


# GRECIAN GUILD STUDIO QUARTERLY

No. 18 **SUMMER ISSUE 1966,**  
FEATURING THE TROY SAXON STUDIO \$1 





REED SHAW

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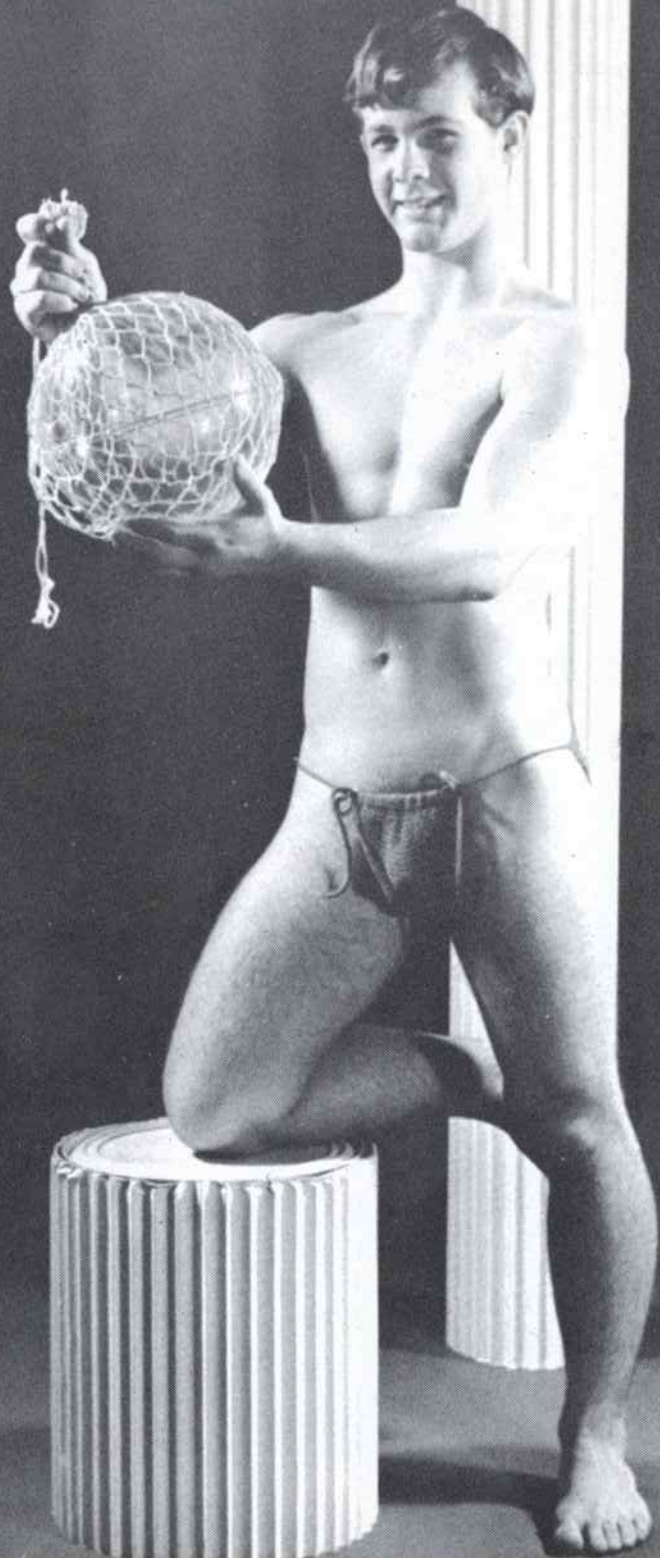
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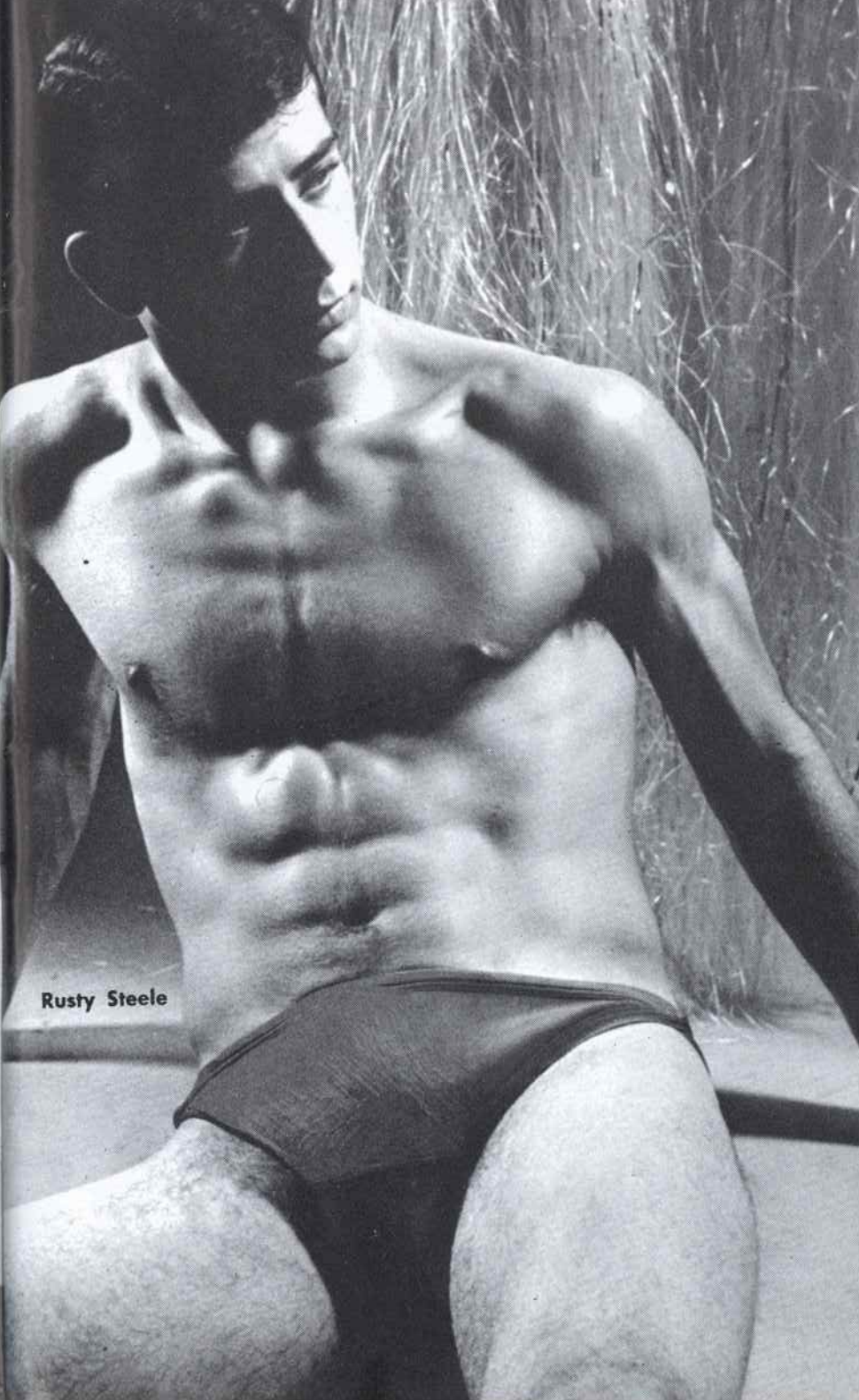
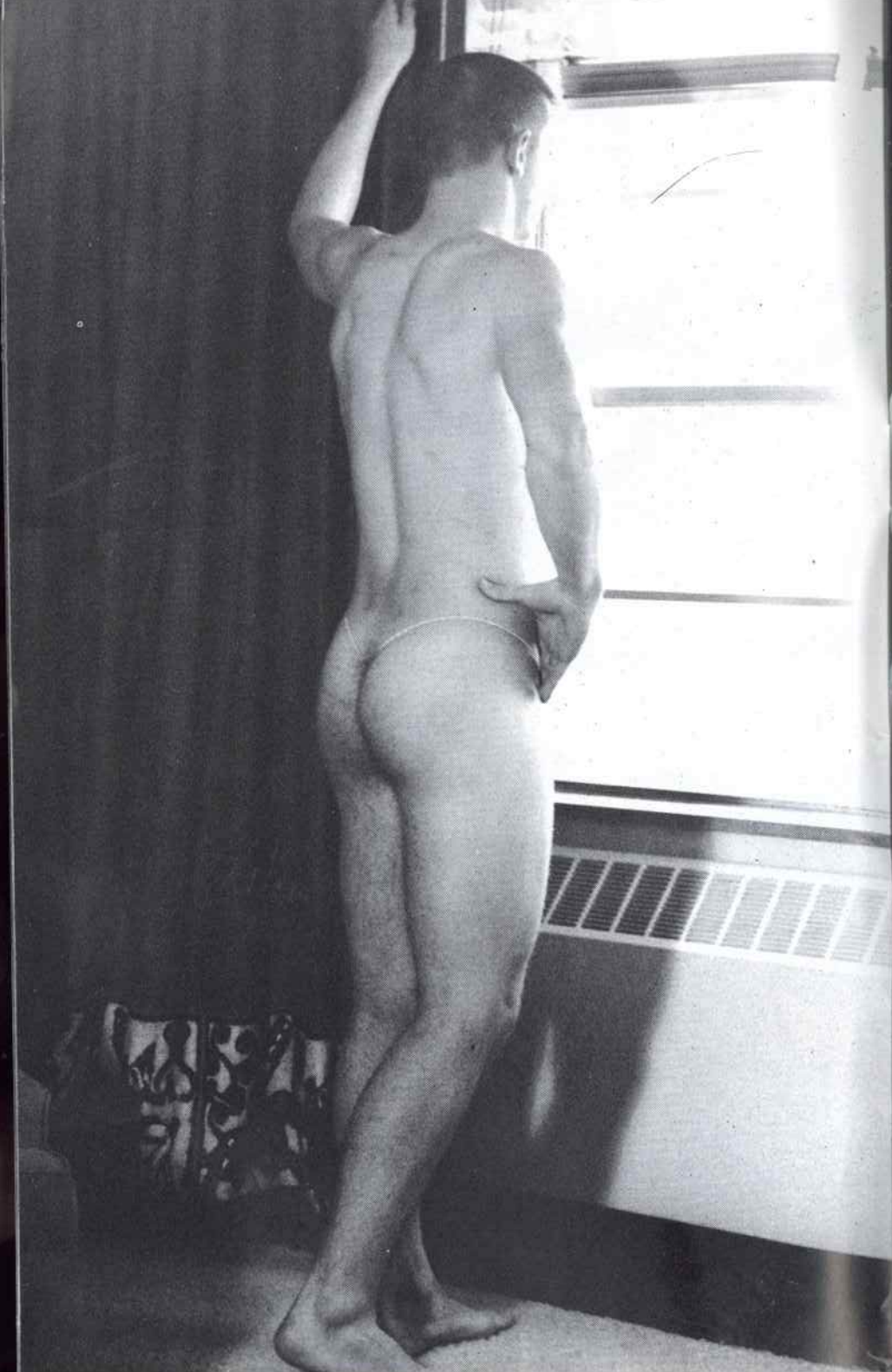
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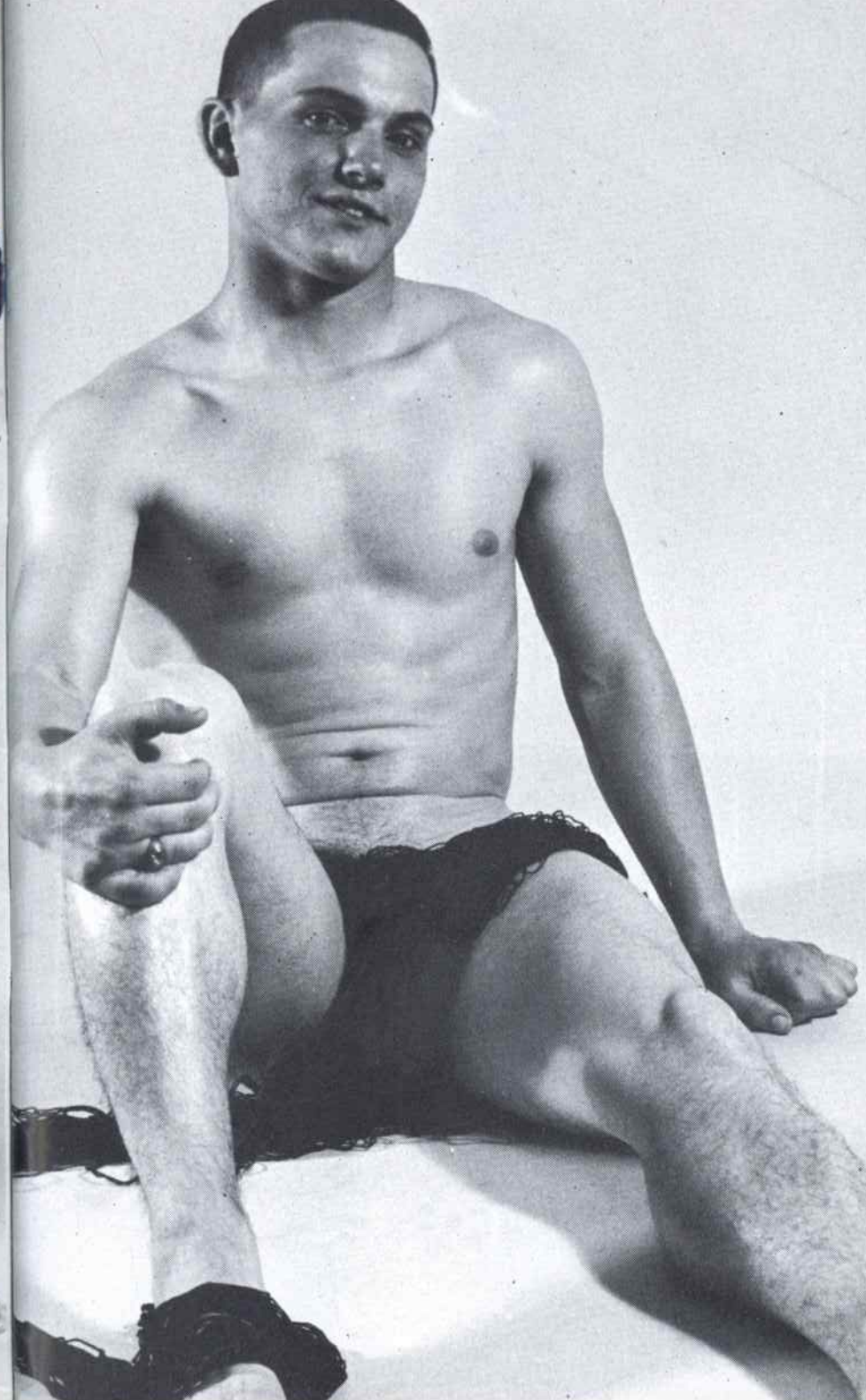
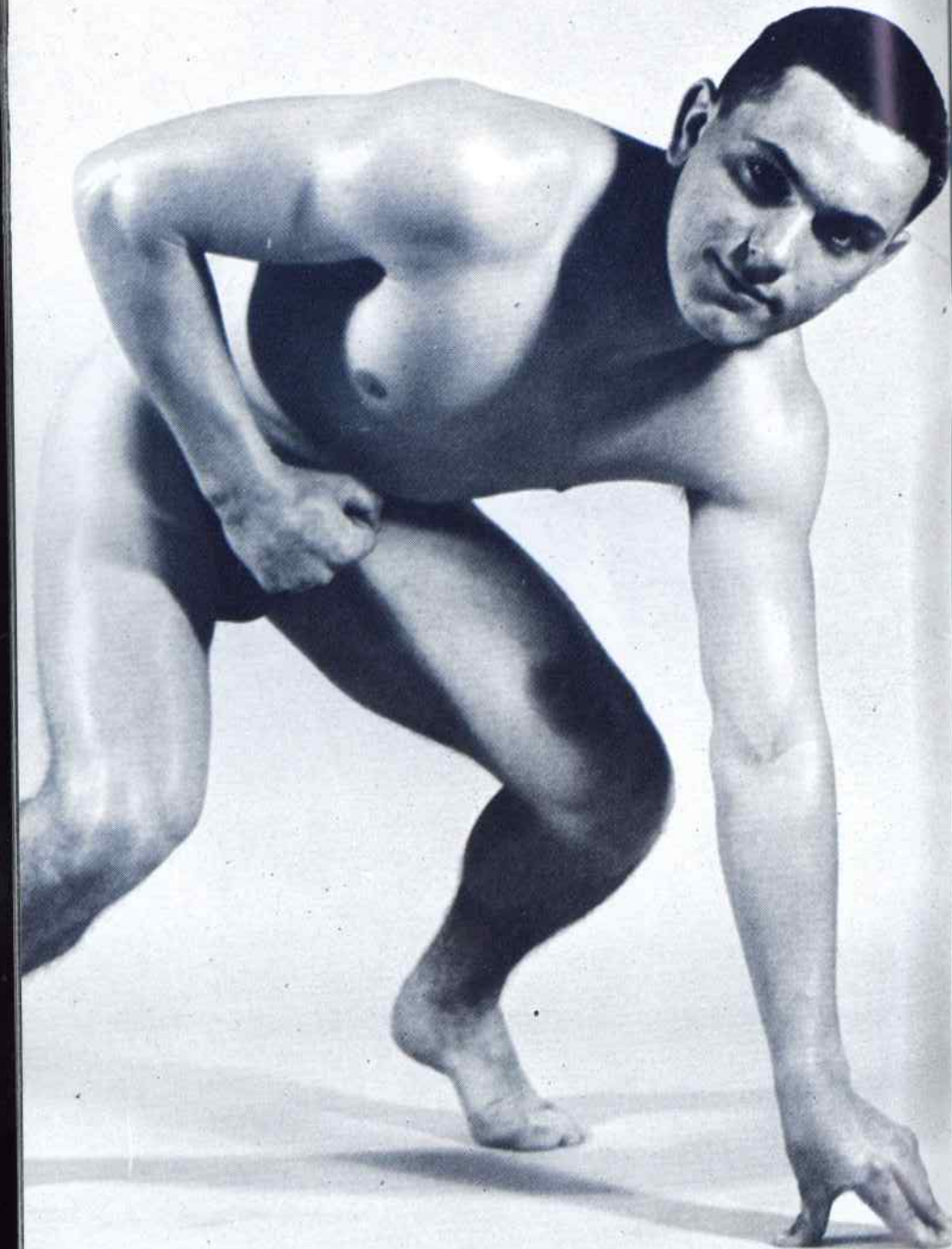


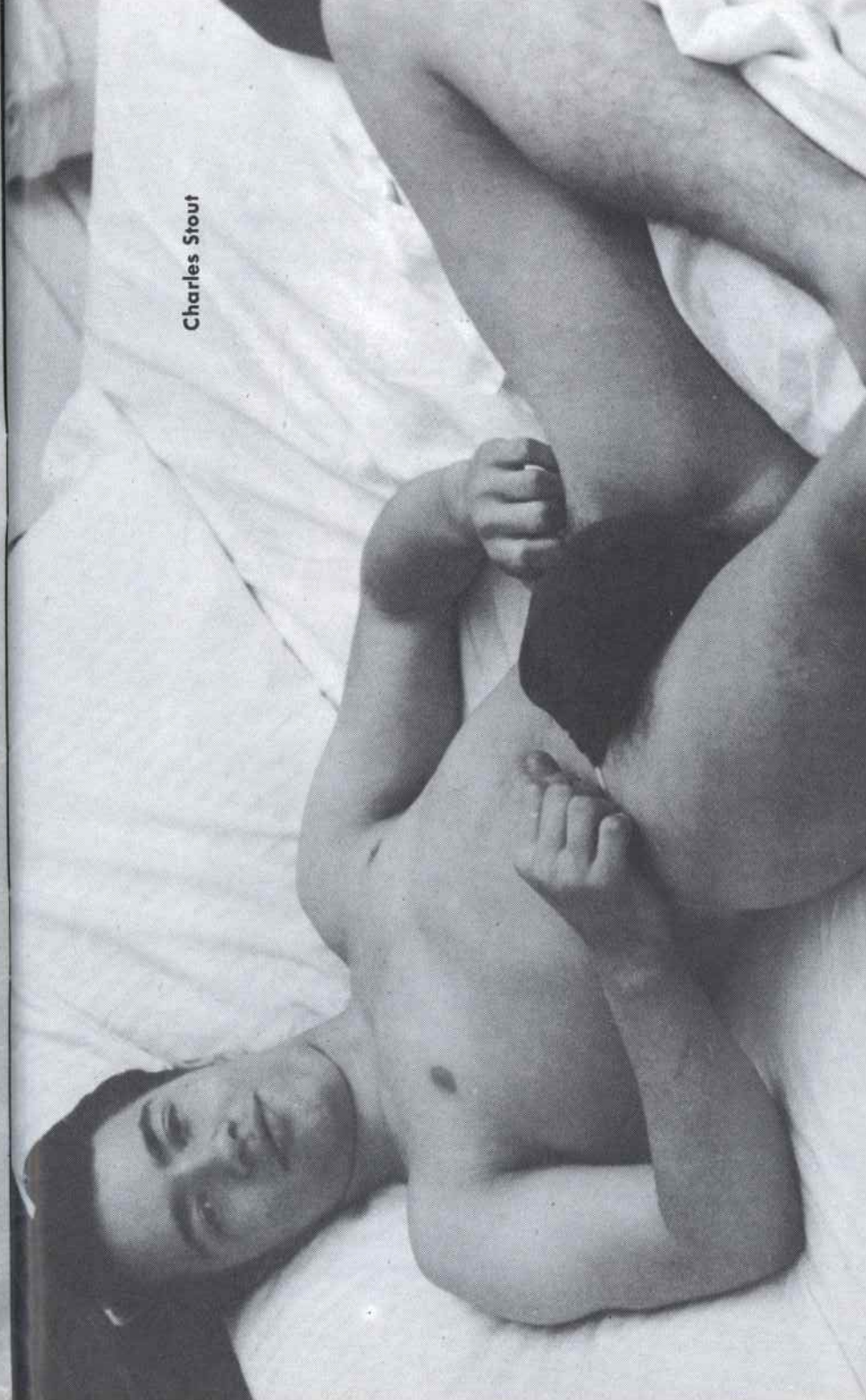


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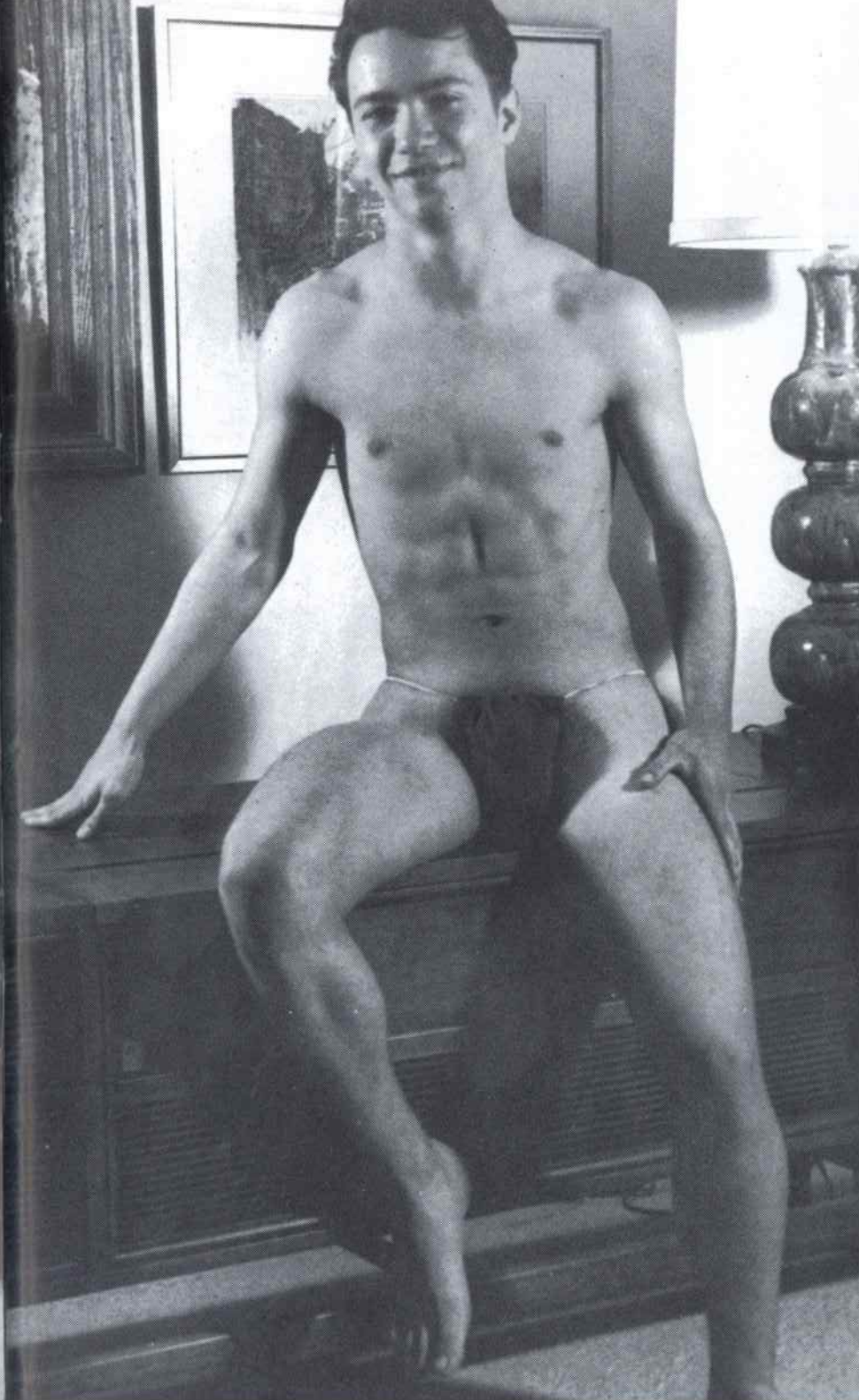


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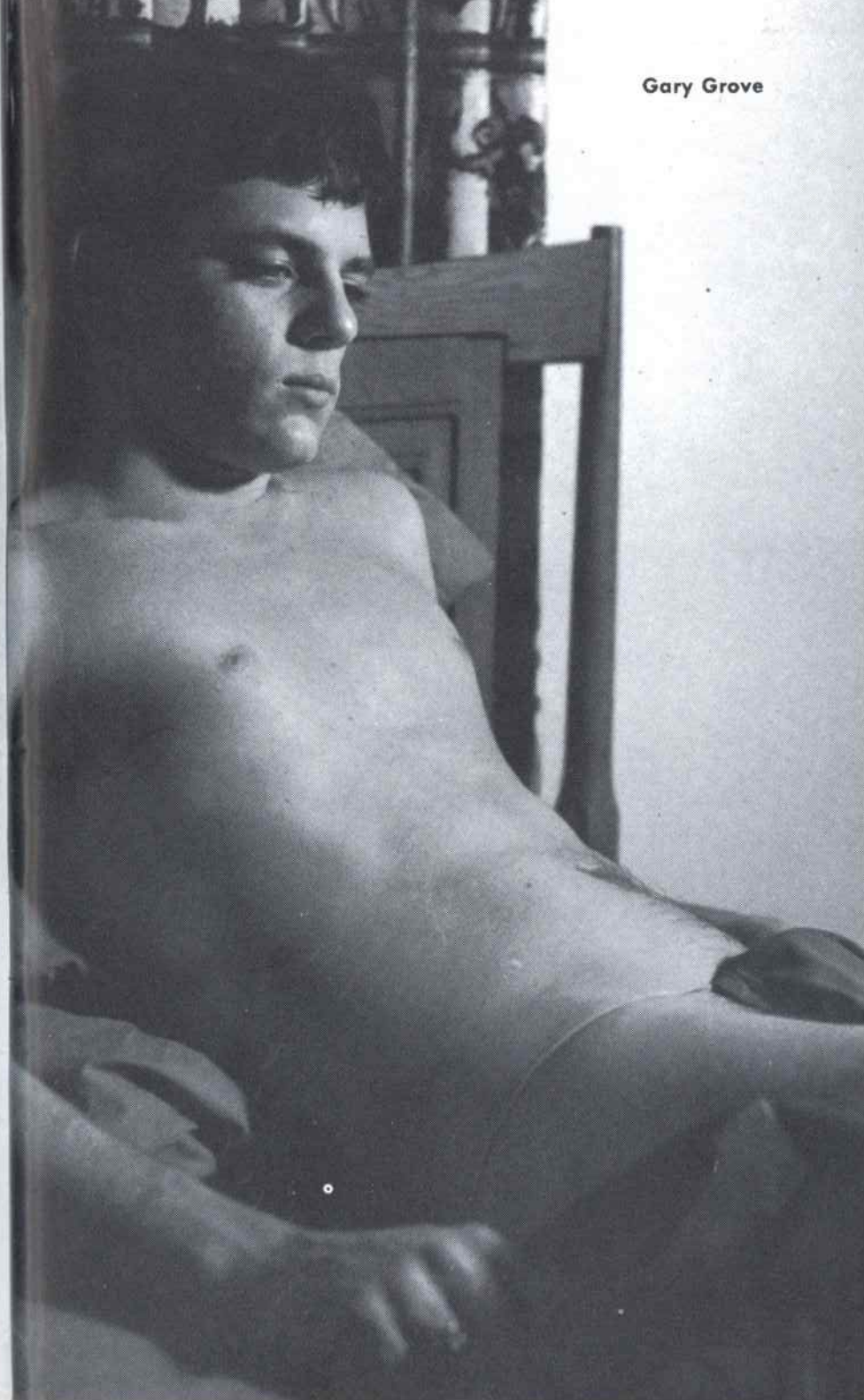
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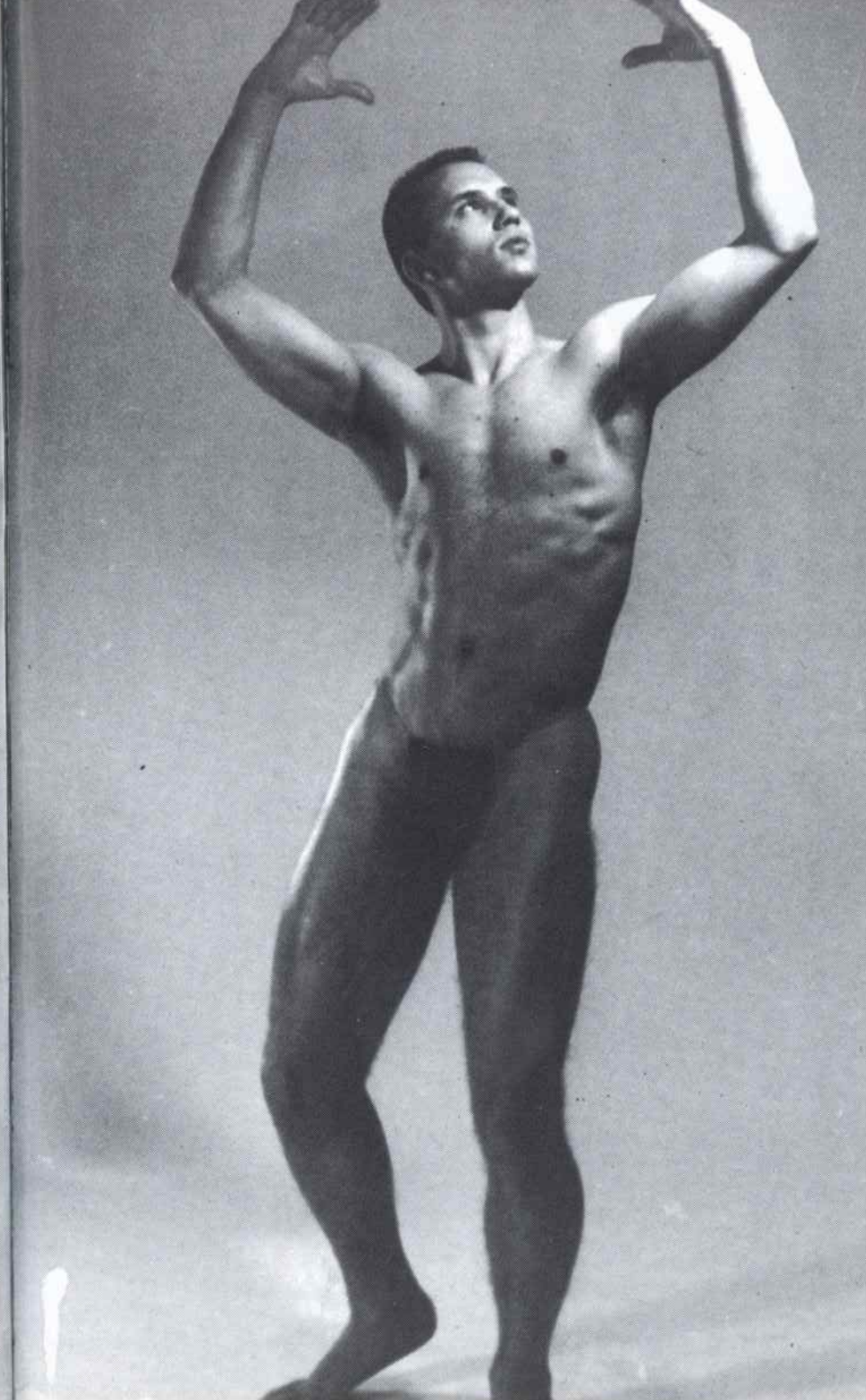
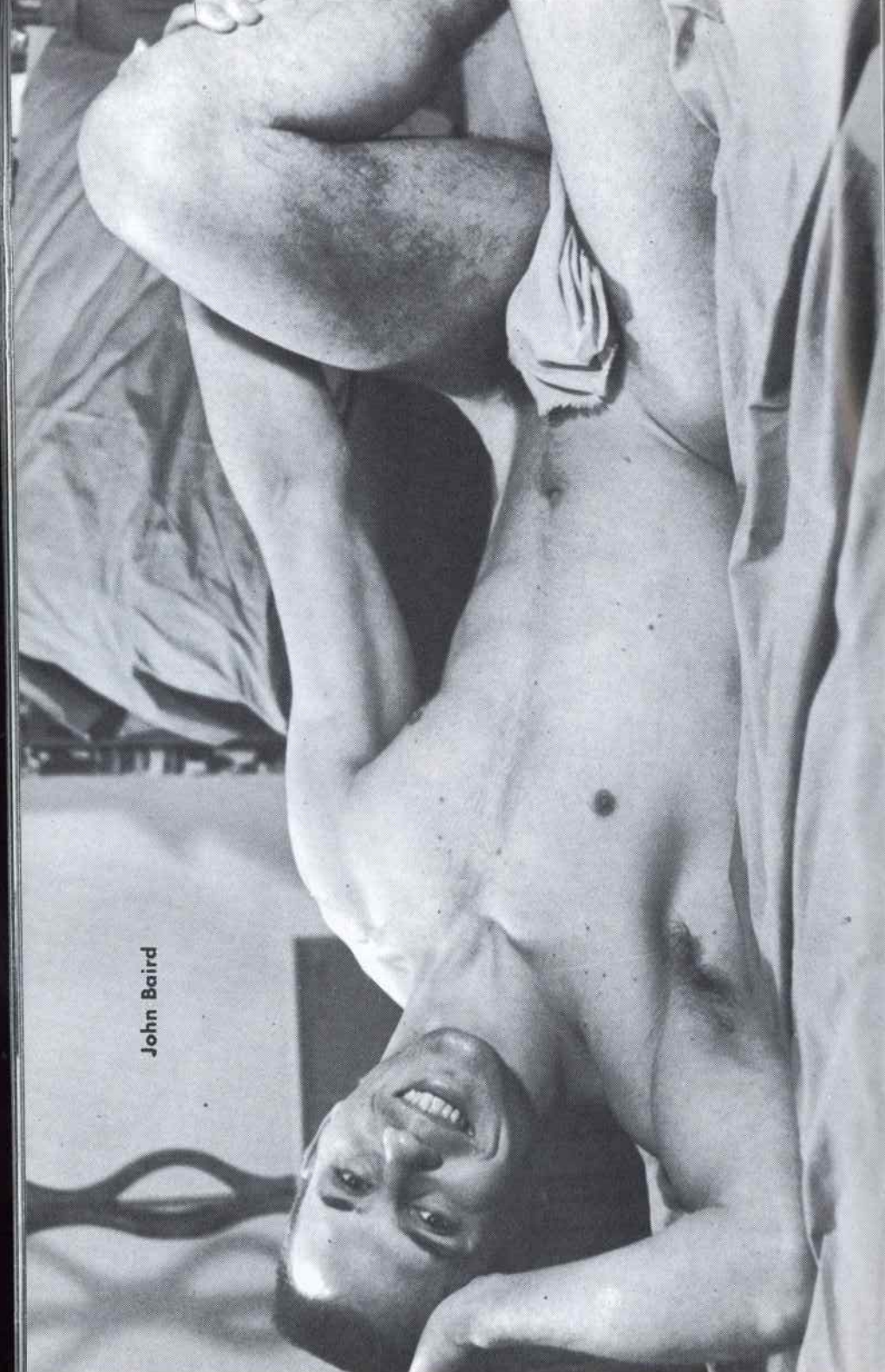


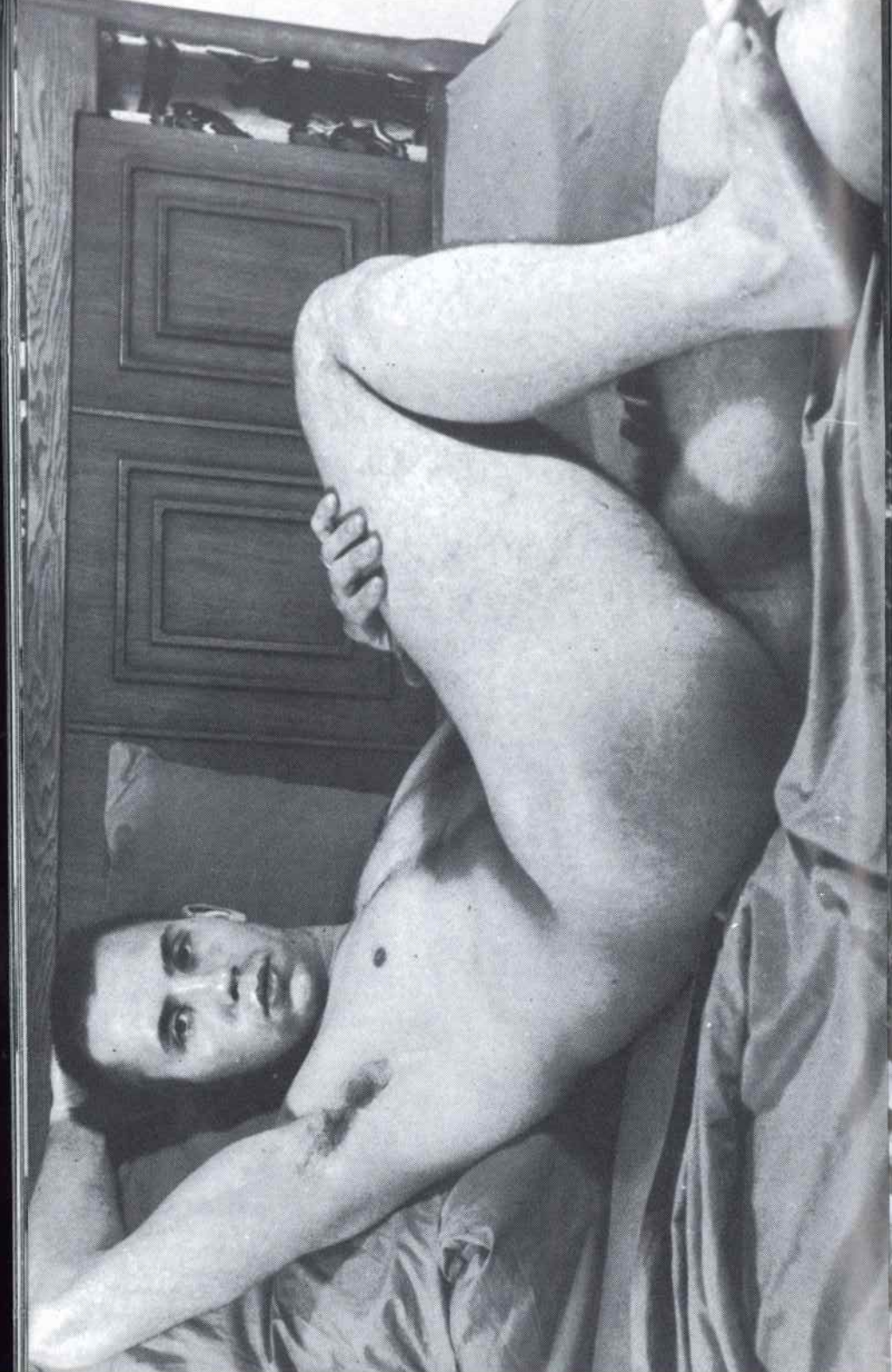
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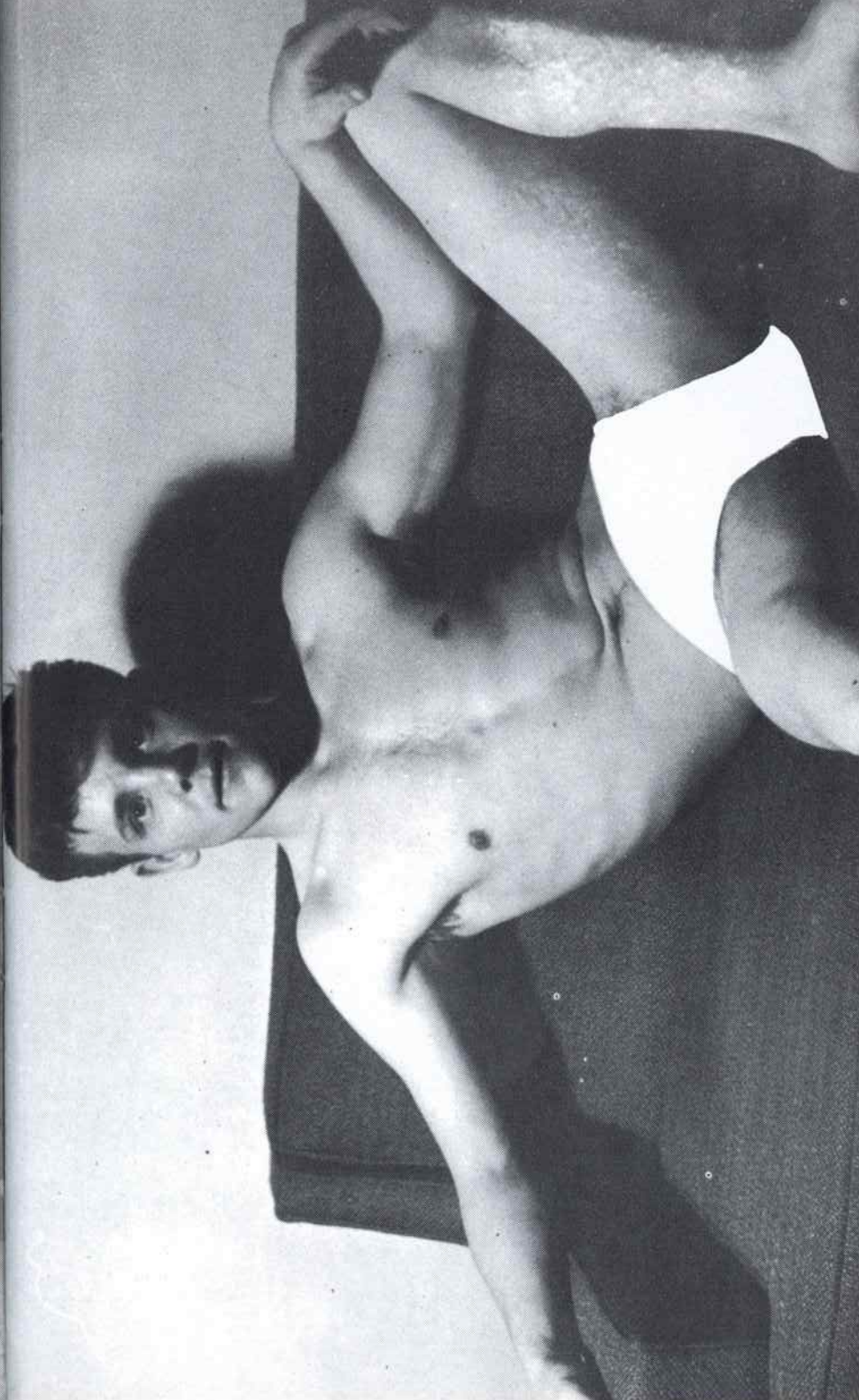
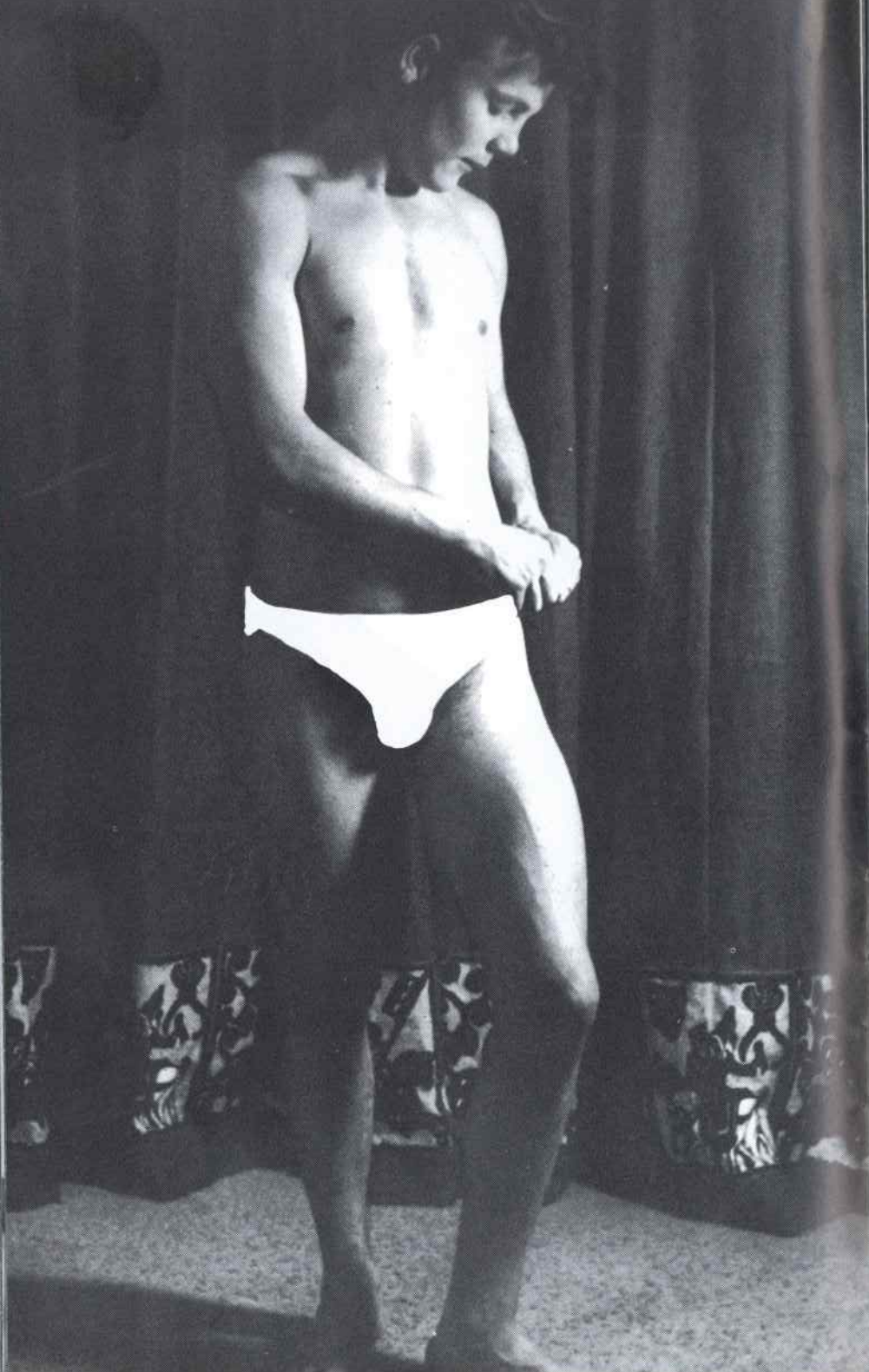




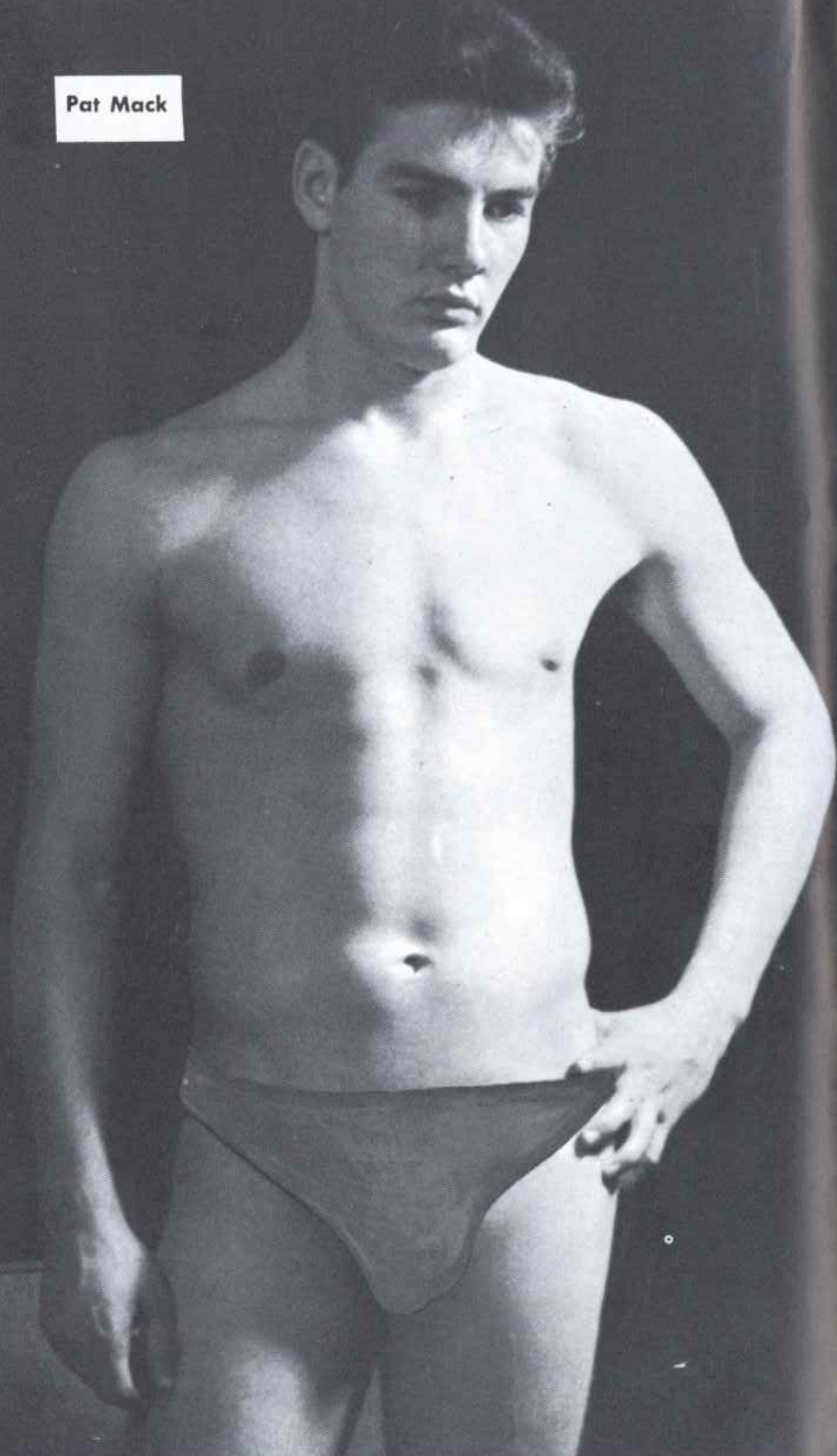
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## GUILD BOOK SERVICE

BULLETIN NO. 36

**BEACH BOY** by Donald Evans. (Available through Guild Book Service for \$3.00)



"It was very obvious, Ernie, a middle-aged man with greying hair, talking to a blond beach boy. The boy asked him, 'Want me to telephone you?' Ernie looked away, then back, 'Uh, better not. I mean, I don't have a phone at home, that is. Besides, you're probably looking for somebody steady. I'm not. I'm a oncer. Wish it could be another way. **Other men might want you regularly, but not me. The surprise element is finished.'**"

If this novel has no other *raison d'être*, it is justified in terms of its accurate portrait of the transient, unsatisfying and ultimately destructive nature of hustling. The hustling in question takes place in Miami and the young man who sells his body,

then tries to find his soul in the process, is Corky, a Jersey City stray.

True to the economic roots and rootlessness of the average hustler, Corky arrives at Miami practically broke; the beach is his pad until he can latch on to some john, and hopefully in the process convince himself that he really hates homosexuality but does anything gay just for the bread and a roof over his head.

Let's peek into Corky's world and see how he makes out, initially: "... Corky felt his heart thump wildly in his throat when he saw that Barry was excited. The ripples of his bronzed stomach were alive; his strong young thighs parted and his turgid power was lewd in exposure." (Tho' our hero thinks he's straight, he gets excited at each sex session!) Later, on their voyage in Barry's boat to a secluded island where they can be nudists together, Barry "patted Corky's bare bottom, laughing when the boy flinched. 'Don't be so scared—just like some stupid virgin bride or something. What's a matter? Never let anyone see you or even fool around?'" Corky: "'Maybe not.'" (You can see how thoroughly confused Corky is in his responses; the wonder is that he would submit to hustling in the first place, given his repressed nature.)

Along the primrose path are strewn a few morsels of pop knowledge: "Those muscle boys with those cute first names out in Hollywood are really gay. They don't have much talent . . . except for putting out for a queer producer or director. That's how they got into the movies. Those actresses do it . . . why not guys?" This is the information that Barry—Corky's first pickup—gives the innocent young thing before Corky goes on to further heights of depravity. At this point your GBS editor realized

that it's hard to believe that there are really teenage hustlers like the fictional Corky who begin their "professions" on just such a naive and innocent note: so jaded do we become after reading so many gay books that we fall into the precipice of distrusting anyone's plea to innocence nowadays.

More often than not author Evans captures a poetic description: "Corky started running toward the surging surf; each movement was, as Barry stared in hot desire, like a naked ballet. Each movement sent one of Corky's buttock cheeks up, the other down; then it was reversed in sensuous symmetry. It was a gay boy's dream to see such a spectacle . . . a dream of a paradise isle . . . and it was happening to Barry for real." Well, what else can we say except it's nice that Barry's so happy: would that we all could find our Nirvana in such simple things as a pair of bouncing buttocks!

For a babe in the woods, Corky has more orgasms than seems fashionable: ". . . Naked, Corky stood with his strong thighs parted. He shivered, then made gasping sounds as he felt the ultimate. It was exhilarating, and he kept telling himself that he felt good. Gilbert's mouth and tongue went everywhere. A sudden fire enveloped Corky, surged to the surface and then he was making peculiar noises when the crest was reached. He closed his eyes and shuddered . . . then gradually relaxed." Next paragraph: ". . . 'ME, next . . .' This was going to be a real tough situation, thought Corky. Assembly line."

Though we are used to reading novels with untiring, prodigious heroes with their slab thighs, sinewy loins, thick, wavy blond hair kissed by the sun, bulging deltoids, washboard stomachs, pendulous manhood, et al., nevertheless, there are pages in this tepid potboiler which sometimes sputter to life with some conviction, whether in characterization or narrative description of rough-and-ready sex.

Your reviewer is happy to see that Corky is not the ultimate in gay life . . . the S and M queen, and he certainly has no taste for drag queens; perhaps there is some redemption for our hero after all, but before we find out, we are witnesses to yet another epic:

"... 'How about dancing with me, Corky?' said Tony Ricci, the olive-skinned Italian boy. 'You know, opposites attract each other. Blondie and Blackie . . . nice, eh?'" As if sex and alcohol were not enough, Tony introduces Corky to the wonders of glue! "A few others came around and under threat of gang humiliation, everyone sniffed from the glue. They remarked that it gave them a thrill. One long-boned kid who was a little stupid, said, 'It makes me kind of dizzy. I faint, too.' Another boy said, 'It makes me thirsty, that damn glue.' He wore baggy boxer cut trunks and had an annoying habit of opening the string, inserting his hand until the others called him lewd names. Soon they were all feeling high. Even Corky had to admit that a few whiffs of glue made him 'feel like floating.' He was laughing and giggling now."

It is at this point in the book that we read: "Corky never felt so good. All the cares, all the fears, all the conflicts, had become dissipated, vanished as the smoke spiralling above the fire they had built on the beach."

If it were really true that those conflicts had vanished because of glue, sex, alcohol and wild living . . . why is it that they return after the effects wear off? Only the one who reads this exciting, if sensational, book can learn the sad answer.

MALE MADAME by Donald Evans. (Available through Guild Book Service



"... 'Mother, I've become a madame. A male madame. Know that little warehouse you gave me? I've turned it into a brothel and we have about 25 good looking boys who act as prostitutes to the dozens and dozens of old faggots who come and pay.'"

Now as if this wasn't enough of a confession for young Billy Halloran III, a butch-type boy from rich Nob Hill in San Francisco, to tell his mother, he goes further: "'Mother and Father, I'm queer. I get arise out of looking at good looking boys and want to go to bed with them. I hate girls . . . I wouldn't be any good to any girl, even if she were a real knockout.'"

Of course, no self-respecting gay teenager with a fat bank account and an assured future would **actually** make such statements, even to his parents. He just **wanted** to say those things, we learn, from reading this turgid piece of erotica, bound to teach both gay and straight readers the facts of how a so-called normal boy from snob society is so neglected by his parents (who cannot really love him) that he turns away from heterosexuality to other boys. It is the sad process of degeneration which makes **Male Madame** a valuable social document which not only explores the sordid byproducts of our twisted culture but accounts for some of the dynamic causes behind such deviate behavior.

The novel tells us that Billy was indeed a beautiful creature and he really can't understand why he becomes excited at the sight and touch of other boys his age: he just knows he feels guilt and self-hatred for his clandestine passions. Your GBS editor is sorry to say that Billy Halloran III is nothing but a closet queen when he meets his first match—Rex Pearson, who loves pot and relies on the stuff to turn him on to full heights of depravity:

"... I'm lost now, kid. Know how old I am? Just 22—bet you're about the same. But I have to have a fix before I can really swing this queer bit. I never cared for broads. Sure, I look butch . . . that's the surprise in this gay life."

Well, anybody who's moderately conversant with general psychology can spot this as a typical rationalization . . . one very common and to be expected, but our simple, heretofore innocent little Billy swallows this explanation whole before he starts swallowing other things. And the process of self-delusion is one any modern psychologist can recognize in Rex's further behavior (that is, if he were not too busy analyzing Billy's fulminations): "... 'Hey . . . you're really built!' Billy reached out, unable to control himself. His hands explored Rex, much to the latter's shivering delight. 'You could kill a girl.'"

A few spasms later we are told that "a thousand bolts of electricity

tore through Billy's loins as the high spot was reached. 'Ohhhh . . . yeeeeee-Oooooooooohhhhhhhh . . .'" And so Billy was no longer virgin.

Next Billy meets Tony Antonucci, the last of a brood of nine kids from a Fisherman's Wharf Italian-extracted family; Tony comes to the palatial Halloran house to fix the air conditioning in Billy's bedroom and what happens is exactly what we can expect from such imaginative novelists as Evans: Billy is overwhelmed by the earthiness of Tony, who has the audacity to take a shower and then invite Billy to share it with him; the faucets are faulty and what follows next but to have Billy accidentally get doused in the water and necessitate doing the little camp!

"... When the shower was turned off, Tony put both hands on Billy's shoulders. He faced him. They were almost the same height. 'Ever fool around? You're real worked up.' Tony's face was a mischievous leer. He added, 'I can be like a girl.' Then he used lewd words to describe it. 'Wanta try . . . on the bed?'" After a great deal of fondling of each other's buttock cheeks and oral cavities, the session really gets torrid, but your editor treads cautiously in telling you that it's wise to read for yourself; we wouldn't want to spoil you.

Here are a few typical passages:

"... The first sadist then fell on the weeping Freddy, his stripped body soaking wet from his perspiration. Freddy made short screams as his torturer humiliated him . . . by using him as a woman!"

"... 'Damn it—real tight, too!' That was from the second cruel pervert."

"... (Billy) was merciless in doling out his pleasure-pain, savoring every part of the lovemaking session until Tony screamed from the tensions. 'I'm dyin'. I'm dyin', man—now . . . now . . . now . . . Ohhhh . . . that's it . . . Ohhhhhhhh . . . !!!'" (One of the milder sex sessions.)

What else can your reviewer say in the face of such debauchery except describe this novel not only as a piece of erotic trash, but a truthful account of how a defective home can produce defective human beings and a society of perverts.

\* \* \* \* \*

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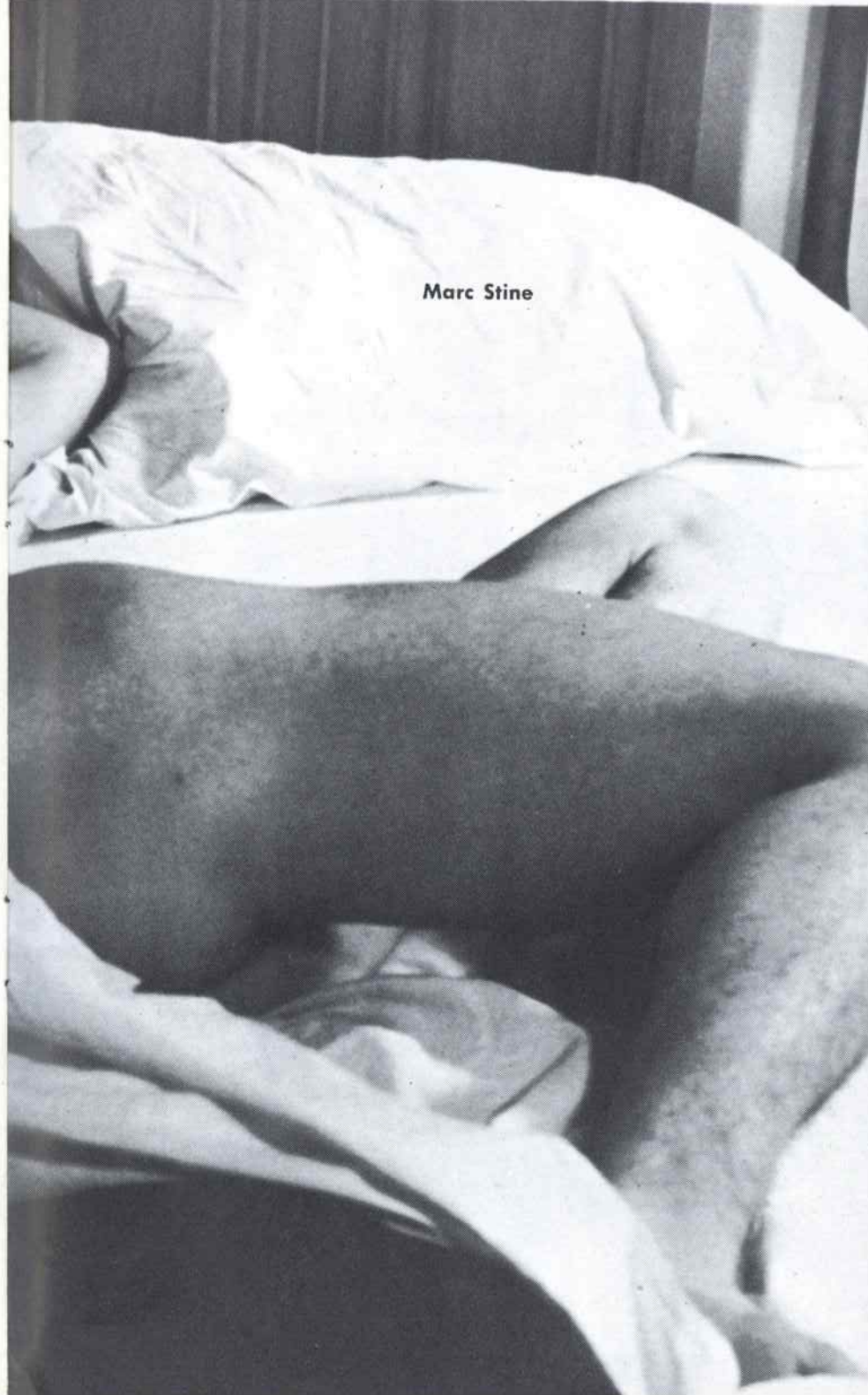
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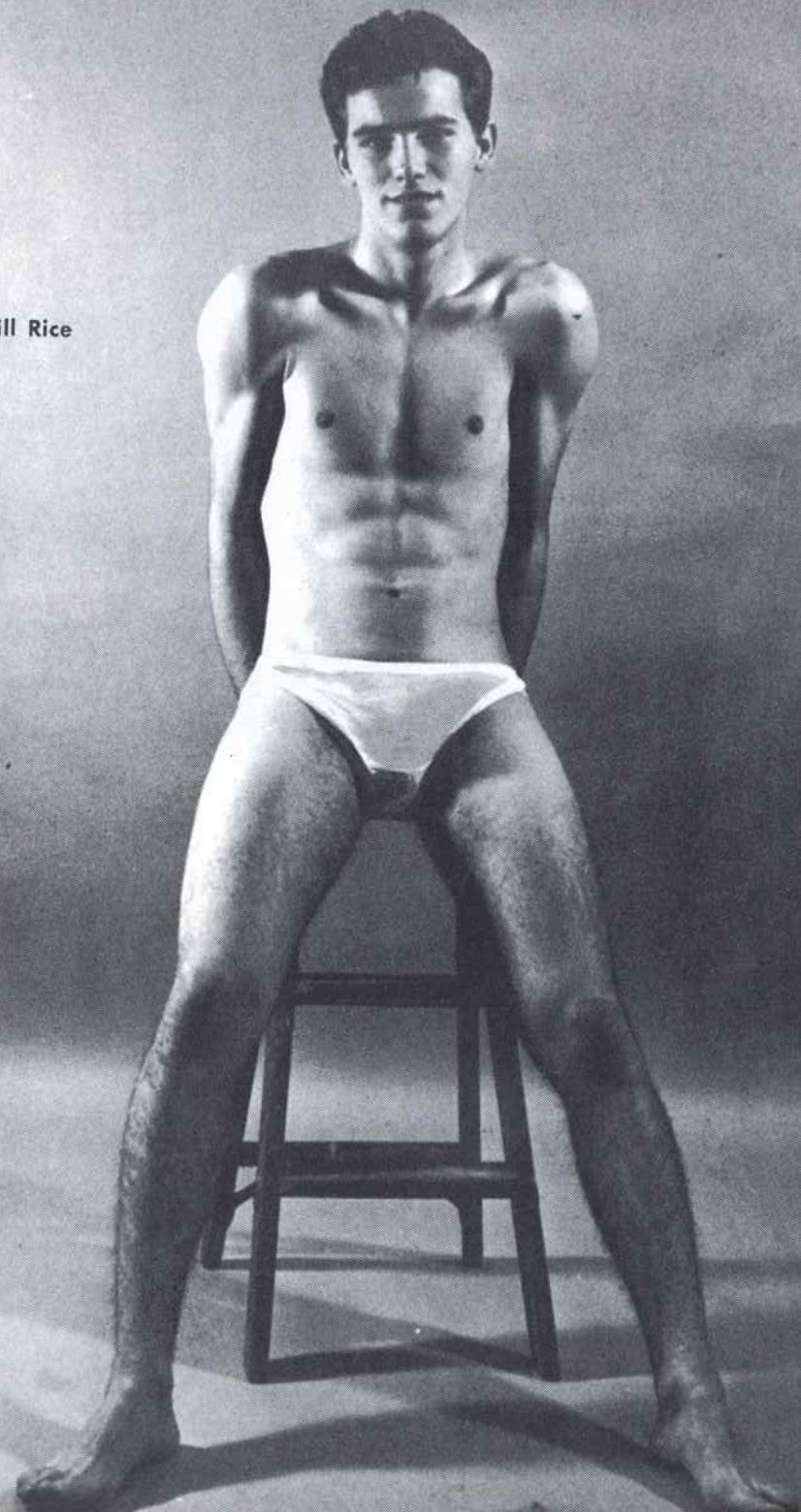
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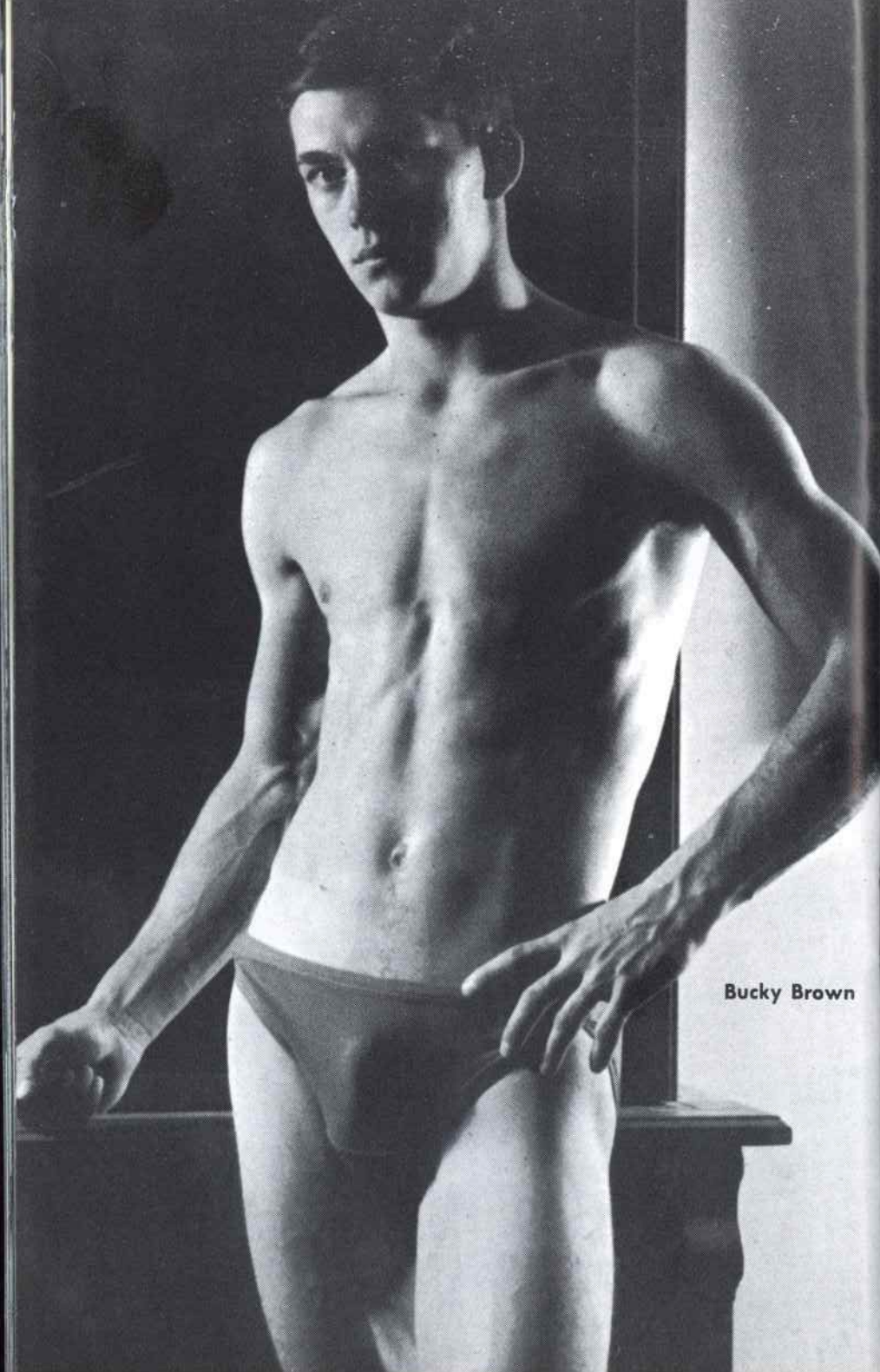


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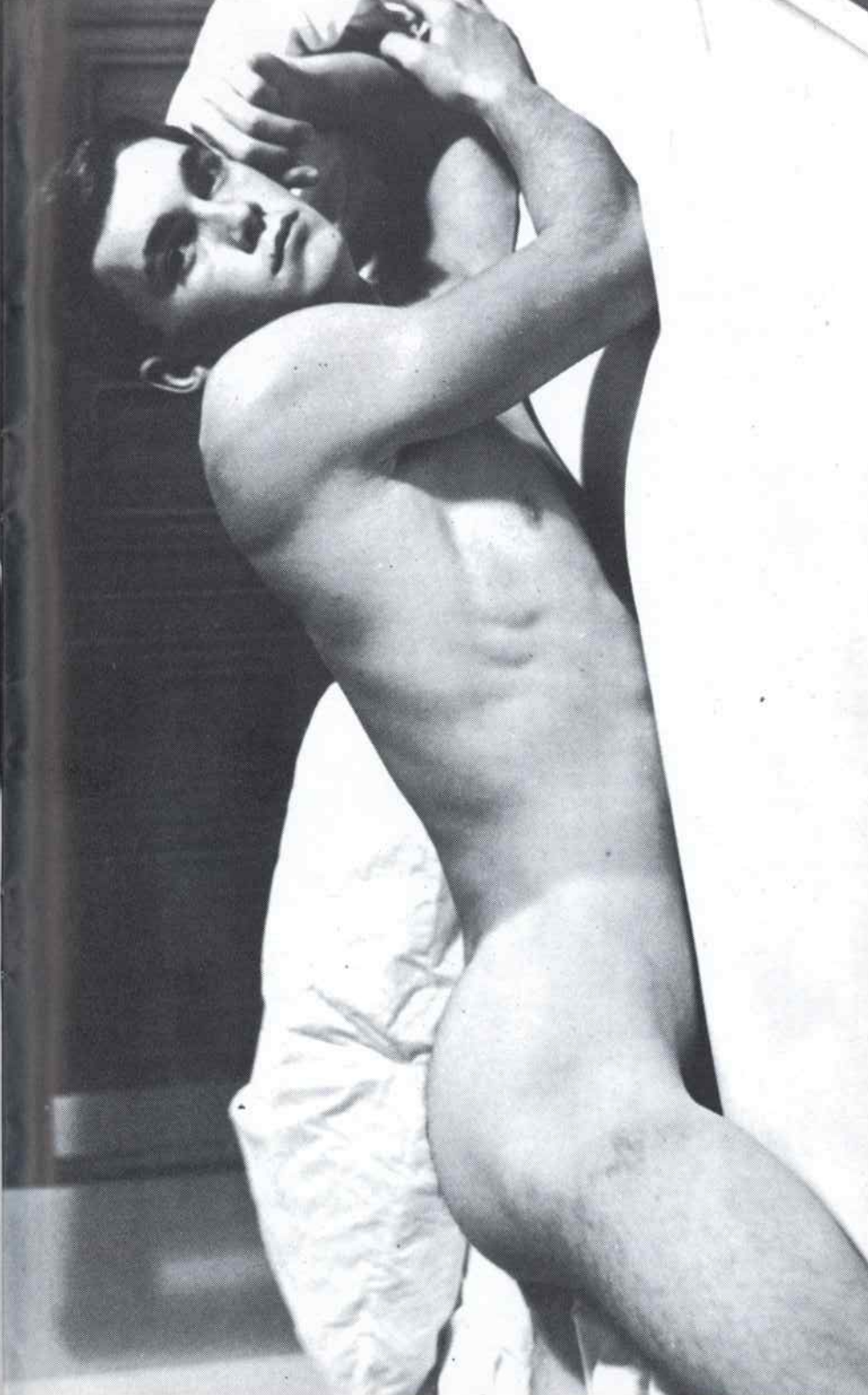


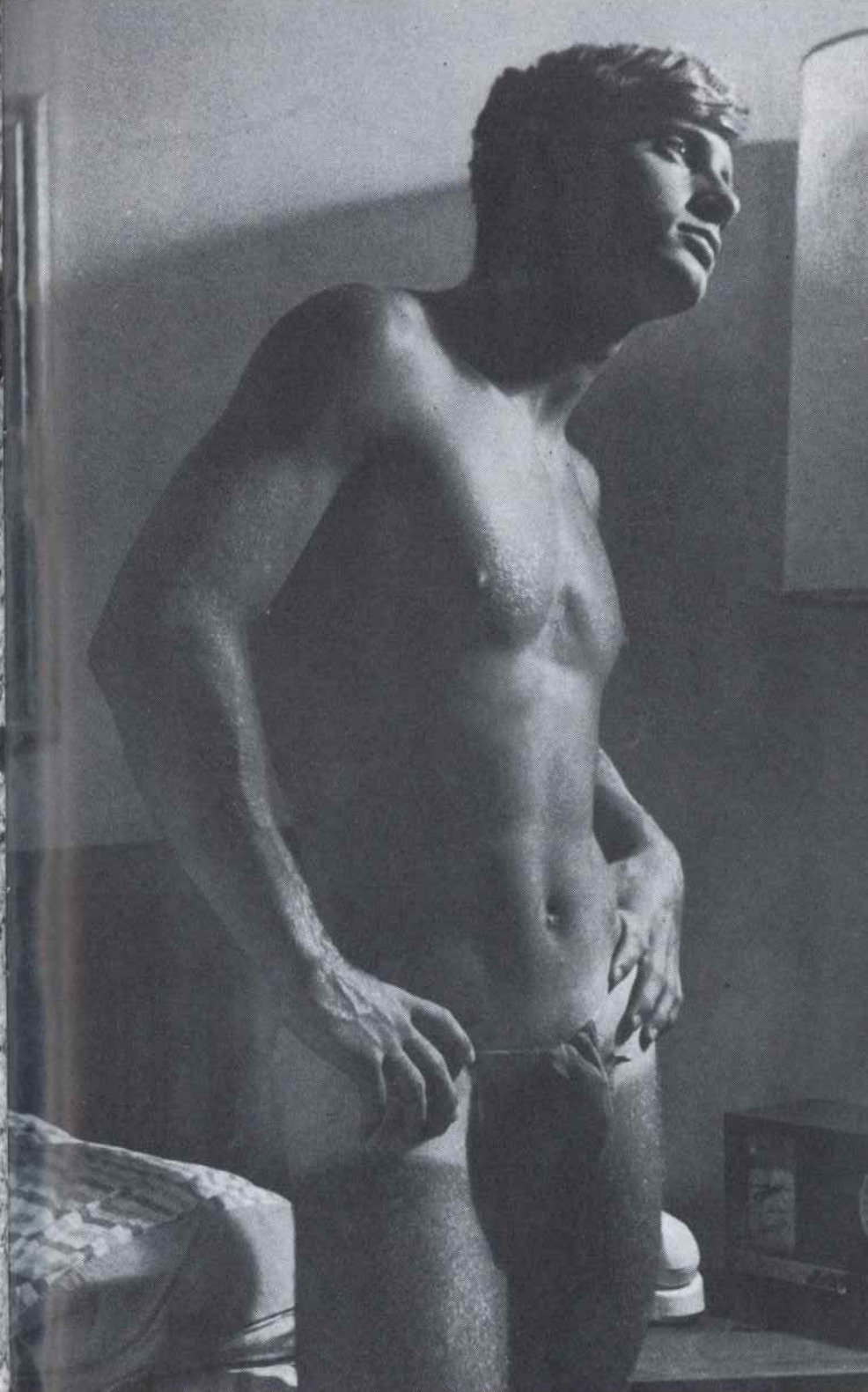
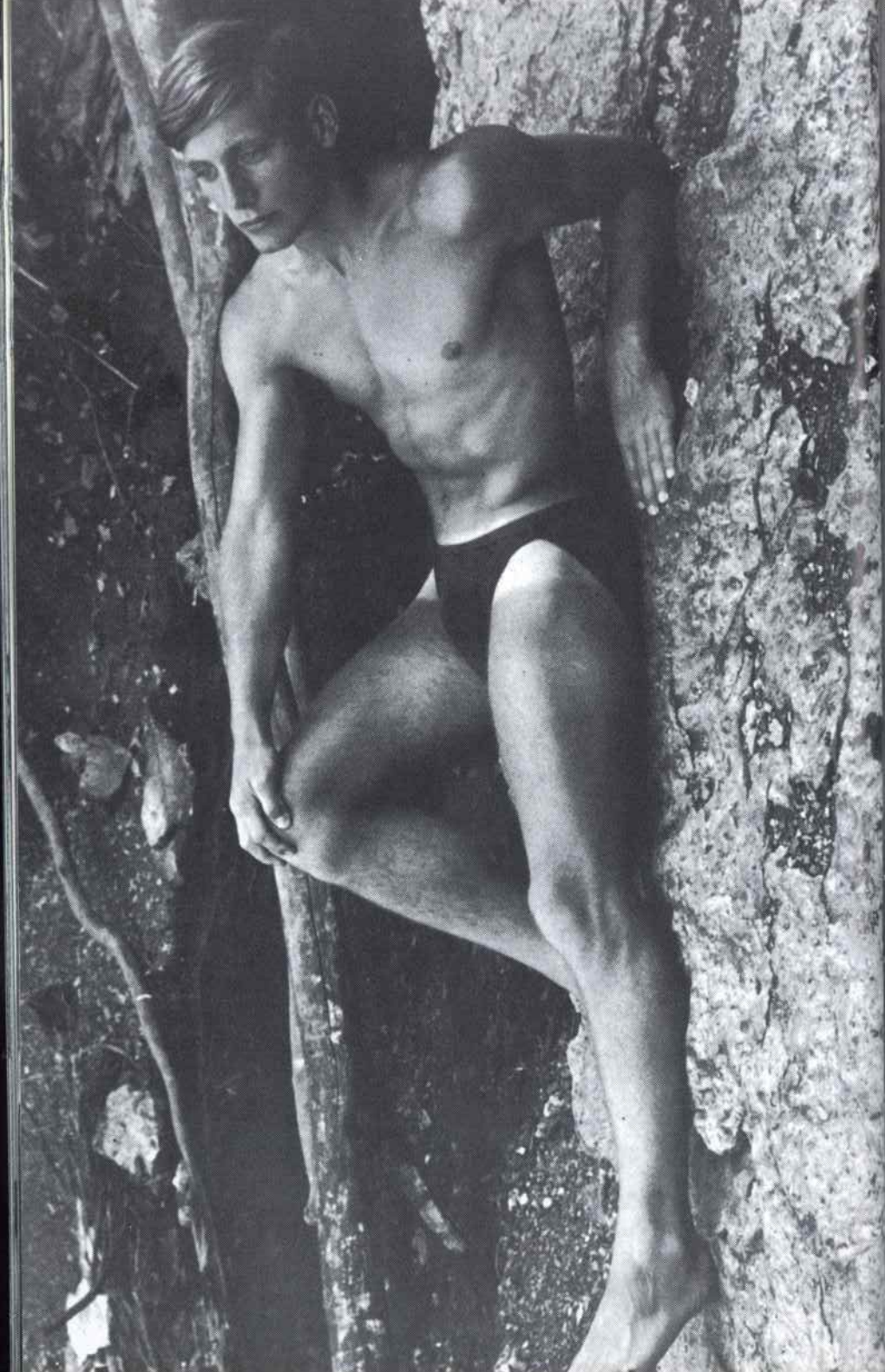
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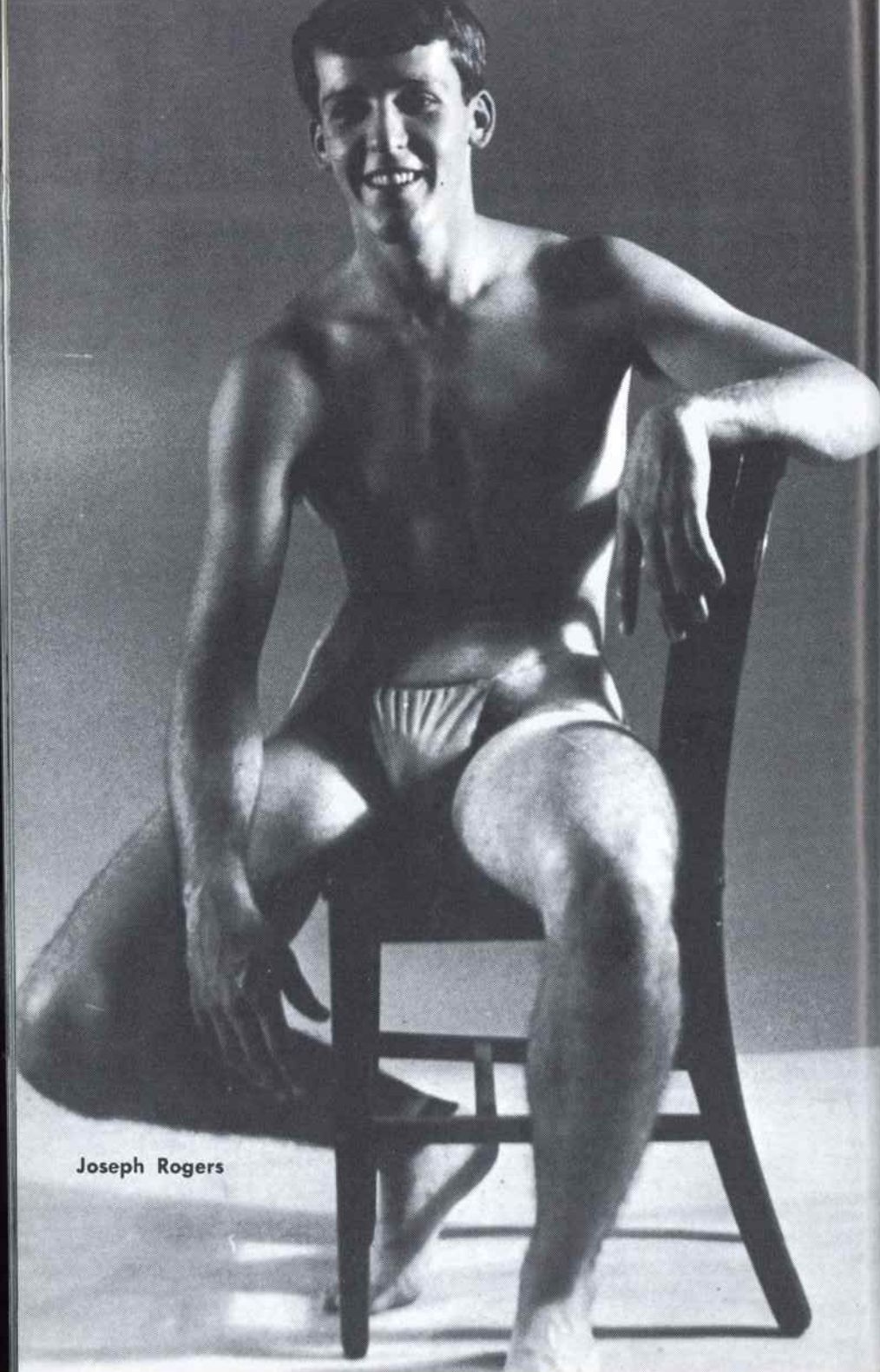




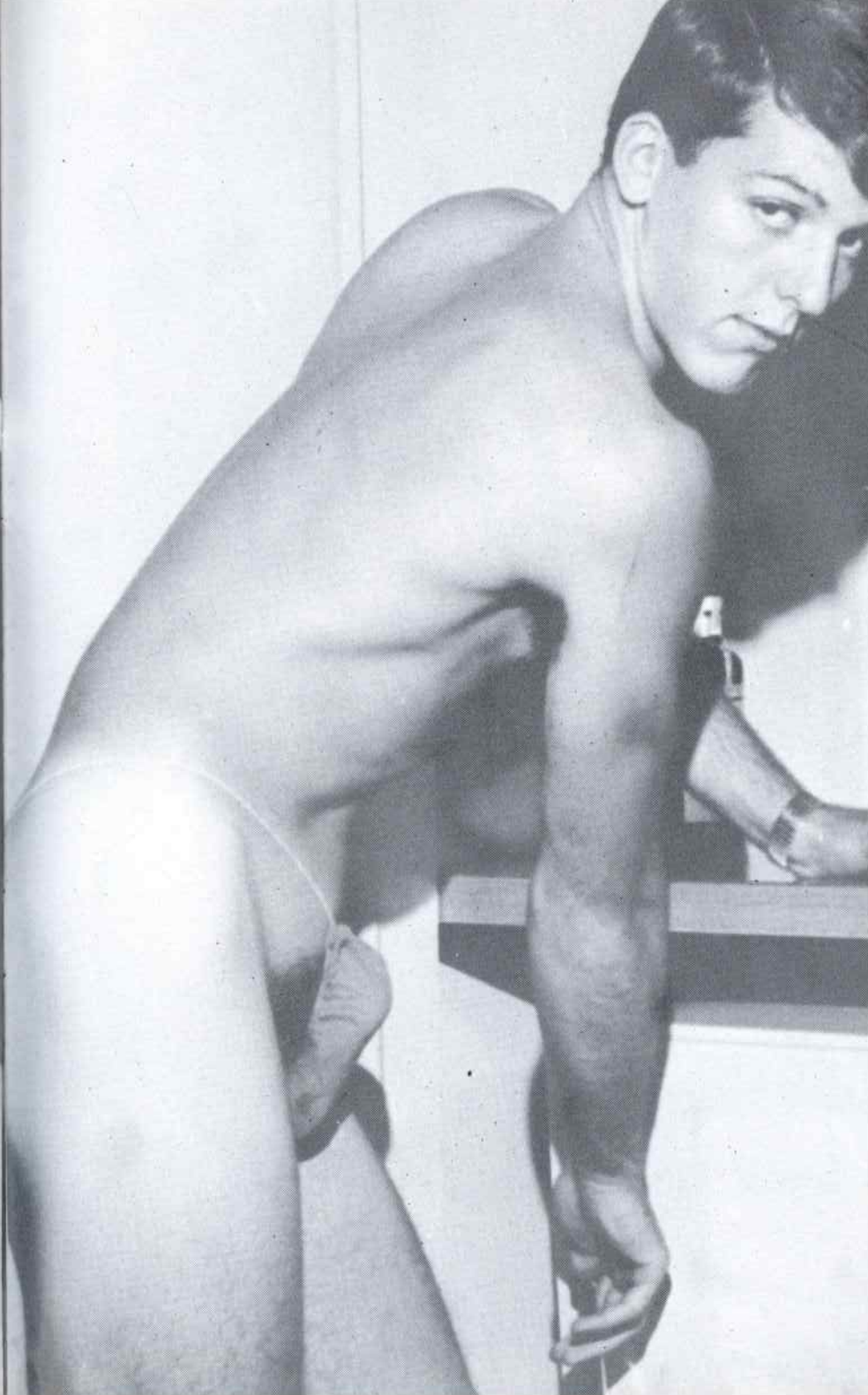
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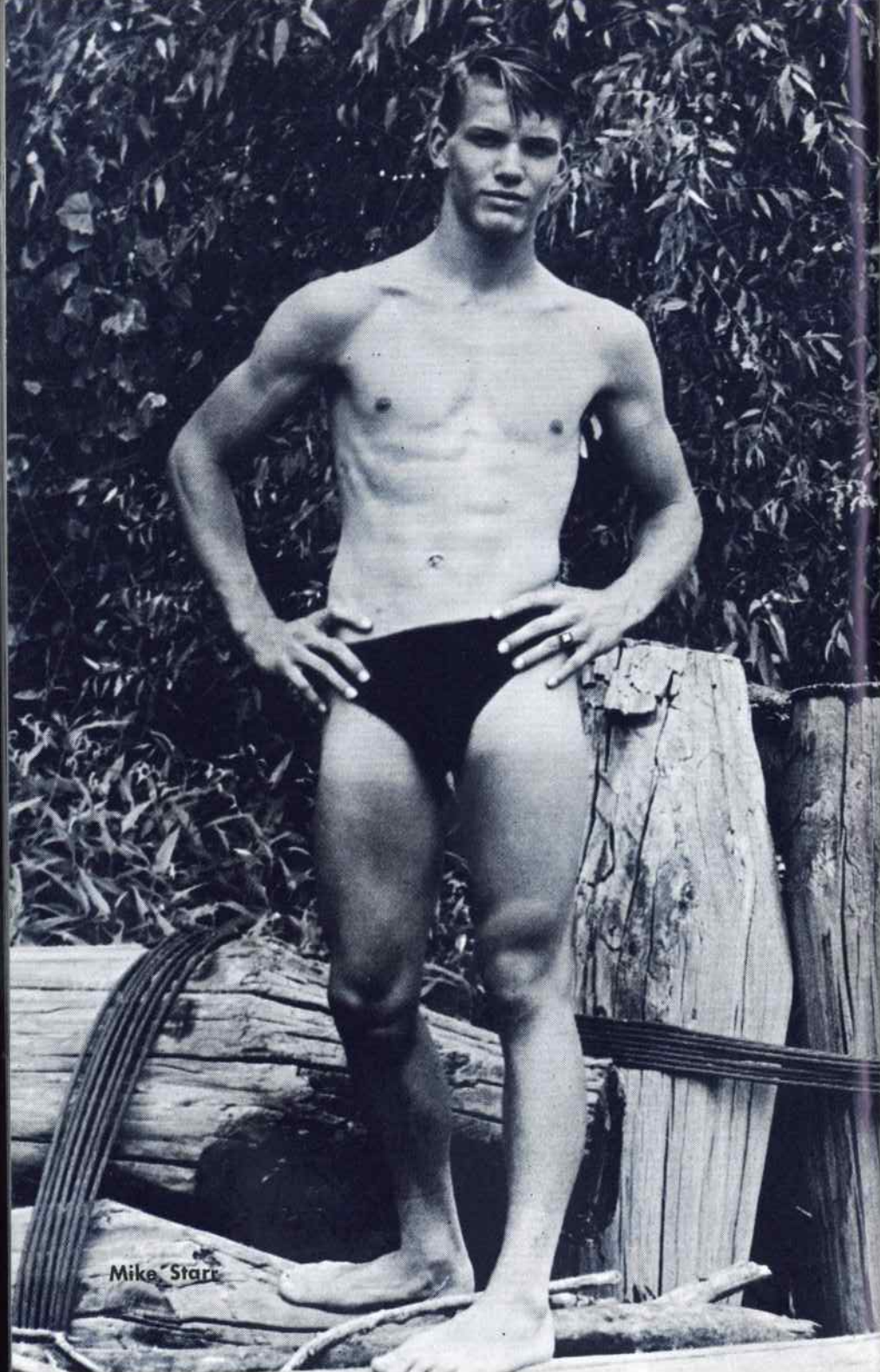






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Mike Starr



*Right up to the Mike, Sarge!*



Jim Lindsey and Mike McIntire

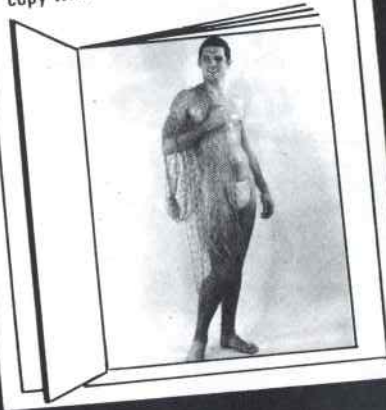


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