guilty enough. I tried in vain to remember if Rip had the YOCK tattoo. I was certain he hadn't had it when I'd tricked with him. Which meant he probably wasn't part of the dope connection at all.

More vital to me now, however, was Ebanykus. Pissed as I was with him, I knew he was in danger. And there was nothing I could do—at least until I got myself into YOCK Saturday night.

Ariadne and David were gone when I got home. And I slept again—this time down in "Neptune's Cave."

Friday morning I started hassling the whole thing over and ended up slamming around the house and kicking chairs. I'd put a lot of the pieces together, but there was no one to try them out on. Why the fuck didn't Ebanykus call?

Then I thought of Hippolyta. She'd known Diana intimately a couple of years ago, and was still seeing Ariadne—had even bailed her out of jail . . .

I picked up the phone and called her. What a relief to hear her voice. Sure I could come out, she said, and gave me directions.

Her house, low and rambling with weathered gray shingles, hid behind a grove of trees and shrubs in a secluded section of Amagansett near the beach. I curved into her pebbled drive so quickly I almost skidded into the front steps. She was standing in the doorway.

"Well, Christ," she shouted as I got out, "what kind of a car is that? Looks like a big cock!" and cackled. She was dressed in jeans and a pullover showing her great earth-mother breasts. "I was sure I hadn't seen the last of you, Jonquil," she said leading me through the house to a shaded patio. "Isn't it dreadful—all this killing and violence, right? Where will it all end? Man, you just can't fuck over heads the way Diana does and not come up with violence, right? Like some coffee?"

"It's Friday," I answered, "how about a gin and tonic, light on the tonic. I could use a stiff one." She went inside for it.

I grooved on being alone in the cool refreshment of flowers, borders of bright-colored zinnias and dahlias—yellows and reds and purple. They were neatly kept, trimmed, and just watered. The earth smelled sweet and pungent. I got a rush for Ebanykus—a cottage in the woods with a white picket fence. Would we have it—ever?

Hippolyta interrupted the dream, handing me a huge wine glass bubbling with tonic, gin and a mangled lime twist, and lots of ice. She held one for herself and stretched out on a deck chair.

"You know," she said, "I went over the Renault books again, and I'm astounded how this YOCK thing seems to fit—as much as I was able to worm out of Ariadne—like Diana lifted it right out of 'The King Must Die' and slapped it down on those poor teeny-boppers. God knows what that ceremony's like. Some gigantic, slurpy gang-bang, right?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"So, anyway," she went on, "what's with this Carlos? I can't figure out why he was killed."

"Well, Hippolyta," I said, gulping gin, "if you and Ebanykus and everybody would get off the YOCK kick long enough, maybe I could make you see the light . . ."

"Yes, well what does that mean? I thought it pretty well figured this Jimmy was killed in the ceremony."

"And Carlos?"

"Yes. Carlos?"

"Ripoff," I said. "The whole thing's a ripoff. See, I found out about Jimmy. Skinny Jimmy was running dope for someone up at Southampton College."

"Hash and pot, you mean."

"No. Heroin. And he got greedy." I explained it pretty much the way Duane had laid it out for me.

"So, then, who killed Jimmy?" she said. "Diana! It's gotta be her. Diana's the distributor. That's why she's got the YOCK thing going—as a cover—and that's why she fingered Ariadne at *Golden Door*—oh, no—wait a minute . . ."

"Yeah. Diana didn't call the cops on *Golden Door*. Jimmy did. And Jimmy was killed. And who killed Carlos? Was Diana holding a YOCK dance at Fowler Lane? No, Carlos was trying to blackmail whoever killed Jimmy, and Carlos would never meet Diana at Fowler Lane. But get this, Hippolyta. I met Carlos Sunday night—in town. He didn't even know Jimmy was dead, until I told him. And he sure moved fast, which means he had to know how it all fit together. The next day he was dead."

Hippolyta's large, round eyes seemed to blur, then widen, becoming as big as her purple dahlias. "There's not going to be any more killing, is there?"

"It's all gonna hang out Saturday night, that's my guess. Anyone of us *might* know by then who this distributor is. But whether we know or not, the killer—or killers will think we know. I'm almost certain Ebanykus has it figured out, and maybe Ariadne."

"Ariadne? Is she threatened?"

"We all are. So, you can do something for me. I may have to run an operation rescue, and if so, I'd like to come here. The killer will never suspect you know anything."

"Well, yes."

"Who knows? Tomorrow night might be a gas. I was getting tired of the Millstone anyway."

"I hope to Christ there's no more killing. Have you seen Ariadne?"

"Yeah. Haven't you?"

"No," she said sadly, "not since last weekend—since Sunday when I picked her up at the jail."

What more could I say to her?

On the way back to Southampton the jigsaw puzzle started falling apart again. I just couldn't get the pieces together. And yet, I got an eerie, uncanny feeling I was close—real close to a solution. Ebanykus' admonition to "stick to the legend," kept recurring like the smell of someone else's poppers in a meat rack. All I had to do was make them mine. I decided to accomplish two things when I got home. Solve the YOCK riddle, and reread "The King Must Die."

I cleared the table in the living room, got November/December 1973



THE COMPANY YOU KEEP By Rob Arrington

LEONARDO DA VINCI

NOWADAYS when the master is spoken of, it is with a tone of the utmost respect and admiration. After all, what other attitude would be possible toward the genius who created the *Mona Lisa* and *The Last Supper*.

But there was a time, in 1476, when Leonardo da Vinci, then 24, lived under a cloud of scorn and suspicion. That was when he was arrested with three other youths for purportedly having sexual relations with "a boy of ill repute." The alleged crime was deemed so out-

rageous that Leonardo and the other accused youths were denounced as sodomites in a public notice posted in Florence.

Leonardo's uncle helped him by petitioning important friends to lend their influence, and the matter was subsequently dropped. But the opprobrium he suffered from this distressing event marred Leonardo's happiness and probably contributed heavily to his continuing quest for solitude throughout the rest of his life. Privacy was such an important matter (Continued on page 46)

It's Better In Pairs!

Who's Who Among History's Lovers

By Rob Arrington

Athletic Model Guild



Look behind a famous man and you'll find a lover in his shadow nine times out of ten. From Caesar right up through Lawrence of Arabia and our contemporary great men, lots and lots of them have had lovers, both famous and anonymous, who have admired them and inspired them and have, in many cases, strongly influenced the marks they've left on history and the works they've left behind. Famous gay pairs have been a part of the human scene since history began. This month:

THE GREEK WAY

"Greek love" was at the height of fashion twenty-five hundred years ago when classical Greece was at a peak of its civilizing achievements. Homosexual and heterosexual love were both accepted as "normal" in that brilliant society from which today's world could learn much. Homosexual relations were allowed to flourish without opprobrium, punishment, or interference, and man-love certainly *did* flourish. It

probably reached its most heroic expression in Theban army units in which youthful warriors teamed in pairs of lovers and swore to die together in the defense of their country.

The most famous pair of Greek warrior lovers were *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, whose exploits together in the Trojan War were recounted vividly by the poet Homer in his immortal *Iliad*. As childhood companions, (Continued on page 44)

out my files and looked at the riddle Rip had given me.

THE LION AND THE BULL FUCK
UNTIL THE RAM COMES
FOLLOWING THE FISHES.
THREE KNOWS THE SECRET OF
FOUR-ONE.

Signs of the Zodiac obviously were indicated. Leo—the Lion. Taurus—the bull. Aries—the Ram. And Pisces—the Fishes.

But what about that last line—"Three knows the secret of four-one?"

Trying the numbers game, I wrote down all the signs, assigning a number to each—Aries, number one as the first sign. Pisces number twelve, as the last. So that made Gemini number three. "Gemini knows the secret of Cancer-Aries."

Oh, what the fuck. It didn't make any sense. And besides, what did it have to do with the letters Y-O-C-K? Maybe if I got back to the legend itself—to the "King Must Die." When Ebanykus repeated the story, I'd be reminded of something I'd read about the age of Taurus . . .

I dug through my files and came up with it—an article from "Saturday Review" which explained how the sun, from our point-of-view on earth changes its position in the Zodiac on the first day of Spring every 2,000 years.

Like, for instance, now we're in the age of Pisces because the sun rises in the constellation of the Fishes every first day of Spring. The Fishes! Wait a minute! Where did the sun rise during the time "The King Must Die" took place? In Taurus! Taurus was the first sign of the Zodiac then. The Age of the Bull! Quickly I rearranged my numerical sequence. Now, number three was Cancer; four, Leo; and one Taurus. Three knows the secret of four-one became:

THE CRAB KNOWS THE SECRET OF
THE LION AND THE BULL.

I was onto it! "The Crab knows the secret of YOCK!" Well, sure. The Lion is King. The Bull is the herd stud. The Lion and the Bull is YOCK.

So, now what did I have? How do I translate the tattoo? Y-O-C-K? Why should the Crab hold the secret? What's the Crab gotta do with it?

I started to doze off, contemplating the Crab . . . crabs . . . Rip's got the crabs and gave them to me . . . here's the puton, man, just like I thought . . . crabs is the blind alley . . . the crab's the rub . . . man, was I sleepy . . . "aye, there's the rub, for in that sleep of death, what dreams may come . . . ?" Drifting now into a sleep of death . . . to be, or not to be . . . I woke suddenly, thinking, shit, Hamlet, go away . . . I got the crabs . . . What was it Hamlet had said about the Crab? "If, like a Crab," no, not exactly . . . "I've been too much in the sun . . . if, like a Crab I could go backwards . . ."

Backwards! That was it! A Crab crawls backwards! The Crab knows the secret of the Lion and the Bull—backwards. YOCK spelled backwards? That would give me K-C-O-Y.

K was easy. K for King. Leo the Lion. But how did I fit C with Bull?

THE LION AND THE BULL FUCK—

The King and the Bull fuck? The Bull—herd stud fucks—fuck—screw—cock! The Bull is the Cock. K-C became KING COCK!

... until the Ram comes, following the Fishes . . . following Pisces. How did I get the other two letters, O and Y, out of that?

In the age of Taurus, Aries, the Ram would've been the last sign in the Zodiac, following Pisces. Aries, then, was the *end* of the year. ONE YEAR! I had it! KING COCK ONE YEAR! YOCK spelled backwards!

I broke into hysterics. Thanks a lot, Rip. So now I know the meaning of YOCK. What do I do with it? Shove it up my ass. Use it in my book. What a laugh!

But what if Rip did give it to me as a warning? What if Diana was into killing off the king after one year—one week? I still didn't have the final pieces put together.

Had I been wrong to believe the murders were committed simply because of a dope hassle?

I dropped off to sleep at the table about midnight, waking up suddenly an hour later for no apparent reason, fumbling my way downstairs to bed, to "Neptune's Cave" where it all began, where life with Ebanykus began, only a week ago!

The humidity was oppressive. The smell of mould under the bed permeated the air like memories of childhood . . . the locker room in high school . . . slipping back . . . sliding down the long corridor of my life, hiding under quilts, squirming my nakedness against clinging sheets, my mother snapping them over me—tucking me in, kissing me

I run to her bedroom to close out thunder as March rain falls on California hills . . . mother earth! Sweet, dark soil crumbling from roots of green weeds, pulled from vacant lots rushing home from school. Why can't I slip into peaceful dreams again, be loved. . . where is my father's hand?

In the dream he is beside me, my Ebanykus, holding me, my Achilles, my Ibykus! Giving me his cock—his manhood, freely, to share, protecting me as men should with the warmth of his skin and blood and love, fulfilling the dream. Yet drawing me away from the dream, pulling me like Orpheus out of hell back to life. To reality.

He's here! He's beside me! Ebanykus is home! We're one again, starting over—beginning. Nothing bad has happened. He's never left. No one has been killed—Carlos, Jimmy. Alive. YOCK's a crazy night-mare . . .

"Ebanykus. Where . . . ?"

"No, man, don't talk. Jonquil. Nutty Narcissus. You know I love you. Make love to me."

Where have you come from, oh my lover? My lover, you're home again . . .

We held each other for awhile and became one-complete. Together.

It all happens, man, with giving. It's all there and shadows and dreams of childhood come crashing into your head—all the heroes and lovers you never could realize—lifting you beyond yourself.

Our love is like the sea in adolescent dreams

Rough, man's sea,
Dancing white with souls of lost lovers,
Held close in long, sperm-filled nights,
Breathing as one,
Boys, adventure-crazed,
Laughing into spray,
Here in the hull of our bounding ship
As we sail forever into life.

He was gone in the morning. A cryptic note lay on the table. So, it wasn't a dream, after all.

November/December 1973

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 a place you visited recently, please write. Our address is: Letters, QQ Magazine, Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001. Naturally, we will not publish your name and address unless specifically requested.

D. A. JUDAS

Dear Editors:

A news item I recently read is so delicious I feel I must call it to your attention in case some of your readers missed seeing it.

Early this summer the local district attorney in Fresno, Calif. was forced to resign from office after it was discovered that he was gay. A cop found him completely nude, in a county car, having sex with a 17 year-old guy. What is so delicious about the story is that he had busted everybody's balls for over 18 months, cracking down on "dirty" bookstores and movie houses. He was into porno—constantly proclaiming his disgust with it and also took every opportunity to contribute to the arrest and prosecution of homosexuals.

This kind of Judas deserves the worst—and makes it all the clear to me that those who make and carry out our laws are not Supermen and certainly have no right to play God where individual morals are concerned.

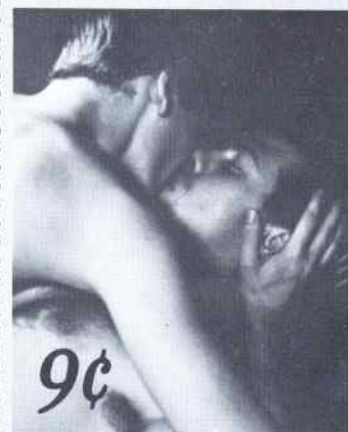
Yours truly,
G. J.

San Francisco, Calif.

CURING IMPOTENCY

Dear Editors:

More than just bad news has been coming out of Houston these days. I refer to the work of Dr. Brantley Scott, a urologist at St.



9¢

GAY WORLD POSTAGE

Luke's Episcopal Hospital, who has performed two successful operations to correct sexual impotence in men.

Dr. Scott headed a team of surgeons who implanted a device that inflates the phallus when a bulb is squeezed. Two elongated silicone rubber cylinders are installed along the length of the phallus. A reservoir of fluid is implanted in the pelvic area. The flow of fluid through tubes from the reservoir to the inflatable cylinders is controlled by two bulbs implanted in the scrotum. Repeated squeezing of one bulb pushes the fluid into the cylinders and causes the phallus to become erect. It remains there until the other bulb is squeezed, sending the liquid back into the reservoir.

Perhaps these are drastic means to an end—but a blessing for any gay guy who is in his middle age and incurably impotent. I must add that I read with great interest the article entitled "Increasing Phallic Size Through Silicone" in your February 1973 issue. That writer attempted to build up the size of his phallus with silicone, however, and his misfortune should not in any way be related to Dr. Scott's work. I think you and your readers will agree.

Sincerely yours,

H. J.

Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 48)

HOMOSEXUALITY IN LITERATURE

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SEX POLONAISE (Continued from page 27)

to a pre-war civic law requiring the plans of every building or home—no matter how modest—to be kept on file in a government office, which miraculously escaped destruction. So as each destroyed or damaged building was rebuilt, it was as a faithful restoration/duplication of the original plan. There are, of course, many buildings of contemporary architecture in areas where no buildings stood, but what looks like new is definitely new; and what looks 13th-century Varsovian is either faithfully restored or exactly rebuilt 13th-century Varsovian.

There is, however, one striking newcomer. Towering over this sunny, mellow capital is a 'sore thumb' . . . the 'gift' of Stalin to the Varsovians—the 37-story *Palace of Culture and Science*. The irrepressible Polish gay guys joke about this, saying that the only way to see the city properly is from the top of the Palace (where you then won't have to look at the Palace). "It's small, but in perfect taste!" is how they cynically describe their unwanted guest.

WARSAW'S GAYER FREEDOM

Architecture and historicity aside, it must be said that to regain his former social freedom has been more difficult and longer-coming for the Varsovian—straight, but particularly gay. Yet here too the indomitable Polish will has triumphed to a notable degree. Although he has not been denied the solace of his church—as was more grindingly the case with the East Germans for a long time—the Polish church has had to work so hard in iron-glove with the Communists to maintain its very life that gay guys, always on the shitlist of the church in any age, were hardest hit during the early post-war years because of religious informers . . . being jailed, fined, exiled to labor camps, or even murdered for the most casual cruising. Communist closet queens are surely the most despicable of all . . . what a lot they are going

to have to answer for.

The Moscow-dictated government still carries on in its glum, humorless, gumshoeing fashion, but today gay life is freer by far. For example, the Gdansk Station (*Dworzec Gdanski*) and the Centralna Railroad Station (*Dworzec Glówny*), two of the city's six railroad stations, once had storm-troopered johns . . . no way! Today all that is changed. With a seemingly never-ending lineup of humpy guys at the urinals brandishing all that Polish sex-artillery, cruising—as you may well imagine—is deep thrust/deep throat/no throttle . . . all the time!

OTHER CRUISING AREAS

Unlike other large European cities Warsaw has no real city center. Yet there are busy thoroughfares that run parallel to the River Vistula, the principal one being *Krakowskie Przedmieście* which begins at *Plac Zamkowy* (Castle Square) in the Old Town (*Stare Miasto*). Along this street are the capital's leading hotels, the Europejski and Bristol. The cruising area here is the entire campus of the University of Warsaw, a mellow group of old cream-colored buildings set well back from the street by a beautiful garden. Cruising is good by day and by night. However, after twilight the local police make the rounds through this area, not so much to hassle cruisers but to prevent the hordes of Polish hitchhikers from sacking out. They are proud of its beauty and know that knapsacks by the hundreds tossed down to make beds ruin the grass. And so they're very much 'agin' it. Also, the various men's facilities within the University buildings are quite giddy most of the time. During the summer, of course, there's little activity inside.

Continuing along this busy main street, *Krakowskie Przedmieście* (named in fond tribute to the ancient city of Cracow) changes its name twice. First it becomes *Nowy Świat* (New World), now fully restored to its handsome pre-war self, and is filled with smart shops, bookstores, cafés (some gay places we'll fill you in on later in this article), beautiful antique shops, and shops that sell colorful Polish crafts.

Then just past here the name changes to *Aleje Ujazdowskie* (the Riding Boulevard). In the late 19th century this area was the city's 'Ambassador Row' and filled with handsome villas and palaces and parks. One of these parks remains and is busily cruised, but—like the University campus—it is policed at night, and not only are campers 'discouraged' but gay people are busted if they carry-on in an obvious way.

By day in summer, in this very cruisy area of *Lazienki Park* around the Chopin Monument, pianists perform every Sunday at noon. They're as numerous as guitar players in New York's Washington Square Park. As it is very crowded then, your opportunities are therefore greatly increased. If quieter cruising is your preference, however, some few miles south along the *Aleje* is *Wilanów*, the seventeenth-century royal summer palace. You may explore the palace every day except Tuesday from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m., then go out into the *Wilanów Gardens* and cruise as leisurely as you like among the blondest gay builties in all Europe.

Somewhat on the 'Greenwich Village' side of Warsaw's cruising areas is the restored older area of the city (*Stare Miasto*). All

kinds of interesting boutiques, quaint houses, wine cellars and coffee shops/café make this of great gay interest. Also don't fail to cruise the *Plac Trzech Krzyży* (the Square of the Three Crosses) on Bracka Street.

WINIARNIE/KAWIARNIE

Gay life thrives in the Warsaw *winiarnie* (wine cellars) and the *kawiarnie* (coffee shops), too. The Varsovian coffee shop is much like that of the Viennese. One comes here just to have coffee and one of the delicious Polish pastries (*ciastka*), or to read the newspapers from the tidy racks, or to catch the eye of someone who looks eagerly gay, or who just might be a willing straight ... even a hustler (yes, Virginia, it's Utopia on the Vistula for hustlers!). The technique is simple—even primitive—here's how: Walk past him, look directly at him with raised eyebrow, and ask "Tak?" (yes). He'll either answer "Tak, tak!" or "Nie" (and you know what that means!).

Although mixed, the *Kawiarnia Kamienne Schodko* draws more gay guys than any other coffee shop in Warsaw. Also quite popular is the *Kawiarnia Amatorska* at 32 Nowy Świat. As far as the wine cellars are concerned, most gay Varsovians seem to gravitate to the *Kameralna Bar* on Kopernika Street (*ulica Kopernika*). This is almost 100% gay and really swings. Close by is another favorite, the *Alhambra*—which is a somewhat different type of place ... a coffee-vodka bar.

Gay guys are much in evidence at what is undoubtedly the most elegant bar in Warsaw—the *Europejski Bar* in the Hotel Europejski. It is the art, theatre, music, opera, movie crowd that makes this place swing. When one considers that Warsaw has 24 legitimate theatres all going at one time—presenting such diverse attractions as the umpteenth re-run of the Tennessee Williams play *A Streetcar Named Desire* ... or the *New York City Ballet* in one of its frequent visits ... the *Bolshoi Ballet* from Moscow or the *Kirov* from Leningrad ... plus the great names in jazz from Cannonball Adderley to Charlie Mingus, and such musical revivals as *The Music Man*, it is easy to understand why Warsaw is the liveliest and gayest city in Eastern Europe. Everyone makes the Europejski Bar before or after the show ... it becomes so alive and colorful that it should be a definite *must* during your stay in beautiful Warsaw.

American films with Polish subtitles are very popular, and probably the longest running (it may still be playing!) is *Love Story*. This picture has had a profound influence on Warsaw's young people. For example, brides no longer bow to the church's dictum on dull wedding music. It is now almost *de rigueur* for the bride to waltz down the aisle, not to the um-um-te-tum of Wagner's Bridal Chorus booming from a gargantuan pipe organ, but to the popular theme from *Love Story* played on a guitar!

CRUISEY JOHNS

In addition to the two railway-station johns mentioned earlier, here are more with a definite gay pulsebeat. One is the *underground facilities* on Alita Jerozolimskie (Jerusalem Avenue) between Bracka and Krucza Streets. Also the *Plac Trzech Krzyży* (Square of the Three Crosses) previously touched on. Very busy. The *Plac Trzech*

Krzyży is near the Warsaw *Powisle Railway Station*, which also has an active john. Then to the right of *St. Alexander's Church* (the Church of the Three Crosses) is a small park *amid whose trees, bushes and flowers is a usually busy john*.

WHERE TO STAY

Any room—hotel or in a private home—is somewhat expensive by other Eastern European standards, largely because there are not very many hotels, and with so many business conventions in Warsaw during the summer most are booked to capacity all the time. You must have your hotel definitely cinched, plus vouchers to pay for same, before you plane across. Just like it's done when you visit Russia. Your travel agent can handle everything through the official Polish Tourist Office—*Orbis*. Or, if you have no travel agent in your community you may contact the Polish Tourist Office at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036, or write the American Society of Travel Agents, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Try to get booked into the

Europejski (where the fabulous bar is) ... or the *Grand* or *Bristol*. The Bristol and Europejski are almost across from each other on Krakowskie Przedmieście. The Grand is on Krucza Street, also centrally located, and about twelve blocks from the other two.

A huge new hotel—the *Orbis*—is now nearing completion. Its 1500 rooms will relieve the congestion considerably. It may be open by the time you read this.

Of the three hotels mentioned earlier, all have similar facilities, but various people have various preferences. The Bristol was built by Paderewski(!) in 1902 and has an old-world elegance that many prefer. The 11-story Grand is very modern with swimming pool and every other contemporary amenity ... a prime favorite of younger visitors to Warsaw. But the Europejski has everything from duty-free shops and money-exchanges to its popular bar and equally popular coffee-shop (not gay, but so mixed you'll have no difficulty connecting). Moreover, the Europejski has the biggest (larger than the biggest ballroom) dining room and the best food in Eastern Europe.

Although you can get the *haute cuisine* of other European cities here, the Europejski prides itself on its roast venison, *barszcz* (beet soup) and *bigos* (sauerkraut cooked with smoked meats). And if their huge Polish sausages don't quite fill you up in the dining room, you can always head for the john for a bigger, juicier one!

A visit to Warsaw will not only gain you many new friends, but add a new dimension to your sex life. Try to save some time allotted to your European vacation for a visit to Warsaw. You'll never forget it!

...

PROSTATISTICS

(Continued from page 8)

increased frequency of urination. (But this also has another meaning. It may be a symptom of diabetes. Certainly with such evidence the physician will want to have blood tests made, in addition to an analysis of your

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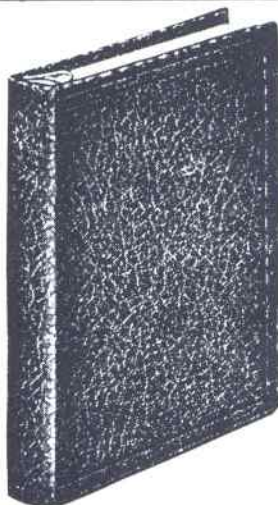
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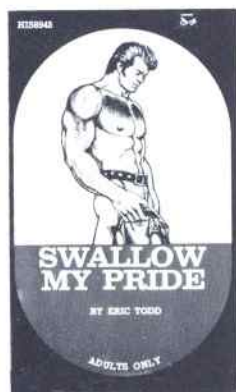
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urine, to see to what—if any—degree diabetes may exist.)

5. Pain in the phallus/prostate region *only on ejaculation*. (Again, other sinister forces may be at work.)

6. Extreme sensitivity to the point of tenderness-to-pain when the head or tip of the phallus (glans penis) is touched or rubbed by the fingers . . . or even lightly by someone's tongue. While this should be cause for *concern*, it should not be cause for *alarm*. It is foolish to psyche yourself out of good sex by the belief that a heightened sensitivity or tenderness that occurs only during fellatio is frank pain.

7. Prostatic pain felt after prolonged sitting.

8. Mild-to-sharp or intermittent-to-intermittent pain felt in the lower abdomen near the pubic area. (Many, many things.)

9. On occasion a discharge appearing at the end of the phallus. (This, too, is another example of non-specific prostatitis because it may be symptomatic of certain other dysfunctions.)

10. Unaccustomed pain around the rectal area not induced by certain *Deep Anus* techniques with an unusually large phallus.

Happily for most gay guys these symptoms clear up on their own in a matter of days. We tend to remember them for their puzzling occurrence/character, rather than as pain. One simply hopes they will not recur. But obviously if they do a more extensive examination and special therapy are indicated. If your present antibiotic doesn't work in this particular case, your urologist will possibly prescribe another of different character. Or he may recommend

1. *A cystoscopic examination*. In such an examination the cystoscope is passed through the urethra into the prostate, under anesthetic, and the physician can clearly see and examine the interior of the genito-urinary terrain. Or a

2. *Microscopic examination of the urethral discharge*. He may massage the prostate to loosen any deposits of the mucus, thus stimulating the flow of the discharge for a more thorough examination.

3. *X-ray examination of your kidney function*, using special dyes that make such an examination entirely accurate and pinpointed in scope.

4. In any case he will additionally want to *draw enough blood for many extensive tests* that may bring to light hidden factors that may have a definite bearing on your prostatitis.

TREATMENT

Treatment for your particular case of prostatitis may be something as simple as a series of Sitz baths (sitting waist-deep in very hot water) . . . Jacuzzi baths that gently stimulate the prostate . . . or continuing prostatic massage to clear the penile channels to sterilize the urine . . . or perhaps just a different antibiotic—one that acts with more specificity to your type of prostatitis. Then, too, if the cystoscope reveals growths of one kind or another, an operation will most likely be necessary lest the growth continues to the point of urine blockage or any possible sexual release. If tumor is present, or renal shutdown (which could cause death by uremia) seems likely, the operation is an immediate *must*.

PROSTANATOMY

Most physicians agree that the prostate gland is really not a gland, or not a *true* gland, since it does not produce any hormones. It does, however, produce a fluid that helps transport sperm through the urethra at the time of orgasm. The gland is shaped like a small onion or horse-chestnut, and is situated just below the bladder.

There is considerable drama in the prostate as ejaculation is about to occur. The muscles of the prostate—nearest the bladder—exit—close and grip the urethra tightly, while those at the bottom of the gland open up and out. The rest of the muscles contract and relax, causing the spurts of semen that climax the act of sex. In this amazing drama the semen is prevented from flowing backwards into the bladder by the closing of the bladder-exit. You will have been aware of this all your adult life since you will know that it is virtually impossible to urinate after ejaculation—not for several minutes. That's just how effectively the prostate works to help you put on a good sex act!

When the prostate has been removed the sex act can still be played to the hilt. However, the semen in this case flows into the bladder and is expelled with the next urination . . . there is no longer any visual ejaculation, and it is this that the gay guy fears.

A many-spurt ejaculation is his *machismo* and if he can no longer produce it by reason of his prostatectomy, and—further—cannot rationalize his difficulty and compensate for it with another approach to gay sex from the many other vistas of its huge, sprawling canvas . . . futilely insisting on doing business at the same old stand in the same old way, regardless . . . he may well become psychotic about it and so turn himself completely off from sex for all time.

This should never happen, and if such an impasse occurs, one should talk this over with a physician—hopefully a gay physician, or a physician sympathetic to gay people, or at least talk it over with some other gay individual who has gone through it all. *Don't surrender a moment of your sexual life needlessly. You have too many viable options!*

There is also the man in his forties—or older, possibly younger—who begins to doubt his *machismo* and in order to produce a terrific ejaculation at the time of sexual performance 'practices' in secret by masturbating *almost to the point of orgasm*, then allowing the phallus to become flaccid, and repeating this five or six times. Someone has misinformed him that this will assure him of a helluva lot of come when he does ejaculate. It won't . . . and it's dangerous . . . and can cause prostatitis by friction-inflammation and—many urologists say—results in induration or roughness of the surfaces of the urethra and prostate gland wall. What happens, they say, is that such a man "Cries Wolf" too often." He therefore weakens rather than strengthens his sexual apparatus and output.

It would be of greater help, if during sex your partner—knowing of your feeling about copious ejaculation—would massage your prostate (if he is knowledgeable about how to do it . . . and gentle, above all) just as doctors do, for a very intense and many-spurred ejaculation. The prostate

can be easily felt by a gently-inserted finger just inside the rectum. It is extremely erotic—as erotic as it is therapeutic. Give it some thought. But above all, get into it and enjoy sex in whatever way you like or can perform. Don't save semen for a 'rainy day' . . . it may never come!

...

COSTA DEL SOL (Continued from page 24)

timeless blue Mediterranean Sea. The principal city and only one with an international airport, is Málaga. So if you'll make it your first stop you'll find Marbella, Torremolinos and other smaller cities within easy traveling distance. You'll certainly want to visit as many as you can, or as your time permits.

Malaga is dead center the Costa del Sol and has the friendliest, most delightful people—about 300,000 of them. Its principal thoroughfare is Calle del Marques de Larios, which is lined with hotels, shops, restaurants and nightclubs, and which leads to the harbor around which is one of the cruisiest promenades in all Espana . . . if not in all Europe. But then, Malaga is especially good for cruising outdoors, its salubrious climate keeps everyone outside nearly the year around. Another excellent area is that around the Cathedral on Calle de Molina Larios . . . surely one of the most magnificent examples of Renaissance ecclesiastical architecture. Also, behind the flowers and hedges of the Puerta Oscura Gardens, and the nearby Alcazaba, a fortress built during the Moorish occupation which is now the Archaeological Museum with beautiful court(ing) yards and gardens. In the heart of the downtown shopping area the cruising is good, especially at night, along the Paseo Generalissimo Franco, near the Palace Hotel.

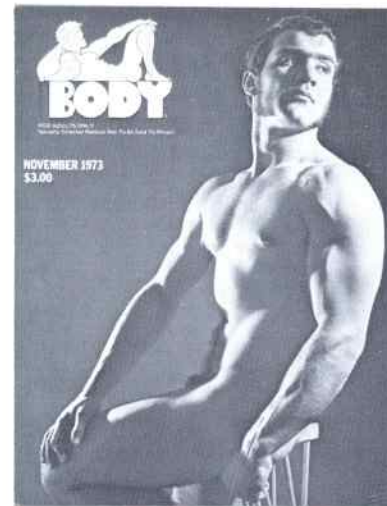
Amid all the lush beauty of Málaga and the surrounding Costa del Sol one still runs into the thorny situation of shark-type hustlers, and thus while cruising is sensational around the Gibralfaro (the Moorish Palace) it is urgent that you exercise great caution at night.

One of the downtown movie theaters has a heavily-cruised john . . . the Ciné Málaga. Also gay guys from around the world tend to make their cruising headquarters around the busy Café Tivoli and Café Puerto Rico.

The civic beach that draws the greatest number of gay people is Banos del Carmen. It's easy to reach from the center of town. Catch a bus marked Banos del Carmen in front of the Palace Hotel. The entrance fee of about 25 pesetas also gives you a caseta, or private locker, and it's a good place to 'size up' the cruising situation before even getting on the beach proper.

The largest hotel is the aforementioned Palace or the Málaga Palacio to give it its full and correct name. Almost all other hotels are less than half the size of the 250-room Palacio. Since this magnificent hotel has simply everything, and is really no more expensive than smaller places (and, even for all its luxury, is less expensive than similar hotels in other European countries) we'll plump for the Palacio as being just the place for you.

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First of all it has cool, spacious rooms—solid comfort. Then as a special attraction there is a beautiful brass-glittering bar which is very 'get to know you', especially after 7 p.m. Inasmuch as everyone dines quite late in Spain . . . well after 8 p.m., with 9 to 10 being the norm—the cocktail hour is much later than we have it back home, or as it is enjoyed in other European countries.

The Palacio's food is incomparable and you may dine either in the hotel's sumptuous dining room, or snack while you cruise on the roof. The rooftop swimming pool has an apron for food service, and so while feasting on a tasty *paella* you may also feast your eyes on some of the handsomest, humpiest guys in all Europe. Conviviality is the cruising word for the Palacio rooftop . . . and if you can occasionally take your greedy eyes off all those hot-eyed Spaniards you'll have a panoramic vista of the port, the sea at twilight, and the Cathedral. Absolutely breathtaking!

While there are many excellent restaurants in Málaga, we should like to praise especially the *Restaurante Gibralfaro* which is located on the top of Gibralfaro Mountain, and is a part of the *Parador Nacional Gibralfaro*. A *parador* is an unusual kind of Spanish government-run tourist inn complex. Such inns generally have fewer than 15 rooms, are in the countryside or on the mountainside, and have every hotel comfort—most have swimming pools. They are also the least expensive of all Spanish accommodations, for all their luxury. A room at the Gibralfaro will cost you about \$5 single!

This fantastic place is located two miles from the city, and overlooks the harbor. Standing on the Gibralfaro Hill, close to the Moorish castle, it almost seems to be a part of the mountain and the Castle. There are 12 large rooms with bath and telephone, plus a large dining room which affords a spectacular view of Málaga.

Such *paradores*, however, are not an ideal pied à terre for the actively cruising gay guy since they are in every instance quite distant from the swing of things. However, if getting away from it all matters to you, or if you have a special lover you'd like to get to know better over a period of days, then a *parador* like the *Nacional Gibralfaro* is definitely to be considered.

Still less expensive. If you are still in (or even slightly past) the age group which 'hostels as it hustles', you will find a warm welcome at the *Mediterranean Albergue Juvenil* (youth hostel) at Plaza Pio XII outside Málaga and across the river. Lots of gay guys—among husky others—come from all over Europe, the United States and Britain.

TORREMOLINOS

Torremolinos is situated on a rocky hill just four miles from Málaga, and if you have a car you can easily cruise the 'shuttle and bobbin' way from town to town. It just may prove the 'busiest' vacation of your life! Add 16,000 visitors to the native 15,000 population of Torremolinos and you have a seething sexual melting pot. Spring to early summer is the best time for Málaga/Torremolinos since this is the best bathing time. Later in the summer the temperature goes into the 90s, and during March, and again in October and later, the bathing temperature is around 55 degrees.

This is where the really boom-boom life

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of the Costa del Sol is. Yet it retains so much of its ancient origins. Behind the parish church, for instance, which stands along Calle de San Miguel, are the old windmills and a typical quarter called *Bajoncillo* which descends to the beach in a kind of zig-zag of fresh new apartment buildings and hotels. Much of the atmosphere of old Andalusia remains. There are hundreds of small shops and restaurants and pensions . . . anything and everything is sold. In the early morning hours you will be awakened by the cries of the fresh fruit and fresh fish vendors . . . and at night along these same streets—and particularly along Calle Cauce, where most of the restaurants and cafeterias are located—tables and chairs are arranged outside so that a busy street becomes a quiet mall or promenade. The cocktail hour—instead of being celebrated indoors—takes on a delightful *alfresco* ambience.

Outdoor cruising is best if you just 'browse cruise' around the streets. They are so small, so twisting/turning, yet all are so centrally located and active that one would find it hard to point to a single cruising area/street. But since it's all there, how can you miss? There are some largely gay bars of note. The crowd is mixed, of course, but the overtones one hears are clearly gay. You'll surely like *Dido's*, a quite small place and always crowded . . . *Pourquoi Pas* (Why Not, indeed!), a charming small bar . . . *Hardy's Buena Vista*, a small bar that opens onto the street and from whose interior gay sounds predominate. Also the *Diüsseldorf*, a second-floor bar, again—like all the bars in Torremolinos—crowded to the rafters!

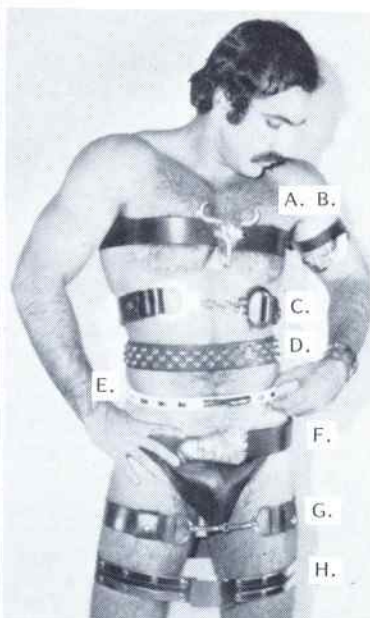
The swinging gay beach of Torremolinos is entered from the bottom of the steps that lead down the street from the center of town. While the entire beach is cruised, special action for gay guys takes place in a cave under the hill on the west side of the beach. Urgent! Be sure to have a few practice sessions with your barbell before you come to Torremolinos . . . it takes a bit of doing to maneuver the cave, and unless you're 'leggily lithe', a several-dozens sets of Barbell Squats will be needed to get you in 'cave-cruising' shape!

Then, too, along here is a very popular bar and restaurant—*Bar Antonio*. Between cruising the beach, 'grouping it up' in the cave, lolling on your 50-pesetas-per-day beach lounge, and playing *Madama Butterfly* under your beach parasol, plus an occasional nip 'n sip at Bar Antonio, you can put in a pretty full day. My . . . how the time passes!

There are more than 300 hotels in different categories (albergues, hosterias, refugios, paradores and hotels) in Torremolinos. *Ciao!* and *QQ* recommend: *Hotel Pez Espada* (superior), Playa Montemar. Has its own private beach plus two pools and a garden. About \$15 single or \$20 double. The *Hotel Mélia Torremolinos* (superior). Avenida de Montemar. On the beach, and has its own private swimming area. Less expensive at about \$11 single and \$18 double. Still less expensive is the *Hotel Eden*. Las Mercedes. A very good hotel if you are on a budget. Private beach and pool. Price for a single room is about \$7 single and \$10 double. All these prices reflect the devalued dollar, which, as this was being readied for the press, had stayed pretty much on an even keel. Even a further devaluation should not change the prices very much.

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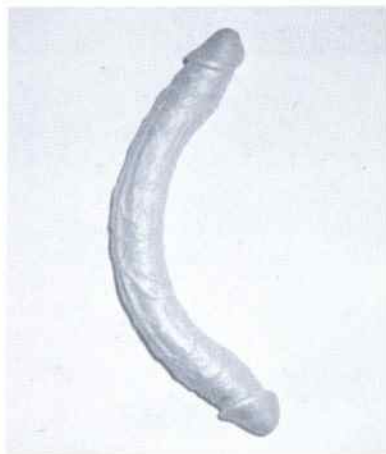
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MARBELLA

Bird songs at eventide . . . the lulling sound of the Mediterranean lapping against the beach at night . . . the clean streets . . . the whitewashed houses in the old streets . . . tropical flowers wherever one looks. Lots of shops selling everything from fine leather goods to the infinite varieties of Spanish wines like you've never tasted before. Marbella is the town with a longer siesta than Torremolinos or Málaga. It is the town of the Beautiful People. Not so insistently boom-boom as Torremolinos . . . more of a 'chime'. Filled with celebrities or the feathery rich or both.

Marbella is 28 miles from Torremolinos and 34 from Málaga on the Málaga-Cádiz Highway. It is by the way of becoming another Pompeii in that the remains of a first century A.D. Roman town have been recently discovered, including some fine tiles that archeologists have claimed are real finds. This excavation is on the *Rio Verde*, a residential estate. You'll want to see it. Also the ruins of Roman Baths which date from the same time.

Marbella is the smallest of the three cities, having a native population of only 15,000. Still it has clubs and shows by the dozens, and you should go at least once to the *Jacaranda Club* on the main street which was established primarily for teen-agers, but which has grown so much in popularity that guys much older (lots of gay guys) are there, equally in force. Very make-out.

The beach is enchanting. The better hotels have their own private sorties to the beach. The beach near the new *Marbella Hilton*—as the hotel—is impressive. The *Hotel Don Pepe*, on Finca Las Marinas, is excellent. Air-conditioned; three swinging pools; a beautiful garden and nightclub. All of this for just \$26 double and \$16 single. The *Andalucia Plaza* on Urbanización Nueva Andalucia is a big (by Marbellan standards) hotel of 450 rooms . . . is also on the beach . . . \$20 double—only \$6 single. Still on the beach, and at prices anyone can afford, is the *Hotel Pinomar* on the Carretera Cádiz-Málaga. Prices are \$6.50 for a double with bath . . . \$3.50 for a single without bath.

In addition to its cruised beach and central districts there is a quite unusual male youth hostel where the action is going all the time—either inside (and they wouldn't admit it for the world!) or milling around outside. The teen 'hitch hustlers' make the night come gloriously alive. It's the *San Francisco* and it has its own pool where the most beautiful young things in Europe cavort the live-long day.

Since Marbella is so close to Torremolinos it would be a shame if you didn't bus-it, bike-it, or drive over for a brief visit or two.

There are three excellent restaurants you should try. One is *Restaurante Los Monteros* which is situated in the *Hotel Los Monteros* about 5 miles from town on the Málaga-Cádiz Highway. It's more expensive than others, but they have a wonderful flamenco show as well as inimitable food.

Another is *Los Carmenes*. In the heart of town, with the best Basque cooking. Moderate prices. And an inexpensive and very good restaurant is the *Metropol* at 29, Ricardo Soriano. Gets a lively crowd . . . lots of gay (hungry) guys. Excellent food for a pittance.

There are so many small fishing villages strung along the necklace of sand called the Costa del Sol that books could be written about them and never include them all. Each has a special charm for a special type of person, and only an extended stay on the eastern coast of Spain would give you a chance to explore them. There is something fascinating to do every day you are on the Costa del Sol . . . don't limit your time to just the three bigger towns . . . get out and see how the rest of this part of the world lives.

• • •

A CHICKEN IN EVERY PLOT

(Continued from page 17)

in this last film when the boy says quietly to Tarzan, "Sometimes in the night I would like someone to talk to. Would you stay with me?" He does.

Interestingly, although in the original books and even in the comic book versions Tarzan actually does have a natural son, named Korak, none of his young movie companions have been depicted as his own son, probably because of the questionable legality of his living arrangements with Jane. They have always been foundlings or runaways who live with Tarzan and look up to him for a strong surrogate father image, thus underlining the basic pederasty of the whole situation.

Such a situation was not unique to the Tarzan series, however. Through the period under discussion countless Saturday matinee heroes had youthful sidekicks in their films, and many full-time man and boy teams emerged from the juvenile literature of the era. The team that springs instantly to mind is Batman and Robin, the dynamic duo who over the years fought crime and evil through countless comic books, a comic strip, two movie serials, and a television series. As we have previously mentioned, the basic homosexuality of the team was recognized by the time of the television series, and was thought by some to be a serious enough threat to the welfare of the nation's youth to actually trigger attempts to have the series cancelled at the height of its popularity.

But Batman and Robin were far from the only man-boy crimefighting team. Superman, of course, had his Jimmy Olson, who was supposed to be a teenager until he celebrated his twenty-first birthday not too long ago. And in the Republic serial, *DARKEST AFRICA*, lion trainer Clyde Beatty was accompanied by a boy called Baru, played by Manuel King, who was known in real life as The World's Youngest Animal Trainer. In outer space, *CAPTAIN VIDEO* had his youthful Video Rangers and in the old west, *RED RYDER* had the Indian boy Little Beaver. Comic books contained the greatest proliferation of man-boy teams, including Captain America and Bucky, Green Arrow and Speedy, The Flying Fist and Bingo, Aquaman and Aqualad, The Shield and Dusty, The Sand Man and Sandy, The Flash and Kid Flash, Black Owl and his two friends Yank and Doodle, the primitive Indian duo and Andar, and The Manhunter with his band of reformed delinquents, The Newsboy Legion. And, of course, who could forget the

renowned crimefighting team of Air Mail and Stampy? Again, none of these boys were depicted as the sons of their older companions. All were merely loving youngsters under the tutelage of an older man who treated the boy as an equal and received the worshipful love of the boy in return.

Relationships such as these survived into the early years of television in programs such as RIN TIN TIN, in which Lee Aaker looked up to Jim Brown and Joe Sawyer, and CIRCUS BOY, in which Mickey Braddock (later Mickey Dolenz of the Monkees) worshiped the ground trod by Noah Beery, Jr. and Robert Lowery.

Such a brief synopsis hardly does justice to the dozens and dozens of films produced over the years detailing productive man-boy relationships. Just a few of the others were SQUARE SHOULDERS (1929, with Louis Wolheim and Junior Coughlin), SORRELL AND SON (1927, with H.B. Warner and Nils Aster, remade in 1934 with H.B. Warner again, and Peter Penrose), KIDNAPPED (1938, with Warner Baxter and Freddy Bartholomew, remade in the fifties with James MacArthur and Peter Finch, and again in 1972 with Lawrence Douglas and Michael Caine), PRINCE AND THE PAUPER (1937, with Errol Flynn and Billy Mauch, remade in the fifties with Guy Williams and Sean Scully), ON BORROWED TIME (1939, with Lionel Barrymore and Bobs Watson), and STRANGER ON THE PROWL (1953, with Paul Muni and Vittorio Manunta). Even in recent years there have been a few good examples of such relationships in some films, among them A BOY TEN FEET TALL (1965, with Edward G. Robinson and Fergus McClelland), MY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN (1968, with Theodore Bikel and Teddy Eckles), and THE REIVERS (1970, with Steve McQueen and Mitch Vogel).

Although we have concentrated here on films involving man and boy relationships, providing strong and positive adult models for young viewers, child stars of yesteryear were seen, of course, in many other kinds of movies as well. Almost equally popular was the story of the close friendship between two boys of the same or nearly the same age. Probably the greatest film to draw on this theme was Vittorio de Sica's classic Italian neo-realist drama, SHOESHINE (1947), the story of two miserably poor youngsters whose love for each other is tried and corrupted by unconcerned authorities. There have been many other such films over the years, from FAST COMPANIONS (1932, with Mickey Rooney and Tom Brown) through THE KID FROM CLEVELAND (1949, with Russ Tamblyn and Tommy Cook) to MAYA (1966, with Jay North and Sajid Khan).

In recent years the story of teenage buddies has been used on several occasions to tell stories of burgeoning homosexual feelings, which is interesting in light of the fact that the man-boy vehicles have never been used for a similar purpose. The only adult-child sexual incidents have been strictly heterosexual, as in LOLITA, and SUNDAYS AND CYBELE, as well as in exploitation pictures such as THE BABY-SITTER. Of course by stretching the point and applying healthy dollops of wishful thinking, we can read homosexuality into almost any story of a close youthful friendship. Many people, for instance, swear that there were sexual

overtones to the love between James Dean and Sal Mineo in REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (1955), but nothing in the film actually justifies such a belief. No imagination is needed, however, in the case of the British film THE LEATHER BOYS, about a potential homosexual relationship destroyed by one boy's failure to face up to it, or in the case of the French SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS (1967), a story of a schoolboy romance (between schoolboys) which leads to disaster when unfeeling adults attempt to break it up. There is also a definitely homosexual relationship portrayed in the British film IF . . . , between one of the three leads, Richard Warwick and the hero-worshipping younger student played by Rupert Webster.

Another vastly popular type of vehicle for young actors has always been the story of a boy and his . . . (insert your favorite animal). Horses and dogs, of course, lead the pack of co-stars in these films, but there have also been stories of boys and their love for raccoons, otters, monkeys, elephants, tigers, and even fish! Roddy MacDowall and Ted Donaldson, among others, made a respectable living in films of this sort during the forties. We could probably also fit into this category THE INVISIBLE BOY, with Richard Eyer, the tender story of a boy and his robot. Frankly, the less said about all of these films, the better.

With all of this love and affection from adults, contemporaries, and animals going out to the movies' child stars, we do not mean to suggest that life was a bed of roses on the screen for them, however. Boys in films have been routinely called on to survive storms, shipwrecks, fires, monsters, plane crashes, abandonment, heat, cold and enough related perils to try the most hardened adventurer. Probably the most prevalent and seemingly popular hardship, however—one that was endured by nearly every young boy in films sooner or later—is the trip to the woodshed for a punitive spanking.

Spanking is the lightest and most socially acceptable form of the S&M scene, and a form of punishment still widely utilized in real life today. In Great Britain, on the Isle of Man, for instance, "caning" is a legitimate and frequently used punishment in the courts of law for boys up to eighteen years of age, and the regulations specifically designate that the whipping is to be given on the bare bottom. Each time a young man is sentenced to be caned, the papers are full of arguments pro and con on the advisability of punishment, but significantly, the stories always include a carefully detailed description of the stripping and beating of the latest victim for the vicarious entertainment of the readers.

American courts, also, have often been known to sentence young men, often well into their teens, to be whipped, usually on the bare bottom, and it is an extremely common punishment in schools and youth institutions of all kinds.

The sexual significance of all this is obvious to even a casual observer, and has been frequently pointed out by psychologists and other researchers. (Read, for instance, Desmond Morris in *The Naked Ape*.) Additionally, the actual effectiveness of spanking as a punitive measure is highly questionable. Nonetheless, it is practically the only socially acceptable release for those slight twinges of S&M buried in most of us, and so the

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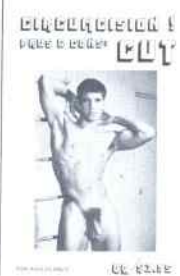
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movies often seem to devote undue interest and delight to those scenes in which some youngster gets his backside warmed.

In fact, back in the threshold of movie history, when films were nothing more than one- or two-minute skits still reveling in the very fact that they could move, one of the most popular story lines of all depicted a pesky youngster pulling some outrageous prank only to be upended by his victim and soundly paddled. Literally dozens of such films have survived until today. And since that time, hardly a single young actor has entered movies who has not received at least one film spanking, either on-screen for all to see, or by implication in an off-screen sequence.

Spanking is as much a part of Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*, for example, as is whitewashing the fence or playing pirate, and each of the screen's young Tom Sawyers has submitted in turn to Aunt Polly's switch for the amusement of millions of viewers. Most movie spankings are administered in light, comic scenes obviously meant to be fun for all, although some have been more serious affairs. Freddy Bartholomew's whipping at the hands of Basil Rathbone in DAVID COPPERFIELD, as an example, was high drama, but viewers apparently would rather chuckle at the predicament of the youngster being spanked, and so we are seldom invited to suffer along with the victim.

Because of the movie code proscription against nudity, even on the part of children, most of the movies' on-screen spankings have been administered with the pants up, or at least with underwear intact or some other intrusive camouflage, although bare-bottom spanking were frequently suggested while the camera modestly looked elsewhere. In HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, Roddy MacDowell is lying on his stomach in a nightshirt when his sister lifts the tail of the shirt and plants a resounding smack on his bottom in a brief slight-of-hand maneuver, and in THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER conveniently hip-high shrubbery interferes with vision as Lillian Gish chases the naked Billy Chapin around the yard and chastises him.

More recently the obvious sexual overtones of spanking, combined with an increased disenchantment with the basic effectiveness of spanking as a punishment have inhibited movie spanking scenes. Nonetheless, in YOUNG WINSTON, we are shown a peekaboo glimpse of a nude young bottom under the headmaster's switch, and in BLESS THE BEASTS AND CHILDREN, the six teenaged heros are subjected to a paddling by the other campers. (In the latter film, the boys are stripped to undershorts, but no further, in a movie slightly illogical in context, but necessary to avoid going into an "R" rating with the film.)

For the most part, however, the recent decline in popularity of spanking scenes has paralleled the decline in popularity of child stars themselves. The only movie personality who still seems to consistently advocate spanking is John Wayne, who often takes lusty delight in paddling his leading lady (usually Maureen O'Hara), thus graphically demonstrating the sexuality of the whole thing.

Unfortunately, the S&M tendencies of the average audience seem to need something more than just the swatting of a young boy

for satisfaction in recent years. Audiences today can be frequently heard chuckling gleefully at scenes of explicit bloody violence, and seem to find a morbid delight in the agonized suffering of the villain in his final come-uppance. Furthermore, no western of recent vintage has seemed complete without a hanging scene in which fascinated interest is devoted to each ritualistic step of the execution. Your reviewer, for one, longs for the days when all it took to surreptitiously satisfy the average audience's covert interest in S&M was a repentant boy and a birch rod.

As we can see, a boy in need of a strong, positive, adult image to emulate will be hard-pressed to find one anywhere in his choice of entertainment today. Television has turned the kind, understanding father of hundreds of pre-fifties movies into the bumbling nincompoop of hundreds of television series episodes and commercials, and the general cynicism of our age has turned the moral, idealistic hero of the past into the mercenary, vicious anti-hero of today. Likewise, the field of sports no longer seems to produce the heros with a concern for youth that it once did, and even the questionable field of war heros has turned from the aggressive self-determination of an Audie Murphy to the murderous hatred of a Lieutenant Calley. Where is the youngster growing up today to look for a positive model? The few remaining older men who are willing to provide one often meet with cynical laughter, or, even worse, with suspicious distrust of their motives.

There is some hope for the future, though. Through the past two decades there has been a handful of films reviving the old man-boy relationships of the past. Probably the most notable of these was the wacky comedy A THOUSAND CLOWNS, in which eccentric Jason Robards, Jr. fought for the right to oversee the upbringing of his loving nephew, Barry Gordon. And there was also POPI, a fine, sentimental film in which Alan Arkin, playing the Puerto Rican father of two young boys, Miguel Alejandro and Reuben Figueroa, had to choose between his deep love for the boys and his ambitions for their betterment.

Even television seems to be sporadically trying to return the merits of competence and compassion to the role of the father. THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER led the way, portraying a warm, emotional bond between Bill Bixby and Brandon Cruz, and actor Brian Keith has always managed to imbue his father characterizations, first in FAMILY AFFAIR and currently in THE LITTLE PEOPLE, with a compelling humanity.

But still the overall image of the American male as given us by television is either a one-dimensional, gun-toting brawler or a stumble-footed, female-dominated fool. The strongest, most complete, most admirable figure on the tube is still Good Old Mom. Is it any wonder that we have raised a generation of youngsters who seem to need to spend their entire lifetimes "finding themselves?" Let us hope that our entertainment media will soon begin again to provide them with some worthwhile directions in which to look.

• • •

QQ

DIAL 'O' FOR ORGASM

(Continued from page 7)

make a Mr. America wish he were only as great! Yet this is the crux of the whole sexual matter. Because he deals in such depth with the specifics of perfection—perfection in its minutest details—he had concluded that no matter what any possible tricks might say to the contrary, they'd be sure to discover to their disappointment, and he to his mortification, that he just wouldn't be what they'd thought he'd be in bed . . . or, to those privileged to have had sex with him before the Vietnam injury, unable to perform as fantastically as he once did.

Oh, yes . . . he's well aware that he'd be good—he has not deluded himself about that. But it's not enough for him. His constantly deepening sense of esthetic perfection—however unimportant it is rationalized by others—would not let him give less than he'd given before. Try as they will, his friends have failed to convince him that there is often a wild eroticism in permanent injury . . . that one maimed, blind or incapacitated in other ways, is invariably a great sex partner. Having suffered more deeply, one is more sensitive, more attuned . . . knows how to give more—as our friend could.

VIDEO-VOCAL VOYEURISM

But why change? "What's wrong with being a 'telephone lover'?" he might ask. What could be wilder than 'manning the bridge' at the window, popper necklace the only adornment of his magnificent body, waiting for a fabulous trick to come into view below . . . a someone whose single word of greeting in a voice choked with sexual excitement can trigger a Pompeian orgasm.

Don't think that many psychoanalysts haven't tried to change him. Many are friends of long standing. Also there are others who are gay and would like to give him bedside analysis and therapy under the sheets!

All, that is, except one—who steadfastly encourages him in what he terms "video-vocal voyeurism" which, as he explains, is a first cousin to sexual exhibitionism. If you enjoy it, and you're certainly not harming anyone—but, instead, giving him a real thrill like he's probably never had before—then what's the difference? If you give it even a second's thought, regard it *positively* as another 'plus' among possible sexual variables. You should continue to operate in the belief that even the most unusual forms of gay sex—or straight, too, for that matter—become conventionalized, given time and frequency, and so the more imagination and invention you can supply, the more rewarding and longer-lasting will be your enjoyment of sex.

"Why limit your repertoire of sexual fantasy? Give it free rein! Don't demean yourself by thinking of what you're doing as a kind of surrogate or substitute sex. Video-vocal voyeurism is strong medicine . . . it's too powerful and gutsy-guy for apologies. After all, you've long since proved your ability to lick it or quaff it . . . fuck it or suck it, or eat it and beat it. It's all part of the gay sexual spectrum. Just enjoy!"

VOICES IN THE NIGHT

You too can add a new dimension to November/December 1973

your sexual lifestyle if you will try the telephone bit. Although you may not live in a building with a window fronting on the street, through which you can put the fix on the corner phone booth and 'scope your tricks like our photographer friend, you can certainly apply this sex-communication principle in other ways and have a ball!

"But such things are illegal, aren't they?" you may worry. "Isn't this the very 'obscene phone call' thing the fuzz are checking on?" If such a conversation is between 'consenting adults' it is by no means criminal. It's a bit risky, however, if you make a nuisance of yourself by continuing to call the same party; obviously he has grounds for complaint. It's also dull and a bore. Then too, the thrust of the complaints about obscene phone calls is the voiced *threat*—actual or implied.

This is where gay telephone calls differ from hetero-calls. In the latter, someone who is too shy, or thinks himself too unattractive to women, or who, perhaps, is a turn-off in some other way, fears that by making a frank, direct approach to a woman he has a yen for, he would be rejected out of hand.

And so he vents his hurt, frustration and rage on her—representing not only all women, but the grubbiness of his life in general—and harangues her incessantly by telephone. The longer he continues his diatribe—or the more frequently he assails her, the faster he uses up his sex vocabulary, and so he is reduced to the pitifulness of repeating the same threats, curses and 'obscenities' until the police are brought into the matter. While Ma Bell is tireless in urging us to cruise the pages of the telephone directory with two fingers, gropy sex—physical or vocal—is *not* what she has in mind.

In gay life, however, just the opposite is the case. Most gay guys are invariably intrigued—usually beguiled—by such a telephonic approach. This has become so much the norm—particularly in cities of some size—that gay underground papers have pages of ads from those who welcome such an approach. No names, of course. Just a few words give the message. "Stern taskmaster desired for young man of 25 who likes to play with toys. Phone 434-6969." Any questions?

The list of possibilities is endless . . . there's 'something for everyone'. One is limited only by the parameters of one's imagination. Then also there are certain local underground gay newspapers . . . even 'above ground', such as New York's *The Village Voice* with its very many ads for 'masseurs'.

"Young masseur—noted physique star—strong, capable hands. Your home. Call any hour, day or night." Or, as another such paper's ad specifies: "Belly-dancing for males, taught in my studio or your home. Individual or group instruction. Call any hour until 3 a.m." Or "Unique golden shower treatment for those with stiff necks and tense facial muscles."

Or, if you like the mystery/intrigue/sexiness of a disembodied voice and don't wish to meet your respondent, just strip, climb in bed, get all your sexual equipment in place, plus lots of pop-up Kleenex tissues, and 'answer' this ad: "Telephone rap sessions. Let's get together by telephone and discuss your sexual problems. Complete sympathy." (Also 'tea and'.)

GAY SEX TECHNIQUES

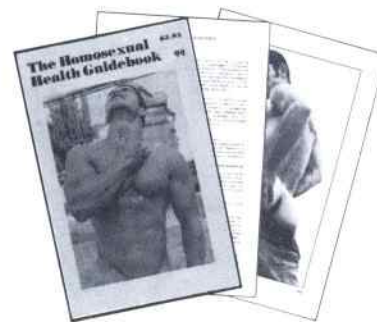


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Then, too, in a kind of gay switch, many large cities now have gay 'referral services' through which you can register by mail (usually about \$10), indicating your sexual preferences, and be assured (in reverse) of getting more 'obscene' phone calls than you can handle!

You'll find it of immense practicality and convenience to have your telephone company extend your phone cord by 30 to 60 feet. This gives you greater wheel 'n deal mobility. Especially desirable is that it's now possible to take your phone with you into the bathroom. Many gay guys who love to cruise by phone dial 'o' for orgasm while relaxing in a tub of warm water, sexily gussied up to the neck in *Vitabath* bubbles. Try it . . . you'll like this new kick. It's just like having him *there*! Unhappily this doesn't work very well in the shower.

Also, if you're talking to someone who doesn't know you—someone you've been so bowled-over by at first sight that you've phoned him on a sexy dare—begin with a compliment. It rivets his attention. The moment he says "Hello" let him have the "Hi, stud!" bit. It's puzzling and electrifying, and he'll be galvanized to the phone, panting for more of your honeyed words. Then say "Wow . . . you do have a sexy voice. With such a great body I just knew you would!" Then take it from there with your own conversational inventions, sure in the knowledge that your 'friend' at the other end is all ears. Hopefully you will blast off with a white-hot orgasmic charge before he gets it through his handsome head what you're really up to.

The name of the game is *subtlety with speed*. Never say more than you need to accomplish your purpose. Make what you say brief and telling. And, of course, never call the same guy again (unless you divine that he is gay and therefore all the more receptive). If he's straight you're racing against time . . . and it's *not* on your side. That's what makes 'voices in the night' such a thrilling gay game of wits. It can refresh the most jaded sex life and make it really zing-g-g!

IT'S BETTER IN PAIRS

(Continued from page 32)

they grew up to become lovers and went off with other Greeks to fight the Trojans when Paris of Troy spirited off the beauteous Helen, wife of Agamemnon.

The passion between Paris and Helen that generated the terrible Trojan War was no hotter than the enduring love of Achilles and Patroclus for each other. When Patroclus was slain in battle by the Trojan hero Hector, Achilles was so maddened with grief that he promptly met Hector in battle and killed him, laying the slayer of his lover beside the bier of Patroclus as the final irony. With his lover avenged, Achilles went recklessly into battle again and was slain himself.

To this day the names *Damon* and *Pythias* stand for true homosexual love. The famous pair stood united even against a death threat passed upon them by the tyrant of Syracuse, Dionysus. The strength of their great love for each other allowed them to

take this stand, and forever immortalized them as the image of a perfect gay union.

Phidias was probably the greatest sculptor of the Greek classical period, when the art was raised to the highest level it has ever reached. *Phidias*'s two greatest works, his colossal figures of *Athena* at Athens and *Zeus* at the temple of *Olympia*, ranked him among the geniuses of all time. Like many other famous men, he chose a lover who was unknown. The simple youth's name was *Pentacles*, and *Phidias* immortalized him by carving his portrait in marble at the foot of the *Olympian Zeus*, which was, not so incidentally, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.

Two famous Greek philosophers, *Socrates* and *Plato*, also had enduring love affairs with men. When the ancient Greeks spoke of *Plato*, they spoke of his lover, actor-playwright *Agathon* in the same breath.

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"Boy who get fist-fucked
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In recording the events of a gay drinking party at *Agathon*'s home in his dialogues, *Plato* told of *Socrates*' attendance and of his relationship with *Alcibiades*, a handsome young aristocrat, thereby immortalizing that love match for posterity.

Greek mythology has made legendary lovers of *Hercules*, the strongest god of all time, and his charioteer *Iolaus*. The ancient Greeks themselves approved so heartily of the gay liaison that they worshipped the

charioteer along with *Hercules* at Thebes, and dedicated the gymnasium to him. It was *Plutarch* who recorded that Theban men made their lovers swear fidelity at the tomb of *Iolaus*.

(In our next issue . . . "The Gay Conquerors and Their Lovers.")

L'CHAIM

(Continued from page 11)

the wines most Jews were familiar with were those used as an accompaniment to a *seder* or holy-day meal. Heavy-bodied, richly fruity and distinctly mellow, they are of such a thick consistency one can almost cut them with a knife. They are also so sugary that one rarely drinks more than a single glass as a *L'Chaim* ("To Life!") toast, and anyone toasting with more than two must surely have arrived at the *seder* table having first taken the precaution of mainlining a shot of insulin to ward off incipient diabetes.

These heavy wines are made from grapes at their ripest (hence their sugariness and excessive 'bombing power' . . . you can get sozzled from even one glass!). They are an integral part of the *seder* because they are in some way symbolic of, or—most importantly—help in a very special way to recreate, dramatize or point up some historic event in Jewish religious life and make it understandable to the young, particularly the young man, who will some day be the head of the household and have the duty of explaining all these mysteries and exciting events to others.

Thus these *l'chaim* wines are not generally drunk as part of an ordinary social function. The Jew is not inclined to drink just for the sake of drinking—of socializing—as most Europeans, and now so many Americans, do. Such wines are just too heady for the five o'clock cocktail hour. Moreover, they are almost always produced in the same country where a Jewish population thrives; often in the same large city . . . not at some rural wine-producing establishment. They are made from grapes brought in from local or near-local arbors, and produced in the centuries-old *kosher* manner. In New York City, for example, both *Schapiro*, on the Lower East Side, and *Manischewitz* are famed for their Passover wines (which also turn up conveniently at Christmas office parties to bomb the daylight out of socializing secretaries).

However, with so many Europeans having taken up residence in Israel, and having brought with them both their custom of drinking at *l'heure bleue*—as well, in some instances, as their know-how about making wines from many kinds of grapes, a new industry has transformed 60 percent of a formerly 'tee-totaling' population into convivial wine drinkers.

It hasn't been easy, either. The arid Israeli soil is so different from that of Europe—there being so much desert to overcome with modern irrigation, plus the fact that certain vines that grow so profusely in Europe simply will not take root in Israel, that it has been necessary to bring branches and seedlings from other countries—especially from California and New York—and cross-

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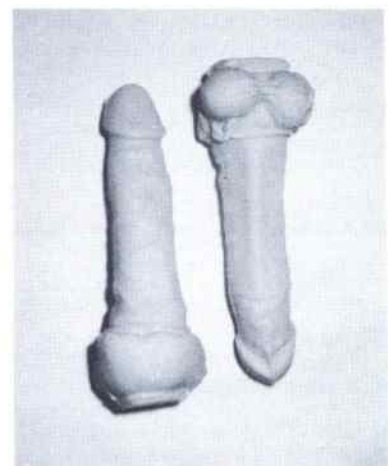


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breed them to make possible a hardy growth that will yield grapes of character in such abundant quantities to make the manufacture of wine entirely profitable.

That this has now been done may be noted in the excellent contemporary wines—as differentiated from the heavy, sacramental kind that wound up cozily in the Episcopal rectory—now being exported by Israel to the United States and Europe. You can get these delightful wines at your local liquor store under the brand name *Carmel*.

They have two special 'uniquenesses' to recommend them. 1) They are far less expensive than comparable wines made right here in the United States. 2) They have a lot more character and pazzazz than many of the European brands of the same types which are far costlier.

Carmel markets about 27 varieties of wines. *QQ Magazine* recommends three exceptional ones: *Carmel Rosé*—especially good as a table wine for the many recipes you'll find in each issue of *Ciao!*—*Adom Atic*, and *Carmel Hock*. Try any of these on knowledgeable gay friends you're having in for dinner or some other delight (they are wonderful socializing *apertifs* as well as dinner wines), and you'll be pleased at their response. If they are connoisseurs of European wines they'll find these three brands not only comparable, but may very likely be converted to Israeli wines by reason of that special pazzazz just mentioned.

Then too, an amazing thing about most Carmel wines is that they are available at less than two dollars a bottle. In these times of escalating prices, when to entertain others at a simple dinner can throw your budget so higgledy-piggledy out of kilter, this is a fact worth knowing.

Also, since our *Ciao!* recipes often call for a good cognac as a post-prandial libation (but which, as of now, costs no less than \$11 a bottle . . . *Martell, Bisquit, Remy-Martin, Courvoisier* and the like) . . . you can save money and have a premium brandy from Israel that will make a perfect end to the meal. Your friends will be hard put to name the source of the brandy because Israeli brandies not only stem from the same vine growths, but—due to cross-breeding with American vines—have a hearty, mellow, 'drink-it-all-night' character distinctly their own.

You don't have to wait for Passover to try these superb wines. Like now!

L'Chaim!

...

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

(Continued from page 31)

with him that he even wrote his journals with the words reversed so they could be read only by holding them up to a mirror.

In any event, there is no record of romance with women in the whole of Leonardo's life, and any affairs he pursued with men were accomplished circumspectly. The two most important men in his life were assistants in his studio. Andrea Salaino learned to paint under Leonardo and then dissipated his talent, very likely because Francesco Melzi came along and replaced

him in the master's affections. Leonardo was so devoted to Francesco that he made him the chief beneficiary in his will, leaving him, besides considerable property, the voluminous collection of journals and papers he executed over the years, containing drawings and detailed descriptions of his countless scientific investigations concerning anatomy, geology, botany, hydraulics, and mechanics. Among them were designs for an airplane, completed four centuries before the Wright brothers came along. Another of Leonardo's ideas was the submarine.

Leonardo was forever a man of new ideas, and his work was his life and perfection his goal. His genius never went unnoticed from the time he finished his apprenticeship in Florence. Beginning in 1482, he served the Duke of Milan for almost seventeen years, with *The Last Supper* his most notable achievement of this period. When the French occupied Milan in 1499, Leonardo returned to Florence, and then traveled throughout Italy for a time as the consulting engineer for Cesare Borgia on various projects. In 1503, after Borgia's death, he returned to Florence and was commissioned to paint the *Mona Lisa*.

It has been speculated that Leonardo used a male model for the *Mona Lisa* as he may also have done for females in other paintings. The *Mona Lisa's* enigmatic smile has also been the subject of much conjecture. Could it have been a recreation of the sad smile he remembered of his peasant mother, who had borne him out of wedlock, and to whom Leonardo was deeply devoted?

That was the theory of Sigmund Freud, who did a study on Leonardo da Vinci. One of Leonardo's persistent dreams, duly recorded in his journals, particularly interested Freud. Leonardo kept dreaming of a vulture that put its tail in its mouth. This could have signified a babe suckling at his mother's breast.

In any event, Leonardo felt a great love for his peasant mother and little love for his father. He felt no love at all for his father's eleven legitimate children, and paid scant note to them in later years, although he was undoubtedly disturbed when they sued to have him excluded from the proceeds of his father's will because he was illegitimate.

His illegitimacy, plus the stigma he suffered as a youth when he was publicly accused of homosexuality, were probably the two most important reasons Leonardo da Vinci sought solitude all his life. Of solitude, he said cryptically: "If you are alone, everything is yours. If you are with someone, only half is."

Leonardo da Vinci finished out his fruitful life in France under the patronage of Francis I, who gave him a castle and a liberal pension. Leonardo devoted his last years to research and writing, with the ever faithful Francesco Melzi at his side. He died at age sixty-seven.

...

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 5)

public events. He is seen in great numbers in gay marches. He is right there lighting fires and overturning cars at gay protests.

QQ

He asserts himself on TV talk shows. He is in fact what the straight public wants to see—because the straight public wants desperately to reaffirm notions that all homosexuals are, in a word, freaky. Confirmation of such beliefs somehow justifies further persecution of all gay people by straight society.

The real heroes of gay lib are those who are quietly working within the System to help change laws. The process is slow but lasting. The real heroes are those homosexuals who have gained respect for themselves and their lifestyle and who have still managed to integrate into society. Sensible people know that it isn't necessary to assert one's sexuality when it is uncalled for, as in one's job when duties in no way relate to sex.

We humans are complex beings and each of us is unique but what we all share is a set of behavioral codes—and thinking people, both straight and gay, fully realize that personal matters—including sex—have their time and place.

Harmful Images. The gay press is contributing a harmful image of gay people to gay people. Isn't it bad enough that the straight press picks up the freaky when it comes to publicizing homosexuals, without our own press having to do the same thing? We all know too well how to dodge the stones that are cast at all homosexuals when one is arrested for raping a small boy. We expect the straight public to generalize to its own advantage where gay oppression is concerned. But why must we continue to be subjected to confirmation of straight beliefs concerning gay people by our own press?

For example, look at the various spreads on the 1973 Christopher Street Liberation Day marches held across the country, in the gay newspapers/magazines/newsletters. The photographs invariably depict the freaks. Those wearing silk dresses and high heels. Those carrying obscene banners. Those behaving in a way that only reaffirms notions that we are sexually hungup. Those *machos* out to beat the world. Surely most gay people would like to see their own press publish pictures of healthy homosexuals. Typical gay guys do march but everybody ignores them because they are not colorful and freaky.

The gay press must recognize the presence of average gay people at marches, demonstrations, etc., in order to present a true picture. By doing so it will help instill pride and not shame in our lifestyle among ourselves.

IN PURSUIT OF AN IMAGE

(Continued from page 54)

anything more to do with "queers." She took on a whole series of new lovers, all of them heterosexual men, who never seemed to mind making it with someone who was at least mostly girl.

Michelle certainly did enjoy being a girl. She spent money on herself almost to the point of bankruptcy. She bought fashionable clothes and visited the hairdresser's every week. She was every inch a lady,

and her men were men through and through.

But then Michelle began to notice something disconcerting. She liked girls, too. Perhaps even more than boys. She didn't quite know what to make of this. First she decided that she must, in fact, be a lesbian, but she was deeply opposed to any form of homosexuality, and so she finally decided that she had simply made a mistake in the first place; she wasn't a transsexual at all, but simply a normal heterosexual male.

And so Michelle began a program of male hormones, undoing the effects of more than a year of female hormone injections. She/he cropped his hair close, took to western-style clothing, and affected a very butch brand of cigar. He only went out with girls, and wouldn't consider another man. He declared his backside retroactively virgin.

But when we last saw Michael/Michelle, he had changed his mind again. Once again he is really a woman, and once again he is taking female hormones, trying to off-set the set-back of a couple of months of male hormones. His poor internal organs must be reeling from the shock.

Michelle is not an unusual case at all, although probably a bit more feather-brained than most. However, there are in our midst, scores—perhaps hundreds—of so-called "transsexuals," convinced that they are meant to be of the other sex, and actively pursuing the physical transformation through medical means. They are all, like Michael/Michelle, in pursuit of an image. If they find boys attractive, or if they swish extravagantly, it is obviously because God pulled a boner and put a woman in their man's body. Likewise, if their partners go to bed only with boys who dress like girls, then they are entirely straight, and have no fear of being a faggot. The world of the transsexual is a world of illusion and fantasy, a parody of the "normal" world of which the transsexual longs to be a part.

If a man has an imbalance of hormones, why, we wonder, should he go the route of taking in further female hormones, then having a painful and expensive operation to become a travesty of a physical woman, with all the outward appearances but none of the internal functions? Would it not be simpler to go the other direction—take male hormones and correct the original imbalance? Such a procedure would be far simpler and less expensive and more successful. But then the patient would have to face the fact that he was a virile male who like other males—a homosexual. And it is not merely coincidence that transsexuals are often among the most virulent critics of the homosexual lifestyle.

Michael has thought of himself, in turn, as a homosexual, a woman, a lesbian, a heterosexual male, and again as a woman. We would not be so daring as to hazard a guess as to which of these he actually is. In reality, he is simply Michael, who has spent thousands of dollars and years of torment trying unsuccessfully to cram himself into one of society's prefabricated molds. He is frantically pursuing one image after another, trying desperately to fit himself into some socially-accepted norm, even if he has to castrate himself to make it all fit.

Nor is the transsexual the only image-seeker in the gay community. There are many boys firmly convinced that they are gay when everything inside them is trying to

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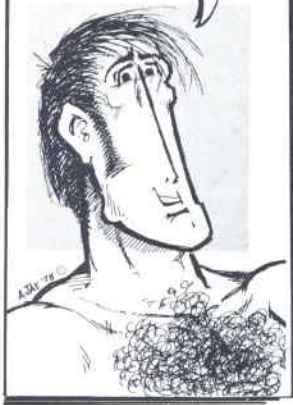
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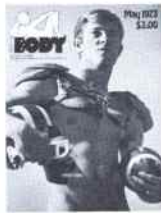
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tell them that they are really straight. But at one time or another they have had an enjoyable roll in the hay with a close male friend, or perhaps they simply like music or art more than football, and so they have convinced themselves that they are gay, since they seem to fit that stereotype, and they are completely miserable with themselves. Conversely, there are countless men who should really be pursuing the gay lifestyle but are instead desperately clinging to the illusion that they are straight because that is what society expects of them. They lead miserable, unfulfilled lives on either side of the fence, and often think themselves personal failures when in fact it is the system of societal pigeonholes which is the failure.

We are happy to see that this is all changing among the young people today—changing for the better. Youngsters today refuse to categorize themselves, as their elders felt they had to do. They realize that sexuality is not an either/or affair; that to have one or two or several homosexual experiences, even highly pleasurable ones, does not necessarily mean that one must pursue an exclusively homosexual lifestyle, or, on the other hand, that to be able to physically function with a girl does not automatically exclude the possibility of homosexual tendencies. Today's youngsters are throwing off the inhibiting stereotypes and arbitrary value judgements of their elders, and discovering that true happiness comes not with compliance with an image but with satisfaction and contentment within one's own life. We are heartened by the prevalence of such an attitude among the youngsters today, and as a result, we are looking forward to a happier, healthier world.

...

LETTERS

(Continued from page 33)

THE GREAT SANDOW

Dear Editor:

I am old enough to remember the thrill we gay ones got way back then whenever we saw Eugen Sandow perform his magnificent feats of strength and cavort among the ladies in the Ziegfeld Follies. What was so exciting was his gorgeous body. In those days few men possessed a physique such as his; as your Bud Parker well knows, bodybuilding didn't come into being until years later.

Did you know that Sandow had the honor of being one of the first humans to appear in moving pictures? Thomas Alva Edison invited Sandow to pose for the camera at the turn of the century.

Perhaps Sandow's greatest feat was his fight with a lion, but, as far as I'm concerned his most amazing feat was containing his bulging cock beneath his famous fig leaf "bean bag."

I actually wept when he died in the twenties, from internal injuries sustained while lifting a car out of a ditch. I wonder how many others remember him. Is it possible you might have some pictures for us readers?

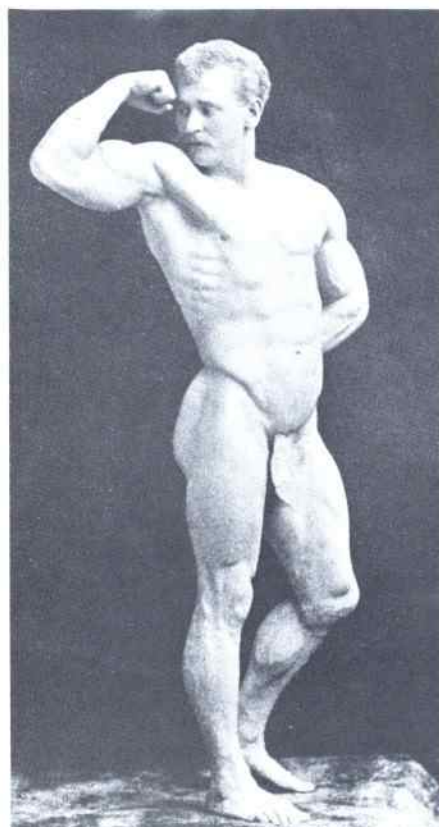
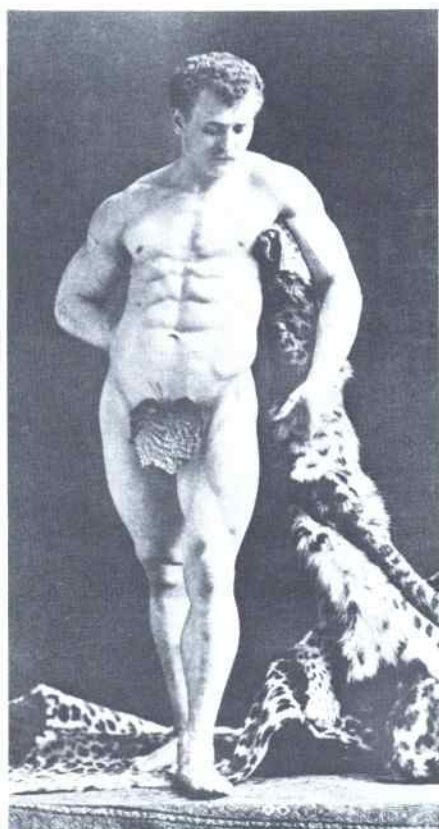
Hopefully,

D.L.

New York, N.Y.

QQ

Ed: We agree; Sandow was magnificent and a rare beauty in his time. We are pleased to present a selection of pictures here and on the following pages, of Eugen Sandow at his best. They are from a collection owned by Alan Tuck Associates, whom we thank for their use.



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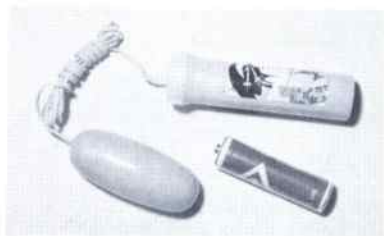
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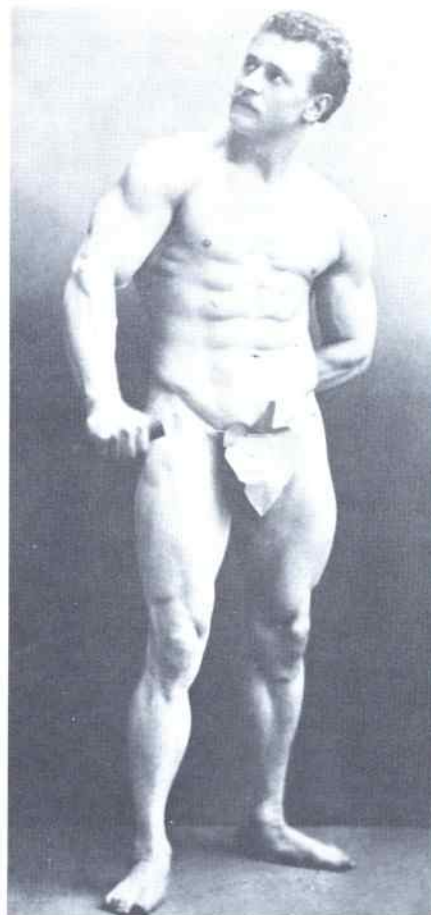
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BY A. JAY

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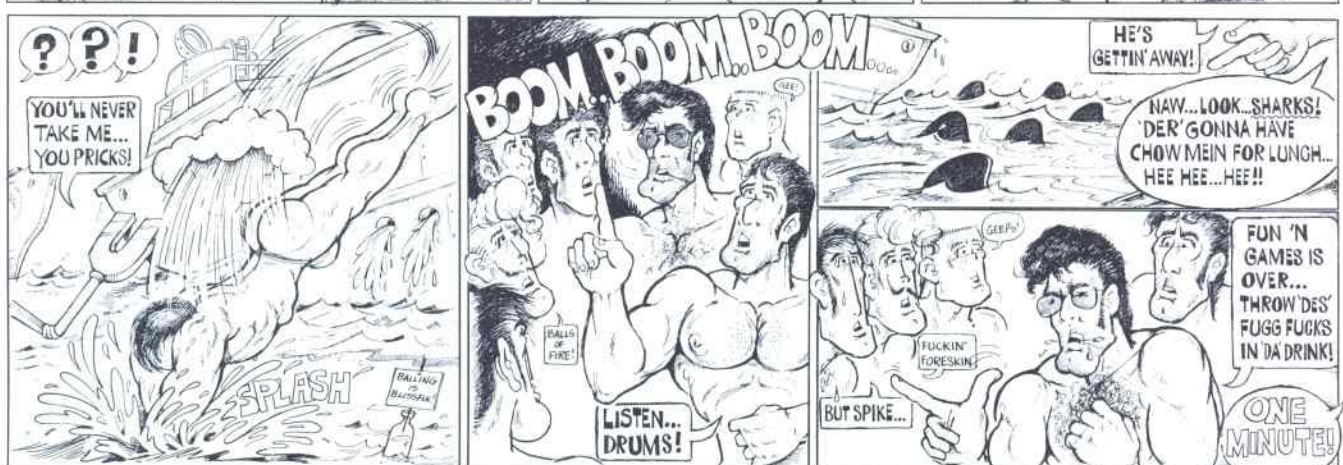


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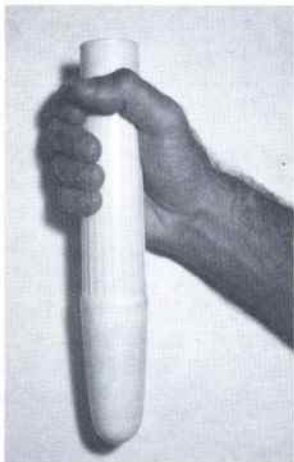
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In Pursuit Of An Image

By John Marvin



A few years ago a young man whom I shall call Michael decided that he was a woman "trapped" in the body of a man, and that something should be done about it. Michael was a slight fellow, and was sexually attracted to butch men. But the thought that he could possibly be a homosexual was absolutely abhorrent to him; obviously, he reasoned, he must like boys because he really meant to be a girl.

Michael ran off to a doctor somewhere and had some tests run which proved, sure enough, that he had an unusually high level of female hormones in his system. And so Michael began preliminary preparations for a sex-change operation. He began a program of female hormone shots, grew his hair long, began dressing in women's clothes, and demanded that his friends now think of him as a woman. He was not Michael, but Michelle.

As the female hormones caused Michelle to fill out and begin developing feminine breasts he/she moved out on her long-term lover on the grounds that she was a woman and didn't want

(Continued on page 47)

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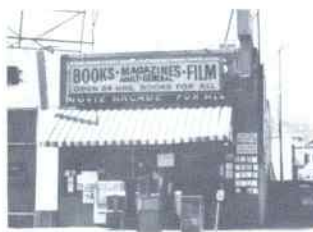
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