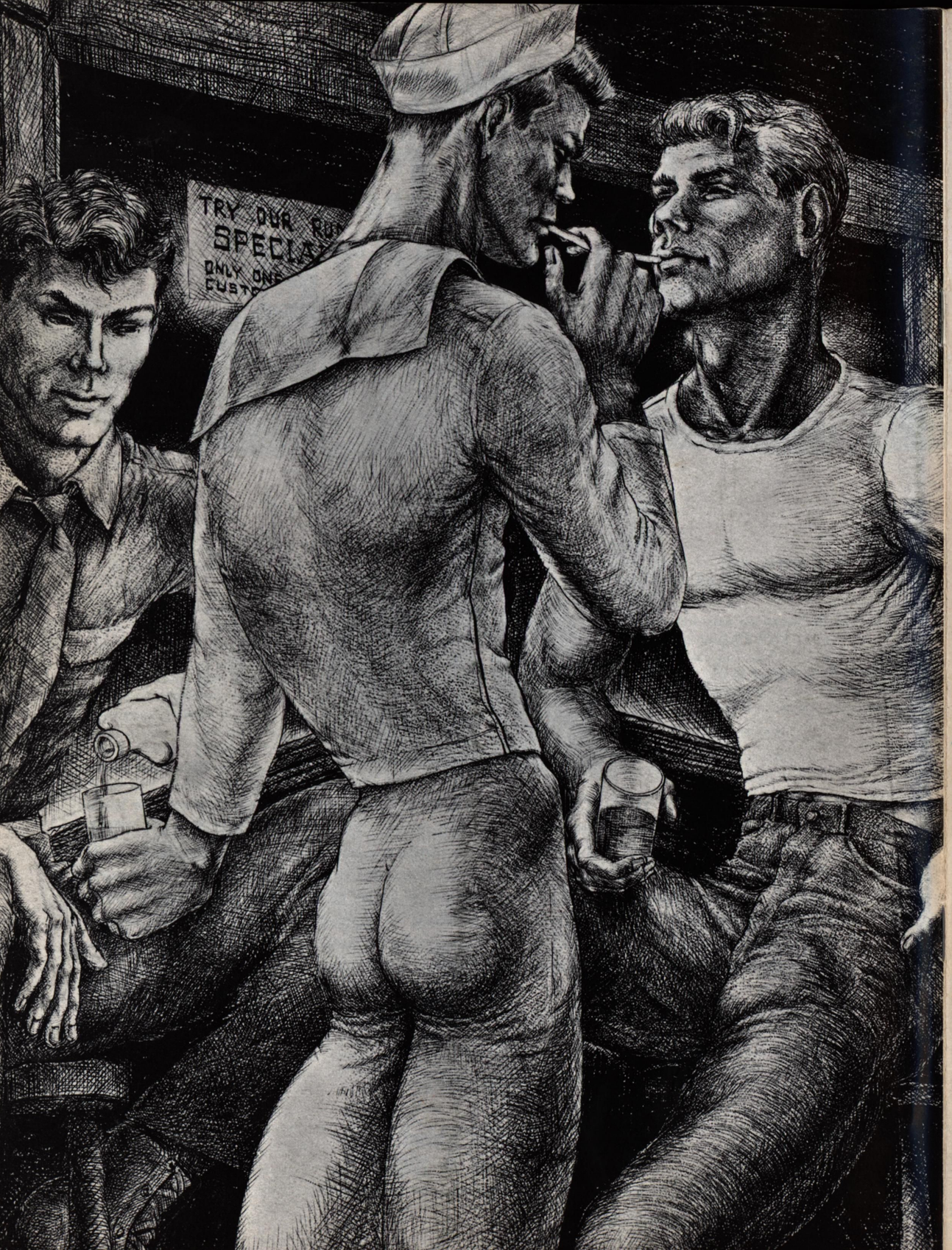
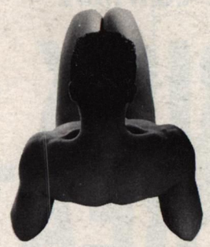



# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY



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# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

**The Magazine For Gay Guys Who Have No Hangups**

**SPRING 1969 VOLUME 1 NUMBER 2**

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**ON THE COVER:**
The Mardi Grass Queen — an original oil painting owned by Queen's Quarterly.

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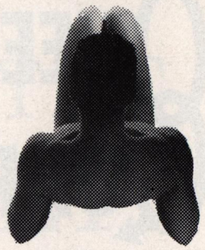

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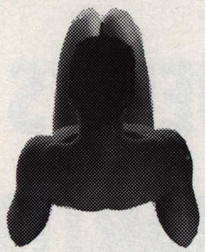

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EDITORIAL

# BEWARE THE SCARLET LETTER

by
The Editors

QQ:

What stupid asshole decided to use thin envelopes and the plain-as-day return address "Queen's Quarterly"?

I suspect you purchased a mailing list from one of the photography firms, and that you sent this same mail all over the country. You can very possibly have ruined some guys — guys whose business you won't get because their jobs vanished when "the word" got around.

Maybe you live near the Sloane House YMCA, where everybody is tolerant and forgiving of gay people — you're lucky. But in the south, in small towns, and in the midwest, the gay life is strange, evil and unnatural.

I spend much of my time and effort keeping my sex life beyond suspicion. For years, to get through college and the service, I have studied every possible way to appear "straight." I have a damn good job, respect, and a decent income. I don't flit all over the downtown streets screaming, "Look at me! I'M QUEER!"

And you, unconscious and happy, would destroy my life — to sell me a few magazines. You damn shithead — if I could get to New York I'd wipe the floor with you.

The next time you decide to dabble in other people's lives, think.

That is, if some guy doesn't kill you for this dumb trick.

And skip (name of town).

Unsigned

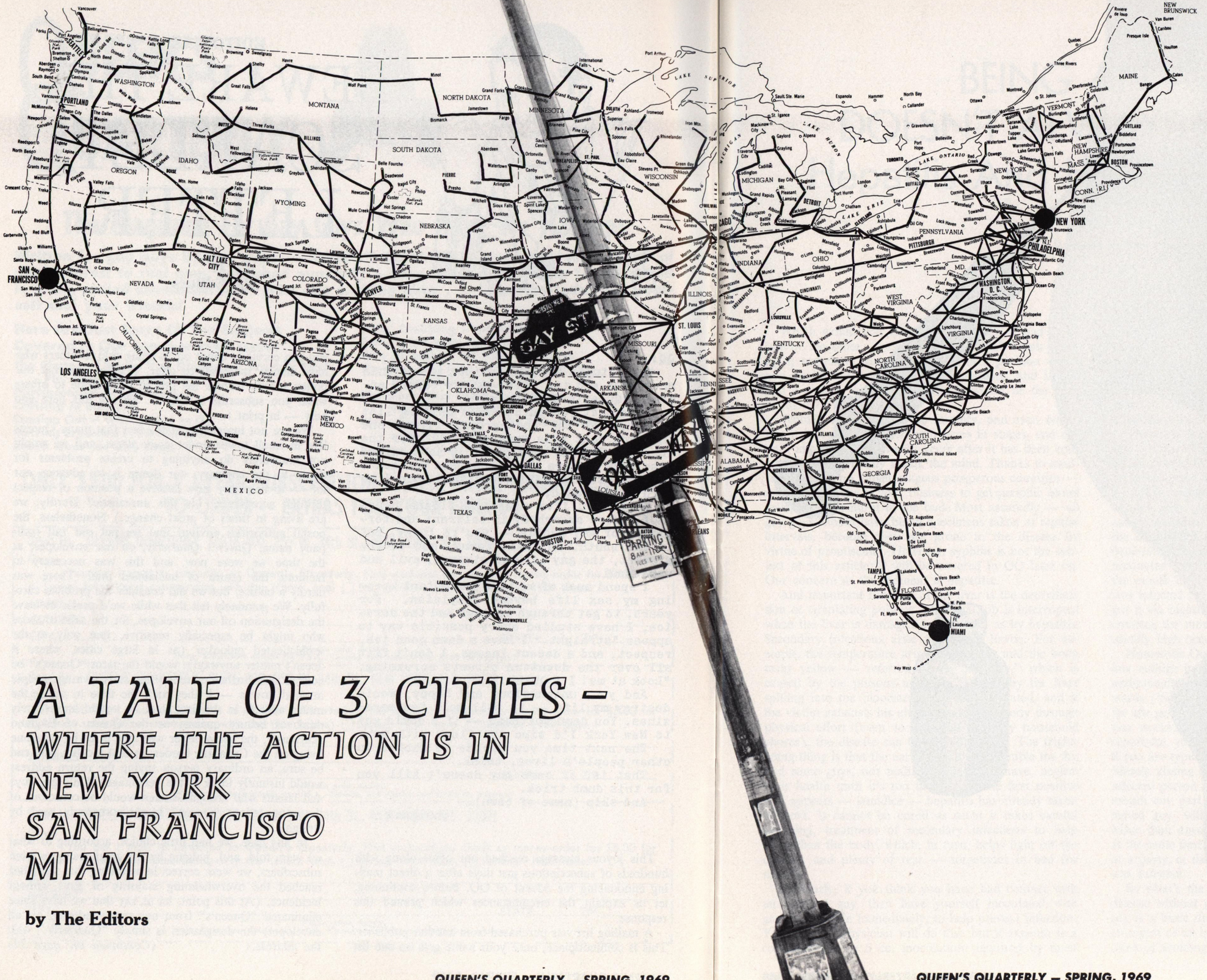
This joyous message reached our office along with hundreds of subscriptions just days after a direct mailing announcing the advent of QQ. Before continuing, let us explain the circumstances which primed this response.

A mailing list was purchased from another publisher. This is commonplace; once your name gets on one list you can certainly count on its being sold to others who have similar materials to offer. (Let us say that our policy strictly forbids the sale of your name to others when you subscribe to QQ . . we say this here and now — in print.)

We are not insensitive to the fact that many Queens live in small towns under great stress, and we would not knowingly do anything to create problems for them; to the contrary, our desire is to advance our lot — to help gay guys achieve a position of respect through acceptance. (Is this unrealistic? Hardly; we are living in times of great change.) Nonetheless, the postal authorities advised that we put our full company name, *Queen's Quarterly,* on our envelopes; at the time we were new, and this was necessary to facilitate the return of unclaimed mail. There was hardly a choice, but we did consider the problem carefully. We genuinely felt that while we'd prefer to leave the designation off our envelopes, for the sake of those who might be especially sensitive, that only to the sophisticated onlooker (as in large cities, where it doesn't matter anyway!), would the term "Queen's" be noticed. We further reasoned that most average people in small towns — if they took the time to notice the return address in the first place — would immediately think of beauty queens, or the Queen of England (curiously, the above letter was sent to us by someone living on the Canadian border; in that locality, you can be sure, an ordinary person spying the return address would instantly think of the personage). Only gay guys and latents who are guilt-ridden would be conscious of the connotation; "Queen" is not commonly used by straights.

In any case, we had little choice, according to what we were told, and, judging by the great response from subscribers, we were correct in assuming that the letter reached the overwhelming majority of guys without incidence. (At this point, let us say that we have since eliminated "Queen's" from our return address on all envelopes; the designation is simply "Quarterly," with the address.)

(*Continued on page 34*)




# A TALE OF 3 CITIES –
## WHERE THE ACTION IS IN NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO MIAMI

**by The Editors**

Gay life thrives best in big cities. In the shadow of anonymous boulders of steel and concrete, the hurried pace of living gives people less time to wag their vicious tongues and shake their ugly fists at gentle men. Among these meccas for the gay are New York, San Francisco, and Miami — each different and at the same time alike; they are havens for our kind.

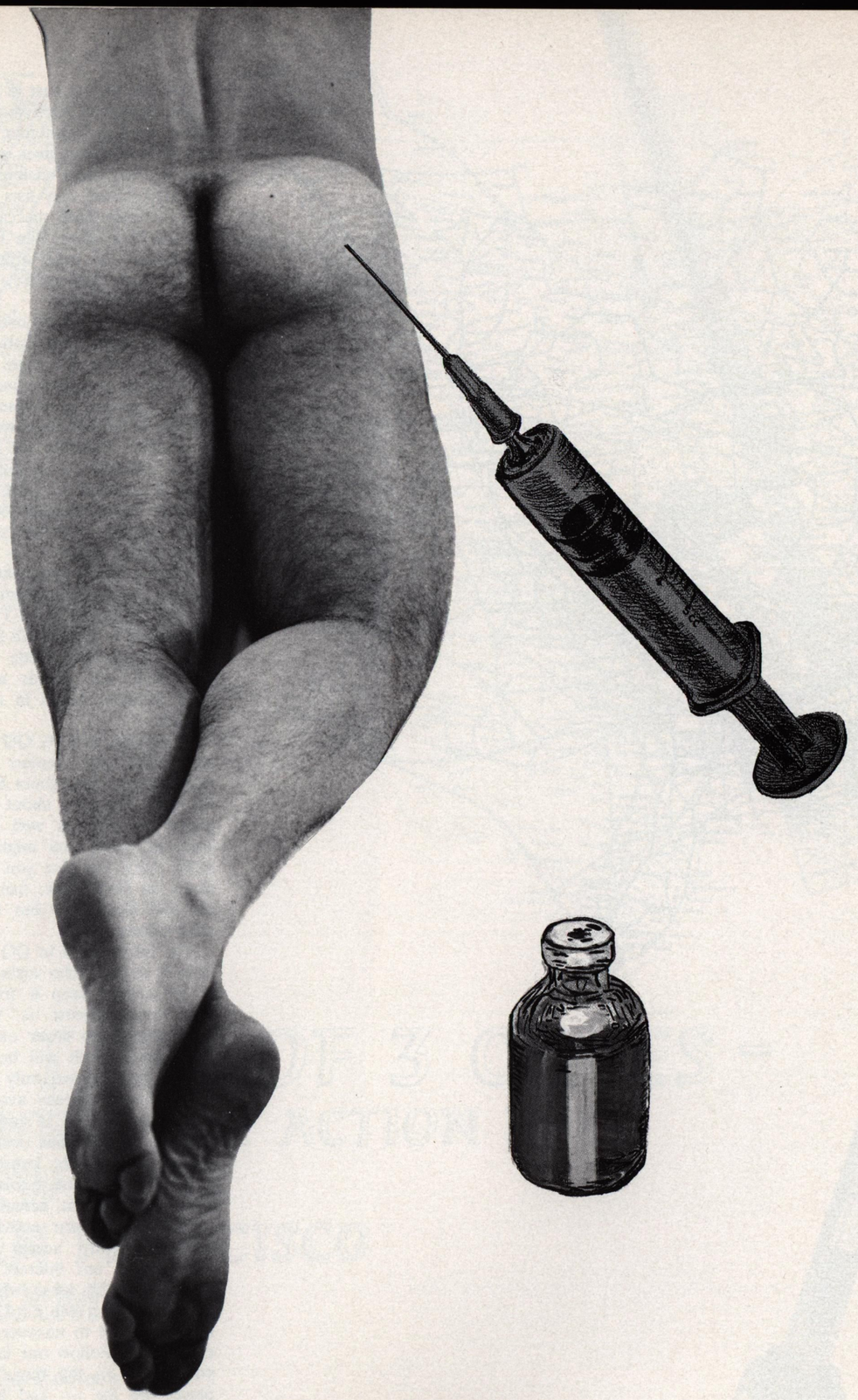
Although an official count of gay guys has never been made in New York, knowing estimates put the homosexual population well up into the hundreds of thousands. Police figures in San Francisco, a city of roughly 700,000, set the number at 100,000 — an unbelievable ratio of 1 out of 7, which accounts for that city's tolerance of the gay way; political interests most certainly are at stake.

Miami, on the other hand, is not as open, but nonetheless rates as a top fun city for Queens. Those who have made it their home like it because it lacks the hustle of bigger cities and still affords much the same freedom found in other gay capitals.

In coming months QQ will feature other gay centers here in America and throughout the world. We will tell you about the best places to visit, as well as about cities in which you might like to settle. Now we give you the low-down on New York, San Francisco, and Miami — but there are reservations.

The information in QQ is accessible to anyone who wishes to read it; we cannot keep it from those who would execute us. While we shall attempt to cover our subject thoroughly, much will be implied, so as not to reveal only what we should know, thereby avoiding being instrumental in terminating meeting places. The venues discussed are already known to the police, who assume a tolerant outlook towards them, actually preferring to isolate our activities, and who frequently accept pay-offs, which serve our interest. We gay possess a sixth sense which helps us uncover our own kind. You will have to use it to uncover what we cannot say. Follow our lead; when you arrive on the scene visit the places we list — and by asking

(*Continued on page 42*)





# BEING AN A-K DOESN'T ALWAYS PAY OFF
## Hepatitis And How To Prevent It

**by**
**Robert Juda**

Which would you choose if you knew it had to be one or the other — syphilis or hepatitis? Think about it; if, somehow, you were placed in a position where you couldn't avoid one of these diseases, and if you had a choice, which do you think would be the least insidious?

Syphilis can maim, cause insanity, and even death. But it is a disease which progresses in stages, and not until approximately twenty years after it has been contracted does it finally attack the mind. Thanks to modern drugs, it no longer plagues prosperous countries — and if you make it your business to get periodic blood tests, you can nip it in the bud. Most assuredly — all gay guys should have blood specimens taken at regular intervals, because they are prone to the disease by virtue of promiscuity. However, syphilis is not the subject of this article; it will be covered in QQ later on. Our concern at the moment is hepatitis.

And important function of the liver is the detoxification of circulating poisons. This vital job is interrupted when the liver is damaged or inflamed, as by hepatitis. Secondary infections arise and cause havoc. For example, the temperature arises alarmingly and the body turns yellow — referred to as "jaundice," which is caused by the poisons normally purified by the liver spilling into the bloodstream. If left untreated, and if the victim exhausts his already weakened body through physical effort (even so much as ordinary household chores), the disease can be a deadly killer. The frightening thing is that the early symptoms resemble the flu, and some guys, not realizing what they have, neglect their health until it's too late. When the first positive sign appears — jaundice — hepatitis has already taken its hold. It cannot be cured as such; it takes careful watching, treatment of secondary infections to help strengthen the body, which, in turn, helps fight off the disease, and plenty of rest — sometimes in bed for months.

Obviously, if you think you have had contact with an infected guy, then have yourself inoculated with gamma globulin immediately, to help prevent infection. Your private physician will do this, but if expense is a consideration (a 6 cc. inoculation, required by most average-sized guys, provided and administered by a private doctor, can cost up to $25.00), then secure the serum free of charge from a city health clinic, and deliver it to the doctor who will inject you; he will most likely charge you only for a normal office visit. However, no matter what the charge, if and when such an inoculation becomes necessary, do make the sacrifice.

There are three kinds of hepatitis. First, *toxic hepatitis* — caused by a wide variety of chemicals taken into the system by inhalation, ingestion, skin absorption, or injection; it is rare. Then *inoculation hepatitis* — caused by unsterile instruments, such as a needles; dope addicts who pass needles back and forth are great spreaders, when one of the users is infected. Finally, the kind which is of greatest concern to us, *infectious hepatitis*—caused by a virus introduced by fecally contaminated food or water, or by infected feces entering the mouth directly. It can be spread by someone who was infected by an unsterile needle, or by a guy who got it via ingestion of infected feces. It is this — feces entering the mouth directly — which explains the unusually high occurrence among gay guys.

Numerous Queens are anally oriented. Should a fellow indulge in analingus with an infected guy, he will undoubtedly come down with hepatitis shortly afterwards (the incubation period; that is, the time it takes for the germ to blossom, is approximately ten days to two weeks). Now, if this is not a part of your usual repertoire, you are nonetheless vulnerable to the disease if you are typically gay; that is, if you are promiscuous. Merely kissing a guy who has come in contact with an infected person moments before, or touching with your mouth any part of his body which has touched an infected guy, will give you a mouthful of the disease. More than once, dozens of fellows have been hit hard at the same time, after having indulged in group activity at a party, at the baths, etc., where just one individual was infected.

So what's the solution . . . how can you avoid the disease without giving up sex? First, face the facts — sex is a basic drive, and, among gay guys, one of the strongest of all life motivations. It is unrealistic to even think of avoiding sex; this can (*Continued on page 36*)

# BASICS ARE BEST — THE SEXIEST BATHING SUITS AND WHERE TO GET THEM

by
Philip Bailey

Why is it that the wrong guys always wear bikinis? Their bellies protrude over the sides; their buttocks hang loose. There are sags here, wrinkles there; what little material there is bunches up in knots and makes a guy who might otherwise have an attractive midsection look like a chubby baby in a soiled diaper.

I fashion myself a beachcomber, spending more time in the sun than out of it — and I can count the really attractive bikinis I've seen in the last ten years on five fingers. To wear one and look good in it requires a lithe physique. Your buttocks must be firm; your hips narrow with "hollows" in the sides. If you're fat, stay clear of skimpy bathing suits. If you're very thin or heavily muscled — don't wear them. They are not for you, but should be worn only by a handful of lucky guys who are slim and perfectly proportioned.

Let's face it . . . most of us are not perfect. You may come close to it, but look at yourself in the mirror and check the weak points in your midsection. Are your abdominals ridged, or is there a slight protrusion at the bottom? Are your buttocks full and round, but not fat? Where they meet your upper thighs, is the demarcation clear, or do the buttocks sort of "flow" into the legs? Are you thick in the hips, or heavy in the upper thighs? If you can answer honestly, and if just one is in the negative — then you should not wear bikinis. Basics are best for you — and in them you will outshine the sexiest bikini on the beach.

I am particularly fond of White Stag-Speedo swimsuits, which are manufactured in Australia. These are the suits which have been worn by numerous Olympic swimmers. They are well constructed with just the right amount of material. Beautifully designed, they are tissue-thin and dry quickly. Moreover, even when you slip one on quickly, they fit perfectly; unlike many other swimsuits, it is not necessary to pull here, tug there to get the material to curve properly or cover your cheeks.

"Who's the guy with the big hyacinth in the middle of his bulge?" the guys were asking at the beach last summer. They were talking about a muscular kid, about 18, who was wearing a great looking swimsuit — blue, hip-hugging, floral patterns draping his midsection. He was stacked, but I doubt that he would have been more attractive in a bikini; the garment he was wearing covered just enough, hiding any lack of demarcation under his cheeks, if it existed, and revealing just enough to be tremendously exciting. Not only was everyone excited about the guy's body, but they envisioned themselves wearing the same suit; that's when I found out about "Speedos."

The floral print was especially popular last year; it has not been discontinued, and you will see it worn by many guys this summer. It's called the "Jungle print." Seems that most guys really went for the blue model, which incorporated many shades of the color and white. Next in line in popularity was the "Hawaiian print"—linear splashes of white on a colored background . . . red, light blue, dark blue, and green. I did see some solids, but these are not too popular among the gay set.

This year's addition to the Speedo line is called "Mexicali." You guessed it . . . there's "Mexicali rose," as well as "Mexicali orange" and "Mexicali gold." These are predominant colors — but in each suit there are many colors, in the Mexican "feeling." Basically, the design is a blending of colorful pinwheels, and the line was named in honor of the 1968 Olympics.

I am not a Speedo salesman, and I have absolutely nothing to gain by advertising their swimsuits — but I do think that they have been widely accepted by the gay crowd, at least in larger cities built on our shores, and I feel someone should inform the guys who are living in smaller towns about such things.

These swimsuits are priced at about $6.00 and can be found at larger sporting goods stores throughout the country. Biggest importer in New York is Gerry Cosby & Co., in the new Madison Square Garden. If you local dealer in unable to help you, have him secure a supply from White Stag-Speedo Distributors, G. Gowland & Co., 471 E. Tahquitz, Palm Springs, Calif.

Some guys, of course, do prefer the bizarre in swimwear — and a wide variety of outfits can be found in our larger cities, notably New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. In New York, check the many clothing stores along 8th Street and Greenwich Avenue in the Village, and also those on 3rd Avenue, uptown. In San Francisco, walk along Polk Street, and in Southern California look into Parr, 8700 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hollywood; and AH Men, 8933 Santa Monica, W. Hollywood . . . both deal in mail-order, and charge 25¢ for their catalogs.

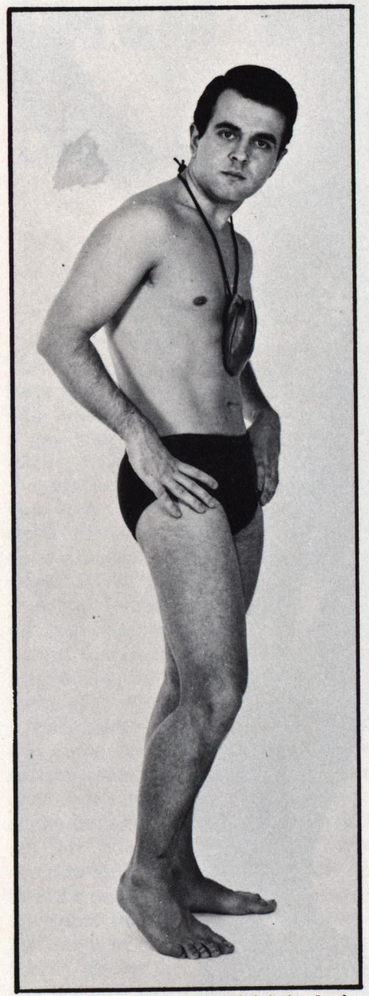
I have, from time to time, worn unusual swimwear



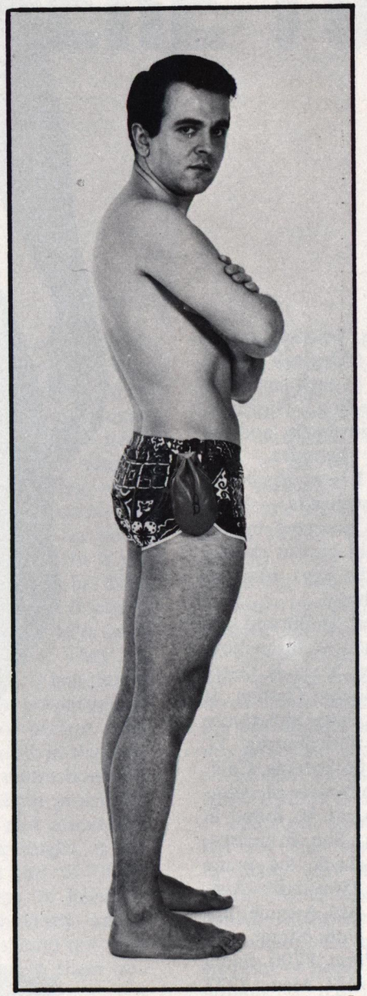
— such as stretch bikinis, which cover as much or as little as you wish; flimsy bikinis with ringlets on the side; "see-through" panel swimsuits; wrap-arounds; and groovy tank suits — one-piece jobs that sort of look like an undershirt attached to briefs. I proudly displayed my body in each new acquisition — which would soon find itself to the bottom of my drawer. With such swimsuits, the novelty wears off quickly, and you cannot wear bizarre garments day after day, week after week, without characterizing yourself. This cannot happen with basics, because they are not so outstanding themselves as to "take" from your physique. Instead, they complement the wearer and play up his sex appeal.

Related to swimsuits, my only gripe is that hardly any come with built-in pockets, to carry a pack of cigarettes or miscellaneous paraphernalia to make life more pleasant in the dunes or woods. I mean, who wants to tote a large beach bag once you "land"! I mentioned this to my good friend, George Desantis, who owns this magazine, and a week later he showed me his "answer" — a "Trick & Treat" pouch in magenta (the "sex color") — completely hand-made in glove cowhide which is branded with the QQ male sex symbol. Wild . . . and a great way to get the "message" across to other Queens without revealing yourself to the squares! I know mentioning it sounds commercial — but so what! It's a great little item and a handy "badge" to feel others out. I'm glad George came up with it.

Look yourself over and decide what's best for you in swimsuits — but examine yourself critically from all sides, as the guys at the beach will do. Make everything you have count, and show it off at its best. Basic swimsuits, I think, will do the trick — and carry you through many summers of swinging in the sand.



**Gerry wears a stretch bikini in basic black — in good taste anywhere. No need to worry about pockets when you have a "Trick & Treat" Pouch.**



**Cotton trunks cover more, but good styling — such as slitting the sides — can make this type of bathing suit sexier than a bikini.**

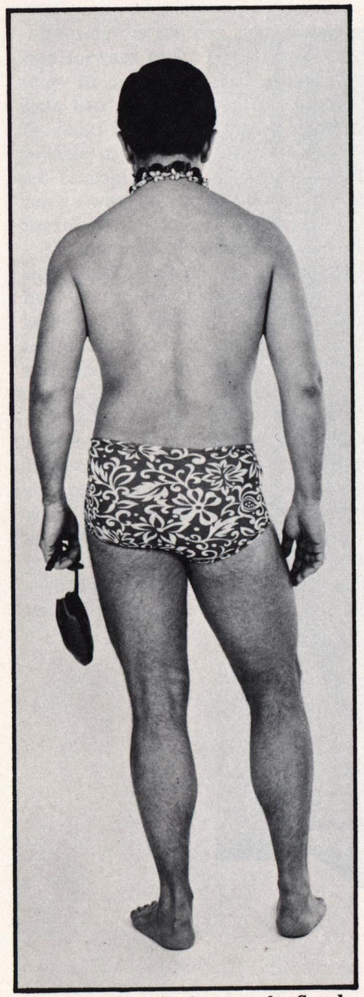


**Time for a smoke — in red, white, and blue stripes by Speedo. Made in Australia, these are the bathing suits worn by Olympic swimmers.**

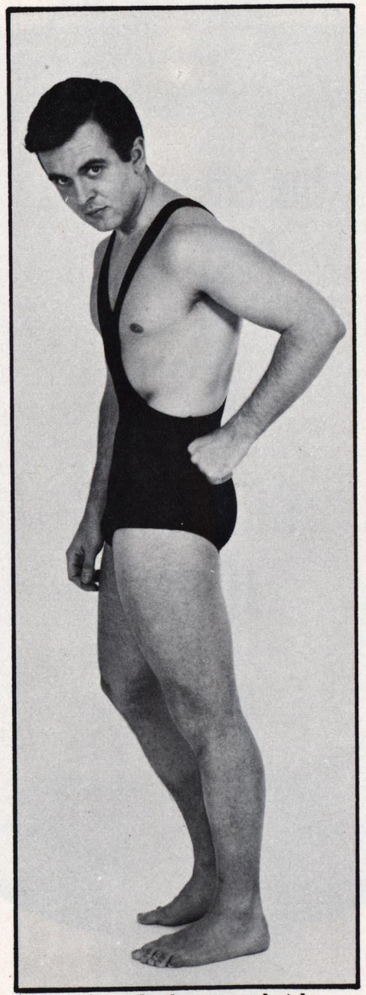




**The new "Mexicali" print by Speedo will be popular with Queens this year.**



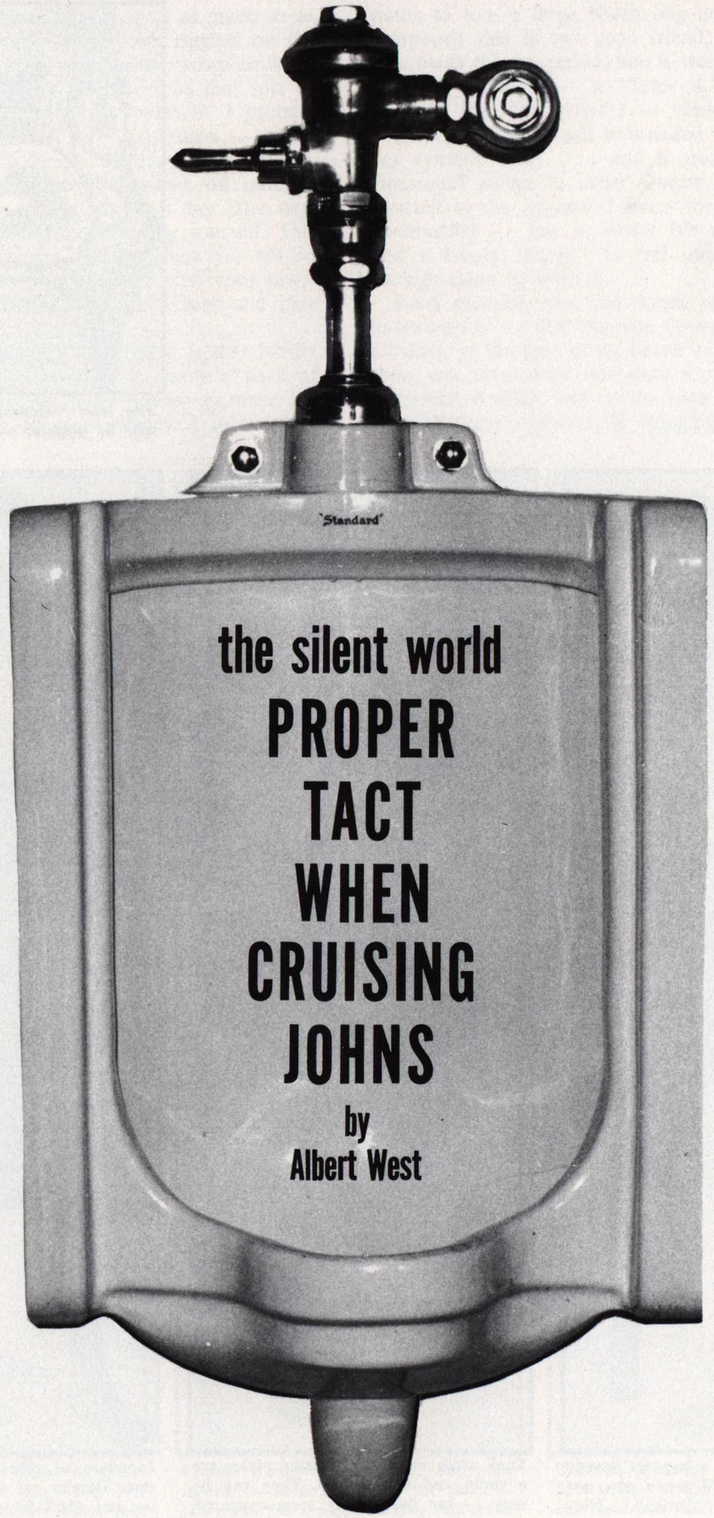
**The Hawaiian print is a popular Speedo design. This year you'll see a new one on the beaches — "Mexicali." They cover "just enough."**



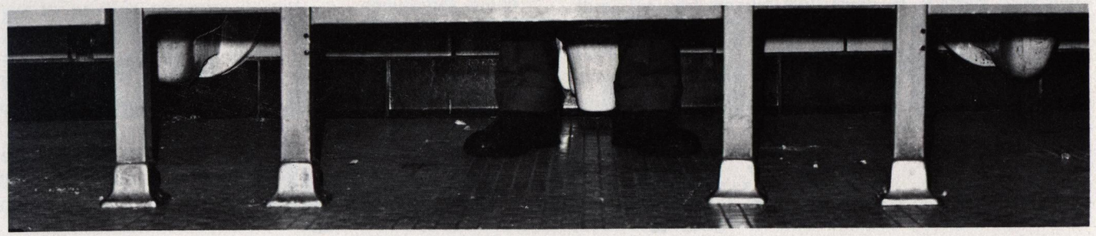
**Tank suits and other unusual styles are a camp and lots of fun. They can be sexy — but the novelty soon wears off . . . for everyone.**



**Japanese-cut robes are attractive cover-ups. They're cut short with full sleeves — and don't have that "hospital robe" look.**





Saturday is the day you cruise a certain john. You look forward to it . . . you wait all week for an afternoon of numbers. And what happens? You're not there two minutes when this groovy cat comes in with his radio blaring. It makes everybody edgy. It's impossible to hear the fuzz in time. You and everybody else (except the cat — whom nobody wants anyway!) can't swing because you're too nervous. A ruined Saturday!

Or a couple of Queens down at the end of the room start cackling about what color drapes they're going to buy. Or an old flame walks in and gives you a big hello . . . by name! Or after you've set up an approach and you're ready to strike, a hungry dowager comes in and dives for the meat. It's enough to make you scream . . . or go straight!

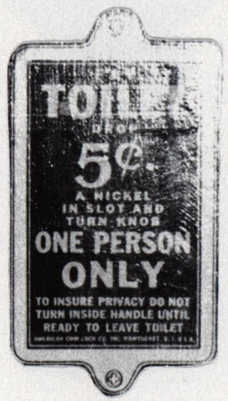
Just as we must learn to use the right fork, or offer a guest a drink, we must also exercise john etiquette. It is serious business, and here silence is golden — with the possible exception of erotic grumblings. If you want to camp, then go elsewhere; doing it in a john will only screw things up for you and the others. If you don't care to participate, but still want to watch, then do so quietly; the courtesy will be returned when your time comes.

Never play a radio — even if you have one with you after returning from the beach; the weather report is enough to make anyone go limp. And never talk. If a friend comes in and you want to be polite — nod, or wink; a big greeting will deaden your chances and his of making out, and gabbing will cool it for everyone else. If you really want to be a friend, then don't acknowledge his presence; he'll do the same for you.

Practice subtle movements, but when you are certain the feeling is mutual — move quickly. If, on the other hand, you're the "third party" and preference for a twosome is obvious — don't interfere; doing so will bomb it. Instead, be a good guy and post yourself as a lookout. This courtesy, too, will be returned.

Most disliked of all is the bitch who makes for the door in the middle of someone else's scene. This kind of exposure can be dangerous. Moreover, the fool who refuses to cover up when someone comes in can only spoil it for the gang by revealing the action to hostile eyes. And the guy who is obnoxious enough to use a popular meeting spot to have a noisy, odorous bowel movement is nothing but a human pig.

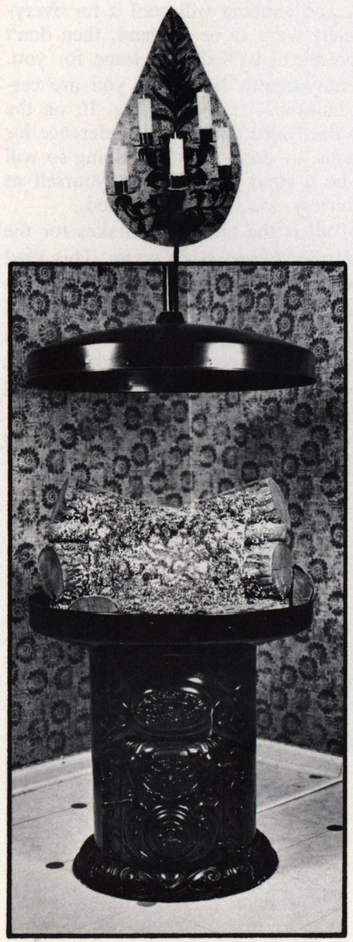
A little common sense goes a long way — and it can spell hours of pleasure in your favorite john.



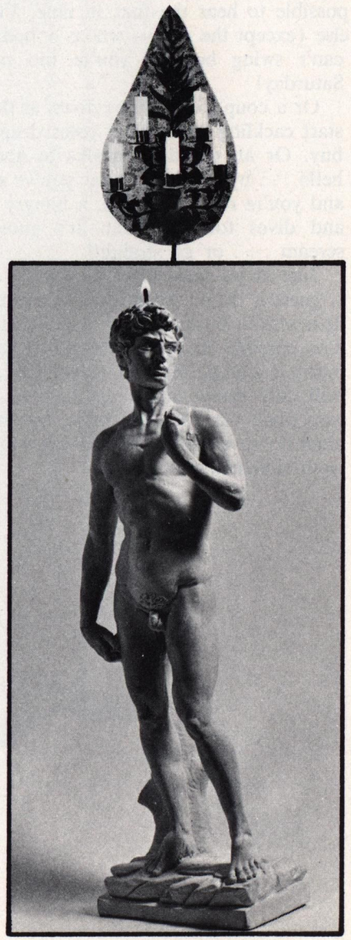
# PHALLIC FLICKERS

## sex by candlelight and other groovy effects for your bedroom

by Woody Colbert







It's just not enough to have a guy in these days and turn him on with your charms and a can of beer. Man, when I was 20 all it took was one look, but today's suped-up generation is so jaded that you've got to provide poppers, or pot . . . sometimes much more. I'm only 35 and look 10 years younger when I'm feeling good, but I really feel old when I make a kid who thinks I'm square because all I need to swing on is his body.

I never even used candles; when we wanted light we cracked the bathroom door. Today . . . well, I have to maintain a psychedelic factory just to get my rocks off.

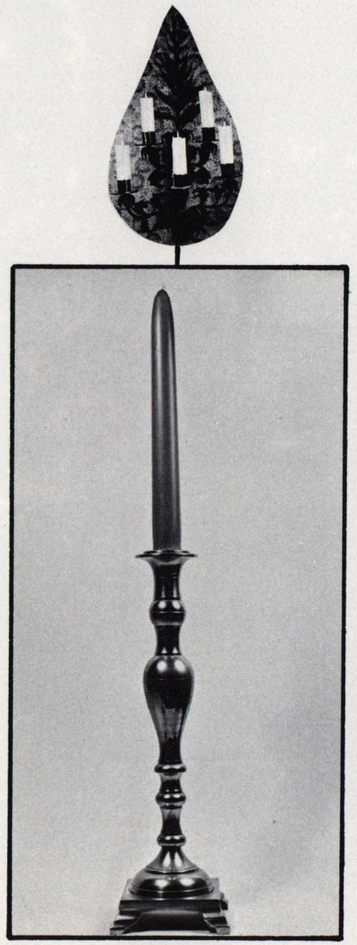
Okay, it's got to be — and I had to do it the hard way, finding out about groovy candles and all the electronic jazz. Not that I don't still maintain that the braille method is the grooviest in bed, but now I'm equipped to provide a "sound-and-light" show for my young friends. So, if you dig the scene, or if you, like myself, can do without it but have to tune in if you want to score, here's a rundown on the paraphernalia.

### CANDLES

Mere child's play these days, but candlelight is still groovy — especially after you've had a few drinks. Add some soft music, light the candles and watch the shadows swing on the wall as you grind away. You can get 'em anywhere in all shapes and sizes, long and thin, fat and phallic. Buy them in colored containers for mood lights, or encase them in a tinted flue for a similar effect. Get them scented and really groove. I've even bought some in the shape of famous statues, like Michelangelo's "David" — and at least one sick sadist I know delighted in watching him burn . . . but, I must admit, it really turned him on.

### CONVENTIONAL LIGHTING

Like cracking the old bathroom door, for instance — but I guess that's a gas . . . when you can buy an electric fireplace log and romp in the glow of amber "flames." I rigged up an artificial fireplace by placing the bowl of a charcoal grill on top of part of an old pot-bellied stove and painting the whole thing black. To give it a realistic effect, I took another bowl, turned it upside down and suspended it from a pipe attached to the ceiling — sort of like a vent flue. Works great — but the main thing is the great effect . . . at least for old-fashioned lovers. (*Continued on page 36*)









# AMONG THE MIGHTY PINES

by
**Roger Lepage**

*In the solitude of mighty pines*
*Reaching upward into Heaven,*
*Two strangers sat upon the moss*
*Among the fallen bay.*
*The one I know so well*
*Felt a feeling all too rare.*
*Afraid to glance, afraid to touch;*
*It could not be, it dared not be,*
*This gentle love of theirs.*
*Could my love feel the same,*
*Or can it be just me?*
*Could my love want as I,*
*Or am I not the fool?*
*Alas, it could not matter,*
*It dared not matter;*
*It would not be, it could not be*
*A lasting love at all.*
*The one I know so well —*
*A photograph, a memory*
*To keep the flame alive;*
*A lot of tears to soothe the wound*
*Of gentle love so kind.*
*How could it be?*
*A single day to tear my heart apart;*
*When I knew it could not be,*
*This gentle love of mine.*
*The pine has split,*
*New roots will grow,*
*The photograph will fade.*
*But through my life, all my life,*
*That single day will stay.*
*Goodbye my love, forever love,*
*Among the mighty pines.*

Call it what you will — resistance to authority by going against the government's request that Americans stay at home; a desire not to conform by seeing ordinary things; a preference to experience the unusual abroad. No matter; Bruce chose to see America last.

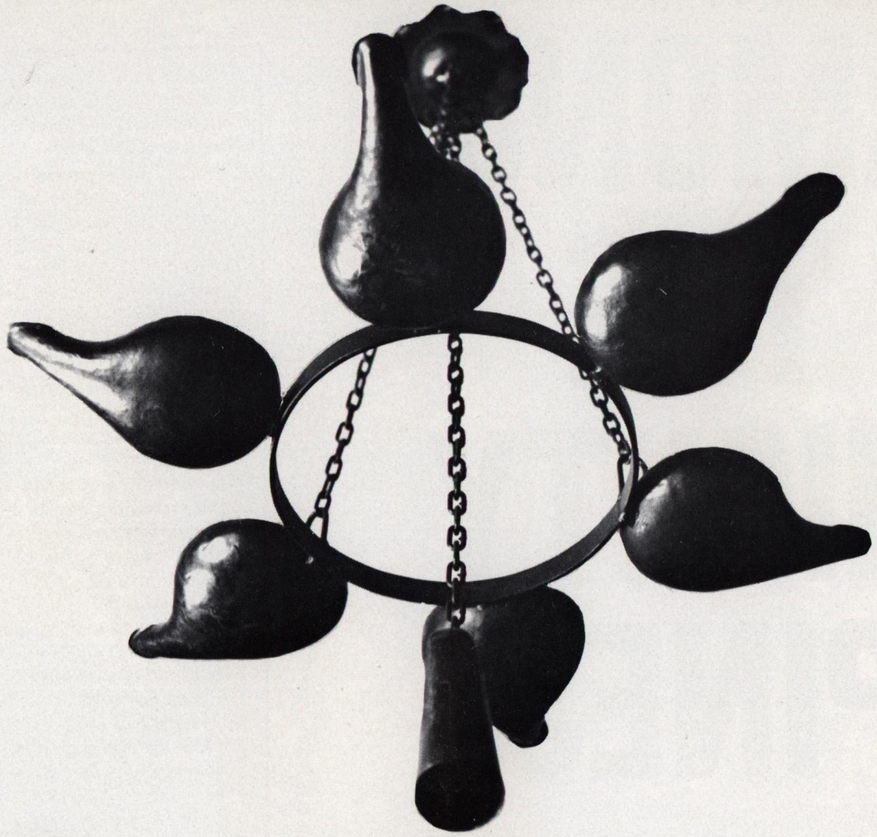
He was now in his late twenties, settled in a good job and leading a fairly stable private life with his lover in Chicago. They had had their ups and downs, which served to smooth the kinks out of their relationship, and being the aggressive partner and also the promiscuous one, the bond that had emerged was perfect; Bruce had the love and security he needed, and was able to go out and play with other guys, and even have them in, provided no emotional entanglements developed. It worked out perfectly, because neither Bruce nor his lover, David, had any wish to disturb their lives; they were happy and considered their union permanent.

While Bruce would never allow David to cut in on his conquests, even to the extent that he would seldom discuss them with David, he was, in all other respects, unselfish. He could not enjoy really meaningful things unless David was present — and even had strong feelings against seeing a movie without his lover.

David did not like traveling, especially to foreign places. To him they were strange and hostile, and the thought of country-hopping, often seeing as many as a dozen different cities in a couple of weeks, was exhausting. But Bruce thrived in such places; he loved taking in a lot as quickly as possible, and because he spent the day with David, he willingly gave up sleep to prowl the darkest alleys in the strangest places.

Bruce never worried about being mugged; he was muscular enough to convey an impression that the attacker could be hurt. He wore his hair long, which made him look like a poor, but clean, hippie; and preferred to wear tight jeans and a form-fitting tee-shirt, even when most other guys wore sweaters to ward off the cold. He was handsome and he knew it. In bars, he beamed when he was asked for his identification, to prove he was twenty-one — when, in actuality, he was approaching thirty.

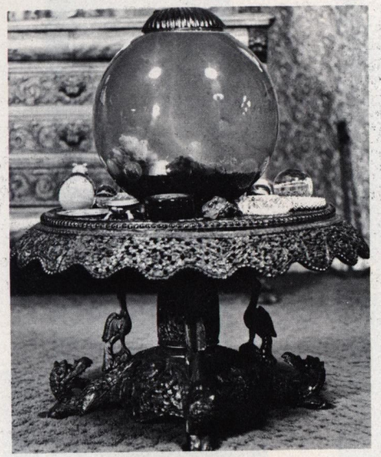
Not yet thirty and Bruce and David had already seen half the world — Canada, the Caribbean, Europe, Russia, the Near East, even Africa on safari! The trips provided a lot of pleasure for Bruce, and what few bad moments David had were outweighed by the benefits. Now David needed a breather; this year he wanted to visit his folks in Idaho. Re- (*Continued on page 43*)



# DECORATING A STYLISH APARTMENT AT HALF THE COST

by Paul Bennett









Do you feel like a stranger in your own apartment? Maybe it's because you let someone else do the decorating.

I am not against interior decorators . . . where tasteless women are concerned. The profession performs a great service, providing beauty for someone who lacks the creative flare to provide it himself. But most Queens are tremendously talented, and should therefore do their own decorating. Above all else, one's apartment is an extension of the personality, and the furnishings should convey the owner's charm.

Even if you exercise poor taste in selecting some things, you should nonetheless let your flare guide you. You will undoubtedly make mistakes along the way, looking back on certain rooms with a smile, but you will learn — and always your rooms will be reasonably tasteful; sensitivity is a component part of your make-up. Let instinct be your guide.

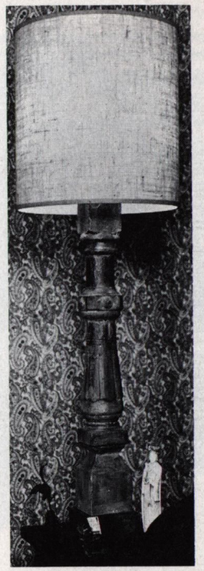
Color is a key factor in decorating, and it is also a reflection of mood. Choose those you favor; using a color you dislike will produce an uncomfortable environment. Style is also an important consideration; decide on the period you prefer, for it, too, is essential to comfort.

Let's start with the kitchen. It should be functional. Here, food is prepared — and for this reason the room must be sanitary. Do not clutter it with grease-catchers. Instead, use bright colors on the walls, either paint or washable fabric. Your kitchen must be bright and airy, and the only "extraneous adornments" should be simple window trim (washable), a wall clock, and a small spice rack. Table-top utensils provide a culinary effect. The floor, of course, should be easy to keep clean; it must withstand splattered grease, etc.

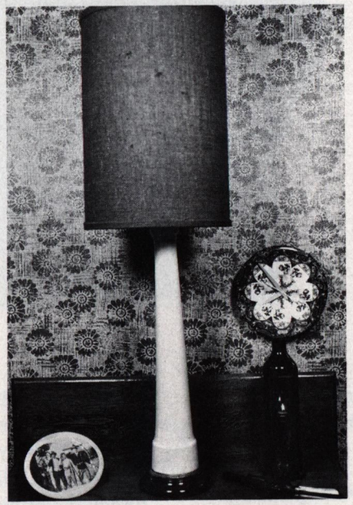
Next, the bathroom. It, too, should be bright and airy. Use light colors and big mirrors. Colorful towels and a bright shower curtain can give you a lift in the morning. This is an intimate room; the walls are ideal for personal objects, such as old theatre programs or photographs. Lend a decorative touch with a cologne rack, and a small wall clock.

Obviously, neither the kitchen nor the bathroom is expensive to decorate. By exercising reasonable taste, furnishings may be purchased at the 5 & 10 — as well as at elegant shops; the effect can be similar. For example, using your creativity, you can apply an expensive fabric covered with gold flecks to the bathroom











wall — or splatter wet paint with inexpensive gold sparkle, sold at Woolworth's.

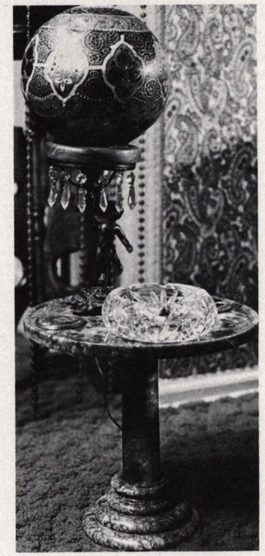
The living-room is next. After you decide on painting or papering, pick a complementary color for the floor (if you intend to carpet or use small rugs) and drapes. Synthetic fabrics are relatively inexpensive, and are more durable than natural products. By using ready-made drapes you can save up to hundreds of dollars over something that has to be cut to size. Nonetheless, carpeting, the drapes, and TV or stereo unit will be your greatest expense. By shopping carefully you will find an attractive couch, or an old frame which can be reupholstered. Likewise for a chaise longue. Auctions and antique stores, or the Salvation Army's furniture outlet, are good sources for unusual tables and chairs at low prices — which, with a little work, can be restored to their original beauty. The same holds true for lamps, which you can make if you wish — from heavy table legs, porcelain sink legs, and fence posts — as well as from kerosene lamps and "electrified" objects of art.

Many gay guys dig Spanish furniture because it is rugged and reasonably priced. Wrought iron chandeliers which hold candles can be purchased at a fraction of the cost of crystal.

As far as the walls are concerned, large paintings or prints (be they originals or copies from the 5 & 10) — or souvenirs, such as straw hats, swords, and horns (junk shops are a good source). And finally, bric-a-brac here and there — such as mementos of your travels, paperweights, sea shells, or small statuary.

If there is a dining alcove off the living-room with

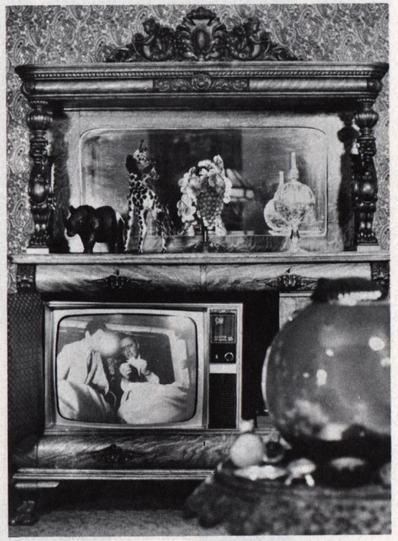












no visible separation, you can create the effect by hanging beads as a divider, or, if you find them too expensive, by using gold or colored ropes, available wherever millinery trim is sold. The dining table, whether expensive or an old oak "claw and ball" job (they're darn attractive!) should have a chandelier over it, or one on it — for intimate dining. A relatively inexpensive item.

Your bedroom is a very personal part of the apartment; it should be the strongest reflection of your character — whether it shows in the lace curtains or in the wall manacles. Again, work with colors you like. If you can afford it, carpet the floor for an intimate effect, or achieve similar results with throw rugs. The bed should be big and comfortable, but firm enough to stand on. A headboard is optional.

Lighting is primary; it should be bright for dressing, etc., and soft for sex. Candles are romantic and they are best used in this room. And by all means — keep a radio or a stereo in the bedroom for total atmosphere.

As far as the walls go — paintings, personal objects such as photographs, sconces, and lots of mirrors — positioned so that you can see yourself in bed. Of course, a clock and a telephone. Your only real expense in this room is the mattress — discounting the stereo. Window decoration can be simple and cheap, but must be designed to insure privacy and keep out sunlight.

Borrow ideas from other apartments. Look through the decorating magazines, and visit the department store displays. But above all — use your imagination and good taste to create an apartment in which you can express your total being.



# STAY SLIM AND SEXY WITH THIS HOME EXERCISE ROUTINE AND DIET

by Roger Watson

If there is a "universal type," then it must be the guy who has a trim physique; one which shows a "hint of muscle" without being overly thick — sort of on the lines of Michelangelo's "David." Some guys, of course, prefer a heavily muscled physique, while others like a body that is especially lean; few guys dig a fat man.

A trim physique is not only attractive, but also youthful and sexy. It makes a perfect clothes horse for today's fashions, and a guy who has this kind of body is always a standout in a tight tee-shirt and jeans. Even if he shows signs of aging in the face, his lithe body often compensates for weak points — and he continues to rack up numbers long after his contemporaries have resorted to paying for it.

Just how does one go about maintaining a youthful figure without starving or training hard? It's easy — when you know how and if you are willing to discipline yourself to following a routine. The fruits of your labor, so to speak, are well worth the effort.

First and foremost, diet. Once you get into your twenties it becomes easy for you to gain weight in the wrong places. What was once solid and firm begins to puff and sag. No longer can you guzzle beer and eat sweets without paying the consequences. Hence, you must control your diet.

In order to maintain your weight; that is, neither gain nor lose, you must consume a certain amount of calories daily. Calories are units of energy provided by foods; eat too much and you will become fat, eat too little and your body will literally eat itself to provide energy for locomotion and other life processes, and you will lose weight. To determine how many calories you must eat daily, simply multiply your weight by the figure 15 and you will get the answer. For example, if you weigh 150 pounds, you must consume 2,250 calories daily in order to maintain that weight.

Of course, guys vary; some have high metabolism and burn more calories than other fellows of the same general build who are not as high-strung. Therefore, if, after using the figure 15 to arrive at the proper number of calories you must consume each day, you find that you are losing weight, go to the figure 20, and continue experimenting until you hit upon the correct figure.

As a means of determining how many calories are contained in a certain piece of food, consult the accompanying chart, or purchase a more comprehensive "caloric counter" — which is sold at most newsstands for about 25¢. You will soon get to know the caloric value of foods, and will not have to check the figures every time you eat. But never lie to yourself, rationalizing in order to eat more; stick to an exact count.

Approximately 3,600 calories equal a pound. That is, for every 3,600 calories you do not consume (based on daily minimum requirement) you will lose a pound, whether spread over a few days or several weeks. Likewise, for every 3,600 calories you eat over and above



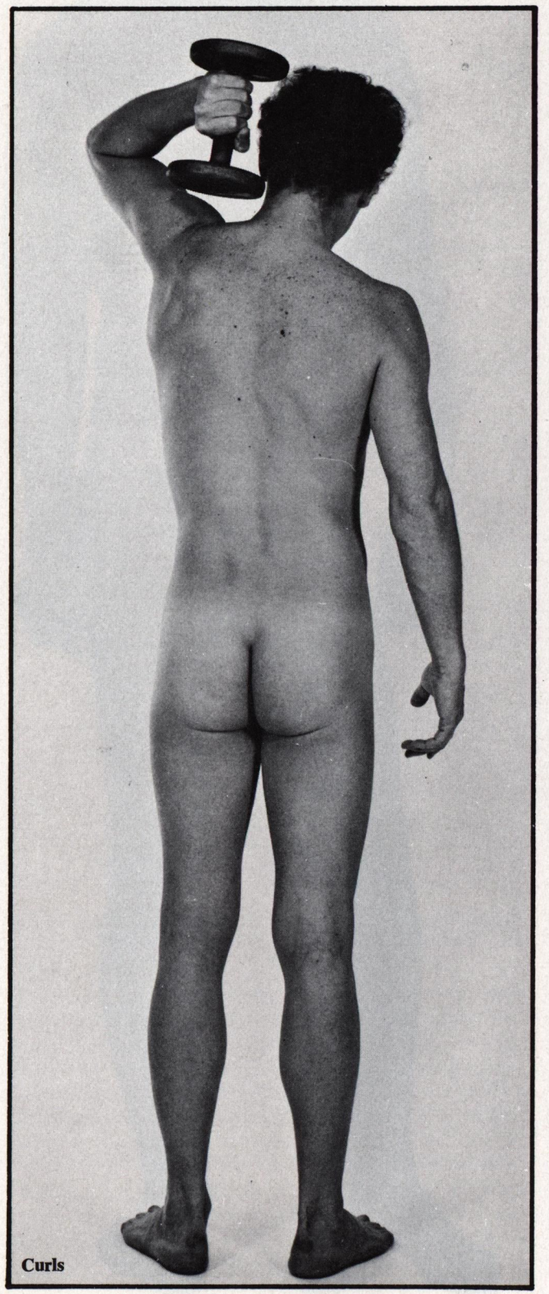
your daily minimum requirement, you will gain a pound. Generally speaking, if you want to gain weight it is advised that you eat what your body requires plus a third more; to lose, eat only a third of what you normally consume.

You will quickly learn that many foods provide bulk, which satisfy the appetite without providing extra calories. There include proteins (meats, fish, fowl, eggs, beans, nuts, milk and milk products), leafy vegetables (lettuce, spinach, etc.), and high-water content foods (tomatoes, cucumbers, and certain melons, such as canteloupe). Fats (oils, butters, etc.) and carbohydrates (fruits, most vegetables, and starches) provide lots of calories, sometimes little bulk. An ideal diet is one that is high in protein with some fats and carbohydrates for balance (this kind of diet helps assure proper vitamin and mineral intake as well). Proteins, by the way, build muscle; they also help burn fat in your body.

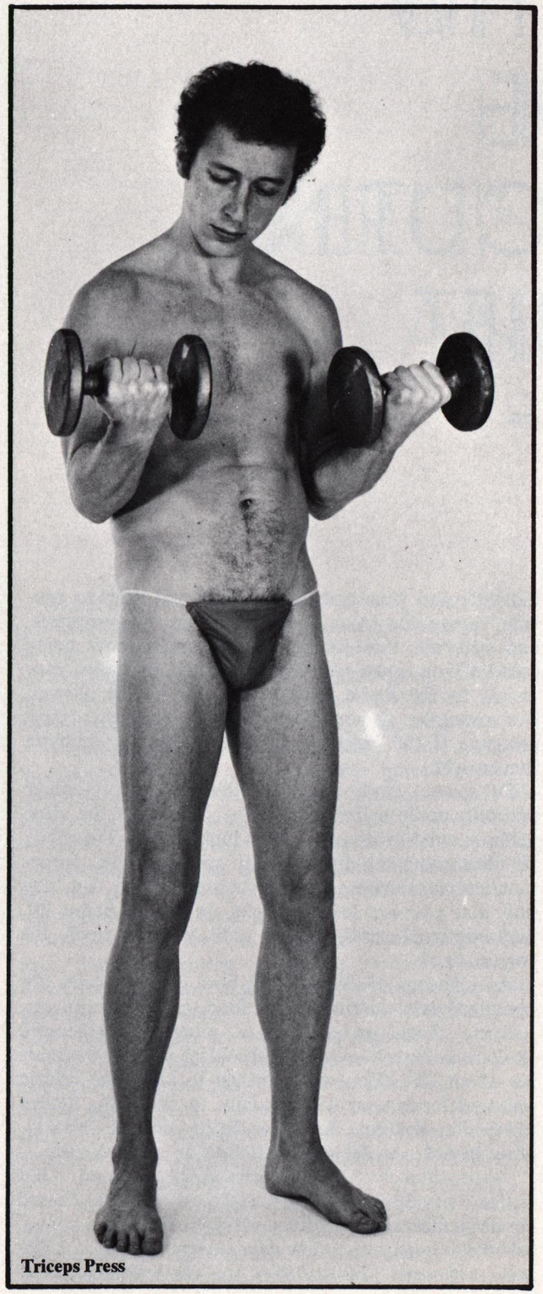
If you pay attention to your diet, counting calories, you should be able to maintain an ideal weight level — which will help keep your body trim and youthful. Your skin tone will be good, and you will benefit your health in general.

Now, being trim is one thing, but having shape is another. For this you will have to combine diet with exercise. Some guys prefer swimming, for conditioning; others prefer jogging, or bicycle riding. All of these are good, but most gay guys prefer not to make a spectacle of themselves exercising in public. Many of us just don't have the time and inclination to participate in ordinary sports. Hence, the majority of gay

## ARMS

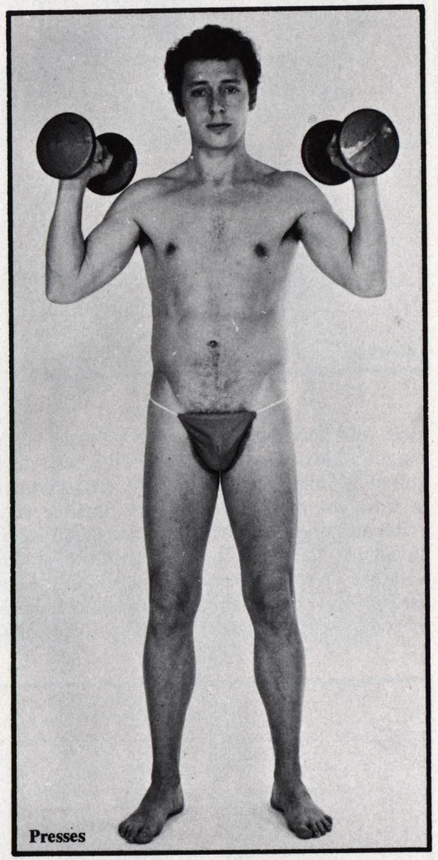


Curls



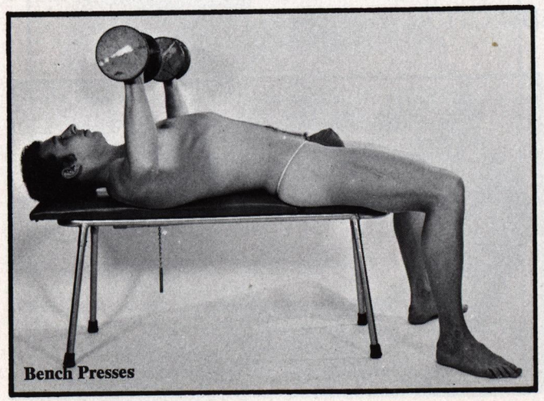
Triceps Press

## SHOULDERS

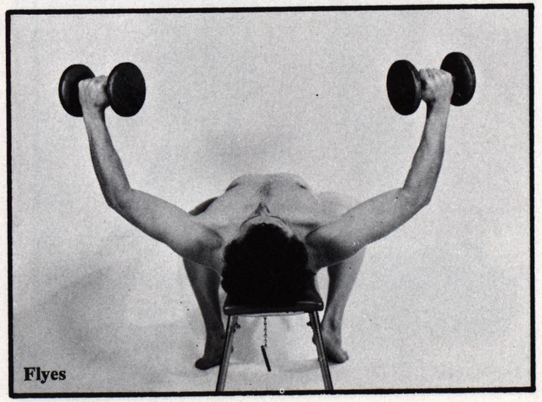


Presses

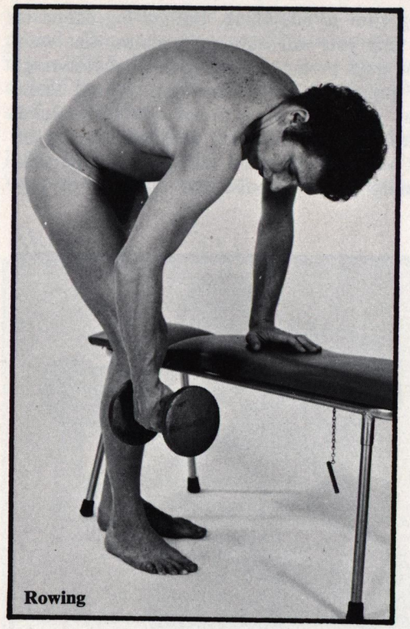
## CHEST



Bench Presses



Flyes



Rowing

BACK

**AVERAGE CALORIC VALUE OF SOME FOODS**

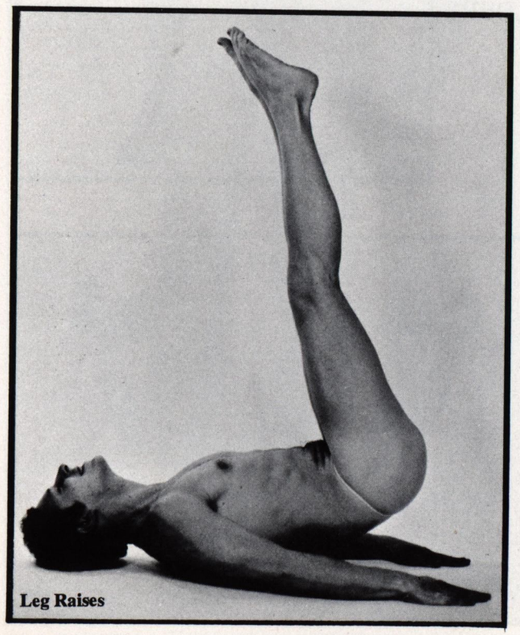
| Food and Amount | Calories |
|---|---|
| Alcoholic beverages, 1 av. | 150 |
| Beef, 4 oz. lean | 350 |
| Beer, 8 oz. | 100 |
| Bread, 1 sl. buttered | 100 |
| Cake, av. piece | 300 |
| Candy bar, 10¢ size | 300 |
| Cereal, with milk and sugar | 200 |
| Cheese, 1 oz. | 100 |
| Chicken, 4 oz. | 200 |
| Egg, 1 boiled or poached | 75 |
| Fish, 4 oz. | 200 |
| Fruit, 1 av. | 100 |
| Fruit juice, 8 oz. | 125 |
| Ice cream, 1/3 pt. | 200 |
| Leafy vegetables, av. serving | 25 |
| Milk, 8 oz. whole | 150 |
| Nuts, 12 av. | 100 |
| Pie, av. slice | 300 |
| Pork, 4 oz. | 400 |
| Soft drinks, 8 oz. | 125 |
| Starchy vegetables, av. serving | 100 |
| Veal, 4 oz. | 300 |

**(Note: For accurate caloric values consult a comprehensive counter.)**

guys who do exercise prefer to do so at home — with weights. This type of exercise is the best; all that is required is simple equipment and the minimum of time to work the muscles from every possible angle.

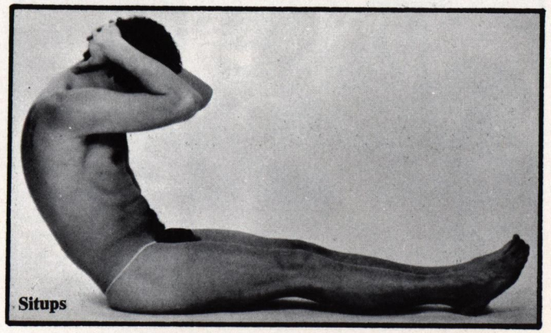
Regarding equipment, you will need an exercise bench (available at most sporting goods stores for under $30.00); a sturdy piano bench will do, or something similar . . . and a pair of dumbbells, either adjustable, or solids which weight 15 to 25 pounds each, depending on your present strength. That is all; you may train in the nude if you wish, or in warm clothing if your training quarters are cold.

I have chosen dumbbells for the gay guy's workout mainly because they are easy to handle in small apartments, where it would be impossible to maneuver a 6′ long barbell, and also because they are easy to store. You may, if you wish sub- (*Continued on page 44*)



Leg Raises

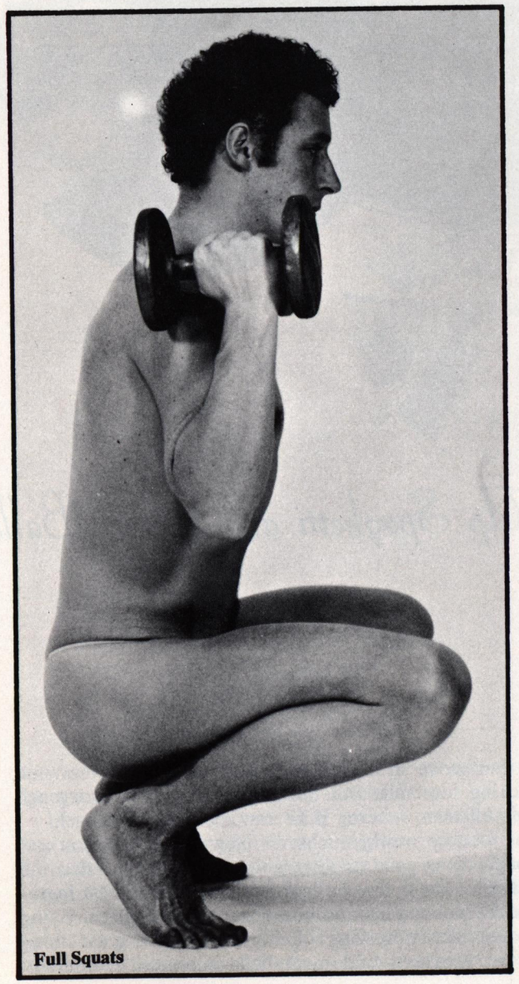
MIDSECTION



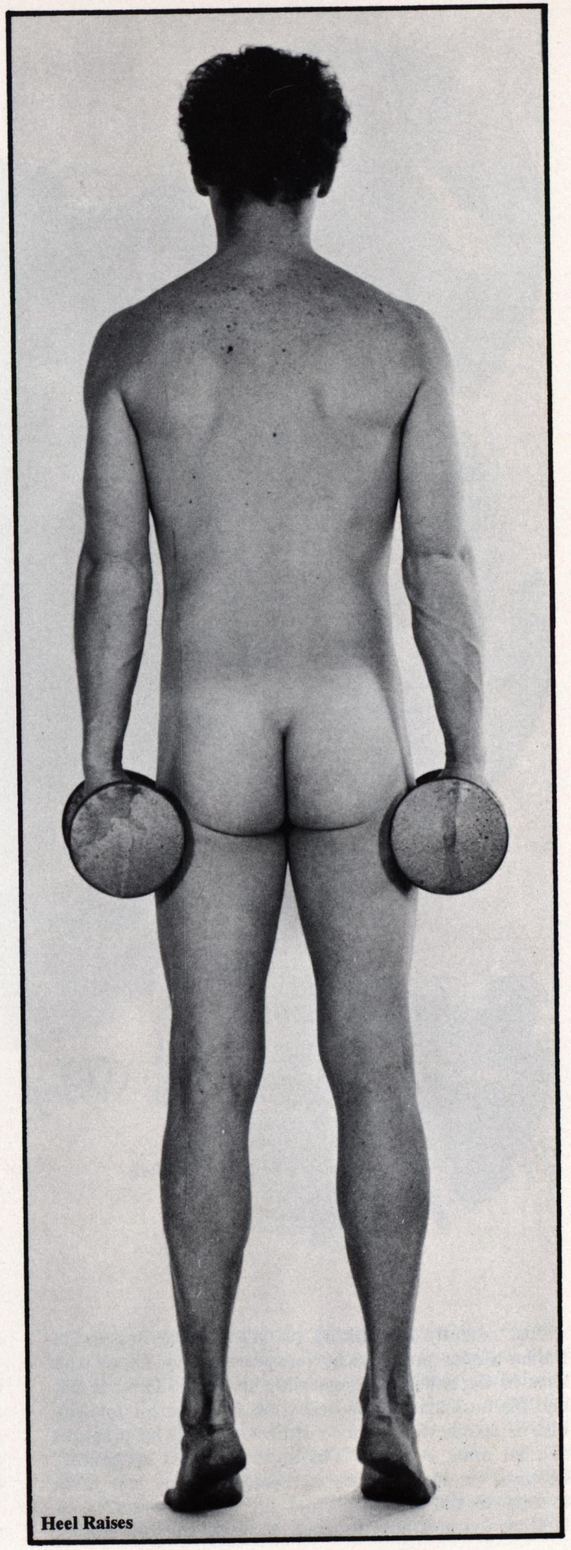
Situps



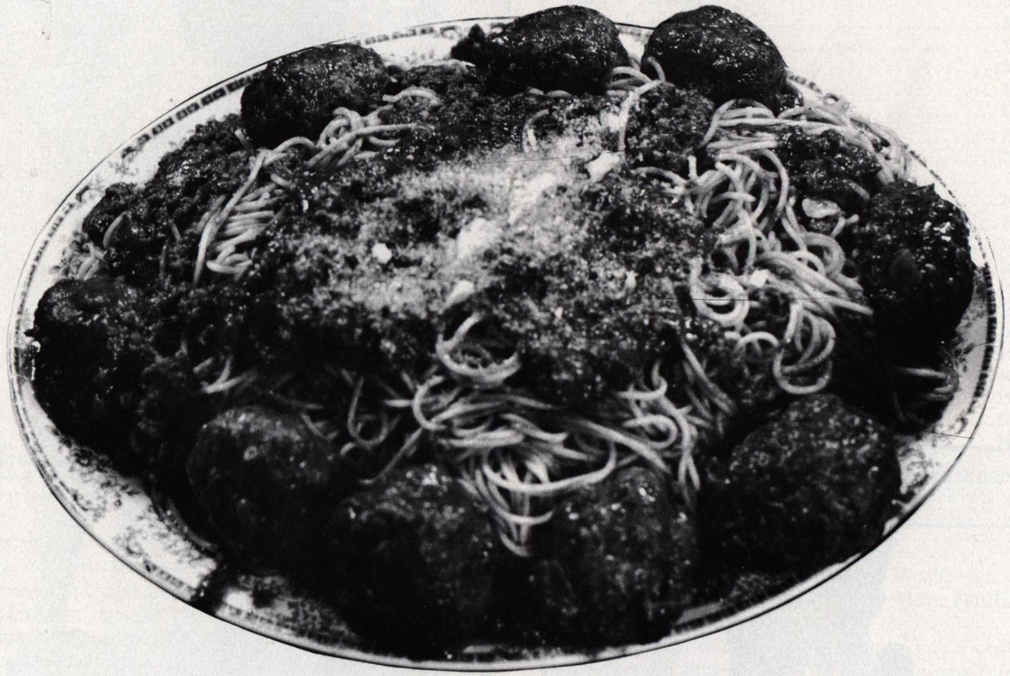
LEGS



Full Squats



Heel Raises



# *An Italian Lover Shows You How To Whip Up Spaghetti and Meat Balls*

*By Gino — As Told To The Editors*

Just recently the editors of QQ were invited to an Italian dinner prepared by our good friend, Gino, who lives in Greenwich Village with his lover. Gino is 24, and his muscular frame belies the fact that his favorite dish is spaghetti and meat balls — which he prepares at least once a week. "The secret of good spaghetti," he says, "is in the sauce . . . and knowing just when to remove the spaghetti from the boiling water."

Gino learned how to cook by watching his mother at her stove in Brooklyn, when most guys were out kicking footballs. But don't let that steer you wrong; he's all man — even if he can cook like an angel.

Probably nowhere else in New York can you get spaghetti as good as Gino's — and he claims that the main reason is that he uses nothing but the best ingredients; commercial restaurants too often place saving money above serving quality food. The great thing about spaghetti and meat balls is that it's different; anyone can broil a steak, but not everyone can serve his guests a special treat. And it's delicious.

In each issue of QQ we shall present a new recipe you can prepare for your lover and your guests. These formulas are relatively simple; when the same dish is prepared by a woman it usually takes hours, but the gay touch will show you the shortcuts to allow you to spend as much time as possible with your guests.

Here is the recipe, all you need to know to serve a hungry lover or as many friends as you like. Serving a party of five, which you can do with this recipe, costs less than $1.00 per person — and that includes a salad, a fairly good wine, and dessert. Just double the ingredients if you want to serve ten, or cook for five and freeze the leftover sauce and meat balls for use later on; the remaining spaghetti can be refrigerated and fried with eggs the next day for an unusual lunch. Here's how Gino does it: (*Continued on page 38*)

# POPPERS




## THE HIGH PRICE OF TURNING ON

BY

GEORGE DESANTIS






You touch your chest and feel your heart pounding, skipping beats. Your lips tingle and your head feels as if it's going to split wide open. You raise up and look in the mirror, and you're pale, almost yellow. A few moments ago your face was flushed; now it is drained of its color. You see yellow spots. You're pooped out. Then you remember an exhibit you saw in the museum when you were a kid — a life-size model of man whose plastic skin revealed the fantastic inner workings of the body . . . and you wonder what's going on inside of you now. "My God . . . what am I doing to myself!" you cry.

That's how it is when you take "poppers" — amyl nitrite, "a rapidly acting vasodilator used in angina pectoris," as the container reads. But you don't have angina pectoris; you're young and your skin is tight — and poppers really turn you on during sex. Sure there are aftereffects, but your heartbeat eventually returns to normal; the tingling sensation soon subsides; your blood vessels gradually constrict and your blood is redistributed to the tissues, returning color to your cheeks; the yellow spots, caused by a chemical reaction and the blood draining out of your eyes, disappear; your head clears . . . you feel good again, sometimes only moments after a big whiff. "After all," you reason, "things return to normal fairly quickly . . . so what harm can there be in really climbing for my climax!"

Once you get past the newness of using poppers (which have the unpleasant odor of lacquer — so that you will know in case you frequent a certain john which *always* smells as if it's been freshly painted), you almost become addicted to them. They're small, easy to carry . . . no larger than a vitamin capsule. All you do is break the mesh-covered plastic casing . . . POP! — inhale deeply and your sensations climb. If you use them when masturbating your imagination really soars. During sex, your buddy feels even greater to your touch — no matter which role you play. You float along in ecstasy . . . relaxed . . . peaked — and you climb . . . climb . . . climb — and your climax is prolonged. Oftentimes they help you endure physical discomfort when you're forced into positions you don't prefer . . . almost turning pain into pleasure—mentally and physically . . . and you are able to satisfy your partner to a greater extent. If he uses them with you the experience can be a beautiful trip.

Amyl nitrite, or "poppers" as gay guys like calling them, are old. Grandma used them when she felt an attack of angina pectoris coming on, to ease the pain and help prevent possible heart failure. Years ago even epileptics took them, believing they helped normalize the system during a fit. Now, I don't know when gay guys started using them for sex . . . but I suspect — knowing how much Queens dig Bette Davis — that it all started when one of her most recent flicks, "The Nanny," was released. The scene involves the nanny's protagonist who has a heart attack and saves herself with a popper. "Oh-h-h-h . . . ah-h-h-h," she moans. "It must feel great," the gay audience think; "It'd be a real dig during sex." No, I don't know if that's when things got started . . . maybe it was some Queen who spread the word before I was born — but I do know that poppers have really gripped the imagination of gay guys since the film. Sort of explains why so few straights know about amyl nitrite — and the few who do use the stuff use the unimaginative term, "Snappers."

They aren't as habit-forming as narcotics, pot on up — but what price is paid by the user? To get the answer I consulted a physician — and the only conclusion I can draw is that they are harmless if used by healthy guys, and in moderation. However, there are some precautions that should be taken. First, the capsules should never be popped open with the teeth, because amyl nitrite is poisonous. While it does take more than the amount of liquid (the source of the fumes) contained in one capsule (0.3 cc.), even a small amount can cause violent stomach upset (as experienced by my grown dog, who got hold of one and broke it in his mouth). Moreover, never dump fresh poppers into an ashtray; they are inflammable.

Assuming you use them only for sex, it is doubtful that you'd inhale as many as thirty-six in four days — the amount which can cause fatal poisoning with severe lesions of the liver and kidneys, according to the medics. Excessive use can cause conversion of hemoglobin (red blood corpuscles, which serve to convey oxygen to the tissues) to methemoglobin (pollution of hemoglobin, caused by drugs), but this is rare. The effects of amyl nitrite are heightened by alcohol consumption — and it's wise not to use poppers when you've had too much to drink; if your vital organs are not as strong as you think, you might cause severe damage by placing such a great stress on them. Aside from the usual sensations and aftereffects, some guys experience temporary coughing and inflammation of the mucous membranes, from the irritating fumes — while others have difficulty keeping an erection, because of the vasodilating effect, which drains the blood from the tissues.

My doctor informs me that most individuals can tolerate ordinary doses without consequence, but that "nitrite shock" — headache, palpitation, and a drop in blood pressure severe enough to cause syncope (fainting) — is occasionally experienced. He warns that anyone with a weak heart is playing with dynamite, and that bodily changes brought about by poppers, coupled with the normal excitement of sex, can cause you to drop dead — and just imagine what a situation that'd leave your buddy in!

Most gay guys do not use poppers straight out of the tin, but prefer to break the capsule and immediately insert it into an empty benzo inhaler (sold at most drugstores for about 75¢). When the cap is screwed on, or the thumb placed over the opening, the potency of the contents is retained. This makes good sense, economically, and the convenient shape of the plastic inhaler allows you to take it up the nose, so to speak, without letting fumes escape around the sides. In addition, because the fumes are conserved, you won't have to bother popping at crucial points. Some guys like to prepare two or three inhalers just before sex (note: do not do this long before they will be used; closed containers do leak), saving them the bother of playing with refills in bed. And leave it to imaginative Queens . . . someone has come up with a dual-nostril inhaler for a giant whiff.

It should be mentioned that (*Continued on page 45*)

## BEWARE THE SCARLET LETTER

(Continued from page 5)

Regarding "thin envelopes" — this is not so; we use heavy No. 10 envelopes for all general correspondence, and even heavier manila envelopes for sending magazines. Moreover, all our mail is sent via 1st class — and that means everything is sealed.

Now, we realize that we might have caused a handful of recipients a little discomfort, and for this we sincerely apologize; it is unlikely that it will ever happen again, because we have modified our return address, and because we are no longer interested in purchasing mailing lists containing names of people who shouldn't be on them in the first place. Here, a thought occurs: The writer implies he purchases nude photos. Does he react so violently every time he receives miscellaneous advertisements?

We don't blame this fellow for being upset; we do realize the position he is in — but most people in his situation would have immediately written a strong (not threatening!) letter to the sender, asking for the removal of their name. That is, *normal* people — and that certainly includes gay guys; aside from sexual preferences, gay guys are just as balanced (based on society's general standards) as straights, and if there is a higher incidence of insanity among Queens, it is only because they are subjected to tremendous pressures placed on them by straight society — as in the above case.

"Why," we ask, "does such a fellow continue to live under such conditions?" He seems intelligent, smart enough to secure employment elsewhere — in an atmosphere more conducive to living happily, in a larger city. Regardless of personal problems, such as family ties, a time must come in every gay guy's life when he must place his own happiness above all else — and in doing so he will be able to bring happiness to others as well. Only an idiot or a masochist, once he reaches legal age, would continue to live in such a fearful climate. This man survived the army, probably tossing and turning every night with nightmares; interpreting even the slightest remark as an offense, and probably lashing out with his fists at many nice guys just to prove he wasn't "queer." What an ugly word! We shall never use it in this magazine. What an ugly person he has made himself. What good can he be to his own kind! What good can he be to himself, to his family — living in constant fear, experiencing neuroses, lashing out at anyone who might get too close, who might provide real love, because he has accepted being imprisoned by his small world! How ignorant he is to imagine gay guys "flitting" downtown. Our staff and the majority of our readers are gay —but they are guys . . . men who are bold enough to face the facts and get what they want — men who have accepted their deepest needs as being natural, and who nonetheless retain their manhood. How sorry we are for anyone gay who regards himself queer, who believes he is living in a filthy world.

The gay life can be beautiful. Love among men can be stronger than that experienced by men and women — because only a man knows how to satisfy a man, knows the inner tickings of someone like himself. What joy there can be in a permissive society, as in a big city, where a gay guy can restrict himself almost entirely to his own world! Of course there must be some reservations, even in large cities — but this only requires being a man on the job. What one does after work is his own business, and in a large city it is unlikely that you'd ever run into your neighbor (unless you choose to do so), let alone friends from work. And even if you did, places like New York and San Francisco are so sophisticated, so blasé about sex in general that people just couldn't care less. In fact, with the advent of sexual freedom, straights are finding it quite fashionable to employ gay guys and socialize with them these days, at least in the larger cities. Straights are realizing how mature most gay guys are, how sophisticated and talented, and how really valuable to society. It's always been this way . . . just consider that giants like Hadrian, Michelangelo, Oscar Wilde (why go on!) were known homosexuals; it's just that the world is suddenly realizing that we really are capable of contributing — suddenly realizing how horrible and stupid religious dictate, which, in turn, has given rise to existing attitudes and laws, has been. This is why laws are being modified daily, in foreign countries and even here in America — why things are beginning to relax for gay society.

We realize it's going to take time, maybe many years, but it will happen — total acceptance of gay society by straight society. And there is no reason why everyone cannot live happily together. We also realize that the climate which exists in small towns is not going to change overnight — and to all our fellows who are living in the hundreds of thousands of hamlets throughout the world — we say, "If you are not happy, if you cannot live with yourself — save your life and make it a happy one . . . as soon as you reach legal age, get out — move to a city which accepts you with open arms." If there is love in your family, leaving home will not break those ties — and a letter or a telephone call and occasional trips home can hold the bond forever. Will you not be a better person for it — to yourself and your family? You needn't cause them grief by exhibiting a *scarlet letter* (a story written by Nathaniel Hawthorne, in which the scarlet letter "A" is placed on whores as a means of chastising them in public), but they will see your happiness in your face, and they will love you all the more for it.

We wish things were different throughout the world — that gay guys could live without the fear of being crucified. That is why we conceived QQ — a fresh approach in magazines for gay society. We are not a physique pictorial (though we will publish such photos from time to time); we are not advocating a particular fettish (though we will present articles on such things on occasion); we are not in business to dispense information to gay guys that is written to titillate. We are in business to create a powerful movement among our kind — at first, simply by conveying our ideas to thousands of readers, and then by gradually moving forward in their behalf, fighting for revisions in the law through legal means, helping to establish precedents, helping our readers to better understand themselves, making ourselves and our desires and our motivations and our contributions known to straights — until we achieve not only respect for ourselves but reasonable acceptance. We are ambitious, but we are even more determined.

". . . to sell a few magazines," as our letter writer claims. How utterly ridiculous! If you think there is a great deal of money to be made through the sale of magazines you are sadly mistaken. Just recently the *Saturday Evening Post* realized this lesson only too well. We want to sell our magazine — yes . . . and we do want to show a profit — yes . . . and every time you purchase a product advertised in this magazine, or every time you ask a friend to subscribe, you will help us grow. Maybe someday we will be successful. If and when that time comes we will use our strength to better our lot . . . to fight for you so that you will never have to fight for your life again!

**We Cannot Help The Homophile Movement Without Your Support . . . Please Subscribe And Tell Your Friends About Us!**

## YOUR DOG — HE CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE

(Continued from page 41)

Queen from being ripped apart.

Furthermore, a dog provides friendship; oftentimes a deep alliance with its master. How good it is to have something warm and full of life to cuddle up with when everyone else has turned against you! How good it is to come home to a big welcome, tongue lapping at your face, rather than an empty, bleak apartment!

And what must you give in return? A comfortable home, enough food, as much attention as possible when you're home (if you're especially thoughtful, consider keeping two dogs so that there will be companionship when you are away), short walks, periodic visits to the vet, and a lot of love . . . a small price to pay for a true friend who will never betray you. That's easy if you're human.

**Remember — You Can Never Hide From Yourself . . . Acceptance Is The First Step To Happiness!**



# here's how you can acquire more CONFIDENCE for cruising

by Sam Pfeifer

Just recently I was shopping for tortoise shells; they were to be a birthday gift for a friend who collects them. What upset me this particular day was that the shell I wanted had already been sold, and the one next to it wasn't as symmetrical, being broader on one side. "No, I don't care for it," I said, ". . . its shape is wrong."

The saleswoman smiled and told me the shell was all right . . . it was natural; it was my eye that was wrong. She was right.

Why is it that we set rigid standards as guidelines for beauty? A nose must be straight; the size of the ears should be in proportion to the head; only curved lips are beautiful. How unrealistic such yardsticks are; we are flesh, and quite plastic flesh at that. The variations — the differences from the norm — give us character, making each of us unique.

Most of us accept flaws in others, but for ourselves we tend to magnify weaknesses; if we are unable to cope with them we vent frustrations, which give rise to feelings of inferiority. This, in turn, results in the destruction of self-confidence.

To be confident of oneself requires acceptance; we must evaluate our strong points as well as our weaknesses — and thank God we do not fit a mold, for it is in our differences that we will find our character, and it is in our character that others will seek our beauty.

If you fail to score on the hunt then search yourself for spine. We who are gay seek the strong; we deplore the feminine character. Is this not what you want? Give it to yourself by first accepting, and then reflecting an inner confidence in your being.

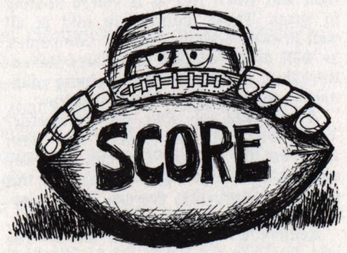
If you are at task with the physical, then correct your weaknesses; in doing so you will gain assurance. Have your teeth capped; exercise in order to improve your body; wear your hair differently if it makes you look better; replace your glasses with contact lenses; cover blemishes with makeup. In short, if making such improvements affords emotional freedom, thereby giving rise to confidence, then by all means—better yourself. Self-assurance will reveal itself, and will serve as a magnet in drawing others to you.

When you cruise dress in what you believe is best for you. If suits are not your style (they often aren't for chunky guys), wear tight outfits. If, however, you are not a *dungaree doll,* then wear clothing which fortifies your self-esteem. If people stare, rather than fire your complexes, absorb their glances — as well as their desires.

When eyes meet a smile can make the difference between a broken glance and a new love. If we would only realize that those whom we seek want us — and that one word is all it takes for moments, hours, years of love — we would not fear voicing them! How often we pass strangers up for fear of uttering a single sound — because we are afraid of being rejected! Can it not be so that he also feels that way — that he seeks in you the confidence he lacks? Can it be so humiliating to the ego to be turned down just once . . . when it can also mean being embraced by love?

Always walk with an air of sureness; oftentimes, it helps to carry a coin, or a key, which serves as a "link" with the familiar, thereby affording something to hold on to for support. Be sure of yourself and you will be certain that those who stare do so in envy and lust.

You must never forget that you are a man. You seek what is man . . . and you must give what is man!



## BEING AN A-K DOESN'T ALWAYS PAY OFF

(Continued from page 9)

give rise to deep psychological upheavals. The sex drive is healthy and natural and its indulgence serves as a stabilizer, for even the most turbulent individuals. Rather, it makes more sense to safeguard against the disease — and this can be done easily by taking prophylactic inoculations of gamma globulin, approximately 2 cc. every four to six weeks. It is necessary to take it regularly because protection lasts only this long; it must be replenished. This small amount is enough to protect you in most instances, should you have sex with someone who is infected. Occasionally, however, even this barrier is not strong enough to ward off the disease — but having it will curb intensity; that is, with gamma globulin in your system, the disease will have less of a chance to do serious and lasting damage, and you will be able to shake it faster. In most instances, a 2 cc. booster will permit you to indulge in whatever sexual activity you choose with relative safety. Expense-wise, most physicians will administer a 2 cc. inoculation for $10.00. Inexpensive insurance, I'd say.

Now, don't let me mislead you; straights are just as vulnerable to hepatitis, but because Queens are so promiscuous, and because they have more liberal sex practices, they are more liable to attack. Moreover, infectious hepatitis can and does spread via polluted water and food. For instance, a dope addict who has contracted innoculation hepatitis might have just drunk out of a coffee cup that was not washed when you came in to use it minutes later; the germ could easily pass into your system in this manner. The point I am trying to make is this: You needn't feel embarrassed, or be obligated to tell the truth to your family doctor should you want to protect yourself against the disease, or should you need his help to rid yourself of it. I repeat: It is spread in other ways — even among gay guys. How you contracted it is unimportant. If you do, you should notify anyone else you might have had recent contact with, to save him grief, and you must dispense with any feelings of shame; your only concern should be to recognize the fact that you are infected, that you cannot pray it away, and then rush to your physician.

One other factor should be mentioned, and that is recognizing symptoms in others. If, on meeting someone new, he looks especially jaundiced or lackadaisical (typical of hepatitis victims), politely pass up the opportunity. Don't become neurotic, suspecting everyone who might not have a ruddy complexion — but don't be foolish either and go to bed with a "canary." Simply take whatever precautions you can to prevent it; each time hepatitis is contracted greater liver damage occurs, and the liver cannot replenish itself; it simply dissipates each time it is infected, thereby endangering your life.

And remember — A-K-ing can be loads of fun . . . as long as you don't come up with a mouthful of dingle berries which have the blight!

## PHALLIC FLICKERS

(Continued from page 17)

I also own an old camel skin globe which is painted in wild colors. By placing a bulb inside of it I can create a psychedelic "crystal ball" which casts all sorts of colored patterns on the wall. Or, my glass grapes lamp — which I bought in Venice. Very romantic, and you can get these and other things in various department and specialty stores in larger cities.

If this is too much for you, then pick up a couple of red lights and use them for a dreamy effect. Or a paper Japanese lantern with a small colored light inside of it. Sake, anyone?

### JAZZY LIGHTING

Want something different? Reserve a few light sockets for "penny blinkers" (they actually cost about 20¢ in most hardware stores; you place them in the socket before screwing in the bulb, and they cause the light to blink on and off). Use one red light, one green, a blue bulb, and a yellow — all at the same time. Place them together, or spread them out for a way-out visual trip.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Or get some black light — which casts an orchid glow and makes everything white "light up." Lots of gay bars are using the stuff, and you can rig something up at home for about $10 to $15. This same light makes certain "neon colors" glow; you can buy posters or special paint and splash it around your bedroom. Use white sheets under black light and you'll feel as if you're floating in space. These fixtures are sold at all well-stocked lighting supply companies, as well as by dealers who carry an entire line of psychedelic lighting gimmicks; names and addresses below.

A new use for your slide projector? Take shots of wild colors and flash them on the ceiling. You can also buy color slides especially made for this purpose, from the dealers listed elsewhere in this article.

Remember the old glass ball — the one that had thousands of tiny mirrors on it, which was suspended from dance hall ceilings years ago? Well they're back, complete with motor that turns them. All you do is flash a spotlight on it as it turns, and it sends flecks of silver light dancing on the walls, on the bed . . . on your flesh. Wild, Man! Where? Same dealers, below.

### WAY-OUT BEAMS

Candles not enough? Conventional lighting leave you cool? You're ready for a real trip. You can get sheets of opaque plastic, and place colored lights, some blinking, some not, behind them for an entire wall of bright color. Or use the revolving light disc you bought for your Christmas tree to light your room. Still dullsville? Then you're ready for a strobe.

A strobe unit is a device which flashes light at variable, often high, speeds. By adjusting speed you can create a variety of brilliant flashes of colored light in your bedroom. Some units are equipped with black light as well, and they range in price from about $30.00 to $100.00. Let's go one step more — the color organ. Place the unit between a battery of colored lights and your phonograph — and the lights will bounce and flicker and flash in tune with the music. Simple units cost about $35.00, but you can swing right up to $600.00 if you have the bread. There's even a unit called an "electric band" — which converts light impulses into electronic sound for a real weirdo effect.

All this jazz can be found in specialty lighting stores in any hippie section of a city — like the East Village in New York. I cannot personally recommend the store, but one that appears to be well-stocked is Infernal Light, Inc., 151 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. Stop in for a look-see, or send for their catalog — fully illustrated with prices. On the West Coast — try Castle Lighting, 2858 So. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

### MIRRORS

With or without sound and light, mirrors are always great. Positioned next to your bed, or even over it — it can be a wild scene . . . provided you are not nearsighted. If you are you can always wear contacts — another advantage of living in today's groovy times.

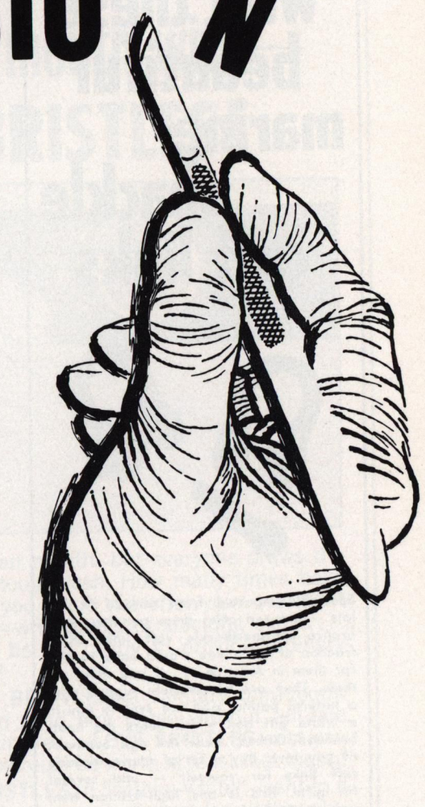
### MOOD MUSIC

With or without an "electric band" — you shouldn't forget music. Find a good radio station, or invest in a good stereo unit so that you can select the proper music, depending on your mood and the guy you're swinging with. Even if stereo isn't your bag, you can nonetheless get a simple setup to add the final touch to an electrified play-pen. A tape deck is even better, because of the time most tapes play — meaning you won't have interruptions caused by having to change records.

What's left? Only the old-fashioned stuff — like a drink, the right words, and your touch. Dig, Man? The groovy stuff is just a shortcut to the basic stuff. Nothing's changed . . . except it's damn tough to head straight for the sack these days!



# In Defense Of Roman Roll a doctor speaks out against CIRCUMCISION



## by Mario Albanese, M. D., Rome, Italy

*Circumcision, a cutting around, because in this rite the foreskin was cut away.*

*God commanded Abraham to use circumcision, as a sign of his covenant; and in obedience to this order, the patriarch, at ninety-nine years of age, was circumcised, as also his son Ishmael, and all the males of his household.* (Gen. 17:10-12)

In ancient times the shedding of blood gave rise to many superstitions. So great was this fear among Hebrews — that touching the blood shed by others would cause pollution, even death to the person making contact — that it was prohibited, among other things, to eat "the life with flesh" (Deuteronomy 12, vs. 23). Hence, orthodox Jews were ordered to eat "kosher" meat — animals or fowl killed in such a way that no blood remains in the flesh.

The superstition that shedding blood would contaminate and kill anyone who touched it goes back far beyond the Hebrews, however, and even today we hear the saying, ". . . his blood will be on your hands," implying a punishment even greater than that which the mind or the law can inflict.

This ancient belief, coupled with the conviction that shed blood was actually unclean and capable of defiling others; this ancient belief caused women to be regarded unclean because of menstruation, and bleeding during childbirth. Circumcision provided a means of "cleansing" a newborn male by causing him to lose some of the pollutants placed in him by his mother, through bleeding, and also proved his covenant with God, through his blood sacrifice.

The Hebrews are not the only ones who have practiced circumcision as a part of religious rites for centuries; it has been adhered to by countless primitive peoples. Moreover, it is often a part of mysterious rites which have their roots in the distant past. For instance, among some Australians, the blood that drips from a circumcised child is allowed to fall on the backs of two men — as a bond to establish a friendly relationship. The bridegroom is circumcised on the day after his marriage in the presence of his bride, among some Mohammedan tribes, as a test of endurance. After the prepuce (foreskin) is removed, the skin covering the entire penis is removed as a final test, which frequently results in death through infection. Some primitive peoples bury the foreskin after it is cut off, or toss it in the river to ward off evil spirits.

But at no time has it been shown that circumcision is truly necessary for hygiene or to prevent disease. And yet, these are the very reasons why most people have their young circumcised in prosperous countries today. Those who oppose the practice point out that keeping the penis clean is no more difficult than keeping the other parts of the body free of dirt, and that removing the sheath cannot offer protection from diseases. They reason that only when the foreskin is so tight that it actually interferes with intercourse, should it be removed. Some opposers regard circumcision as a mutilation, aesthetically, and point out that the removal of the protective prepuce tends to deaden the nerve endings in the (*Continued on page 38*)

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## AN ITALIAN LOVER SHOWS YOU HOW TO WHIP UP SPAGHETTI AND MEAT BALLS

(Continued from page 31)

**PREPARATION**

*Meatballs*: 1 pound ground lean chuck (if too fatty, use ground round steak); 2 slices fresh white bread, dipped in water; 1 fresh egg; 1 cupped handful dried parsley; 1 cupped handful minced fresh onion, or frozen flakes; 1 teaspoon garlic powder; 1 heaping tablespoon grated Italian cheese; salt and pepper to taste; olive oil for frying.

*Sauce*: 1 pound ground lean chuck; 3 or 4 garlic pods, cut in small pieces; olive oil; 1 16-ounce can whole tomatoes; 1 16-ounce can tomato puree; 1 6-ounce can tomato paste, plus 1 6-ounce can water; ½ teaspoon dried oregano; 1 heaping tablespoon dried basil leaves, or up to 6 fresh leaves; 1 heaping tablespoon butter or margerine; 1 teaspoon salt.

*Spaghetti*: 1 pound thin spaghetti; boiling salted water.

**INGREDIENTS**

*Meatballs*: Place ground chuck in a mixing bowl or large pot. Dip the bread in water and add to the meat. Then add the other ingredients and mix with your hands until they are thoroughly blended. Just before you start mixing place a medium-sized skillet with about ¼" olive oil on its bottom, over medium heat. Shape the balls by rolling between your palms; each should be slightly larger than a golf ball, so that you can form ten. Place one at a time in the skillet, gently scooping and flipping with a fork every few minutes until they are brown and crisp (not burned) on all sides.

*Sauce*: While the meat balls are frying, coat the bottom of your largest skillet (preferably 12" in diameter) with olive oil and place over medium heat. Fry the chuck, breaking it with a fork as you do, so that it's in very small pieces. Add the pieces of garlic, and stir frequently to prevent burning. When the meat is brown, add the whole tomatoes, the puree the tomato paste and can of water, and the remaining ingredients. Mix by stirring. As soon as the meat balls are ready, add them, sinking each one in the sauce as you do. Reduce the flame to as low as possible, cover skillet with a lid, and simmer for at least an hour and a half, preferably two. Stir every half hour to prevent sticking, and add water as needed to return the sauce to its starting consistency.

*Spaghetti*: About a half hour before you are planning to serve, put on a large pot of water — bringing it to a rolling boil over a very high flame. Ten minutes before your guests will be seated, place the spaghetti in the water, stir rapidly with a fork, and salt to taste. The rolling boil must be maintained throughout. Gino prefers thin "Italian style" spaghetti, No. 9 in most brands. He is partial to protein spaghetti, however, because it is less starchy, and less fattening. His favorite is Buitoni brand, No. 2 (Buitoni has its own numbering system). This kind of spaghetti is easier to cook, too, because exact timing instructions are printed on the box — 5 minutes for firm; 7 minutes for medium (Gino's preference); 9 minutes for well done (soft).

**SERVING**

While the spaghetti is cooking, mix the salad and place on the table — which has been set earlier. Bring out the wine, pour the water, put the bread, etc. on the table. The moment the spaghetti is done (according to the clock or your bite), rush the pot to a waiting colander (large-holed strainer) in the sink, pour into it and "wash" the spaghetti quickly with very hot tap water to stop cooking. Quickly rinse the pot, place about a half inch of sauce on its bottom, return the spaghetti to the pot and quickly mix. Then pour into a waiting platter, cover with more sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese, and garnish with the meat balls. Take to the table, to your waiting guests; bring in the grated cheese and extra sauce. (Note: Time is of the essence once the spaghetti is done, to keep it from sticking.)

If you follow Gino's instructions carefully, experimenting at least once before you have a hungry gang of men in, you won't go wrong — and if you watch your timing, you'll discover you can stay out of the kitchen except during the last ten minutes. Your lover will never leave you when you feed him like this, your friends will rave about your cooking, and the only bad thing that can happen is that everyone will soon be calling you an **Italian momma.**

## IN DEFENSE OF ROMAN ROLL A DOCTOR SPEAKS OUT AGAINST CIRCUMCISION

(Continued from page 37)

glans penis (tip), causing an unnatural delay of the orgasm.

Those in support of circumcision admit that some sensitivity is lost, but that cleanliness is aided, since bacteria cannot form in the moist crevices under the prepuce. Moreover, they argue, circumcision often improves appearance of the organ, from an aesthetic point of view.

In modern society infection resulting from circumcision is rare, as compared with the past, when unsterile instruments and even hangnails were used. Moreover, it is becoming commonplace for young men to take it upon themselves to make the decision; in America, for example, a boy is usually advised to be circumcised when he enters service, after the benefits are pointed out.

From a strictly homosexual point of view, I am against circumcision. In the first place, the natural penis is more attractive. Furthermore, it is more sensitive, yielding far greater pleasure than experienced by a fellow who has been cut. Gay guys are cleaner than their straight counterparts, and this includes bathing the penis, thereby keeping natural bacteria from forming under the prepuce. I repeat: I am against circumcision — in general . . . but there are special considerations.

When a young man lives in a society which practices widespread circumcision (as in America), being uncircumcised too often gives rise to psychological problems. For instance, finding oneself in a locker room, or at the baths, among an overwhelming majority of circumcised fellows, can create feelings of inferiority if you are not totally convinced that the natural organ is superior, aesthetically. Furthermore, because those who are circumcised actually believe they are cleaner (this belief is fortified if such a person has had more than one experience with an uncircumcised, unclean penis), and because nearly all gay guys are orally oriented, they are frequently hesitant about performing complete sex with such a partner (it is my personal belief that herein lies the reason why uncircumcised fellows are better sex, usually taking the active part, because experience has taught them from the beginning that many fellows are hesitant, at least initially, about performing oral sex with an uncut partner). Moreover, the uncircumcised organ can be unattractive if the prepuce is too full, or if it is too tight, in which case a minor operation, not necessarily involving a complete circumcision, should be performed.

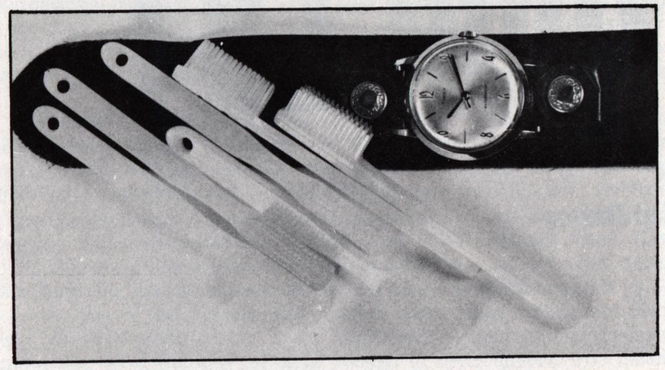
We, here in Europe, are not as conscious about circumcision, because the overwhelming majority of men are uncircumcised and pay little notice to those who are; it makes little difference to us. In fact, we frequently meet many Americans who journey to Europe in order to experience sex with uncircumcised men, whom, they believe, are more sensitive bed partners. I'll never forget one such fellow, someone I met about ten years ago, when I was attending medical school, here in Rome — Al . . . Alberto, as I liked calling him. On our way up to a secluded hilltop overlooking the city, he turned to me and asked, "Are you Roman Roll?"

*"Come . . . che cose é?* What . . . what is it — *Roman Roll?"* I asked.

"Uncircumcised — *Roman* because most Italians are, and *Roll* meaning foreskin."

Alberto had his 'hangup' — as the Americans say. Whether he really believed the uncircumcised penis was aesthetically superior, or whether he had masochistic tendencies, hoping to be forced into performing oral sex with an unclean organ, I do not know. Of this I can be sure, however: You must consider the problem carefully if you are uncircumcised, and make up your own mind. I urge you to think carefully before you have it done; it cannot be undone. If circumcision is a means of achieving psychic relief, or correcting unnatural formation, then by all means, place yourself in the hands of a competent physician. But the uncircumcised penis is, in fact, a superior instrument — and if you are convinced of this I implore you to act in defense of Roman Roll.


# Are Your Overnight Lovers Worth 15¢? if they are . . . send them home with a clean mouth with — LOVE BRISTLES!



Some guys put anything in their mouth—but everyone draws the line at using someone else's toothbrush. How many times have you been a poor host bcause you could not offer your overnight lover a clean brush? After all—who thinks of stocking extras . . . and even if you did it would be too costly to provide ordinary toothbrushes for one-time use!

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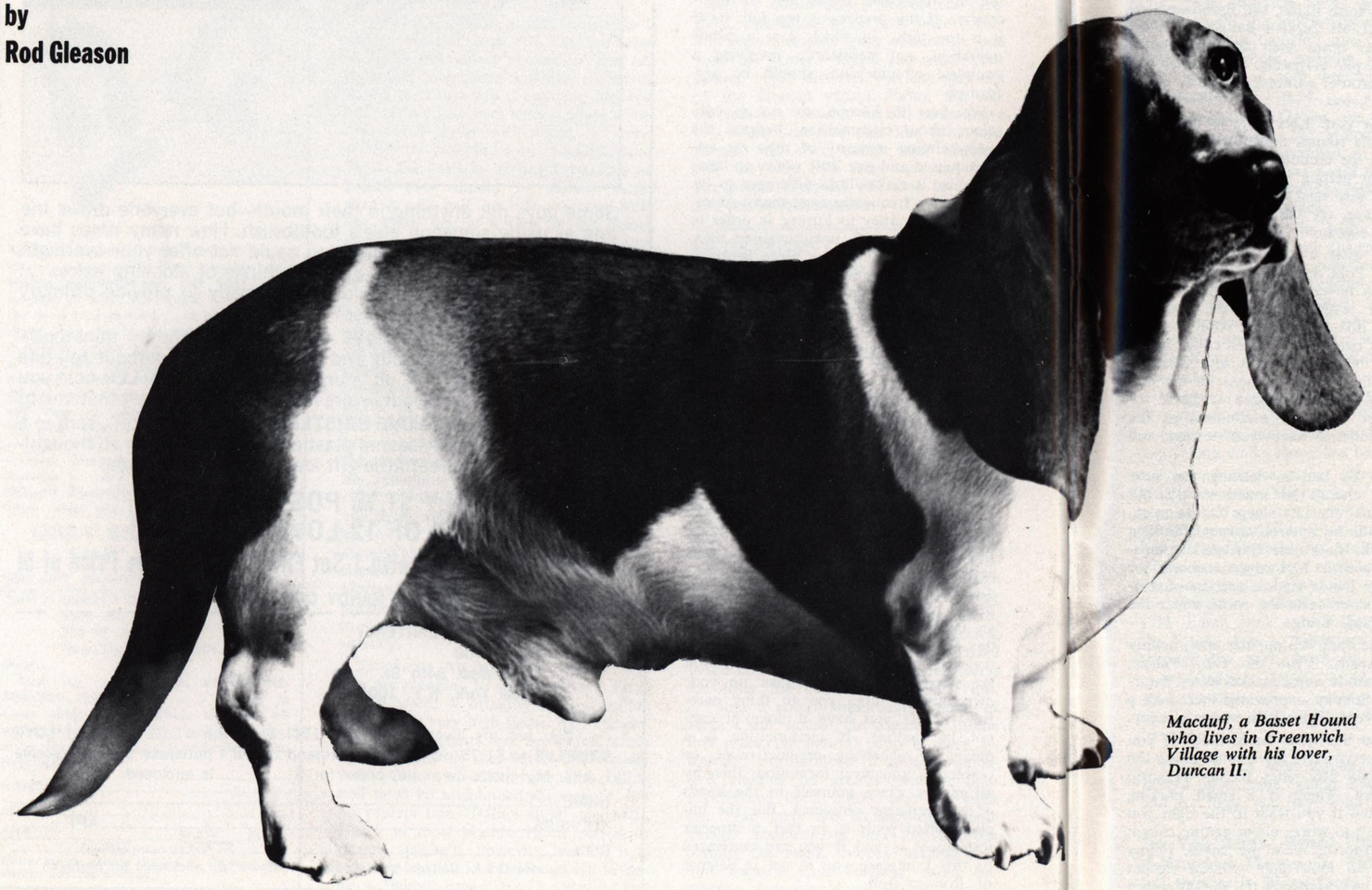
# Your Dog HE CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE

by
**Rod Gleason**



*Macduff, a Basset Hound who lives in Greenwich Village with his lover, Duncan II.*

"Ya know, the criminal mind fears dogs . . . you fellas oughta get one," advised Gloria Swanson. No, not *the* Gloria Swanson; our landlady, Miss Swanson, whose mother'd be shocked if she saw her daughter today — the opposite of her namesake . . . short; stocky; flat chested; hair mussed, lifeless and splattered with paint; thin mustache; dirty fingernails; dirtier pants, and always an old windbreaker. She fashioned herself an artist; ". . . I was employed by a top museum for years, ya know . . . restoring great masterpieces." But now she wasn't even capable of plastering a wall, which she was determined to do throughout the building, because she couldn't trust "today's sloppy workmen."

The house was four stories tall, an old brownstone in Greenwich Village. Miss Swanson kept an empty shop on the ground floor, which she lived in with her lover, Miss Hart; a young "free-thinking" couple occupied the first floor; on the third floor, Mrs. Dolan, an elegant widow whose tailored suits and silver walking stick belied the fact that she was a modern painter, and quite mad at that; we lived on the top floor, a charming apartment with skylights and a rooftop terrace.

Our apartment was easily accessible to anyone who might have wanted to break in, especially with our terrace within easy reach of other buildings. What with all the dope addicts in New York always breaking in, we needed protection and decided to take Miss Swanson's advice and get a dog. When we came back we had two — Basset Hounds, Duncan II and Macduff, as we called them.

I am particularly fond of Bassets; not only are they "all dog," but they are solid animals and powerful, too. Gentle with their masters and loving of friends, their deep bark can frighten even the most hardened criminal away, and they can inflict a nasty gash if they had a mind to. They have sensitive ears, and their sense of smell is uncanny; on the slightest provocation, such as scratching at the door, they put their vocal cords into vibration, and it's a fearsome sound. Bassets, in fact, sound even larger than they are; in actuality a big one often measures 3 feet from the nose to the start of the tail, and can weigh as much as 80 pounds — in spite of the fact that they seldom stand taller than a foot high. These dogs are ideal protectors for a city apartment — small enough to maneuver among the furniture, and yet large enough to deter anyone who means harm.

It is true, as Miss Swanson claimed, that the criminal mind fears animals, especially large dogs. Psychologists bear this out. It is also true, according to police records, that dogs have discouraged countless thieves from breaking and entering, especially in the absence of people. This accounts for the fact that so many apartment dwellers in larger cities keep dogs, often very big ones, such as German Shepherds and Doberman Pinschers (did you know that Macy's maintains a fleet of Dobermans, which are sent through the store at night, to detect anyone who might be hiding with stuffed pockets among the clothing?).

Other large breeds that are popular include the Great Dane, Collie, Bullmastif, Boxer, Old English Sheepdog, Chow Chow, St. Bernard, Siberian Husky, Labrador Retriever, Dalmatian, Irish Wolfhound, Norwegian Elkhound, and Afghan Hound. In the medium-sized category, but nonetheless powerful barkers and biters, are the Bloodhound, English Bulldog, Poodle, American Water Spaniel, English Springer Spaniel, Bull Terrier, and Giant Schnauzer. These are only a few — and don't discount the thousands of mixed varieties, which are just as intelligent, just as loving, and just as great a deterrent to crime.

If you now own a small dog, by no means should you give it up in preference to a larger one. They are not as great a deterrent, but if they are taught to respond to unfamiliar noises by barking, they can and often do frighten a criminal away. Ideal dogs in this category include the Miniature Poodle, Beagle, Dachshund, Boston Terrier, Cocker Spaniel, Wire Fox Terrier, Scottish Terrier, Standard Schnauzer, and Welsh Corgi. The very small dogs, such as the Dandie Dinmont Terrier, Chihuahua, Maltese, Pekingese, Pomeranian, and Yorkshire Terrier offer little protection, and in fact, are frequently stolen by burglars.

Apart from the fact that a dog can provide protection from unseen enemies, it can also save you from being clobbered by an invited guest. You'd be surprised how easy it is to unknowingly invite a depraved hustler home these days, only to learn when you have nothing but your fists for protection that he intends to maim you if necessary, in order to get what he really wants. The presence of a dog, especially a large one, has saved more than one (*Continued on page 34*)

## A TALE OF 3 CITIES —

(Continued from page 7)

you will most certainly receive the missing links.

**NEW YORK**

Nowhere else in all the world can you remain as anonymous as here. You can, if you wish, experience varying degrees of sex with a hundred guys in a single day, never once uttering a sound — at the baths, in subway johns, and even in churches (at least one in Greenwich Village was forced to lock its doors to strangers for this very reason; the confessionals provided much pleasure) — and not in a hundred years ever meet the same fellows again. Such is the abundance. You may pick and choose as you like. Such is the quality.

New York is comprised of five boroughs — Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, Staten Island, and Manhattan. While there are gay pockets in each of these, we shall concentrate mainly on Manhattan — New York City to the world.

The baths are open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, with one exception — Sauna Bath & Health Club, 300 West 58th St., which closes at 3 A.M. It does not have private rooms, and cannot be used as a hostel. Featured is the sauna room, and refreshments are available. This may be the best buy in town — at $3.75 a visit.

Among those which are equipped for unending service: St. Marks Russian & Turkish Baths, 6 St. Marks Place (a groovy location); Everard Baths, 28 West 28th St. (reputedly owned by the police); Mt. Morris Baths, 1944 Madison Ave. (in Harlem); and Continental Baths, 230 West 74th St. (the newest "steam palace"). Admission to all is approximately $6 when you get a room, less for a locker. Refreshments and the usual facilities are available.

Queens especially like the movie theatres along West 42nd St., particularly the Empire and the Lyric, whose balconies afford a splendid view of the screen. For those who prefer to remain uptown, there are always good flicks at the Symphony, the Riverside, and the New Yorker, which are in the vicinity of 90th St. and Broadway. The Elgin, on 8th Ave. at 19th St. shows particularly good foreign films, and the Loew's Sheridan, corner of 7th and Greenwich Aves., always has top shows. Andy Warhol's theatre on Bleecker St. runs his avant-garde productions.

Just recently the press at Columbia University ran an article deploring john activities there, and made a plea for abstinence. No such request has been made at New York University or the New School for Social Research, down in the Village, or Hunter College, uptown.

If you're in the mood for shopping, try the men's department at Gimbel's, or pick up a radio at Stern's. There are good buys on every floor at Bloomingdale's. Woolworth's on West 34th St. is always a lot of fun to visit, and there's a good cafeteria on the 2nd floor. Other reasonable eating places are the Automat on West 33rd St., and also the one on 57th St. near 6th Ave. Also, Tad's on West 72nd St.

Of course, if you prefer serious eating try Fedora's on West 4th St., and Tor on Greenwich Ave.

If you're in New York on a hot summer evening and have nothing better to do, take a stroll on Christopher St., between Greenwich Ave. and the Hudson River. Trailer trucks usually park at the foot of Christopher, but don't let that deter you from pausing to listen to the water lap at the old pier. And if you're thirsty, join the motorcyclists for a beer at Keller's, right over your shoulder, or at Danny's (Christopher and Greenwich Sts.), where regular guys meet, or at the Stonewall (on Christopher, off 7th Ave.), where there's dancing. Other good wetting spots are Harry's Back East, 1422 Third Ave., and The Sewer, 11 East 16th St. These are currently very popular.

Strolling is fun even in winter — like along Central Park West, between the 70's and the 80's, or on 3rd Ave. above 57th St. And if you want to get away from the city for a hour or so, why not try the Staten Island ferry? Some guys, of course, prefer the rumble of the subway — and it's always a smooth ride on the IRT 7th Ave. and Lexington Ave. lines.

Tired? Stop at the Y — like Sloane House on West 34th St., or the West Side Branch, on 63rd St. off Central Park West. Or reasonable hotels, such as the Martinique (West 32nd St.), the Woodstock (West 43rd St.), or the Times Square Motor Inn (West 43rd St.). Want more elegance? Try the Algonquin on West 44th St. If you drive and have trouble finding space near the latter, use the Hippodrome Garage across the street.

Want something different? For $12 you can visit a "body painting studio" and work your fingers to the bone in a private room — with the model of your choice. Groovy — and they're advertised weekly in the East Village Other, a newspaper which lists the latest happenings.

If it's an outing you're looking for, take in a movie at the Jewel Theatre on Kings Highway in Brooklyn, or shop at McCrory's 5 & 10 on Fulton St., also in Brooklyn. Or when it's warm — try the beach at Riis Park; excellent locker facilities, so you won't have to change at home. Or travel a little further — to Tobay Beach (an extension of Jones Beach) on Long Island, and take a pleasant stroll in the dunes. Still not far enough away? Then take in a weekend on Fire Island, at Cherry Grove or The Pines.

New York is what you make it; there's something for everyone. Be social if you like; limit yourself to a few friends. Or come and go with the wind . . . and the greatest part is that no one else need feel the breeze.

**SAN FRANCISCO**

Whereas it takes time to fall in love with New York, which has a dirty face, San Francisco's sparkle and relaxed atmosphere make a stranger feel immediately at home. Its misty mornings and fog horns lend an air of mystery and shroud everything in romance. No wonder Queens answer its call!

The Embarcadero Y, 166 The Embarcadero, is as good a place as any to get started. Its convenient location makes it possible to reach the downtown area by foot. Especially if you expect to arrive on a weekend, it is suggested that you make your reservation in advance.

When you finally do get downtown, why not stop in for a shoe-shine in the basement of the Hilton? A good time is shortly before the attendant leaves at 5, when he isn't busy. You may want to use the washroom to freshen up before going out on the town.

Too early for dinner? Take in a movie at the Strand, on Market St. When you do get hungry, try On & Off the Levee; the food is good and the crowd is great.

Relax at the baths — here the most luxurious in the world. One night — Dave's Finnish Baths, 100 Broadway; another — Club Turkish Baths, 132 Turk St. You've never seen anything like it . . . deep-pile carpeting; soft music; low lights; carousel shower; so much more. Under $5, too.

Not for you? Lots more to do — like making the rounds downtown. The Fantasy, and the Guilded Cage; good shows (great for getting a conversation going with the guy next to you). Or, if you like dancing, try the Rendevous. Casual dress, of course.

Weary after a long evening? Take a stroll on Polk Street, and window shop. Or if you haven't had enough, compare notes on leather at Febee's, Ramrod, the Tool Box, or the Stud. After the bars close, it's over to Mr. B's, a coffee house on 2nd, between Market and Mission. Chairs filled? Lots of room on the balcony steps. Then it's back to the Y for some rest — if the excitement of the evening doesn't keep you tossing and turning.

You'll be late in leaving the next morning; there's so much to do. No matter; half the city sleeps before noon. Maybe it'll be a stroll through Golden Gate Park; the Fuscia Gardens are especially beautiful. Not rugged enough for you? Try Lands End, a section of Lincoln Park; or scale the rocks under the Golden Gate Bridge.

Aquatic Park is a popular spot, mainly on weekends. Visit the Cow Palace, where there is a flea market every Saturday and Sunday — provided there isn't a special event. The whole scene is a joy.

Do you like nude sunbathing? If you have a car you can drive south along the coast, about fifty miles, to San Gregorio State Park. There is a small parking charge, and if you walk to the right you won't have to worry about getting caught in a rainstorm; there are caves. Funny how we all look alike without clothes . . . like how you can't tell the difference between a baker and a policeman, for instance?

You won't regret visiting San Francisco; to the contrary, you may find it difficult to leave. When you do, chances are you'll leave behind a piece of your heart.

**MIAMI**

Miami is spread out, and for this reason it is a good idea to drive rather than rely on public transportation. If you choose to stay in Miami Beach, you might find one of the medium-sized hotels along Collins Ave., near 23rd St., to your liking; the public beach there is very popular with the gay crowd, especially on weekends. There is a refreshment stand and a comfort station, but no locker facilities. At night, sit on the stone wall behind the beach and enjoy the water licking at your toes.

If you like dancing, try the Mayflower Lounge (rear bar), 1716 Alton Rd. Another fun spot is the nearby Alley Bar, at 1685. The bars close at 5 A.M. here, and for this reason don't really get started until midnight; weekends are best.

In Miami proper, the Cactus Lounge, 2041 N.E. Biscayne Blvd., seems to be popular with the motorcycle crowd, and everyone likes Googie's Inn, 5832 N.W. 27th Ave., whose weeping willow out back affords a cool breeze; Googie's closes early, at 1 A.M.

Over in Coral Gables, on the Miami border, the Nook, 255 Minorca Ave., is big with the college crowd; it, too, closes early — and everyone heads straight for the Little Spot (upstairs), 3600 Tamiami Trail. Weekends bounce.

When you're at the Little Spot, ask around and you'll get the name of a popular bathing place not too far away — and directions for reaching it. You'll need a car, and we suggest you take a can of insect repellent if you like strolling in the woods behind the beach. Swim nude, if you like; the crowd is definitely not mixed.

Matheson Hammock State Park, south of Miami, off Old Cutler Rd., is very popular with university students, who enjoy long walks along the beach.

Coconut Grove, about fifteen minutes from downtown Miami, is a mecca for hippies and gay university students. Especially popular is the Florida Pharmacy, 3401 Main Highway, at McFarlane Rd. There is a convenient parking lot in the rear, and you can use this entrance to the drugstore, which closes at 10:30 P.M. Later, walk over to Lum's, across the street, for a hamburger, or walk through the park down by the water.

What Miami lacks in numbers, it certainly makes up in quality — and a vacation here will send you home a lot browner.

That's it this time around; new places in our next issue. Good hunting . . . and we hope you have loads of fun!

**Do You Know What The Fastest 4-Handed Game In The World Is? When It Slips Out!**



## AMONG THE MIGHTY PINES

(Continued from page 19)

luctantly, Bruce gave in, and not wanting to visit someplace new without David, decided on seeing San Francisco; his lover had been there when he was in the service, and he wanted to see for himself if it was as wild as he had heard it was.

This would be a short vacation of about a week; the boys had split their holiday time this year, taking long weekends in Florida and the Bahamas, over a week in Puerto Rico when it was snowing at home, and a few jaunts to New York. They left on a Saturday morning.

It was now Sunday, his first full day in San Francisco. Bruce had decided to stop at a good hotel, because he enjoyed little comforts and thought it would be nice to be there with someone special he might meet, rather than sneak back to a small room at the Y. But he had also reserved a room at the Y, which would allow him to come and go as he pleased and not miss out on any action there. He pulled himself out of bed; his flesh was goose bumped from the chill. Here he was in California, where he expected warmth and sunshine. It was sweltering in Chicago, as always in August; San Francisco was under a heavy blanket of clouds and felt like the coming of fall. No matter, it would not interfere with his plans.

Everything had been figured out in advance. Culling information from friends and books listing gay places he had bought in cheesy bookstores, he was now ready to present himself. There was a lot of ground to cover; when he arrived he rented a car, which he felt essential to making time.

First stop — the Y. He checked in quickly, flinging his jacket on the bed and then rushed from john to john; in two hours he had met nearly a dozen guys — ". . . after eliminations." By now he was becoming too familiar to the cleaning women making their rounds, so he decided to move on to new territory — "Lands End," a section of Lincoln Park which occupies the side of a hilly slope above the Pacific Ocean for a stretch of five or six blocks. To reach it you park at either end and then walk towards the "center" on a dirt path rimming the edge of the hill. Then, here and there, you see a guy, then another, and another — half hidden by trees. Bruce knew he could have anyone he wanted; he would pick with care; ". . . no lemons this trip," he thought.

He wore tight jeans and a tee shirt which displayed his physique. By now his black boots were covered with dust, and the way in which he held his jacket slung over his shoulder enhanced his masculine look of confidence. Now he descended, quickly, pretending not to notice the dozens of eyes burning into him. Nothing special . . . he'd circle around in another direction.

Up on the rim he noticed a good looking guy sitting near the path, reading — or pretending to read — a book. Bruce stopped and stared; his glance was returned. The fellow was young, about twenty-one, tremendously handsome in his mussed blond hair and tight levis — almost too good looking. It occurred to Bruce that he might be a hustler; he hated them, not so much because they were commercial, but because so many of them are miserable cruds whose only aim is to get money — even if they have to maim and kill for it. He despised them. He feared them. Besides, he was egotistical enough to remain passive, and let the guy make an approach.

The subtleties began, each playing cat and mouse as they first led then followed each other along the rim. The fellow inched his way into the bushes. Bruce followed. Closer . . . closer . . . a twig snapped. He looked over his shoulder and saw an ugly brute trying to cut in on his action; his presence seemed to upset the guy Bruce wanted. Bruce turned and made a threatening grimace; the intruder slipped away, like a snake slithering down a hill. Now Bruce moved in, casually, trying to be as subtle as possible. But that was not easy for him; he was always as subtle as a garlic sandwich.

"Hi," the guy with the book said, "whatcha doing?" Bruce smiled; the ice had been broken. He wasn't a hustler . . . Bruce could tell. He was beautiful; a handsome young man whose youth radiated through flawless skin. It wasn't necessary to say it . . . they wanted each other in bed, not here on the side of a hill. No, this was something special.

Steve was lithe and smooth; he had a swimmer's body, and was handsomely endowed. Their bodies met and meshed into one. Their mouths fused. They climbed higher and higher — and their wetness burst in a fit of ecstasy.

As they lay still, cooling in each other's arms, Bruce knew he wanted more — to see Steve again. He was an animal in his way — seldom preferring to see a guy twice; oftentimes his mind or his eyes would be on the next one as he hurriedly devoured his victim. He had to have Steve again . . . he wanted to eat him, to swallow him with one gulp.

"Have dinner with me, Steve," he said. It was destined . . . they'd meet at Steve's apartment high up on Twin Peaks at seven.

It was a pleasant apartment with a terrace overlooking the city below — that is, on clear days. "This is Ray," Steve said, introducing one of his roommates; the others were out. "God, I'd like him right now," Bruce thought as they exchanged glances. But he couldn't have him; he would have Steve later — and he really wanted it that way.

Steve enjoyed his dinner, in spite of his awkwardness at the table — not being certain that he was using the proper fork at the right time, or holding it in the right hand. For just an instant it made Bruce realize how much more mature he was, not so much in years, not in looks, but from having been exposed to the refinements of gay life for so long; he came out when he was

eleven. Steve was fresh, almost dewy eyed; he had been out only a few months, and he was still involved with a girl he had met at school in Utah. Bruce looked fresh enough on the outside, but inside he was jaded; he had reached a point where he could be at an orgy, and if he really didn't dig anyone there, wouldn't even get a charge out of watching the others make the scene. He had had too much all his life, whatever he wanted — and there weren't very many sparks left.

After dinner they walked quickly to the car; it was cold and the heater felt good. They sat close together. Steve preferred to drive, being more familiar with the streets, and also a little nervous about the way Bruce used his brakes. Bruce didn't mind; he almost enjoyed being passive . . . just a little.

They drove through Golden Gate Park, through dark tunnels of trees, not saying a word. Words could not express the feelings that were brewing inside. The car stopped and Steve pulled Bruce into his arms and kissed him passionately. "This is really foolish, here," Bruce said, ". . . why don't we go back to the hotel?"

Lightning and thunder sparked and rumbled from the sheets. Their sensations rose even higher than the first time, and not in all his life had Bruce ever had anyone who climaxed in the female position, with him.

As they lay still Steve told Bruce he wasn't sure they should see each other again. It was wrong; he was all mixed up about his girl, not yet being completely sure of what he wanted, and even if he had been — what good could it do to become involved with someone who would soon return to his home two-thousand miles away. "He's right," Bruce thought, ". . . and me — I already have my life worked out. But I want him . . . my God, I want him."

"Let's talk tomorrow," Bruce said, ". . . I'm going out to Muir Woods in the morning, to take pictures of the big trees. If you feel like coming, fine . . . we'll decide tomorrow; I'll phone you."

They met at Steve's apartment. He seemed disturbed, almost sullen, as he went through the motions of getting dressed. Bruce sensed this and contained himself; he felt like taking Steve in his arms and devouring him.

In Muir Woods they walked together in silence, pausing now and then to look up at the big redwoods, to get a glimpse of the sunlight streaming down through the thick foliage . . . to breathe the scent of bay laurel. They sat on a moss covered log without talking. Only once were their thoughts interrupted, when a young couple with their children came frolicking by. Steve mentioned them later; in them he saw his own happiness . . . his only chance for something real — not the transient life he believed gay life would bring.

They were happy in their togetherness that afternoon. After lunch in Sausalito they went shopping for souvenirs, and then visited Haight-Ashbury and Fisherman's Wharf. And then they went back to the hotel, and loved each other for the last time. But they could not know that now.

Bruce suggested that they meet on Friday. That would give Steve time to see things in their proper perspective, to realize that this was an interlude — a brief moment of happiness for them both before returning to reality. They would spend the day together and see a musical that evening; Bruce would leave the next day.

All of Wednesday and Thursday Bruce's mind kept flashing back to David, whom he loved deeply, and then he would think about Steve. David represented stability — and the harsh reality of daily survival; Steve represented new love — when there are no problems. He knew this was his interlude; he wanted nothing more — but ". . . make it last," he thought, ". . . make it last just a little longer."

Bruce was a realist and he wasn't about to allow his emotions to keep him from exploring the delights San Francisco offered him. He came for this very reason — to take in the parks, the movie balconies, the streets, and bars, and baths. The baths . . . which flourish in San Francisco as nowhere else. When Thursday night arrived he was exhausted, having lost track of his conquests and those who conquered him.

It was now Friday morning. Bruce phoned Steve, to make arrangements for the day, and to tell him he had managed to get tickets for the musical that evening. "Bruce," Steve said slowly, ". . . I . . . I think we'd better not see each other again. My fiance phoned last night . . . I'm all mixed up. Wh . . . what good can it do? My life is here . . . I start my first job on Monday; you're going back to Chicago . . . seeing each other can only hurt us both."

Steve was right; Bruce knew it. What good would it do to see each other again? This was their interlude, something they had shared together . . . a feeling Bruce had experienced only twice in his life, first with someone he had a crush on when he was a teenager; then with David — which had never worn away; and now with Steve. How many had come between, how many hundreds . . . thousands of faceless bodies he had sucked dry! How many hearts he had broken! Now his was being tugged at . . . torn — and it made no sense at all.

"Steve," Bruce said, ". . . please accept the tickets — as a final remembrance. I have no desire to go without you; I'm sure one of your roommates'd enjoy seeing the show with you. Okay?" It was okay . . . Bruce would deliver them to the apartment and place them on the doormat; seeing each other for even a brief moment would hurt too much.

When Bruce arrived he found a small envelope on the mat. In it was a note, and a photograph of Steve. The note read: "Dear Bruce — It's been great knowing you. Have fun in Chicago, and Good Luck. — Steve." On the back of the photo: "With all of my best — Steve, S. F. 1968."

Bruce had his last day in front of him — and it would be a full one . . . but why should Steve's message bother him? But it did, and all day long his face, his body kept getting in the way. "How stupid," he thought.

On Saturday the reality of his return journey made him sad; his interlude was over. San Francisco had lived up to its reputation; he had lost track of his victims . . . yes — *victims* . . . faceless bodies whose essence he had absorbed. That was as it was in life — with only someone special surviving the heap of flesh. Steve had been special . . . he would remember him always.

How sad gay life can be . . . how especially sad for someone who has never felt love. Yes, we all know love in bed, for what little time our bodies clash — but how few of us are lucky enough to experience the joy of pain in our hearts. Bruce was lucky . . . he had David — and he had had his love for him renewed through Steve. He wished the same for Steve . . . that he'd find his happiness no matter where. He was happy to have given Steve the brief moments they shared — and he would always remember Steve . . . forever — in misty San Francisco . . . in the stillness of Muir Woods among the mighty pines . . . forever.

## STAY SLIM AND SEXY WITH THIS HOME EXERCISE ROUTINE AND DIET

(Continued from page 28)

stitute a barbell, but let me assure you that for our purposes — which is not building big muscles, requiring heavy barbells — dumbbells are adequate.

Train 3 times a week, on alternate days — such as Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Rest days fall inbetween these, with two at the end of each workout week. These periods allow the muscles to recuperate and build. Exercise whatever time of day you find convenient, but be consistent; that is, train mornings only, or afternoons, etc. On workout days you may eat 500 calories more, in order to replace those burned up by the workout — unless, of course, you desire to lose weight. Maintain a fairly rapid workout space, resting only a minute or two between "sets" (explained below), and no more than 3 minutes between different exercises; the entire workout should take between 30 and 45 minutes. Perform approximately 10 repetitions per set, except for Situps, Leg Raises, and Heel Raises — which you can do until you become tired on each set.

A set is the number of units you perform each exercise. For example, in performing a squat you might do one set of 10 repetitions, then rest; then perform another set of 10 repetitions, and so forth. Most beginners should attempt only one set of each exercise the first week or two, then jump to two sets the next week or two, and then three sets for an indefinite period. Rather than go to 4 sets, it's best to modify the exercise if you find it becoming too easy to perform, which is an indication that you are wasting effort.

I remind you: This exercise routine is for the gay guy who wants to remain trim and shapely, not for someone who wants huge muscles. For great size you will have to devote considerable time and effort; your local gym instructor will advise you. Here is the exercise program, which you should follow in the order presented for maximum results:

### ARMS

*Curls* shape the biceps, the meaty part of the upper arm that faces forward. They also build some size, help bring out sexy veins running through the muscle, and affect the rest of your arm. Simply grasp a dumbbell in each hand, palms facing forward and upward. Now, slowly "curl" the dumbbells to your upper chest, bending only at the elbows; your upper arms remain pressed against your sides. Slowly lower and repeat. You may follow an alternate pattern if you wish; raise one dumbbell as the other is lowered.

*Triceps Presses* thicken and shape the rear portion of the upper arm, behind the biceps. They provide fullness and complete muscular shape in this area. Standing upright or seated, grasp a dumbbell in one hand behind your head. Your upper arm should be pressed against the side of your head, elbow pointing up. Now, keeping the upper arm still, bend at the elbow and raise the dumbbell until it is overhead — palm facing forward. Slowly lower and repeat. Do the same for your other arm; the combination makes one set.

### SHOULDERS

*Presses* help round the shoulders and broaden them. They also provide shape, building deep striations — which are quite rugged looking and attractive. Hold a dumbbell in each hand, at the shoulders; palms should face inward. Now, press up — until they are directly overhead. Lower and repeat.

### CHEST

*Bench Presses* thicken and shape the pectorals. Lie on your back on a bench, holding a dumbbell in each hand at the chest. Now, press straight up until the arms are upright, dumbbell directly over the pecs. Lower and repeat.

*Flyes* are mostly for shaping the pectorals, giving them that "square" effect. Assume a position not unlike the completed movement in the Bench Press; that is, dumbbells held above the chest. Now, instead of lowering directly downward — spread your arms so that they are lowered to the sides . . . until you are in "crucifix" position. The elbows may bend slightly. Raise up and repeat.

### BACK

*Rowing* helps thicken the upper back (lats) for a V-shaped torso. Bend forward at the waist, resting the free arm on a bench. The upper body should be parallel to the floor. Now, grasp a dumbbell in your other hand; it should hang down, as if your arm were a rope with a weight on the end of it. Pull the dumbbell up to the chest, keeping the elbow out. Go slowly . . . lower and repeat. Work the other side, for one complete set.

### MIDSECTION

*Situps* work the upper abdominal muscles, helping to keep them trim and shapely; they give the midsection that "washboard" look. The exercise also stimulates the internal organs. Lie flat on your back, hands clasped behind your head. To assist in the movement, hook your feet under a dresser or anything that will hold them down. Now, slowly sit up, bending only slightly in the knees, until your elbows touch them. Return to starting position . . . slowly — and repeat.

*Leg Raises* work the lower abs, and also help bring out those sexy veins in this vital region. Lie flat on your back, arms resting at your side. Keeping the legs straight, raise them up and back until the feet are overhead. Slowly return to starting position and repeat.

### LEGS

*Full Squats* build and shape the thigh muscles. Hold a dumbbell in each hand at the shoulders. The feet should be parallel to each other, spaced about 12″ apart. Now, keeping the upper back straight, slowly sink down. You will find that your heels raise up in the low position; if you wish, you may place them on a 2″ high block of wood, to assist balance. Return to starting position, slowly, and repeat.

*Heel Raises* build and shape the calves — according to some, the sexiest part of a ballet dancer's physique. Place the feet about 12″ apart. Holding a dumbbell in each hand at the sides, simply rise up on the toes — as high as possible. Sink to the heels again and repeat . . . slowly. If you prefer, place the balls of your feet and the toes on a 2″ high wooden block, for greater stretch. Vary foot position each set, pointing the toes inward, outward, as well as forward — to affect different portions of the calves.

That's it — a simple exercise routine, but one which will work wonders. There is no easy way out, no easy road to a beautiful body — contrary to what many modern "gimmick" advertisers claim. It takes weights. This routine, because low poundages are employed, will not build huge size — but it will build just what you want . . . shapely muscles. You'll look sexy . . . you'll feel great — and you'll always be the object of the hunt.

## POPPERS THE HIGH PRICE OF TURNING ON

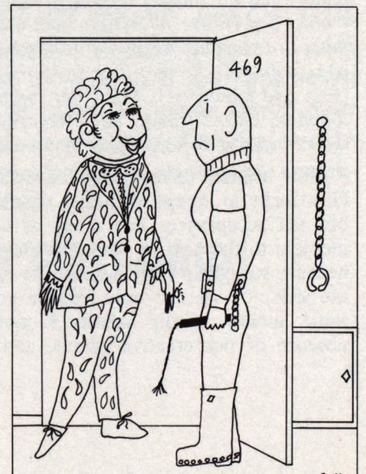
(Continued from page 33)

amyl nitrite is available in pure form — if you know someone who can smuggle some out of a hospital or chemical supply house. It is dangerous stuff to work with — so potent that I have heard of Queens wearing gas masks while filling small vials for friends out of a gallon jug. Moreover, especially in great volume, a single spark can ignite the fumes — and that'd be the last bang of your life! Stay clear of it. It isn't worth the trouble.

I do not advocate the use of amyl nitrite; I have simply presented the facts. What you do is your business — but doesn't it make sense to know what you are doing? Oh — and don't be surprised if your drugstore runs out of its supply permanently; the manufacturer is phasing amyl nitrite out, because modern drugs have rendered it obsolete — that is, for its intended purpose. However, the process of phasing drugs out usually takes several years.

Regarding cost (aside from the charge on your body), a tin of twelve "pearls" goes for $3.50 in states where laws do not require a prescription (Florida, for example), but where prescriptions are required — it's $3.50 with, or as much as $8 when you buy them under the counter (New York, for example). In any case — cheaper than pot . . . and you really can't get hooked on taking the stuff.

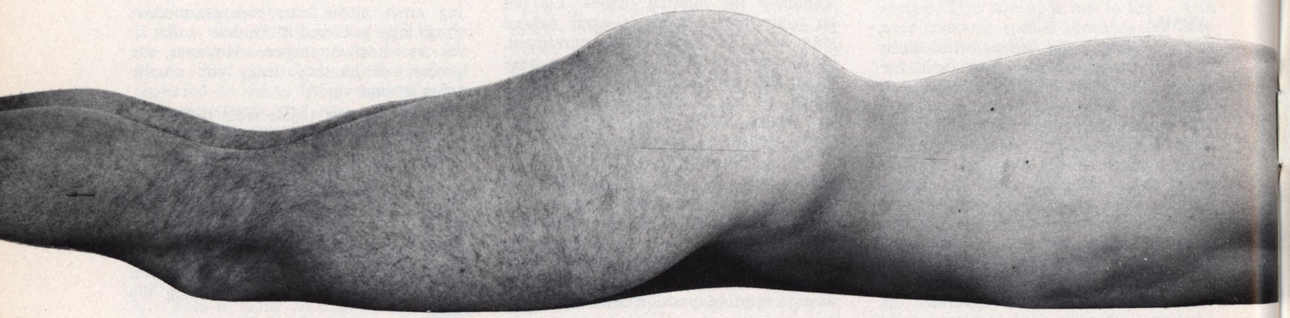
My final thought is this: Any kind of a crutch is bad. I have friends who never cruise unless they are wearing a favorite belt, or an old jock strap, because it was worn when they made their "greatest catch" — and without it they lose confidence and find it difficult to score. Others I know rely on booze; it gives them the balls to make an approach. All these things are okay — as long as you have them to lean on . . . but where are you if you lose your favorite belt, or jock, or if you find yourself smack in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by beautiful guys, and without liquor! Poppers, too, can become a kind of crutch, and if you become psychologically attuned to using them — you might not be able to function without them. Never allow this to happen. If you find yourself becoming more dependent on poppers, force them out of your sex life. Just remember — popping *au naturel* is still the greatest!




*"Hi, there! I'm your computer match."*

# BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE

**by The Editors**



From a reader:

*Congratulations certainly must be said, for it is about time a magazine like yours came out. At seventeen, alone in a straight, tightly conservative environment, it begins to seem as though maybe there IS something wrong with me, that maybe my mind IS defective and depraved, and that perhaps my "subhuman" condition will forever be the dwarfing and malignant influence that my environment blushes about and wishes to correct wherever found. And here I sit, beside them, listening as they spout their prejudice from rusty tongues with nothing better to do than invent how depraved and ashamed "they" feel (i.e., us) once they've fallen into the arms of a lecherous old man. I felt no shame; no fall. I found a love . . . and I must say I have never felt such a sense of completeness, of companionships, of belonging and of love from any girlfriend like that love from the one who held me close and kissed me. And I am supposed to be a rust-tongued, biased frump, not a compassionate and intelligent person? Doesn't quite make sense.*

How brilliant to recognize the truth — at seventeen! How lucky to accept his being, seeking not an apology, but self acceptance. Too many of us move from one moment to the next in shame, in depraved shadows — because straight society has cast its stone, saying. "You are sick . . . we can only tolerate you." And yet, this same society openly admits it cannot exist in the absence of our creative genius, and blatantly accepts the gifts we adorn upon it. How parasitic; the fleas which depend on the dog for life condemning the dog for scratching!

We must no longer apologize for ourselves. In unity we will find strength, and through total acceptance of ourselves we will find a place in society. It is not for us to procreate; we leave it to others to burden the world with new life. We are here to adorn — but before we can succeed at our job we must first accept ourselves.

We quote the late Douglas Malloch:

*If you can't be pine on the top of the hill,*
*Be a shrub in the valley — but be*
*The best little shrub by the side of the rill;*
*Be a bush if you can't be a tree.*

*If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,*
*And some highway happier make;*
*If you can't be a muskie, then be a bass —*
*But the liveliest bass in the lake!*

*We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,*
*There's something for all of us here.*
*There's big work to do and there's lesser to do*
*And the task we must do is the near.*

*If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,*
*If you can't be the sun, be a star;*
*It isn't by size that you win or you fail —*
*Be the best of whatever you are!*



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