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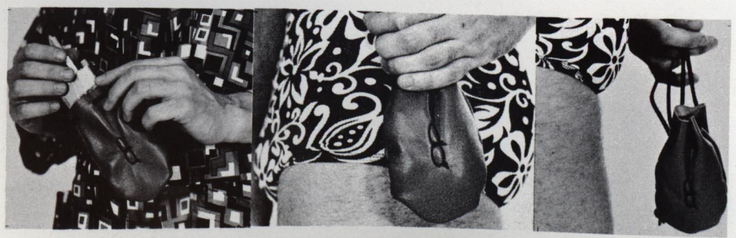



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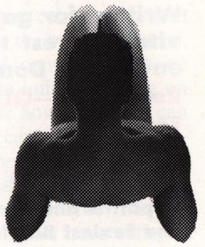

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ON THE COVER:
"Beautiful Japan"—an original oil painting by Paul, owned by Queen's Quarterly.

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QUEEN'S QUARTERLY



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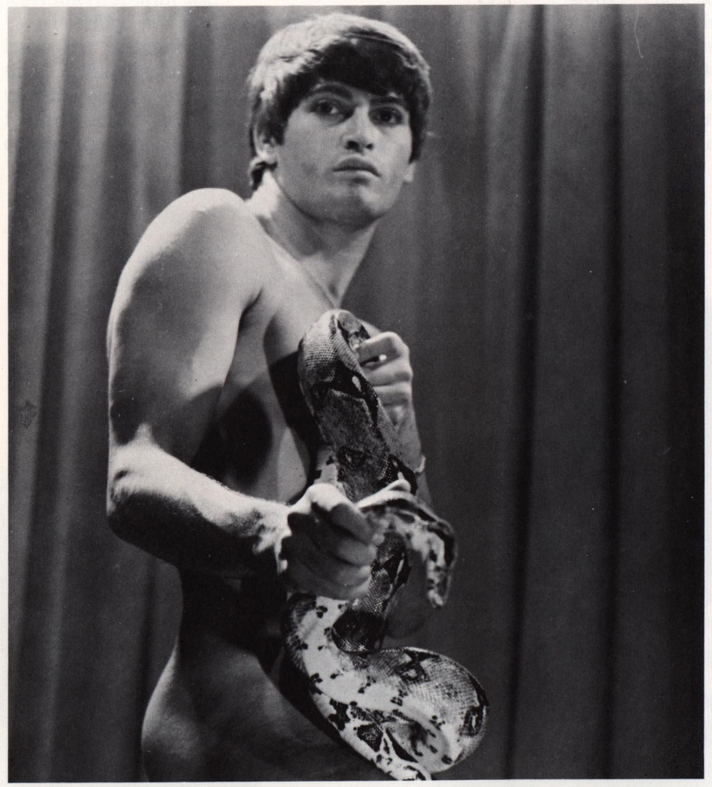
PREJUDICE We Are Of One Color



The snake has always been symbolic of evil, when, in fact, man should be so credited. In this still from a new movie—"The Stud Farm"—now showing at art houses across the country, Snake Boy, played by Eduardo, cuddles his pet.

Prejudice. An ugly word. An even uglier meaning. It stands for hatred. It divides friends. It accounts for great suffering. *Nigger! Dago! Mick! Chink! Spick! Fag!* Words that are steeped in eons of ignorance—for it is a lack of understanding coupled with fear (of superiority, of inferiority, of latent tendencies within oneself) which causes the meanest animal in all the world—man—to lash out at his own kind.

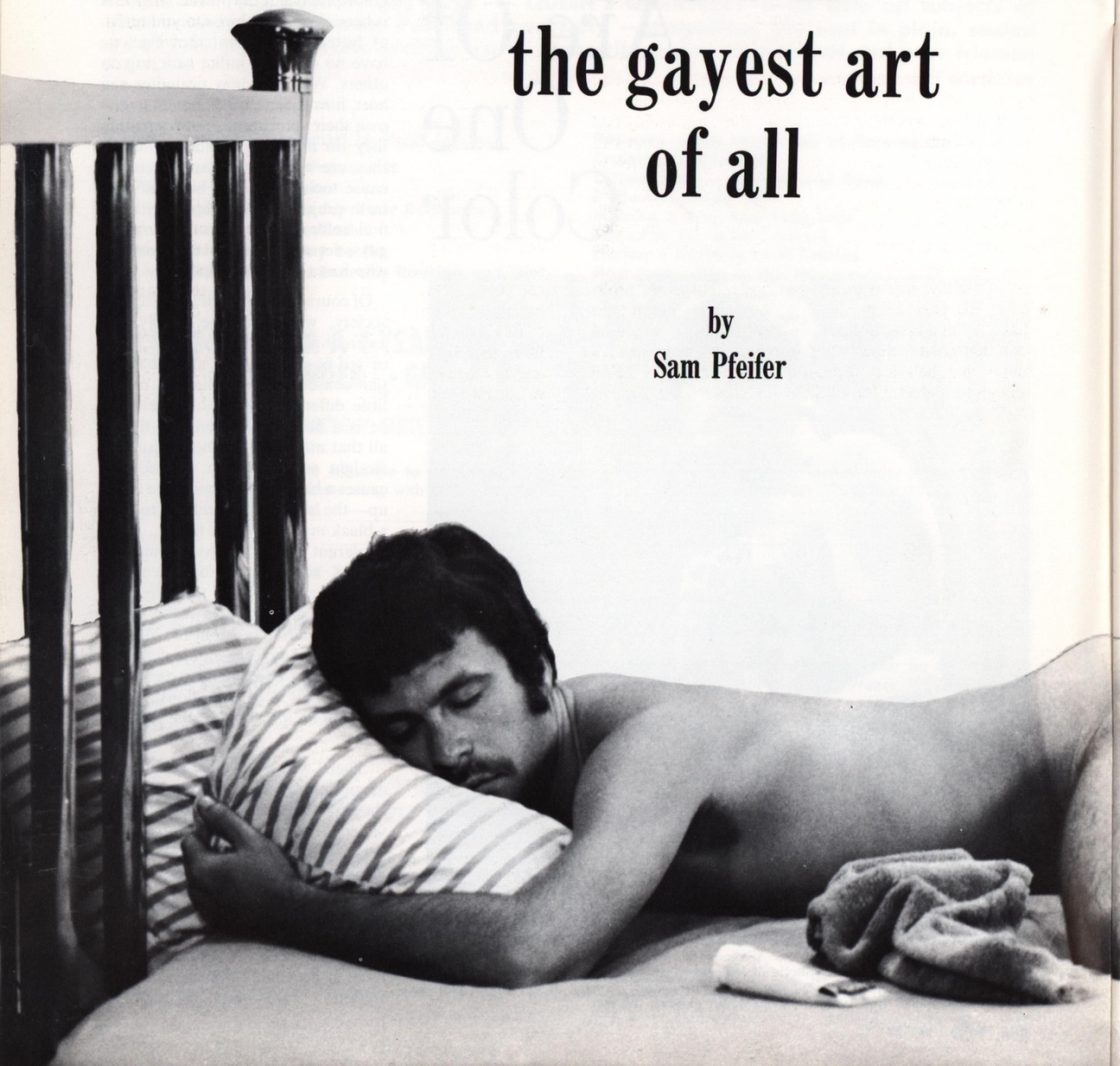
Maybe it is because we gay guys are the object of prejudice that we don't practice it on others. Maybe it is because we are the brunt of hatred, of bitterness, of contempt that we have no desire to inflict suffering on others. We know how prejudice can hurt, how it can cause parents to disown their sons because of something they do not understand, something they are afraid of. Maybe it is because too many of us have suffered from prejudice, but seldom will you find color consciousness among gay guys, let alone hatred for someone who has a different skin.

Of course, being children of straight society, we cannot be totally unaware that our lover is white or black or red or yellow—but after that initial conscious realization it makes little difference what color he is . . . he is a beautiful person and that is all that matters. It is the pressure of straight society which occasionally causes a biracial relationship to crack up—the landlord who refuses to have a black man live in his house . . . the intolerant and proud southerner who cannot accept a mixed friendship even if he is unaware that the bond is more than casual. However, where there is relative freedom for all people, as in many large cities, such barriers do not exist—and it is in this climate that a gay relationship can flourish, no matter what the partners are.

There will always be some form of prejudice—but for gay guys it should be against ignorance, evilness, violence, stench, aggression, hatred itself. We are born somewhere, we grow up there—but once we enter gay life we become part of a different world, a world which spans the globe with centers in every hamlet and metropolis . . . land which is ours. It may be a john in a railroad station *(Continued on page 34)*

MAKING LOVE
the gayest art of all

by
Sam Pfeifer



Dear QQ:

A curious problem, perhaps. I am thirty, have a good build and have no difficulty attracting other guys. Somehow, when the moment of truth arrives, they frequently seem to be disappointed that I am only of average size. I had always thought that the important thing was what you could do with it and not the size of it, but apparently not everyone shares my philosophy. In fact, many of those whom I've seen lately appear to be larger than myself, and I'm afraid I'm beginning to develop an inferiority complex and somewhat a feeling of inadequacy. Please help.

(Signed)
Midwest

While it is true that almost all gay guys are intrigued by size, when it comes right down to action—the majority prefer something they can handle comfortably and do in fact prefer average size. To be cliché, what can you do with a human bat other than wrap a red ribbon around it and sing words of praise! Moreover, most guys fit into an average category and are more at ease with someone the same size or slightly smaller, to whom they do not feel inferior. Being average should not in the least interfere with sex.

Possibly, just possibly, our writer has other problems. His personality ("I don't do this . . . I don't do that . . . I'm a beautiful guy, don't you think!") might be such that great compensation is expected—and when it's found that he's just ordinary, average size not being enough to make up for all the rest (to guarantee a memorable experience), he's instantly rejected. Or, maybe he's uncircumsized, running a streak of guys who prefer the other kind. Dirt may be a consideration, if he doesn't keep himself clean—enough to turn most guys off. These are just a few possibilities which may account for his rejections—for size alone should have no bearing on good sex. It is quite true that what counts is how you do it, and not what you do it with. I know someone who is quite small, but damn good sex—and after that initial observation, his talent at making love overpowers his lack of size; it is insignificant. Which leads to this:

Examine your *sex technique* carefully—the *most important factor* in a successful relationship. Do you really go all out in making your partner happy, showing tenderness and great passion? Do you know how to use your body—your limbs . . . your mouth? Can you gyrate . . . can you move with precision . . . are you versatile? Knowing how will turn partners on—regardless of size . . . and they'll beg for more.

THE WRONG WAYS

Let's look at a few turnoffs. You're gotten him home (or vice versa) . . . you've climbed the seven flights of steps . . . he's admired your apartment and stroked your cat (or you, his) . . . drinks are mixed . . . the lights are turned down just right . . . the music is perfect . . . and—

(1) You talk too much and reveal your likes and dislikes, thereby taking the edge off the actual affair. It just makes more sense to click glasses and split—putting the words into action with a *(Continued on page 36)*





SECTION 1 OF A 3 PART FEATURE

HAIR

by Woody Colbert

LIKE Rip Van Winkle we go to sleep and later awaken only to find a new man, shaggy chinned and scruffy. It happens every morning. Until just recently razors slashed left and right . . . "Off with the fuzz . . . off with the fuzz!" Unless you were a gigolo or a beatnik a face sans sideburns, beard, and moustache put you *in* with your crowd. Now it's fuzz that puts you *in*—be it Beatle locks or Fu Manchu . . . you can do your thing best with lots of groovy hair.

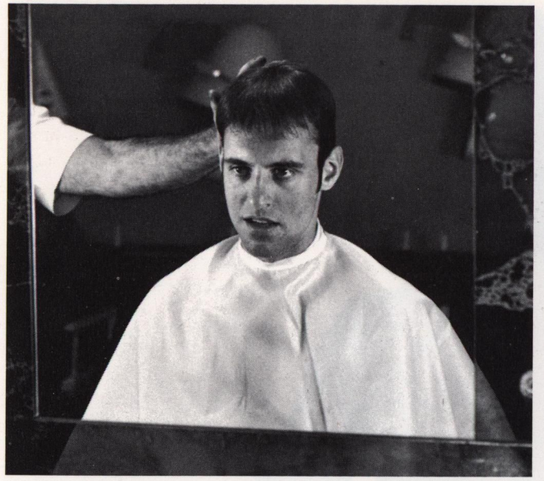
Leg hair has always been tops. Manly. Wow! How great that fuzz has always felt! Chest hair . .. a tuft here and there. Super Wow! Hairy backs and shoulders have always been *out,* and unless Neanderthal Man starts dictating fashion, it's going to stay *out.*

Now, hair on the head . . . well, that changes from time to time—like Rudolph Valentino's slicked down parted look or Frankie's shock when Mom queued up outside the Rialto. Today's look is *modified mod*—not Beatle-ish, not Hippie-ish, but a natural mussed look (it takes some guys hours to achieve that "I never do anything with my hair!" effect). Somewhat feminine, it makes rugged guys groovier, dresses up the plainest face, and really turns most gay guys *on*—like Wow! Sideburns? Long . . . longer! Moustaches? Butch . . . a really masculine trait hot Latins have played to the hilt for years. Beards? Wild on some guys, but not yet completely *in* with gay guys.

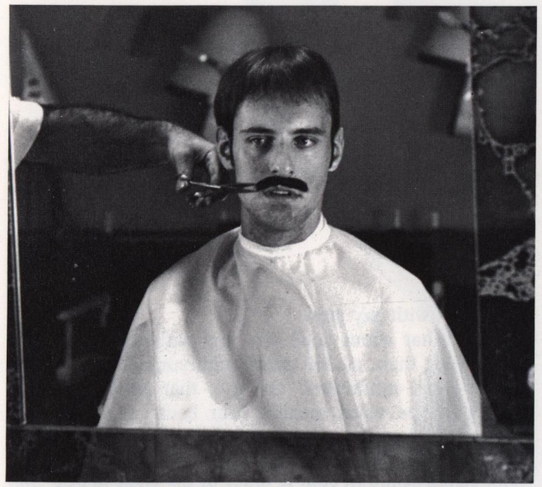
And what about you? Are you with it—or are you just sitting there at dull peace with yourself in a shorty haircut and miniburns? Or is it that Mother Nature played havoc when seeding your back, and like King Kong you're scaring every virgin who gets within twenty feet of you? Do something about it, Man. . . turn *on* and swing. Smooth skin is great in the right places, and where there should be hair—gay guys really like to grip that fuzz and swing.

No matter if you're covered with a shawl of hair across your shoulders, it can now be removed quickly, safely, and inexpensively. No matter if your hair is thinning or if you're bald, today's modern hairpieces look for real and take years off your face. No matter if you've got to keep your cool at school or at work, you can come home to a Beatle cut, a Pancho Villa, or a George Bernard Shaw. Groovy.

This three-part feature is for you if (1) you want to be *in* but can't wear your hair long all of the time . . . same for sideburns, moustache, and beard; (2) your hair is thinning, or if you're bald—and would like to dress yourself up with some natural looking fuzz to keep you grooving with the young guys; or (3) your body is too hairy and needs some pruning—like removing excess hair from the back, shoulders, neck, and face. In short, here's a self-improvement course in fuzzing it on or off so that you can make it with the beautiful guys —and be one yourself!



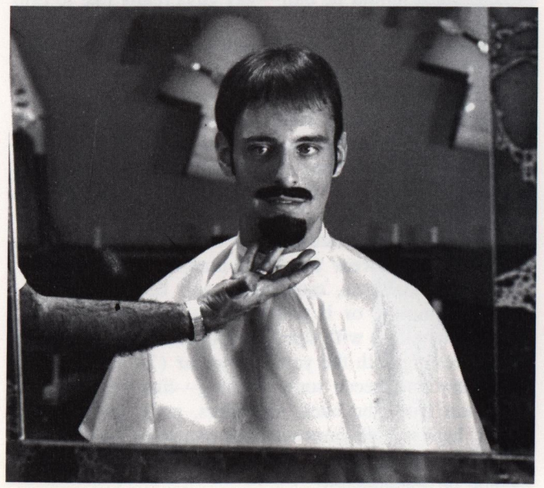


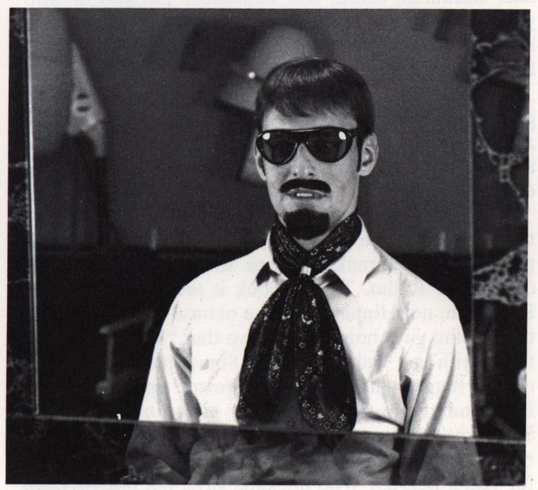


SECTION 2 OF A 3-PART FEATURE

THE BIG PUT ON

by Dante—Creator of Hair Fashions for Men





MIDDLE age comes early for some guys. Suddenly they notice a lot of hair on their combs, and then more forehead. In months (which often seem like weeks) they have lost considerable hair. Just one year can age a guy five, even ten—not only in appearance, but—worse—in outlook; to have had beautiful hair—a sign of youthfulness—and then nothing, can really shake a guy up.

For someone who has made it big on his looks, and who believes making it is predicated on a youthful appearance, verve can be cracked wide open. Such a fellow starts to brood, imagining he no longer has *it,* and makes things worse than they are. Of course there are those who face reality, who are rugged enough to capitalize on a bald head, and who even hack off what little hair remains (in Yul Brynner fashion)—but most of us fear hair loss more than syphilis, and too many of us, unfortunately, believe being bald means being cut out of youthful fun forever. Personality is affected adversely, vivacity fades, and gloom sets in.

There are several ways by which a fellow can replace hair. First, by surgical transplants. A medical specialist removes individual hairs—root and all—from other parts of the body, usually the lower neck, and "plugs" them into your bald head. When small areas are done, such as the upper forehead, the operation can be accomplished over weeks or months, but to do an entire head could take years — allowing time for complete growth.

Then, there is hair weaving. This cannot be accomplished on a bald head, but works very well when areas need to be "covered." Braids are made with the remaining hair, forming a "net" on which to anchor new hair (real or artificial). This hair is "sewn" into the braids, and can then be treated as your own. The braids need "tightening" from time to time, as they loosen as a consequence of natural growth.

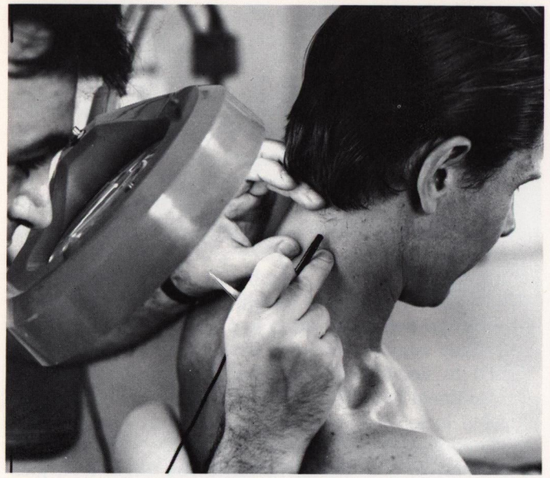
Wigs, not new (need I remind you of Louis XIV!), but now made of improved materials—such as my exclusive silicone base, which is entirely invisible—no longer look phoney. Moreover, modern mussed styles eliminate the obvious hairline, making a good hairpiece look very natural. A wig is "instant hair" and is relatively inexpensive, as compared with the abovementioned methods. They can be matched with your natural hair color; they can be styled to fit your mood or the times; they can be attached so securely that even his fingers running through your hair won't trip your secret.

For baldies only? Not on your life! The majority of my clients are men who want to *turn on* after a busy day at school or work, where they are compelled to wear conventional hairstyles. Why be left out of the *in* crowd? Why not be *in* with the beautiful guys? It's easy when you can go home and jump into a mod shock that will set heads spinning in your direction. (You'd be surprised to know how many pop singers actually have conventional haircuts, but who appear in public only in flowing locks.) A great looking wig can change your whole look—and outlook—and keep you swinging with the times. In your shorty hairstyle you might look just average; in your mod wig you might be beautiful—in a masculine way. Want ruggedness? Slap on a moustache, a beard, even long sideburns. Stop anywhere.

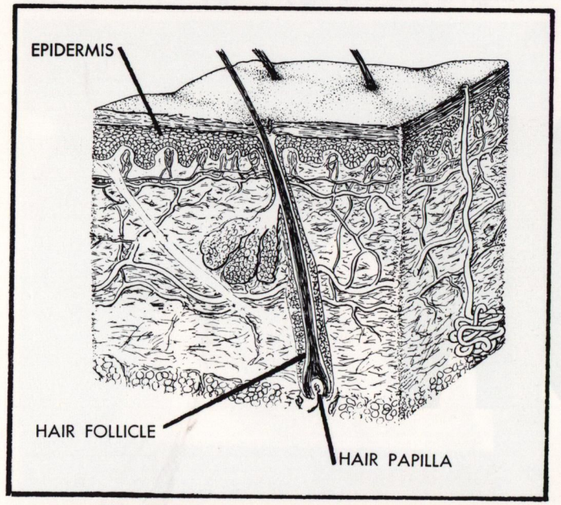
By day you might have to look like Marty Milktoast. Okay. By night—if you're like most guys—you want to exert your animal charms and get what you're after. In short, hairpieces permit you to live two lives . . . three . . . even four or more—as Pancho Villa, Fu Manchu, a Beatle, or Samson.

A *good* wig costs around $350 to $500, handmade from natural hair and matched to your hair color so that edges blend; styled to fit your head and personality (styles can be changed at will, as with your own hair). Moustaches, sideburns, and beards—by comparison—are inexpensive, ranging from $20 to $30 for natural hair attached to an invisible silicone base. If you have a great head of hair and sideburns but can't make up your mind about wearing a moustache all the time, or if you don't want to bother keeping it trimmed, you might be interested only in a moustache. Or a beard.

These are groovy times— and your appearance is yours to command. Even if (*Continued on page 36*)



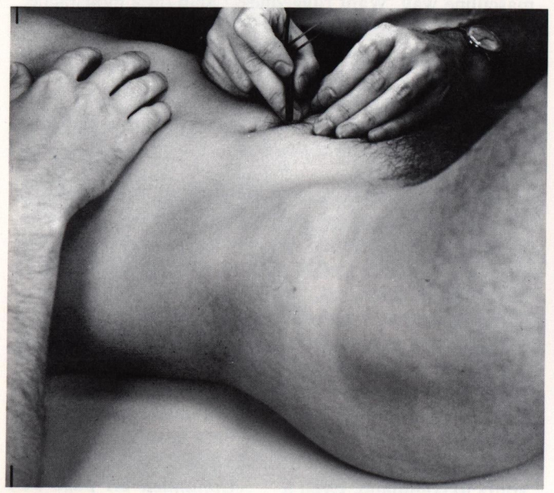


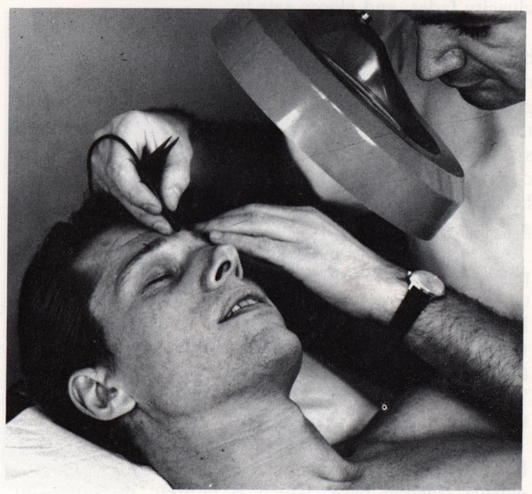


SECTION 3 OF A 3-PART FEATURE

THE BIG TAKE OFF

by Rudolph R. Grillo—Leading Cosmetologist and Electrologist to Men





HAIR. It's the name of a smash musical. It's the subject of controversy. It's enough to split parents and their mod sons. It's beautiful. It's also ugly.

While a fuzzy chest and legs are big *turn ons,* an excessively hairy back can get you a big turn down —unless you happen to groove on guys who dig the raunchy cave man type. Or too much hair over the nose, joining the eyebrows. It can make a guy look messy, even sinister or retarded. Removal of such hair "opens" the face and creates a more pleasing appearance. And how about the guy with the "runaway" beard reaching from the lower eyelids to his collar bone? His face is in a perpetual 5 o'clock shadow—like the Wolf Man's. Partial beard removal could result in a more youthful and well groomed look. In short, as desirable as lots of hair is in some places, it's equally undesirable elsewhere, and with today's modern methods of permanent removal, there's no reason why you should be socially handicapped by a blanket of fuzz. Excess hair, in fact, can even cause you to lose a job—if appearance is of importance.

The problem of blemish and superfluous hair can also have its psychological impact, destroying a guy's confidence in his appearance and—ultimately—in himself. As with all other faults in one's looks, steps should be taken to correct them, thereby eliminating the cause of self consciousness and embarrassment. Cosmetically, hair removal can even extend one's youthful appearance, since excessive facial hair is often associated with aging.

Before the discovery of electrolysis there was no permanent method for the removal of unwanted hair. History records the use of many devices such as pumice stone, waxes, depilatory cremes, tweezers, razors, etc., all of which yield temporary results. Often, infections are caused. Some bizarre removal attempts have been made over the years, including injection of carbolic acid into the hair follicle (the natural skin opening in which the hair root is secured), resulting in little success and much disfigurement.

In 1875 Dr. Charles Michael of St. Louis informed the medical profession that he was able to permanently remove hairs by inserting a fine needle charged with negative galvanic current into the hair follicle. In effect, this caused a decomposition and total destruction of the hair root. The method was accepted, and soon it was used not only to help in such medical cases as problematic ingrown hairs (picking at and digging out imbedded hairs often leads to infection and eventual scarring) but also for strictly cosmetic purposes. Over the years Dr. Michael's method has been refined and perfected. Today, treatment is simple, fast, and completely safe.

Only recently have electrolysis treatments for men been promoted. Women have taken advantage of its benefits for many years. Along with the increase in male interest in grooming aids such as colognes, skin cremes, tanning gels, hairpieces, etc., today's modern man has a total awareness of his appearance—and wants in every way to improve himself. No longer is it considered sissified for a burly guy to pay attention to his looks. The stigma has been taken off male grooming—and this has opened the door for men in all fields to seek the help of competent electrologists.

Hair removal is not simply a gay fetish. Many straight guys undergo treatment at the urging of women. Nor is it confined to actors and other men who make their living on looks. Nature plays no favorites when distributing hair, and men from all walks of life needn't continue to harbor hangups over too much fuzz on the outer ears, outside the nostrils, anyplace else where hair is considered *out.*

The areas most often treated are the face, the beard, the shoulders, and the back. The only areas excluded entirely are the inner ear, the armpits, and the inside of the nose because of extremely sensitive membranes and tissues which are prone to injury and infection.

To help give you a better understanding of what hair removal is all about, here are some frequently asked questions—and my answers:

Q. How is hair removal *(Continued on page 41)*

Ballet



the lively art with empathy

by Terry McWaters

In a way it is sad that the New York City Ballet no longer performs *The Nutcracker* at its former home, the New York City Center. For in this beloved old theater miracles would occur at every Saturday matinee as children—caught up in the wonder of the ballet—began to dance in the wide, comfortable aisles . . . almost as many as on stage!

In a brief two hours the magic of the dance had changed their whole world as they saw the Christmas tree grow to enormous size—far above and beyond the confines of stage and ceiling; or toys come to actual life; or an army of gigantic mice defeated in battle.

Invariably at this point *The Nutcracker* ceases to be a wholly visual ballet and becomes an exciting participatory one, for it elicits a true kinesthetic response from children as they empathize their favorite characters—the Sugar Plum Fairy or the Nutcracker Prince . . . the Dewdrop Fairy or a Candy Cane. They are transformed . . . turned-on . . . they're on a trip from which they'll never fully return. For in years to come, when they have moppets and grandpoppets of their own, just the echo of a cool harp glissando in the *Valse des Fleurs,* or the silvery sound of the flute in the *Danse des Mirlitons,* will whirl them away in a cloud of memories and leave them not quite the same.

That is why ballet makes such an appeal to gay guys of whatever chronological age. For no matter what the calendar says, at heart we are all *à la source,* and that power of uninhibited empathy we knew as children never really leaves us, but grows stronger and enriches our lives as the years go by.

It is a power without validity in any other art. At a *vernissage* we cannot *paint* a Miró—we *see,* and are awash in gorgeous color. At a piano recital we cannot *play* a Rubinstein—we listen, engulfed in the beauty of sound. But at the ballet we are an audience apart. While others discover a pretty costume, or nit-pick the complexity of a group movement, *we* have just completed a triple *tour en l'air* with Nureyev!

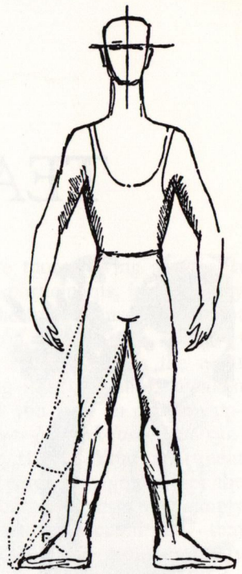
INSTAMATIC EMPATHY

As related to ballet, empathy is really a practice of kinesthetics, from the Greek word *kinesthesia* meaning 'perception of movement.' True empathy is instant and automatic. For example: you watch skaters on the ice and see one of them begin to fall. Instinctively you tighten up certain muscles as if to ward off the fall. It is not really he who is falling, but you. You tense your shoulders and arms and pull in your buttocks tightly, for there is where your *alter ego* is going to land! In every sense except the actual pain of collision you are at one with the skater.

Of course it is much more rewarding to 'dance along' with your second self on stage from your seat in the audience. This is not difficult *(Continued on page 42)*



First Position



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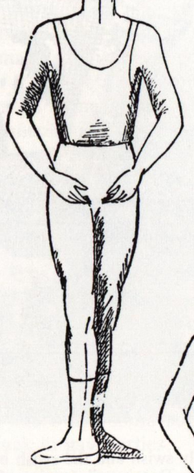

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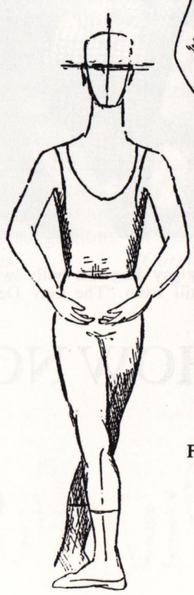
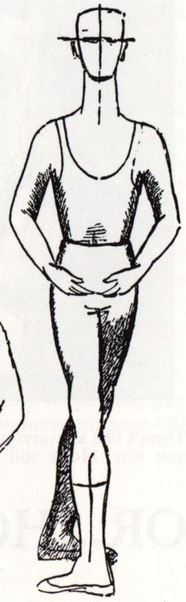


Fifth Position



Fourth Position

TEA TIME AT THE ORGY



There's one at every gay drag—the bully swish and the swish bully. Leather and lace don't always mix; this informative article tells you why. Movie still from "The Gay Deceivers" (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) courtesy of Fanfare Film Productions, Inc.

OR...HOW NOT TO THROW A GAY PARTY

BY

GERRY WALDROP

"It doesn't take a checkbook or a bank account to give a good party," Perle Mesta, the legendary Hostess With The Mostess, told an interviewer recently, ". . . a party is any number of people, eighteen or twelve or two."

Assuming that you already know how to have a two-man party, what about larger affairs?

I've attended and hosted functions ranging from intimate dinner parties to orgies at which there were more than 100 guys. Each has its own purpose and guidelines (form follows function), and either type can be a smashing success or fall flatter than an empty tube of KY.

Take, for example, an after-hours party with a general invitation tossed out after you've had too much to drink and before the bar closes. Your address spreads through the bar faster than the clap, and even before you get home guests have started to arrive. Since it was a spur-of-the-moment whimsey, there are dirty dishes in the kitchen, the bed is unmade and the kitty litter is getting a little raunchy. If you've been trying to talk someone into moving in with you, forget it. Since there was no thought given to the guest list, you may find a cross-section ranging from Dirty Old Men to teeny boppers. You don't know half of them (which has its pros —and cons).

Someone will figure out how to work your stereo, and soon couples will be dancing. (Just hope that your stereo is all in one piece the next morning.) You didn't count on so many turning up and there aren't enough ashtrays to go around. Cigarette burns on the davenport are likely. Many guests brought nothing to drink (don't expect that bottle of Scotch you've been saving to last long!). As sure as God made little yellow poppers, a few guests will wander off to the bedroom unless you've declared it off limits. This will attract the watch queens and may make those having sex feel a little exhibitionistic. The non-participants, in turn, may feel inhibited about joining the fun because they've not received a green light from you.

In any event, people will straggle out as the night wears on. The next morning irate neighbors awaken you, or the landlord presents you with an eviction notice. You suffer the *Christ-was-I-drunk-last-night* syndrome cited in "Boys in the Band." Your apartment looks like the Chicago stockyards and you've got the nagging suspicion that some of your guests may simply have been using your apartment as a crash pad—that the party represented little of the concept of hospitality proffered and reciprocated.

So what's the remedy for these morning-after-the-party blahs? A little planning and common sense.

In the first place, there's bound to be a little chaos, so it's just as well to anticipate it. If you're planning a smart, sophisticated gourmet dinner, the soufflé will fall. If it's to be a come-one-come-all affair there are bound to be some guests whom you detest. Sooner or later someone is likely to get sick drunk, so it's a good idea to have towels handy and a quiet corner where they can sleep it off. And there always will be a little breakage, cigarette burns and dirty dishes to clean up afterwards —not to mention bills for food and liquor if you've not adjusted your entertaining to your budget.

There is, in other words, a delicate balance to be achieved between hanging loose and organizing the party down to the last martini olive. If you achieve it—and experience is the best teacher—you'll enjoy your own party as much as any guest. And you'll be prepared to cope with any minor emergency that crops up.

Here are some suggestions on how to put the gay back in gay parties: *(Continued on page 40)*



Billboard
consumer electronics show

NATRA 250G Plea To Educate Deejays

Radio Forum Liftoff Near

Cartridge Vender Unveiled by NAL

Nat'l Tape, 5 Cos. to Merge

Playtape Plans 99c Cartridge Youth-Grabber

Tape's the Thing As CES Swings

You've been reading about the youth explosion.
Now hear it

BILLBOARD—the newsweekly to keep you in tune with the latest hits to groove by.

Music To Sex Up The Dawn With

a 'care' package of goodies for hungry lovers

by Walter Norris

Do you shove it and love it, or take it but fake it? Whatever your sexual persuasion, music—seductively chosen and sensuously played—can help you respond with a soft white elation when he looks 'come touch me'. . . and it can turn the most torpid trick into a torrid tumble.

Do you often feel 'half a vegetable' about sex . . . a bit hesitant in answering its hurried call . . . shy . . . lacking a certain self-confidence . . . is your right hand deformed from years of masturbation? We'd like to help you change all that right now, and we can, for if *silent* sex has been your meat, try our new potatoes!

Of course you may say "Bosh . . . I've sexed it up with music for years but it's done very little for me." You'd be right, of course, and wrong. Right, in that occasionally a lover may be inexplicably turned off, but perhaps because of a wrong choice of music. For if you are insistently Bach when he is resistantly Rock, you'll get very little mileage from him. This, rather negatively, proves the power of music, for it can also turn an aloneness of throbbing urgency into an orgiastic fury!

ROCK AROUND THE ROCKS

If a chance *amour* gives you the eye, and you are already thrilling to the thought of an evening with him, you will be wise to check his musical preferences before you toss him in bed, and program accordingly. For if he looks forward from 16 or backward from 20 and does not appear to be a fugitive from Alice in Acidland, the East Village or Hashbury, it does not necessarily follow that he is either musically sophisticated or anti-Rock.

It proves only that he is y-o-u-n-g, and, being young, has been caught up in the mainstream of an accelerated life style of which pop music is gospel. Thus if you will forego the Bach B-minor Mass as the ritual music of the sacrifice, and program Rock, or folk, or country music (if he digs the Nashville Sound), his seeming gentleness may suddenly disappear and you'll find you're rocking around the rocks of a young stallion!

Why? Because this is his music. It is the language of youth and appeals directly to his glands. It has a total effect which, by constant, almost Mao-like repetition preaches personal freedom and—even more fiercely—total *sexual* freedom.

So with your collection of Respighi tone-poems and Wagnerian operas you should lay in a supply of Rock-folk-country recordings; and these should be revised, pruned and added to as current artists become clichés and others rise overnight to fame.

EENY, MEENY, MINY . . . NO!

If you are puzzled about who the 'in' pop artists are, or which records to choose, we suggest that you do not make your choices haphazardly. Instead, get a copy of *Billboard* magazine from any comprehensive newsstand. This amazing publication deals only *(Continued on page 38)*



A ✓ CHECKLIST FOR CRUISING BARS

by Edwin Gordon

You set out in the evening for your favorite bar all primed for the hunt, butterfly net in hand.

You're horny and anxious to score.

You've laid in a goodly supply, back at the apartment, of whatever accouterments happen to be your bag—KY, poppers, pornography.

Four hours later you trudge wearily home, empty-handed, as it were, and probably having had more to drink than you should have. You've struck out again, and now there's nothing left but to do the old 'Portnoy's Complaint' bit and go to sleep.

What went wrong?

For openers, it's possible that it was just one of those nights. There are times when the fates seem to conspire so that even if you are gorgeously appealing and the bar is packed with guys hot to trot, somehow you never score. It happens to everyone, and that's show biz. Better luck next time.

On the other hand, it's possible that the whole game is new to you or that your technique has become rusty. There is no single sure-fire formula for making out in gay bars, but here is a checklist of pointers.

✓ *The bar itself.* It may not be right for what you're after. Let's face it, we all have our little idiosyncracies, and thank goodness for that, otherwise we'd all be chasing the same type. In larger cities, different bars cater to different types. Your Cruising Quotient will increase in direct proportion to sticking to those bars patronized by your type of clientele.

✓ *Your clothes.* This is related to the first point. Good old wheat jeans and a sweater are still appropriate in most bars. In others you'll want to wear a suit and in some (remember—it still pays to advertise!) you'll want to leave your jockey shorts at home. If you're new in town, consult a guide so you don't end up wearing a fluffy sweater and marshmellow pumps to a leather jacket joint.

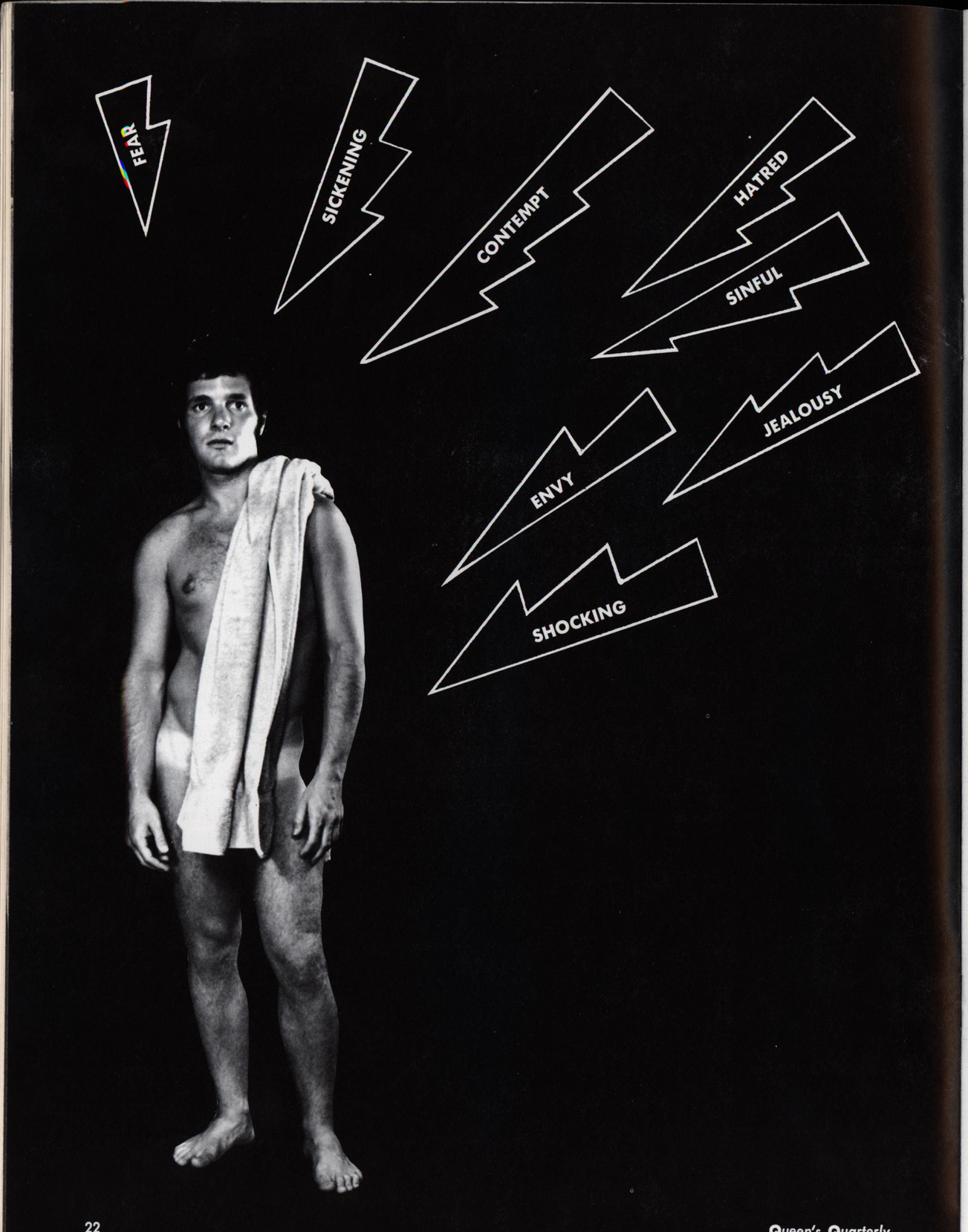
✓ *Your goal.* Gay bars serve two legitimate functions: cruising and socializing. There's nothing wrong with the latter. It's often pleasant after work to drop by the friendly little neighborhood gay bar for a quick drink, and if you just happen to score, your evening (and/or you) is made. If, on the other hand, you're particularly keen on a good, hot roll in the hay, avoid those bars where you're well known. As enjoyable as it might be to have a gossipy chat with the bartender or friends, the first thing you know, it's last call and all the available numbers have left. (Of course if your friends are understanding, you can simply explain that you want to cruise the guy down at the end of the bar, and they'll politely excuse themselves.)

✓ *The non-verbal approach.* This includes eye-to-eye contact, playing kneesies and the outright grope. Personally, I find the former a little tiresome; you can spend two hours making goo-goo eyes at some guy, and after he's left you learn he's astigmatic! The latter, groping, is a big deal in some bars on Saturday nights when the customers are packed in like cattle at the Kansas City Stock Yard. I find it a little abrupt.

If, for whatever reasons, you decide not to open with a comment, then try sideling up to the guy. This works best if the bar is somewhere between being completely jammed and so empty you feel obvious about marching clear over to sit down next to the guy. I prefer to ease myself into position unobtrusively and then, for example, "scratch" my knee. He touches me, our fingers interlock, we both turn to each other smiling and the rest is as easy as your-place-or-mine.

✓ *Your opening line.* My favorite is, "Do you have the correct match?" It's a little off trail and a better ice-breaker than either of the old stand-bys. Also helpful, no matter if you were born in that city, is to ask what time the bars close. "Oh," the guy will say, "so you're from out of town," and right away you've got an opening conversational wedge.

✓ *Other contacts.* Probably the best way to meet guys is to be introduced by a mutual friend who throws out one or two conversational gambits and then has the good sense to leave you alone. Another tactic is Your Basic Bulldozer Approach: the guy just comes marching up to you without preliminaries and says, "You wanna ball?" The opposite is the Long Range Strategy where you go into a bar night after night smiling shyly at Mr. Right and after two weeks of this, he buys you a beer. I prefer a modified direct apprach which doesn't take forever but still includes *(Continued on page 42)*



Why Straight Guys FEAR Gay Guys

by Alan Henning, Ph.D.

Why do straight people fear gay guys?

The answer is as old as Greek drama: people suspect the unknown and envy what they lack.

Take style, for example.

A sense of style—savoir-faire, pazazz, "cool"—is what (you should forgive the expression) separates the men from the boys. Most gay guys have it; many straights don't. They know it, we know it . . . and women know it.

The straight guy spends Sunday afternoon sprawled in his ticky taky split-level watching the boob tube while his brood of snot-nosed brats is out terrorizing the neighborhood and the Old Ball and Chain is nagging about mowing the lawn.

The gay guy, meanwhile, is in his smartly furnished apartment hosting a bloody marys brunch where the conversation runs to the theater, clothes and plans for next year's trip to Europe.

Next morning at the office, the straight guy stands around the water cooler swapping jokes. Someone tells one about Brucie, the swish hairdresser. The straight guy guffaws uproariously—perhaps too loudly. For one thing, he probably doesn't realize that the limp-wristed type represents only one fringe of the whole spectrum of gay personality patterns. But no one likes to have his conventional wisdom challenged. It's much easier to pigeonhole people according to stereotypes. So if the straight guy were to learn that the guy at the next desk is gay, he'd probably be baffled, contemptuous or downright hostile.

To understand this reaction you have to go back to that dynamic duo, Cotton Mather and Queen Victoria. That is, the Protestant ethic and Victorian morality, not to mention the entire Judaic-Christian heritage, holds that sex is pretty much your basic No-No.

In our society boys are taught that the pecker is supposed to go into the vagina, and if he is caught experimenting with any other orifice, Pow!, there's the guidance counselor ready—literally—to set him straight. That boyhood lesson is reinforced by all the nightclub comedian cracks about sissies, the great psychological put-on that all homosexuals by definition are sick and by the pervasive American middle-class compulsion to conform, to wear a button-down mind like everyone else. No matter that his two or three adolescent experiments, the horseplay with his buddies, seemed at the time to be pleasurable. The typical straight male adult is adamantly convinced that homosexuality is wicked, neurotic or vaguely ridiculous. It frightens him to learn that a friend or relative is gay because it reminds him of his own surpressed proclivities.

Once when I was in the service I checked into a YMCA justly famous for its attractions. A chap was showering in a provocative fashion. After some nonverbal but most effective communication, we adjourned to his room. A Marine Corps uniform hung in the closet. In the best tradition of the Corps, he rolled right over on his tummy. I did what comes naturally in such circumstances and afterwards, in a spontaneous gesture of affection, reached around to give him a friendly kiss. Kawhomp! He bucked me off onto the floor and jumped up demanding to know if I thought he was "one of them sissy-boys!" I didn't stay around to find out his definition of that, but the example illustrates what we've all experienced. Usually it's the superbutch type who is most concerned about his masculine image.

Just as little old maids peek under their beds every night hoping/fearing there might be a man, so, too, do some uptight men who secretly question their own tendencies most often denounce homosexuals in the bitterest terms. The shrinks call this an approach-avoidance conflict. Whatever the label, I think it accounts for one reason many straight men fear gay guys.

Whatever degree of latency or active participation an individual chooses really is his own business. The fact is, many psychologists are coming to believe that human sexuality per se is, at birth, undifferentiated and that the choice of a sexual object—whether an infant grows up straight or gay—is mostly a matter of paternal and sociological factors. Accordingly, everyone to some extent, at specific times, is a latent hetero-, homo- or bisexual.

It may make for some interesting cocktail party banter to assert that so-an-so "just has to be a closet queen," but it's well to remember that there also are many men who simply, *(Continued on page 44)*

JAPAN

A Salute To Love In The Shadow Of Mt. Fuji

by David Parker

It is the same throughout Japan—as if the people have sprung up out of the earth. Everywhere else people seem apart from the land, as if God created it first and then placed them there indiscriminately. The Japanese are a part of their landscape.

Gay guys with innate sensitivity quickly recognize this delicate balance of Nature; every part is in harmony. A piece of roughened bark that serves as a signpost. Scattered cherry blossoms on a hilltop. A wind chime in a garden. Simply, the Japanese look to Nature for instruction. They are adept at imitating it—in their own emotions, showing the fury of a storm, the calmness of a summer night; in their clothing, fashioned after a butterfly; in their buildings, as natural as arbors. Only in such Westernized cities as Tokyo is this regard for beauty not apparent, for in imitating affluence they have duplicated expertly its ugliness in a conglomeration of concrete and neon lights.

This reverence for Nature provides the underlying reason behind Japan's numerous festivals—joyous celebrations honoring an abundant crop, or a deity who has made the rain fall. In every season there are festivals—hundreds.

THE NAKED FESTIVALS

Perhaps of greatest interest to gay guys are Japan's *hadaka matsuri*—"naked festivals"—whose history is anchored in ancient agricultural and fertility rites. Practiced throughout Japan today, the government chooses to regard them with tolerance—looking upon them as being somewhat too primitive to subject foreigners to; regarding them as guises for protest riots. Nonetheless, they are held throughout the country all year long—in such cosmopolitan cities as Tokyo as well as in remote villages. In all it is the same:

Young men in varying degrees of nakedness gather in a seething mass of flesh and touch a human scapegoat as a means of ridding themselves of worldly impurities. This accomplished, an orgy of drinking commences. It is a feast of flesh that delights the senses, and whether you are a spectator or somehow manage to participate, the *hadaka matsuri* can only be your most memorable experience in this lovely country.

In a beautiful book depicting the *hadaka matsuri* ("Naked Festival," distributed by Walker and Company, 720 Fifth Ave., New York. N.Y. 10019; $12.50), Dr. Tatsuo Hagiwara, Professor of Japanese History at Tokyo's Meiji University, discusses nakedness in the festivals. This leading authority on Japanese festivals in general points out that the ancient *hadaka matsuri* give youth the opportunity to refuse final surrender to civilization. These rites represent a naive belief in the gods, and freedom from Western concepts of sin and shame. In such ceremonies the *(Continued on page 34)*





NAKED FESTIVAL
THOSE INSCRUTABLE ORIENTALS

by David Loo

Photographs accompanying this article from "Naked Festival," reproduced by permission from Walker & Co., New York, N. Y.

The five pages of photographs reproduced here are a scant introduction to "Naked Festival" recently released as a Weathermark Book. (Walker & Co., 720 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., $12.50)

The first emotion for this westerner on viewing such realistic photographs of superbly exciting young Japanese bodies in transfiguring contact was the sense of having been unfairly deprived of any parallel experience. The erotic overtones, the guilt of frank covetousness, the jealously felt realization that every youth should be entitled, at least once, to feel himself a part of humanity's mass, all confuse and overwhelm at the first urgent leafing through the illustrations.

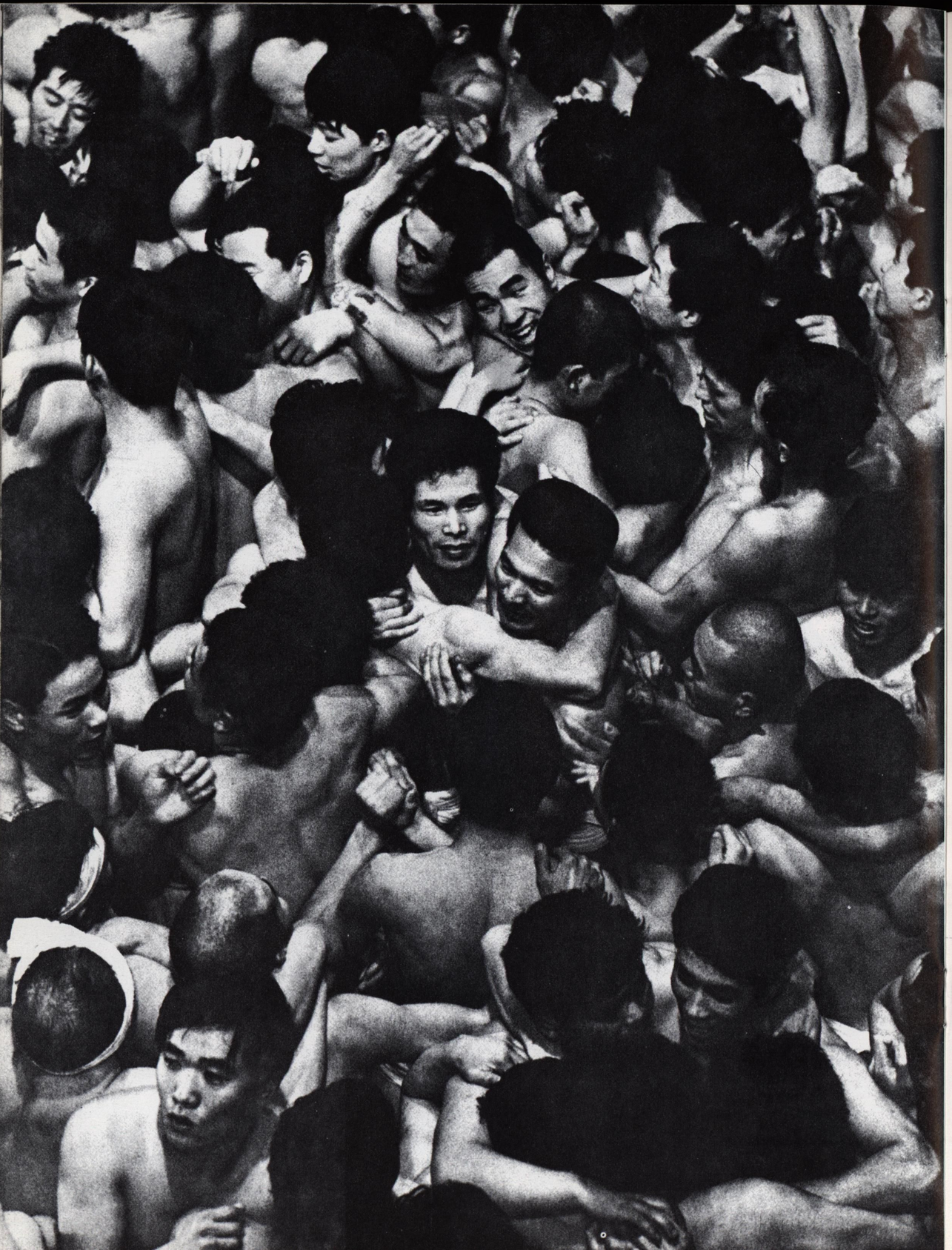
Yes, the first quick glance is hurried and urgent, for the scenes are so strange to a western eye, and so enigmatic yet suggestive of ritual meaning, that one is anxious to turn back to Yukio Mishima's introductory essay, hoping for a Japanese interpretation, perhaps putting into words this essentially physical experience.

If pleasure in earlier Mishima works, such as his "Confessions of a Mask," has prepared you to expect sensuous and articulate prose, this book will not be a disappointment; for a first experience of Mishima, this introductory writing while scrupulously avoiding any direct sexual references, will nevertheless open the door on a major oriental writer whose principal works provide extensive views of the homosexual personality.

Three other writers, and indeed the actual photographer, contribute interpretations of these nude festivals, the wearing of the traditional loincloth, and the tableaux depicted. A five-page calendar of the festivals which occur throughout the year provide a geographic guide to the parochial celebrations; this section alone calls the traveler back to Japan, to experience what more traditional tourist attractions have left unattained. One gains the impression of almost numberless Dionysian (but womanless) revels. Kozo Yamaji expands this calendar with descriptions of the different forms the ceremonies may take. Here is an example: Devil Night, Daizen Temple, Fukuoka Prefecture, on January 7th. "About eight in the evening several hundred loincloth-clad young men run to and fro between the nearby Arare River and the worship hall with torches in their hands, in a symbolic water-purification ritual. Then begins the ritual known as oni-oi (driving out devils), during which all the lights of the compound are extinguished. At the sound of a bell six huge torches, each about forty-five feet long and over a ton in weight, are brought into the compound. At the second sounding of the bell, the torches are lighted and great flames rise into the night sky. The young men support these giant torches with oaken poles, and the fire spreads like a sea, casting red reflections over the naked bodies. As the torches circle the compound seven times, the forces of evil retreat and



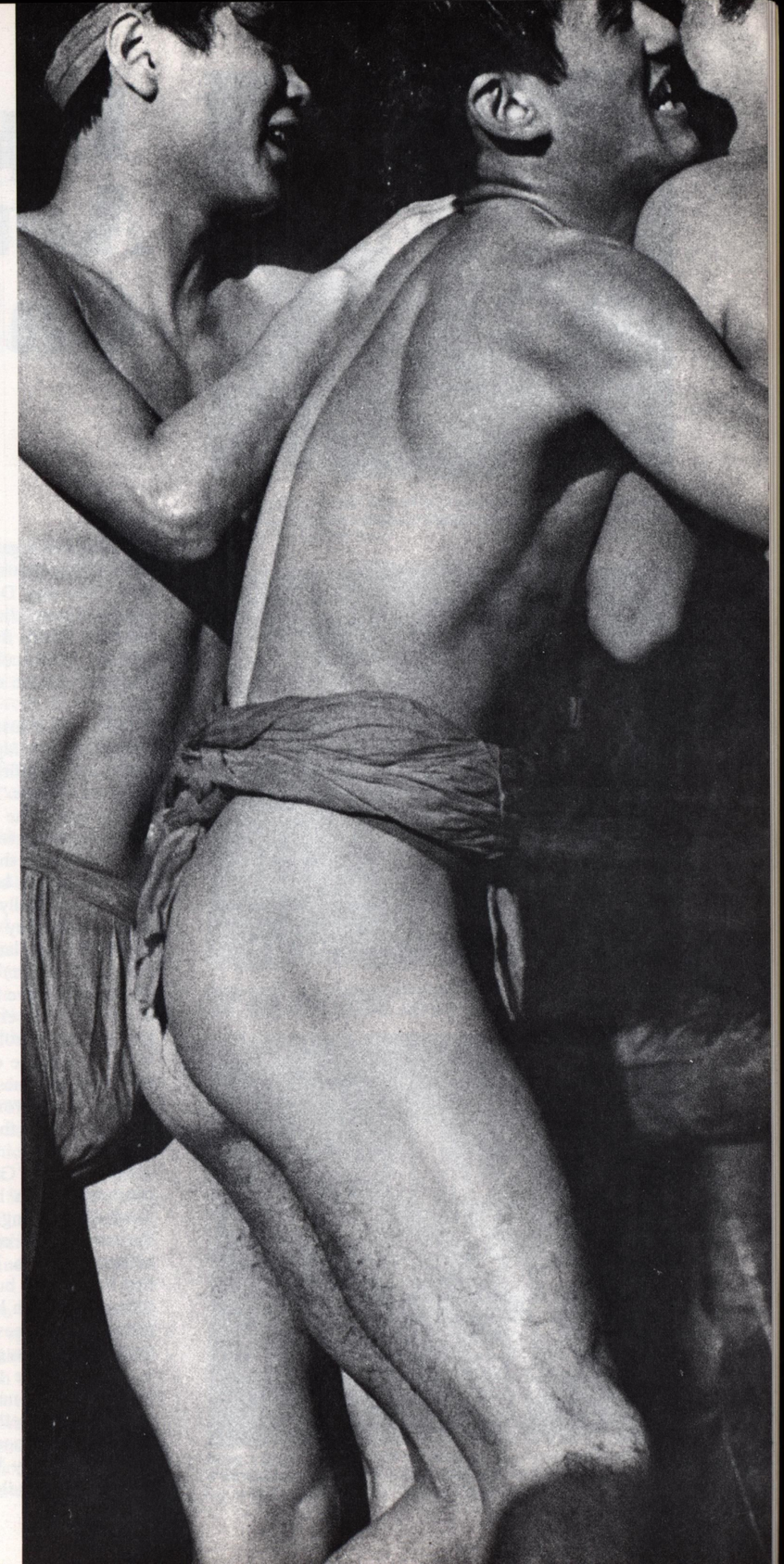




are routed. Again, in the Katsube no Hi Matsuri (Fire Festival of Katsube) of Shiga Prefecture on January 8, the throng of naked men silhouetted against a blazing bonfire suggests a scene from Dante's Inferno."

But the heart of this book remains the photographs themselves, and returning repeatedly to the pictures, one finds new detail—the blending of lines of adjacent thighs, close-pressed, or the sensual ecstatic facial expression of some small boy, crowded somewhere near a corner of a body-packed page. This is existential photography—the subject matter seems to dictate the form and manner of the photography, and we almost forget that in addition to being reportorial, these are the photographs of an established master of the camera. Tomotsu Yato has created indeed another "Art Book" and in doing so has served up an immense helping of (perhaps unintentional) erotica!

One turns, not for comparison, but for contrast, to an earlier collaboration between Yato and Mishima: "Young Samurai—Body Builders of Japan." (Grove Press, New York. $7.50) We have observed the Japanese take up Baseball, American Clothing, Rock Music — and yes, BODY BUILDING! The results in each case seem to this reviewer sadly out of harmony with an admittedly biased view of the Oriental male. Yato's photographs here show us magnificent bodies developed to a degree that they take on a more stylized but less Oriental quality. The antique drawing by a Japanese artist reproduced here shows U.S. marines awed by their first experience with a powerfully-developed Japanese male; I, for one, sympathize with these marines' obvious embarrassment! Mishima's essay in "Young Samurai" and indeed Mr. Yato's photos of Mishima himself as a devoted and developed body builder of striking masculinity, add to the pleasure of owning this most artistic "weightlifter book." But returning to "Naked Festival," one is more than ever impressed with the ritual and psychological value of this nude primitivism, of the authentic exclusivity of these singular Japanese customs. *(Continued on page 44)*



Lights... Action... Camera-



"The Gay Deceivers"—Danny (left) and Elliot (right) find it difficult deceiving their "too much" landlord, Malcolm—a *camp extraordinaire.*



"The Gay Deceivers"—"Ooh," Malcolm squeals, ". . . ketchup on my beautiful omelet!" Stills courtesy, Fanfare Film Prod. Inc.



"The Gay Deceivers"—A big buss for Malcolm for being a good lover by his *better half,* an aging Rudolph Valentino type with a speech defect.

If your're a gay crusader out to beat the drum for homosexual rights, out to prove we're regular chaps—then "The Gay Deceivers" will boil your jism. It picks up the fattest clichés ever and pounds them into the mattress. Every flaming stereotype is projected in "absolutely divine color" (as the promos for this Fanfare Films production read)—aimed for jollies at the straight gut.

"Oh, isn't it just too funny!" Aunt Sophie will squeal. "It's like dem fags!" Uncle Joe will roar. "The Gay Deceivers" confirms all those notions straights have about us "sissies."

The story line is simple. Two butch guys want to avoid the draft so they show up for their physical together and play the gay bit to the hilt. It works . . . they beat the service, but keeping their "dark secret" isn't so easy when family and friends start asking how, and when—after they notice a spy from the draft board on their tails (we later find out the butch sergeant is an old closet queen)—they are forced to drop their girlfriends and move into an all-gay neighborhood in order to give the act credibility. What starts out as a sham gets out of control; girls drop them completely, one guy loses his job, the other is disowned by his parents, and they generally mess things up altogether. But what happens from the word 'go' provides a lot of laughs—and, after all, isn't that what entertainment is all about anyway?

Okay—"The Gay Deceivers"—in spite of its serious overtones which hint at the folly of straight mores—won't do anything to advance our lot. To repeat myself, the movie more or less confirms what straights already believe about us. Hence, we neither move forward nor step backwards, but for the ninety or so minutes the film rolls you'll laugh heartily as you 'see' yourself and your friends—or at least a little bit of you and them—in the tremendously exaggerated stereotypes.

Those little things—like cruising eyes. Those big things—like the nellie landlord who like Carmen clutches a rose in his teeth while whipping up an omelet. The *penis pink* bedroom bursting with gay rococo. The drag party with fluffy boas and leather jackets. The queen walking his poodle. A photograph of J. Edgar Hoover

Roll It, Mary!

by Philip Duncan

in a place of honor on the wall. The speech defects gay guys are *supposed* to have. The quarrelsome lovers. The bitchy remarks. Fun. Fun. Fun.

The lead guys themselves are opposites, a non-athletic brunette (Danny) and a rugged blond (Elliot) played by Kevin Coughlin and Larry Casey, respectively. Each in his own way is nice to look at. The landlord (Malcolm) played by Michael Greer, is every gay cliché rolled into one, overdone, I feel—but lots of laughs and the straights will just eat him up. The assortment of characters is great fun, too, like the real estate agent (played by Robert Reese) who changes his pitch to suit his "buyers."

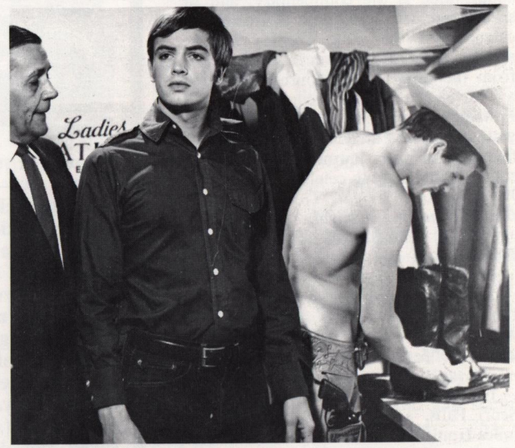
What I objected to mostly was the ridiculous sergeant-spy bit, incredible and because he was an irritating character; Malcolm, the "too much" landlord, who overplayed his part (do they really make queens like that anymore!?); and the seedy actors used to depict *typical* gay guys in a *typical* gay bar. But, objections withstanding, my friends and I and all the other gay guys who saw a special advance showing of "The Gay Deceivers" (thanks to Harold Rand & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.) thoroughly enjoyed it and rolled with laughter. You will too.

Not as universally appealing, but definitely a milestone in gay movies is a new flick, "The Stud Farm." This is a typical male *skin film* California audiences have been seeing for several years—but which is a new concept in gay entertainment in New York. We've had girlie movies for years, up and down 42nd Street, and Andy Warhol's been around awhile—but "The Stud Farm" is one of those all-gay jobs complete with bear asses and whipping scenes . . . the kind eastern audiences formerly had to view on private screens.

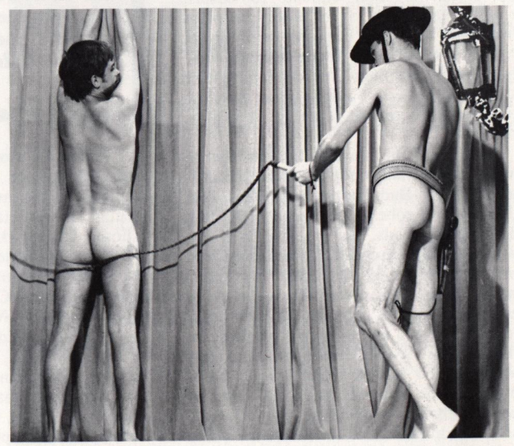
Eros I, a new "vest pocket" theatre on 8th Avenue, between 45th and 46th Streets, was specially built to house a whole string of beefed-up flicks—starting with "The Stud Farm." It's sister theatre, on the other side of a parking lot, Capri, shows girlie movies by day but reserves at least one late evening a week for all-male showings. Anyway, this may start a whole new trend in the Big City. Let's hope so. Admission is a bit steep now, at $5— but then *(Continued on page 45)*



"The Gay Deceivers"—Trouble at the costume party—caused by a jealous lover who ends up landing on his butch can at the hands of his femme lover.



"The Stud Farm"—Gary (Gary Yuma) joins the "farm." Film stills courtesy of McAbee Pictures, Inc.



"The Stud Farm"—Gary (being whipped) in one of many exciting scenes. Where do gay flicks go from here?

A SALUTE TO LOVE IN THE SHADOW OF MT. FUJI

(Continued from page 24)

soul is cleansed by bathing, and as such the body must be naked—the natural state of man. Hence, to be naked on such religious occasions is to approach very closely a state of pristine holiness. It is innocent and completely natural.

As the day progresses the revelry takes various forms, first of competitive jostling and then eases into a stupor, a deadening of the senses as a consequence of alcoholic consumption. Between these extremes there is a bond of love—for in gathering together these men cannot help being a crowd of one, so unified are their thoughts, so much in harmony their spirit.

"Naked Festival," detailed elsewhere in this issue by David Loo, tells its story mainly in photographs—several of which the distributor has given us permission to reproduce with Mr. Loo's review. Of equal value is the commentary, and of special interest to gay guys is a complete calendar of the most exciting *hadaka matsuri*. This information is not available from the usual tourist sources, and you are advised to secure a copy of "Naked Festival" if you are planning to make your attendance at one of these events a highlight of your journey. Just consider some of the exciting celebrations: *Naked Worship; Devil Night; Tossing Festival; Buttock-Showing Festival.*

EXPO '70

Possibly, the *festival to end all festivals* will be Expo '70, the first "world's fair" ever to be held in Asia. Its theme will be "Progress and Harmony for Mankind"—a "perfect climate" for us, you might say.

The site for Expo '70 is located in the Senri Hills, a pastoral area about nine miles from downtown Osaka, Japan's second largest city. Here, from March 15 thru September 13, 30,000,000 visitors, from Japan and abroad, are expected; the figure is high enough to ensure enough gay contacts for even the most insatiable appetites. Expositions are great "ice breakers," affording numerous "natural" opportunities to converse with strangers; how easy it is to greet a fellow traveler, or compare cameras, or ask directions.

Osaka, by the way, is famous for its many shrines and temples. Here you will meet young Buddhist monks dressed in their saffron robes; they spend their lives doing good deeds. For instance, a friend who recently returned from Japan told me of a pleasant encounter in Osaka, where two young monks were kind enough to advise him that the baths in town were not as rewarding as those in the suburbs. So kind were they that they accompanied him to such an establishment outside of town, and spent an afternoon with him—so that he would not be alone. Admission for all three, including private rooms, amounted to seventy cents.

The Takenoya Hotel is a "very busy" Japanese-style inn you might enjoy visiting, but you are advised to store valuables elsewhere. Also, in Osaka, the baths in the Takenoya-Imaike area. For socializing, try the Stork Club, 65 Takogaki-Cho Kito-Kee.

OTHER SHRINES

Tokyo is a city of 11,000,000 which is not unlike New York; it can be quite beautiful to the initiated, and quite ugly to a stranger who does not know his way. It can be as ugly as life on "hustler's row"—Ginza being a magnified version of 42nd Street in New York. If you are fortunate you will avoid such contacts and make many new friends who will show you Japan's smiling face.

Movie houses in Tokyo, and throughout Japan, are wonderful places for making new friends. Just stand at the rear and let your senses guide you. Of particular interest in Tokyo: Baths, 1-42 Chome Higasi, Ikebukuro; Onsen Baths, off Ginza (masseurs available); Shire's Bar (better known as Ma-Ma-San's), Kanamedori, 2-Chome, Shinjuku; and Tokyo's most active gay bar—Regent Bar, 54 2-Chome, Shinjuku.

In Yokohama, which serves as the gateway to Japan for ocean liners, you will encounter many sailors—but if they are not Japanese, then you will find them competition (opposites attract, but the natives are likely to veer to salty airs, all other things being equal). Nevertheless, Yokohama is worth visiting. Of particular interest to gay guys is the Tacoma Hotel, 4-14 Isezaka-Cho, and the following bars —Midori, Mon Cheri, and Yakochu.

Kobe is pretty; it has lovely beaches and mountains. Also, Junior's Bar, and Bar Tabu.

No matter where you travel in Japan your senses will be rewarded. Invaluable is your travel agent, who will help you plan your trip. Also, the Japan National Tourist Organization, for free literature on the country; there are branch offices in larger cities, the New York location being 45 Rockefeller Plaza. For gay spots, purchase a current directory; the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop, 291 Mercer St., New York, N.Y. carries them . . . send ten cents for their catalog. (We recommend this bookshop, by the way, because the proprietor is gay and honest, and does not exploit gay mail-order buyers as so many others do—either by sending them junk for their money, or nothing at all.)

Opposites do attract. Westerners are a standout and a knockout in Japan—where it is an art to make love in the shadow of Mt. Fuji.

IN MEMORIAM



We mourn your passing, Temple of Love—Loew's Sheridan in Greenwich Village. Oh, the many ecstatic hours we spent with you—in your balcony, behind it, on the staircase, in the hallowed tiled rooms. The Sunday nights! We remember the night you showed "Lawrence of Arabia"—57! in a combined effort, and that was being choosy. Oh, the morning-after blahs! (Alas, Alka-Seltzer saved the day.) Ironic, now your walls will house a hospital, where hepatitis and syphilis will be treated—maybe on the very spot they were once contracted. Goodbye, old friend... we'll never forget you!

—The Editors

PREJUDICE WE ARE OF ONE COLOR

(Continued from page 5)

downtown, or the rear of some bar in a small village, an entire beach, a whole town . . . this land is ours. We may individually prefer a particular place in which to live, a home base—but this patch is only a part of our plot of land, divided it may be by valleys and mountains and oceans. Our land may be compared with a jigsaw puzzle—some here, some there . . . and if we are said to be gypsies it is because we are only visiting parts of our country—much in the same way a proud Frenchman spends his entire life discovering France. The world is our country—for in every part there's a place for us.

No matter where we travel in the world—when we reach our destination we are welcomed with love. It only takes a glance to know we are at home—be it with white men, black men, red men, or yellow men. We are at home as Italians in Italy, as Frenchmen in France, as Russians in Russia. Our nationality is Gay—and we share a common personality. We belong to the Gay race—and as such, no matter what tint our skin may be, we are a single kind.

Violence is to be abhored, and in this time of racial strife we wonder how necessary it is when we observe straight society rip throats wide open because skin is white or black. We can only continue to watch—for we are divorced from such matters. We have long forgotten prejudices through love—for we are of one color.

As a troubled boy just coming out, disowned by his parents and now entirely on his own even before his beard has had time to sprout, recently wrote us: "I am happy being what I am and I will find my way. I love you for what you are . . . because you are like me."

A Weekend Cruise In THE QUEEN CITY

by

Bill Smith

"Welcome to the Queen City—Cincinnati, Ohio!" There is no direction from which to enter Cincy without being greeted by this hearty salutation. Although it was surely not their intention, the founding fathers could not have chosen a more pleasing or appropriate nickname as far as its gay guys are concerned.

Even though the Queen City has a substantial population of resident gay guys, it's the variety of new faces of the weekend visitor that brings excitement and highlights the activities of Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Suppose you are one of the hundreds who make the flight each weekend. You've come from as far as Atlanta, Chicago, and Louisville or from nearby Oxford, Dayton and Lexington. Built upon the rolling mounds of seven hills, overlooking one of the rarely beautiful spots of the Ohio River, your eyes will be quickly taken by the symmetrical and historical uniqueness of the Queen City.

It's early Friday evening, you've just read the welcome mat, chuckled to yourself and begin looking around for a place to light. If you are new in town and have no friends to stay with, the downtown YMCA, Central Parkway and Elm Street, will readily accommodate you. Or if you've got some extra money, Stouffer's Inn, 5th and Elm street, is the greatest and gayest place in town for *snoozing*.

After acquiring shelter for the night, you are now ready to hit the street to satisfy your appetites. Only five minutes from downtown Cincy (just follow Vine Street to Jefferson), the Golden Lions Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge, 340 Ludlow Avenue, is the best place in town to avenge your hunger for both sex and food. Located in the heart of Clifton (the Queen City's suburban answer to Greenwich Village), which also houses the campus of the University of Cincinnati, the GL prepares delicious food served at extra reasonable prices. Or just order your favorite drink (legal drinking age in Ohio is 18) and join in the conversation with the college crowd from the University of Cincinnati and Xavier University.

By 9:00 p.m. the friendly atmosphere will have made you a part of a group and you'll be ready to join them for their Friday night bar-hopping escapades.

Since it is the ultimate goal of every gay visitor to ride the Queen City's celebrated "party boat" (more details later), you won't want to spend much time at any one bar.

If leather is your bag, you might want to start with the Stage Door or the Capitol Bar, respectively located at 807 and 819 Vine Street. Or, if you want to check out the quality of the QC hustler, there's the 226 Bar, 5th Street across from the bus station.

By 10:30 you and your friends will want to be enroute to the Downstairs Club located in Covington, Kentucky. Just take I-75 across the Interstate Bridge and in eight minutes you're there. Take the second Kyles lane exit and turn left at the bottom of the hill. Here you can dance, drink, and carry on for filth. But be sure to keep an eye on the clock. As midnight draws nigh, you should be on your way back to the Queen City headed for the gay cruise on the "party boat."

Probably the greatest attraction to hit the gay scene in a long time is the Queen City's "party boat." That's where you will find the cream of the crop of the gay set between 11:00 p.m. and 3:00 a.m. every Friday, Saturday and Sunday night. To get to the party boat, start at the bus station on 5th Street, go east one block to Broadway, turn south (right) on Broadway and follow the arrows to the Public Landing. Park as far west (far right) on the landing as possible. There, a uniformed Cincinnati patrolman will guard your car from harm while you enjoy the exclusive gay cruise on the scenic Ohio River.

A three decker structure, complete with dance floor and bar, snack bar, sun deck and calliope, the party boat provides such a relaxing atmosphere that Queens quickly forget the shoreline contains a straight world. And all this for only the admission price of $1.25.

Besides the regular weekend cruises, the party boat features special events from time to time. For instance, during the summer months several 12-hour Sunday afternoon cruises, complete with sex, sun bathing, sex, lunch, sex, and a layover at Coney Island, are always tremendously successful. Those who take advantage of these opportunities come away blown by the wind and browned by the sun.

Other crowd pleasers *(Continued on page 46)*

MAKING LOVE THE GAYEST ART OF ALL

(Continued from page 7)

more exciting *silent* partner.

(2) You announce that you've just gotten over a case of syphilis or hepatitis (or vice versa). How can anyone keep a *stiff upper lip* after that!

(3) You say (or he says), "I'm sorry, I can't do that." It happens to be your favorite (or his), and refusal has killed the affair.

(4) It's only your first throw with him and right away you want to get to the bizarre stuff. You pull out the whips, the funnels, the cellophane bags, the rubber sheets . . . you come on too strong (or vice versa). Variety is great—but, unless you've both bargained for it in advance, take it easy with the *outer limits* stuff.

(5) You slam your drink down (or he, his) and grab him (or he, you). You pull him to you and press your mouth on his as teeth bang, as you snap open his belt and tear off his pants (or vice versa). In a flash you're down on your knees (or he's on his) . . . your strokes are bold . . . not a single record has had time to play and you've forced his orgasm and yours. It's over.

(6) Everything's just right . . . it's gone well so far. You lower your head, or he lowers his . . . the stench is enough to turn milk green. You (or he) just can't.

(7) You go down (or he does) and you're (or he is) all teeth. Or, your big passion is to give painful hickies—like the making of a leopard.

(8) You each take a different side of the bed and undress yourselves. You both roll onto the mattress, pull together and kiss passionately. You spin him over (or he does you) . . . you grab some vaseline . . . you plunge (or he plunges) to his (or your) excruciating pain. A few painful jabs and you're finished (or vice versa)—and it's left to the unsatisfied partner to take care of himself.

(9) You want it but you've got to use about a pound of vaseline, and he's got to make ten or twelve tries before it's accomplished (or vice versa). By that time the excitement has gone and the rest of the way is limp.

These are just some examples of bad encounters which can ruin a beautiful affair. Now, let's get at the right way. What I say here is for you and your lover, no matter if you are with him one hour or a thousand. What I say here can be applied to group sex, whether you are three or three dozen—for sex technique, when good, is plastic and adaptable to any situation; it is an art and you control the brush strokes. Without it, like an artist with the best model, a quality canvas, and the finest paints—but who lacks talent, you will produce ugliness if you do not master the art of making love.

Here's how it should be:

THE RIGHT WAY

You're both mellow and feeling wonderful. You've had just enough to drink, not enough to make you dizzy or limp, but just enough to make you feel warm and easy. The lights are low and the music is just right and you see each other with beautiful eyes. Your hands move . . . the strokes are gentle. Your fingers and his roam— over faces, through hair, in and out of shirts, over front and rear. You draw closer and kiss gently but passionately, your lips and tongues fusing as one. You are gentle but manly. You nibble ears, kiss eyelids tenderly, suck chins, tongue necks.

Slowly, sweetly, you unbutton shirts and draw them off. Your tongues roam, over arms, under arms, across chests, pausing . . . nipples . . . the tender side abdominals. Your nimble fingers gently unhook belts and open zippers as you shed clothing – unfastening shoes, removing socks, dropping pants—your mouths never relenting, never pausing.

You approach but do not touch . . . you encircle but never stop. Again you kiss—this time with fury . . . you hug and stroke and love and gently run your hands over golden hairs. You moan and groan and whisper pleasures. Slowly, as if in a wavering dance, you move towards the bed . . . gently—you ease down . . . he on top of you or you on him. You kiss, burrowing keep with your moistened tongue . . . slowly . . . slowly. Now . . . now—you both aim in one direction. First you tease with your tongues—and then . . . almost plunging—like divers hitting water—you fill your mouths with love . . . alone and together . . . singly and at the same time . . . lying and kneeling . . . crouching . . . standing. Control . . . control . . . make it last. Rest, but never completely as you roam, burrowing deep as you split valleys with wet lightening—forcing open . . . deeper . . . deeper. Fingers are swallowed, toes are eaten.

You will both know . . . your strokes, your tongues, your longing to satisfy each other will reveal the greatest pleasures desired . . . the best positions—and if the climax can be timed for both, you will have achieved ultimate ecstasy. If singly, give of yourself and climax first drawing the last strokes of love from your partner after having given yourself completely to him. Later there will be more.

If you are oral, learn well . . . practice makes perfect. Be aware of technique used on you and apply it to your own method. Like a boa constrictor you must learn to withdraw your teeth while your lips and tongue remain supple and moist. You must learn to relax . . . you must learn timing, sensing when fast or slow strokes are desired, tight or loose. You must learn to use your fingers, to caress, to aid your strokes, to satisfy completely.

If you are anal, you must learn the art of gentleness—of preparing with your mouth . . . of applying cremes . . . of entering gently and working hard. You must learn the positions, according to the dictates of anatomy and preference. (Beginners note: lying on the side is easiest.) For yourself, you must learn complete relaxation (I refer you to the article on keeping clean, in the Summer QQ, which discusses the advantages of douching beforehand, especially valuable to the uninitiated). Psychologically, take pleasure in knowing you are absorbing your lover's very being. He will be gentle . . . relax . . . relax. (In the beginning, such aids as Orajel, a drugstore preparation used for deadening aching gums, can be applied in small quantity beforehand, to the anal sphincter—to aid relaxation for insertion . . . nature will take over soon afterwards; some fellows prefer Preparation H, used by hemorrhoid sufferers—but be advised that using too much may "insensitize" your partner, thereby extending possible discomfort on your part.)

Practice making love—for it is our greatest motivation . . . it is gay life. A guy who makes beautiful sex, who desires fulfillment of both partners does not discuss in advance; he knows that making love is an art—and he knows what excitement can come in discovering each other's body, in discovering sensations naturally, as they occur. He caresses, he kisses, he licks, he gyrates according to your responses—and if you do likewise the explosion will be fantastically beautiful!

THE BIG PUT ON

(Continued from page 11)

you live outside a big city, where many specialists deal in hair put-ons, you can make purchases by mail and have your own barber "trim to fit." For example, the majority of my clients are guys I've never met; they send for a free brochure illustrating wigs, moustaches, sideburns, and beards (prices listed) . . . decide on what they want . . . order by sending a snip of their own hair (so that I can make an accurate color match) and head/facial measurements (my "order kit" gives complete instructions) . . . I choose the desired style in the proper size and color, then trim it . . . it is sent to the customer who may wear it immediately, trim it slightly here and there, or take it to his barber for expert fitting. Instructions for care and attachment liquid, etc., are sent with every order.

I would be very happy to see any guy who would like a free consultation in private, at my New York salon. Give me a buzz anytime (212 765-0822), or write me personally—Dante, 51 West 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10019. No obligation on your part; serving you is my pleasure.

Just remember—*where* you get your new hair is unimportant . . . if it's a quality piece. What is important is that if you are losing hair—which is causing you to crawl into a shell—or if you're not with it because you just can't grow what you want—then do something about it and pull yourself together. If you do you might discover a happier, and groovier you—maybe the biggest swinger in town!

Self Acceptance Is The First Step To Happiness

LOOK YOUNG FOREVER AND BEAT YOUR COMPETITION

by Frank Samuels

Remember how your mother used to put your lost tooth under the pillow when you went to bed? The next morning it'd be gone, and in its place was some candy, or a quarter. On the eve of your twentieth birthday you go to bed a teenager, and somehow, during the night, your youthful glow is taken away. Now it's just a matter of time before the lines show in your face. Now it's easy to lose skin tone and hair. Now you must guard against getting paunchy and soft.

You will never recapture that teenage radiance which was once taken for granted, but you needn't age quickly either. Pay proper attention to yourself, and you will put on only one year for every ten; neglect yourself and you'll look 40 at 30, and 60 at 40. Just look around you and you will see how many twenty-fivers are falling apart. This is particularly true among straights who are happily married and have lost their incentive to keep fit, as compared with gay guys who must cling to youth in order to survive competition.

A gay doctor I know is experimenting with semen. It is his belief that the ingestion of it keeps one young, and that this accounts for the youthfulness of gay guys, as compared with their straight counterparts. A friend of his carries the belief a step further; he takes only the semen of teenagers, believing it contains the catalyst of youth, and that taking what is old can have the opposite effect. This theory, to say the least, is quite amusing. Possibly, it does hold some truth, but let us discuss more conventional ways of keeping young in order to beat competition.

You must respect your body as you would a shrine; it is your temple. Neglect will allow it to atrophy through disuse; that is, abstain from exercising and feed it junk and it will become ugly. It is vital that you practice simple exercises, even calisthenics, at least three times a week for about a half hour, to keep the muscles firm and attractive. At least do situps and leg raises to keep the gut flat. Even more essential is diet; eat lots of muscle-building proteins, and avoid starches and sweets. Drink only in moderation, which will help keep your weight down and safeguard against puffiness in the face — not to mention the ill effects liquor has on general health.

Bathe daily, as well as after sex. Scrub your teeth and use mouthwash liberally. If your teeth are jagged, have them capped. Cover blemishes with medicated makeup. If your skin is problematic, pay strict attention to diet and avoid excessive sweets. Use conditioning creams on the face, and steam it, either by placing your head over hot water or in a "facial sauna" unit, to cleanse the pores. Try and maintain a deep tan in warmer months, and in winter use a bronzer on your face. Flatter your features with an appropriate hair style. If gray hairs appear, by all means — color. If it starts falling out and you are not a burly type, investigate hair weaving, the most natural looking of all hair replacement methods. Pay attention to grooming in general, such as keeping your nails trimmed and your face shaved. Mustaches can be quite attractive, and artificial ones are readily available, but they do tend to add a few years and for this reason should be worn only by youthful guys. Beards are not popular among Queens.

If you have excessive body hair, have it removed by electrolysis. It is particularly unattractive on the back. A tuft on the chest and hairy legs, on the other hand, are quite manly and very exciting. However, if there is too much on the chest, remove it when shaving — and don't leave a stubble. Keep underarm hair trimmed.

Use a deoderant, and wear cologne. Hair cream is a thing of the past; use a lacquer spray to keep your locks in place. Walk straight, and don't slouch. If you don't look good in glasses, not even in mod styles, get contact lenses.

Business suits — even hippie cuts — tend to make a guy appear older. Concentrate on casual clothes, and always wear garments that fit close; baggy pants are most unattractive. However, don't wear your clothes so tight as to pull and create unsightly lumps of flesh. Your clothes should be revealing, but leaving something for the imagination is often more exciting than exposing your endowments — which, by the way, should be worn on the left side.

Of special importance is general outlook. You should make an attempt to think young. Be daring in opinion; the young are expressing revolutionary ideas. Socialize with the young; their charm will rub off on you. Fight complacency; get out and enjoy yourself. Above all, be daring in sex, and constantly improve your repertoire of sensual delights.

Youthfulness is largely a matter of attitude. Tempered with maturity and fortified with care of the body and its adornments, you will rise above your competition and leave the kids biting dust.

MUSIC TO SEX UP THE DAWN WITH

(Continued from page 19)

with records and specifically with pop. In its way it is a kind of weekly 'Burke's Peerage' of disc nobility. Because Rock artists are like thistle-down—here today and sometimes gone tonight—any listing of the 'ins' in this issue would certainly be 'out' by the next. And so in various tabulated columns you will find that *Billboard* lists the most popular 'now' artists in every group . . . the best-selling records . . . and a statistical compilation of how long this popularity has been sustained (how many weeks on the list . . . what the listing was last week . . . what it currently is).

It also makes prognoses of what to expect from new and unheard-of stars. This is a ploy which your possible trick may not himself even dream of. So you're one up on him already, if you'll forgive the expression. With this inexhaustible (and always current) source of information you can do some mighty interesting and pleasant homework before parting with your loot at the record store.

SEXING IT UP WITH 'SINGING STRINGS'

Unless you currently have a favorite instrumentalist or orchestra you will find that *Billboard* can bring you up-to-date on what's new in the 'vocal-less' world of music, like 'singing strings' and those magnificent groups of Hank Mancini and Mantovani. Their albums are always prime favorites with lovers everywhere. Add to that the Tijuana Brass (if your trick really jumps) and other and smaller combos, and you enter a completely different world of mood music.

Among the best of the Mancini albums are his big *Latin Band . . . Warm Shade Of Ivory . . .* and *Encore*—all on Victor. Three of the great Mantovani albums are *Scene . . . Tango . . .* and *Touch* —all on London. And you'll love going to your record store and reviewing other albums by these and other groups as they are released.

THE 'WHY' OF VOICELESS MUSIC

The human voice, keening through the night during a dalliance, more often than not destroys the very mood you hoped to create. This is because the human voice actually adds an 'onlooker' psychologically to the scene, and since 'two's company and three's a crowd' (except for orgies), the insistence of the voice is disturbing. Most gay guys prefer to keep it strictly instrumental.

There are exceptions, of course, but usually the 'vocal' to be desired is a song without words . . . an unusual voice doing unusual things with just 'ah-h-h and 'oh-h-h', without singing actual words. One of the most beautiful of these is *Bachianas Brasileiras #5* by Villa-Lobos . . . soprano with eight celli. Dear to the hearts of all music lovers is the original disc made by Bidu Sayao. She brings a magic and sensuality to it that many other singers seem to miss. There are also some French *chanteurs et chanteuses* who use 'wordlessness' to great effect. Jacques Brel and Georges Brassens are just two. Audition some of their records and discover a rare treat.

THE 'WHY NOT' OF INSTRUMENTALISTS

If you have just discovered that the new young organist of your church is gay, and somewhere between the sacramental wine and the seven-fold amen you agree on a time and place, be warned! When he arrives for scones and sex, or vice versa, be sure not to load your record-player with organ music. For what will happen is that instead of having a young Johann Sebastian Bach in bed you'll have the Hound Of The Baskervilles as he, with his contrapuntally-sensitive ear, will sniff out every voice in every fugue and follow it through to the resolution of the final chord. Thus to revive sex is like trying to revive a fallen soufflé with a bicycle pump.

The same is often true of violinists, or cellists, or any instrumentalist who is just getting into the sexual short-rows as the cadenza arrives. All at once he becomes a critic and you've got to suffer right through to the end of the concerto before administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and resuming the business at hand.

Here are some suggestions for music to sex up the dawn with if you are a lover of more serious music. Some of these are of the classic period . . . others of the romantic and impressionist periods. They are but a sampling of the many sexual delights music can enhance.

Music of the greatest sexual urgency (because it works up from a quiescent opening and continually drives to climax) is the *Poème* by Ernest Chausson. Try to get this by a French artist like Francescatti who has the real feeling for it.

The *Danses sacrée et profane* by Claude Debussy is a most sensual composition for harp and string orchestra. The *danse sacrée* is mood-setting, the *danse profane* is highly emotional and works up to a helluva climax.

Also, for a real kooky trick who likes to try everything, and usually finds 'everything' wild, put your room in utter darkness and play the Debussy *Syrinx . . .* flute alone . . . and mind-blowing!

For the gay guy who likes a long-play buildup you'll find the Fauré *Ballade* for piano and orchestra soul-filling. If you can get the recording by the late Marguerite Long, grab it . . . it's almost a collector's item, but the piece was written for her . . . and she, a great cabbage-rose type of personality, plays it like it is!

Sadly, Delius has fallen rather out of favor. Occasionally a Delius cycle recurs and music lovers discover anew a rare talent. One of our great ballets, the Antony Tudor *Romeo and Juliet* uses Delius's music. It is the choice of genius, for surely no music suggests the malevolent mood of Verona . . . the light and shadow of sword-play and the 'youngness' and feral passion of Romeo like this gorgeous music.

Build your own 'chain' of sequences with the music of Delius . . . it can break your heart. You'll treasure *A Walk To The Paradise Garden . . . On Hearing The First Cuckoo In Spring . . . Brigg Fair,* and his *Dance Rhapsody.*

A great classical favorite is the Vivaldi *Concerto* #151, originally for violin and orchestra but more often heard with guitar. And, of course, any album of classic and Spanish guitar by Segovia or Vicente Gomez. For orgies large and small you cannot improve on Stravinsky's *Rite Of Spring.* It was for this we were born!

But possibly the greatest composition for love on a massive scale . . . sex in big purple patches (like you're on Mount Olympus) is Cesar Franck's *Psyché.* If you can get the Toscanini NBC Symphony Orchestra record you'll really be up there with the gods . . . and may never return!

You can increase sexual enjoyment a hundred-fold by a wise choice of music, but the greatest thrill comes from joining various pieces into a synchronous unit. That is why we suggest that you . . .

TAPE IT 'N RAPE IT!

Of course no one wants to get up from the meat course and fiddle with the hi-fi or change records. But even with the best turntables there are disconcerting annoyances: the 'plops' of automatically changing records, or the tone-arm which often makes a bad connection with an improperly-flanged disc, and you have whir-r-r, bur-r-r, plop-p-p, and bing-g-g. So of course you finally have to get up and adjust the blasted thing.

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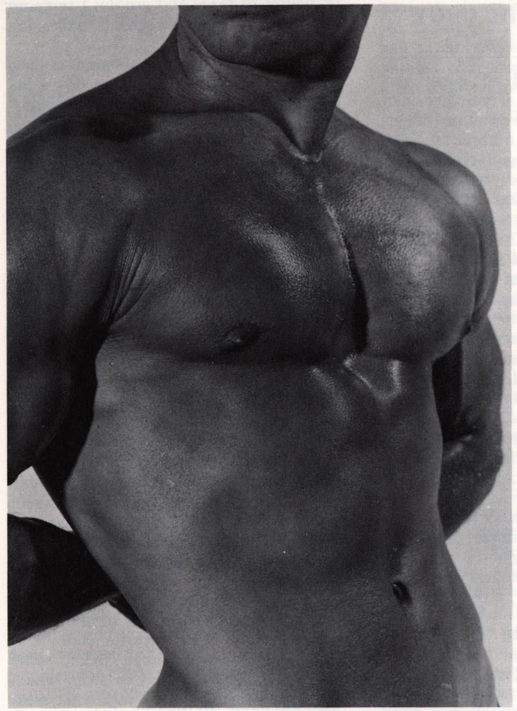

From time to time QQ will feature a favorite body part—giving special exercises which you can use to develop yourself and turn guys on.

Body Parts That Turn You On

The Pecs

by Jason Shore

"Jesus! I wish I had tits like you!" a drag queen once told me. "Me, I've got to tape myself up and knot my flesh together to fill my bra. You—like Steve Reeves already!"

Pectoral muscles—*pecs* for short—are what I have, *not* tits. There's a difference. Fish have tits; guys have pecs—full but firm, round, a little square, and capped with solid nipples. Man, they're a handful.

Maybe its because big pecs are psychologically reminiscent of sucking Mom's breasts. Maybe it's because they're a rugged masculine trait (you never saw a fatty with firm pecs . . . and if the pecs are hard, chances are all the rest is too). Anyway, pecs are real *turn ons.* Something to grab hold of—like with your mouth. A cushion of flesh to soften the blows.

If your chest is flat and sexless, just a little bit of exercise can slap some shapely meat on. Exercise without apparatus—like pushups, keeping the back rigid and the hands spaced wide apart (if the spacing is narrow the rear of the arms—the triceps—and not the chest will be affected, mainly). Do some in the morning, some at night—and you'll find your pecs will start to thicken. Better yet (and faster), get yourself a barbell and a couple of dumbbells and do a series of top pec builders:

(1) Bench Press—basic for building slabs of hard muscle. Simply lie flat on a sturdy bench, not so wide as to interfere with your elbows sinking below chest level at your sides. Holding a barbell across the chest with a wide grip, or a dumbbell in each hand—trying to keep the hands as wide apart as comfortably possible, exhale and press the weight over the chest. Inhale as you lower it. Do about 10 or 12 repetitions (increase the poundage as the exercise becomes easy, so as to provide constant resistance—which produces growth), once the first week, twice the second week, and three times in a row the third week and thereafter *each* exercise session. Each group of repetitions is called a "set"—and you should rest only a minute or two between sets. Exercise three times weekly, on alternate days, with two days off at the end of each training week.

(2) Dumbbell Flyes—essential for shaping the pecs. This is a Steve Reeves favorite for "squaring" the chest muscles. Lie flat on a bench with a dumbbell in each hand. Press the weights over the chest, palms facing each other. Now, keeping the arms as straight as possible, slowly lower the dumbbells to the sides to chest level in crucifix fashion. Inhale as you do. Raise and repeat, for about 12 repetitions. Same plan as above. This exercise should follow the Bench Press.

(3) Straight-arm Pullovers—for further thickening the pecs, especially the upper portion, and also to increase the girth of the chest. Lying flat on a bench, hold a comparatively light barbell overhead with a medium hand grip. Now, keeping the arms straight, slowly lower the weight backwards until it is at head level. Inhale as you do; exhale and raise it. About 10 to 12 repetitions; same plan as above for this, your third exercise.

Even when you get up to 3 sets per exercise, total of 9 per workout, it shouldn't take you longer than 15 minutes to perform. This means a total of 45 per week —no time at all for something that can really work wonders in making a sexier you!

Jason Shore Says:
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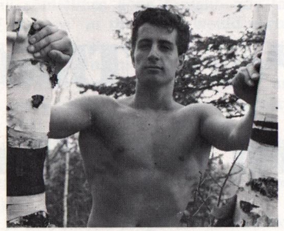

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- ☐ 1 Roll Color Movie Film (8mm, 50 Feet)—$10.00
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(please print clearly)

TEA TIME AT THE ORGY

(Continued from page 17)

1. Decide what kind of party you should have. Obviously, if you live in a studio apartment and have snoopy neighbors, you can't invite in a horde of S&M devotees to do their thing. If you live in a large, reasonably sound-proofed apartment or in your own home, why keep it all to yourself?

2. Select your guests. Or at least spread the word as to what kind of party you're planning. If your circle of friends ranges from drag queens to leather queens, don't invite them all to the same function. Let them know whether you're planning a Halloween drag ball or an orgy.

3. If it's to be a chi-chi, dress-up affair, select a theme, mail invitations and do it up proud. But don't over-do it. Avoid being precious or so busily organized that guests feel obliged to conform to a schedule—"Now we shall play charades . . . now it is time to have our dessert." As for a theme, it might be a birthday celebration, a holiday affair (for example, if a Valentine's party, guests might be asked to come dressed as famous lovers in history —gay or otherwise), or a bon voyage fling.

4. Don't go overboard. A guy with whom I once tricked from Texas, where, I'm told, Southern hospitality flourishes like a magnolia blossom, once told me he just puts out plenty of Scotch, beer and salted peanuts. If that reflects your personality and those of your guests, fine. There's nothing sillier than a struggling college kid trying to impress his working friends with a fancy spread when they all know his check to the grocer bounced.

5. If it's to be a dinner party, try to do most of the cooking in advance. Don't fuss around in the kitchen all evening while your guests get bombed—join in the fun! Every cookbook and all newspaper food sections have ideas for meals which may be prepared with a minimum of fuss.

Here are three examples of parties I've thrown intended as illustrations, not as the last word in entertainment:

When I was in college, my roommate, lover and I held an indoor "garden party" of champagne and strawberries. The invitations specified coat and tie "with picture hats and toeless wedgies optional." Since we were struggling students, they also indicated that guests should "BYOChampagne." This was a spring party shortly before graduation to which we invited most of the campus "sorority." We picked plenty of flowers and rented some champagne glasses and bought some strawberries. That was our only expense and if I do say so myself, the party was a success.

For a dinner party to celebrate the first anniversary of the relationship of The Teddy Bear (my lover) and myself, we invited fewer guests and made spaghetti. That gave us time to socialize because all we had to do was cook the spaghetti and pour on the sauce. For dessert I baked a three-tier wedding cake topped with plastic figures of bride and groom; I replaced the bride with another groom under the nuptial arch.

If these two functions sound a little too cute you can always tone down the mood and just serve "steak and taters." Or, like a former lover of mine, you can invite the gang over and then call Chicken Delight hoping that the chicken who delivers it is delightful!

The third example was one summer when I was living in Chicago with a roommate who frequented a leather bar. Typically, most of his friends were direct and honest about enjoying sheer, raw sex. We were staying in a large apartment on the top floor of an old brownstone which was virtually soundproof. Besides, we had reason to believe that the guy who lived below us was gay, too.

So John spread the word that we were having a film festival and orgy, BYOB, at a certain time. Everyone knew precisely what to expect—and so did we. We shoved all the furniture and anything breakable into a room which was declared taboo. We bought a dozen cheap ashtrays and spread blankets all over the floor. The kitchen sink was filled with ice and a garbage pail stood nearby for empties. Jars of vaseline and tubes of KY were strategically located. Some of the guests brought along their favorite slides and movies. Half-way through them, some guys had already started to strip, which was fine—because it was just what we'd anticipated. Cleaning up the empty beer cans and used poppers the next morning was not much of a chore because we had the happy satisfaction of knowing that we —plus around 100 other guys—were feeling no pain the morning after.

Perhaps the best summary of the theory and technique of gay parties is in "The Gay World" by Martin Hoffman. He describes a San Francisco suburbanite cocktail party which "had a rather adolescent quality," but nonetheless was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

"There are perhaps two ways of looking at this situation," he writes. "One is that the bringing together of a group of homosexuals *allows* them to express their otherwise suppressed homosexual feelings. The other interpretation is that bringing them together encourages them to talk about the one thing they have in common, namely, their sexual preference. These two interpretations are, however, not mutually contradictory."

Indeed they are not. Parties are one of the best ways to meet new people, enjoy old friends and have a good time. They can be knock-down-drag-out orgies which satisfy healthy, animalistic sex urges, or they can be oh, so dreadfully intellectual teas where one catches up on the latest gossip.

The main thing to remember is that the party should reflect your own life style and should be fun. *Bon appetite!*

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Details On Page 4

THE BIG TAKE OFF

(Continued from page 13)

accomplished?

A. In the electrolysis-shortwave method a fine electric needle is gently inserted into the hair follicle directed at the papilla. The papilla, a tiny organ, contains blood supply and other elements which, by dividing its cells, causes the growth of hair root and shaft. A mild flow of controlled electric current, transformed into heat, is applied to destroy the papilla. The hair is then easily lifted out. Once this is accomplished the nourishing agent is eliminated and regrowth is impossible.

Q. Is electrolysis painful?

A. The word "pain" is too strong and does not apply here. A tingling sensation describes it best. A great deal depends on the sensitivity threshold of the individual; some people find no discomfort and even doze during treatment.

Q. How many hairs can be removed in an hour?

A. Average is six to ten hairs per minute, dependent on several factors—namely, resistance to treatment; sensitivity of individual; and type of hair. Hair that has been tweezed or waxed is sometimes troublesome but not impossible to remove. Some electrologists make absurd claims in their advertising, implying they can remove thousands of hairs in an hour. A conscientous electrologist never sacrifices quality of work for quantity of hair to be removed. Speedy removal may impress clients initially, but the result is often total regrowth.

Q. How long does it take to remove a beard?

A. The amount of time required to complete any permanent removal is dependent, logically, on the number of hours of treatment over a specified period of time and the density of hair growth. If, for example, a man wanted removal of a heavy beard and took only one hour session per month it could conceivably take years. It should be noted that electrolysis is by no means a "one shot" operation—and that partial regrowth does occur as a normal part of the permanent removal process. With repeated treatments there is gradual lessening until the point is reached where the removal is total and permanent.

Q. Is it safe?

A. No skin or health disorders have ever been attributed to electrolysis treatment. The competent electrologist will apply antiseptic solution to the skin prior to and after treatment to prevent the remote possibility of infection. The medical profession advises against treating hairs growing out of warts and moles, as this is potentially dangerous. Electrolysis is fully approved by the medical profession, and some dermatologists perform electrolysis or staff a qualified assistant for this purpose.

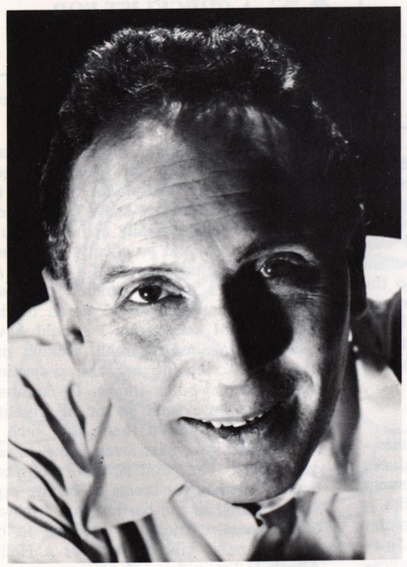
Q. Will electrolysis treatments enlarge the pores?

A. No. Pores are not treated. Hair grows from follicles which are natural indentations in the skin. A very fine platinum needle, about the diameter of a hair, which cannot stretch the follicle is used in treatment. On completion of treatment, the skin becomes clear and smooth with no indications of previous hair growth.

Q. Is it costly?

A. Cost depends on the amount of hair to be removed. Most electrologists work on an hourly basis, averaging about $15 to $20 per hour. In many instances only a few visits are necessary for complete removal.

These, then, are the questions most frequently asked—and I hope my answers have provided you with what you need to know to motivate you to take that first step and see a *competent* electrologist if excess hair is your hangup. I have treated hundreds of gay guys, and being quite familiar with the most troublesome areas, I'd be happy to give you a free consultation whenever you're in New York . . . just phone for an appointment (212 MU 5-0044); my office is located at 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. No matter who treats you—if you need treatment, don't hesitate . . . improving on Mother Nature could give you a whole new lease on life!



David Garney, Gay Entertainer To the International Gay Colony, is to be starred, early next year, in an Off-Broadway, All-Male Revue. Watch for publication of his extraordinary Homophile Novel, "If Flesh Remembers." Introduction by Dr. Albert Ellis.

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BALLET—THE LIVELY ART WITH EMPATHY

(Continued from page 15)

if you permit yourself to respond through reflection and reaction to his movements. By no means is this imitative, but an honest, if vicarious, *participation*. Certainly no one will see you . . . they'll never guess there's a second Nureyev in the orchestra!

While it is helpful to have some athletic background (which provides an automatic neuro-muscular response), even the non-athlete can empathize. It will be of the greatest help to study a glossary of balletic terms, as well as sketches of the five positions and 'turnout' which are basic to ballet, and pictures of the principal steps as performed by artists.

There are many excellent books for this purpose. One is *Language Of Ballet: An Informal Dictionary* published by World. The author is Thalia Mara, a noted dance instructor, and in this book she attempts to explain ballet terminology to layman and student. And it will be interesting and helpful to check your local library. It must surely have one or more of the best books on ballet: like those of Agnes de Mille, Clive Barnes, Arnold Haskell and Walter Terry. These penetrate searchingly into the 'why' of ballet, and you will discover so many fascinating things to watch for that you can hardly wait for the next ballet performance. Also, pick up a copy of *Dance Magazine* each month and be *au courant* with the mainstream of contemporary ballet. The Ziegfeld Book Shop, 910 Seventh Avenue, New York 10019 carries all books on dance. A letter to them may ascertain prices of whatever books you would like.

As you study text, sketches, and pictures you'll begin to see why the five positions and the turnout (in which each of the dancer's legs is turned out from the hips so that the feet form a straight line at a maximum 180-degree angle) are so essential to all lifts, stretches, leaps and turns. While this will not make you an Erik Bruhn in a trice, it will help you become mentally and neuro-muscularly conscious of the steps and what it takes to perform them. In this way you will begin to 'think' the action into your muscles as the dancer does. And should this come to you with some freedom and plasticity your feet may actually begin to assume the various positions as you watch the dancer performing on stage. But in any case you will *sense* the position and a reaction—however vicarious—will occur in your muscles . . . just as in the case of the skater.

While this may seem far afield, it is well to know that there are many good schools of dance throughout the country, even in small communities, and that teachers usually reserve certain periods for adult beginners, since ballet is growing so greatly in popularity and—belatedly—esteem. Even one period a week will reward you not only esthetically by giving you a greater appreciation of ballet, but with perquisites of health, vitality and a *joie de vivre* you may never have experienced!

'SPACE MEN' OF THE BALLET

For the dancer the pull of gravity is particularly remorseless. It is the enemy he must constantly battle. The New York City Ballet has two (among famous others) who actually defy gravity and conquer it! When Edward Villella blasts off on his nightly milk run to the moon the liftoff is so explosive one is almost singed by the heat. And when Jacques d'Amboise reaches the apogee of his tremendous floating elevation he seems to hover in space for eons before condescending to return to earth!

Yet it is this very Nemesis which makes ballet so fascinating as the dancer (for the moment) actually *relocates* the center of gravity by angular or curvilinear movement to accommodate his muscles to the various balances, lifts, extensions and turns.

That is why we, as auditors, should not content ourselves by being mere spectators in this contest of man pitted against the strongest force in nature, but respond as kinesthetically as possible to his every movement. We should allow ourselves to feel it in our shoulders, our torso, arms, neck and legs. In this way the fantasy, romanticism and symbolism of ballet reach out to bring us into the arena of participation. Thus we respond on the highest plane and come to know not only the full genius of the dancer, but perhaps the fuller one of the choreographer.

BALLET . . . chacun a son goût

With so many fine ballet companies—resident and visiting—the American dance enthusiast has a wealth of excitement awaiting him each season. But ballet is many things to many people. Some prefer the great dance dramas such as *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty*. Others, whose knowledge of ballet has been gleaned from five-minute TV spectaculars go for the acrobatic aspect of it. Still others go because it is divinely tutu and twee.

However, these motives do not allow for the greatest enjoyment of ballet—the dance itself. More eyes than two are needed to separate the 'walkers and stalkers' from the 'movers and shakers' in a big overdressed ballet. Even *Swan Lake* often suffers from this overstuffing.

In a recent (and outrageously expensive) New York production the Act I stage was cluttered with tables, chairs, benches, golden goblets, baskets of fruit, huskings of wheat, trays of food, garlands of wildflowers, castle turrets, and—would you believe?—a life-size ox roasted on a spit . . . plus dozens of peasants doing the usual hey-nonny-nonny thing that peasants are invariably required to do.

Then there was a retinue of assorted characters—that old bore, the Prince's tutor . . . the major domo . . . the Prince's friend . . . the Prince himself who enters with real, live princeling dogs . . . and then Momma—the Princess Mother who arrives with a brace of trumpeters and assorted ladies-in-waiting! Just try to keep your wits about you and your eyes on the actual dancing. You'll find yourself overwhelmed.

But when one has become conditioned to the power of understatement—as in many of the plotless ballets performed by the New York City Ballet—ballet takes on a whole new meaning. There, against a simple backdrop, to the accompaniment of the world's finest ballet orchestra, the beautiful people move in a world of their own enchantment. Their joy in movement is so radiant it seems to reach out and embrace you. Don't hesitate! Join them! You may find yourself being pelted with roses as you take your twenty-first curtain call!

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A CHECKLIST FOR CRUSING BARS

(Continued from page 21)

some of the fun of the basic chase and surrender.

✔ *Your behavior while in the bar.* Once while visiting in Chicago I got snockered while waiting for a friend to show up with whom I knew I was going to trick. When he finally arrived, I scurried right over and practically threw my arms around him. That was a No-No, as the bartender quickly pointed out, because that particular bar catered to the leather, S&M set. Better I should have leaned up against the wall, picking my nose and scratching my ass, projecting that old super-butch image. In contrast, some bars have such an air of frivolity and low camp about them, that such a stunt would have been overlooked, if not encouraged. The point is, tailor your behavior to whatever seems to be the prevailing mood of the bar lest you frighten off prospective tricks by seeming to be either a nellie ribbon clerk or a Hell's Angels sadist—unless, of course, you actually are one of those stereotypes.

✔ *What you talk about.* That, again, depends on you and the guy you hope to haul home to bed. Getting back to the stereotypes, topics might range from how to grease a Harley hog to what a drag race that last Macy's sale of lavendar chiffon was. It's generally wise to speak in terms of the other guy's interests and to be a good listener. The dialogue typically includes a little one-up-manship to determine socio-economic status—"A salesman for General Motors, eh? Well, I happen to be a sales executive for U.S. Steel, and I'm staying at the Americana, and if you'd like to. . . ."

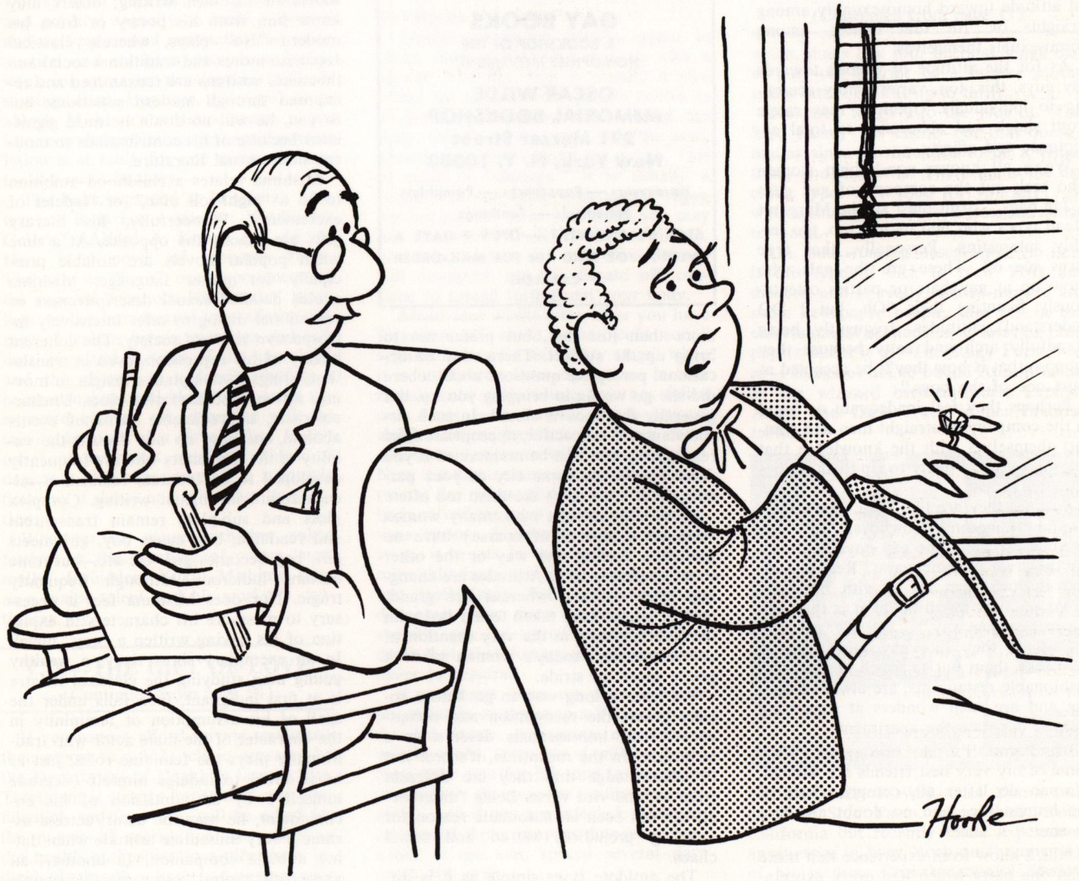
If you're visiting a new bar, or if the prospective trick seems to warrant it, it's advisable sometimes at this stage to drop some hints about sexual predilections. As it happens, I pride myself on being versatile—with limits. By just coming right out and querying the other guy, I've managed to avoid going home with some kooks. One chap, for example, suggested that he would tie me up and suspend me by my heels from a meat hook he happened to have in the ceiling of his bedroom. He considerately added that he wouldn't "burn or cut me." Another guy blurted right out, when I asked him, that he had a "fecal fetish." In both instances I suddenly remembered that I had a dental appointment!

✔ *What you do when you're turned down.* Let's face it, you can't win them all. It may turn out that the guy has a jealous lover waiting at home (So what's he doing here?) . . . lives with a suspicious old maid aunt and doesn't care to go to your place . . . or simply, for one reason or another, doesn't want to have sex with you. It's not the end of the world. Unless you have projected and fantasized him into the sumum bonum, move on to another. Remember, by cruising him you have in effect paid a compliment to him. If he is half-way understanding, he'll appreciate this and might take a rain check. Whatever the outcome, you've lost nothing and have boosted his ego. This works both ways; if you can't go home with someone who has been cruising you, tactfully so inform him and thank him for the compliment.

✔ *The logistics.* Nothing is so frustrating as to arrange to meet a guy at his apartment and then find you have the wrong address. Or, if you're going to follow him in your own car, make certain you know where he's going and vice versa if you're going to your place. If you live in a congested apartment area, it's also helpful before you leave to suggest where he might find a parking place.

✔ *A final tip: smile.* That sounds pretty corny, but you'd be surprised at how well it works. It does not mean that you skitter around looking like a toothpaste ad or a constipated Mona Lisa. But notice the next time you're in a bar: the guys tend to look nonchalant, sullen or engrosed in their own thoughts. These are masks, and a smile can penetrate a mask quicker than well, let's see, what else penetrates . . . !

Cruising can be fun. It's basically a game as old as Sodom and Gomorrah and involves the pursuit, capitulation and, to carry the hunting metaphor further, the devouring—literally or figuratively—of the object of pursuit. Your approach, accordingly, can vary from dragging that hippie boy back to your cave by his long hair to prancing around and swooping down on pretty boys with a butterfly net. Whatever your strategy, smile, and good luck!



"Imagine! Being turned down by a hustler!"

WHY STRAIGHT GUYS FEAR GAY GUYS

(Continued from page 23)

naturally and without hangups are, indeed, heterosexual.

These men, in other words, are not the vice squad detectives who get so worked up by their own supressed conflicts that they lurk in tea rooms so they can prove just how 100 per cent straight they are by hauling in someone so unfortunate as to be caught with his pants down. They are, instead, frequently men for whom envy is the key motivation in any hostility they may feel toward gays. They resent the freedom and style which gay guys seem to have and they lack. Gay men for the most part tend to take better care of themselves. They watch their weight, wear stylish clothes and go more places and do more interesting things. They have no bills for diapers, summer camps or tuition, nor do their lovers nag them about attending PTA meetings or having menstral cramps. The attitudes of such straight men may range all the way from enlightened tolerance to vague suspicion. Generalizations are risky. There is no universal attitude toward homosexuality among straights or, for that matter, among homosexuals themselves.

As for the attitude of women towards gay guys, this, too, varies wildly according to individuals. Opinions may range from shock and abhorance to total acceptance and affinity.

We've all known non-lesbian women who seek out the company of gay guys —"fag hags," "fruit flies" or the Margaret Mead types who find us just too, too terribly interesting. Personally, that type turns me off. These are the gals who show up at gay bars or parties ostentatiously flaunting their "Oh, but I DO understand" attitudes, frequently being dreadfully arch and catty because they suppose that is how they'll be accepted as "just one of the boys."

Perhaps they feel inadequate or frigid in the company of straight men and comfort themselves with the knowledge that gay guys are not likely to rip their clothes off.

Perhaps they are like Viva, The Superstar in "Lonesome Cowboys," only too anxious to seduce the gay guys so they'll see the error of their ways; "Really, darling, if you'd just try it with me once you'd see how much better it is than doing it the other way."

Perhaps they like gay guys because they take them out to lunch at the most fashionable restaurants, are always so polite and are such wonders at suggesting how to decorate the apartment.

Mind you, I'm no misogynist. Why, some of my very best friends are women. Woman do, after all, comprise half of the human race and no doubt are here to stay.

Still, I know from experience that more than one party which had every expectation of turning into a delightful orgy has been ruined when some drunk, loud-mouthed, vulgar fag hag showed up at the door and proceeded to announce, "Oh don't mind me. You just go right ahead, and I'll just sit here and watch."

Then there are the ladies, bless 'em, who really do abhor gay guys out of a blind, panicky, woefully ignorant fear that we are all child molesters, degenerates or about to steal their husbands away from them. This is the type that gets hysterical about rapists, creeping obscenity and flouridation. They can be absolute holy terrors at legislative hearings on liberalized sex laws or when enlisted in some similar Worthy Cause. Avoid them at all costs.

Finally, there are mothers. These range from the Sophie Portnoy to the Auntie Mame types and must, perforce, be dealt with on an individual basis.

Does she know? Then chances are that by now she has become reconciled to the fact that you're not likely to provide the pitter-patter of little grandchildren's feet. Perhaps she's just waiting for you to "get well" again. Possibly she has disinherited you.

On the other hand, many mothers may very well suspect that your roommate is more than just that, but prefer not to bring up the subject. There may be occasional perceptive questions about where did she go wrong in bringing you up, but generally the book is closed. In such circumstances a respectful, appropriate filial relationship can best be maintained if you don't live in the same city as your parents, or at least don't see them too often.

As with straight men, many women (lesbians excluded, of course) have no particular feeling one way or the other about homosexuality. Attitudes are changing, after all, and whereas her grandmother would have taken to her bed with the smelling salts at the very mention of a "degenerate," today's woman takes it pretty much in stride.

We have a long way to go before society grants the recognition and acceptance which homosexuals deserve as a birthright. In the meantime, it's best just to acknowledge that they are different from us, and vice versa. Being "different" always has been an automatic reason for arousing prejudice, hatred and social chaos.

The antidote is as simple as it is difficult: appreciative understanding by us of them and them of us.

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NAKED FESTIVAL
THOSE INSCRUTABLE ORIENTALS

(Continued from page 31)

Yukio Mishima finds these words of introduction:—"Mr. Yato here records the beauty of our old customs with a discerning eye. Here we find none of those pitiable Japanese who commute in crowded subways to air-conditioned offices. Here we find no miserable Japanese husbands eating suppers with their families beside an electric refrigerator while watching television. . . . in these photographs . . . they have bravely cast aside all clothing . . . they have reclaimed their right to be living males, they have regained joy, fierceness, laughter, and all the attributes of man. If only for a day, thanks to their healthy young bodies, thanks to our primitive past, they are once again the essential man." And further: ". . . by means of the festival they have regained the sanctity of their flesh."

Publication of "Naked Festival" offers a happy opportunity to look retrospectively at other works by Mishima. (The name is a pseudonym.) Visitors to Japan may have seen him appear, nude, in a movie of his own writing; others may know him from his poetry or from his modern "No" plays, wherein classical Japanese mores and traditional social and theatrical customs are reexamined and reexposed through modern situations; but to you, he will no doubt be most significant because of his contributions to modern homosexual literature.

Mishima relates a childhood ambition to be a "night-soil man," or "ladeler of excrement." Wonderfully, his literary gifts are exactly the opposite. At a time when popular novels are notable principally for gutter language, Mishima avoids detailed sexual descriptiveness or sensational dialog to offer intensively introspective views of society. The coherent beauty of his expression, even in translation, brings contemplative insight to moving, action-filled narrative plots. Uncharacteristic, unpredictable turns of events abound, but these do not disturb the validity of the characters who are frequently developed to an intimate realization seldom found in current writing. Complex plots and sub-plots remain transparent and readable; boy meets boy, girl meets girl, boy becomes girl—etc etc.—but none become ludicrous, although frequently tragic. Nor does Mishima feel it necessary to massacre his characters in expiation of his having written a "gay" novel. In an exemplary short story, a wealthy young man studying the classical theatre is at first indignant, then falls under the spell of his assumption of femininity in the character of the male actor who traditionally plays the feminine roles; just as he is about to indulge himself (degrade himself?) by an admission of his enchantment, he sees the actor/actress assume a very masculine attitude when dating a male companion. In another, an apparently typical young married couple spends a few moments over tea discussing daily trivia, plans for future children, for a home; they are about to meet their "boss" and depart for their afternoon employment, and only in an electric finale do we learn that their work consists of providing sexual entertainment before ladies' clubs. (Death in Midsummer and Other Stories—New Directions Paperback.)

When, perhaps a dozen years ago, "Confessions" first fell into our hands, comparisons with Proust or with the Journals of Gide's early years only emphasized the precocity of Mishima's portrayal of homosexual adolescence. Presented as fiction, it bore the stamp of life experience. We had missed his "Sound of Waves" which had in fact been published here some months earlier. Perhaps its "straight" story, or lack of publicity, kept it from attention. No longer in publication, it is still worth locating in a library, for the reader who takes pure pleasure in a simple love story, prevocatively and beautifully narrated. Other valuable novels, which currently may not be available, were "The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With the Sea," and "The Temple of the Golden Pavilion."

More recently, we have had "After the Banquet" which tells of a resourceful woman who uses her amorous powers and political sagacity to build a famous and well-patronized restaurant. Her intervention and intrigues provide a framework for character development and absorbing action. However, this novel, alone among Mishima's writings, seems to me somehow disappointing; perhaps the translation is at fault, for one misses the customary word imagery.

The book regarded as Mishima's masterpiece is at last available: "Forbidden Colors." (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. $6.95) Here is a novel of immense range. Through its "hero" one experiences all the rage of licentious lewd sexual meetings, tender homosexual love affairs, outrage of jealous lovers, marriage and sadness, joys and sorrows of the gay clubs, and the shame of a family finding a homosexual scandal blossoming in an unexpected quarter, all advancing with the inevitable logic of a Greek play. If this novel is somewhat autobiographical, it depicts a rich experience; if it is merely fictional, it shows an even richer imagination.

Whatever his source, whether naked festival or the flaunting of colors "normally" forbidden, Yukio Mishima rates as a major talent and his works, a continuing joy.

V.D.—THE GIFT OF LOVE

(Continued from page 54)

If you cannot afford private treatment, then report to a V.D. clinic operated by the Department of Health in larger cities. Treatment is strictly impersonal and confidential, and free. You will be asked for the names of recent contacts, enabling the health authorities to notify these individuals that they have had contact with someone who is infected; your name will not be given. If you do not want to subject your contacts to possible embarrassment, then your conscience should obligate you to notify your friends personally, advising them of the situation, urging them to see a private physician or report to a clinic. (Regarding these last comments, do likewise for syphilis.) It should be noted that even if you are treated by a private physician, he is required by law to report the case to the health authorities (though many doctors have been known to "cooperate" with their patients by remaining silent), which means you will be approached for names of contacts just as if you had reported directly to a clinic for treatment. In other words, what you are paying a private physician for is convenience; that is, privacy (the two of you, and not an army of patients and doctors) and individual attention (as compared with a bread-line operation).

Gonorrhea is not a disease restricted to gay guys, and unless you have it in the tell-tale anus, you needn't make feeble excuses to your doctor—assuming he's straight. In any case, if you feel your physician is too chummy with your folks and likely to talk, then by all means get thee to a V.D. clinic.

SYPHILIS

Syphilis symptoms usually appear in about three weeks after contact with a carrier. The first sign is usually a sore where the disease (an organism known as *Treponema pallidum*) has entered the body, usually on the penis or in the anus, sometimes in and around the mouth. This is called a "chancre." It is usually a round ulcerous lump with raised edges, but not painful. If in your anus, you may not discover it at all; if in your mouth, you may think it is a cold sore. Soon it will disappear, but the disease will continue to spread throughout your body.

About nine weeks later, after you have forgotten all about your "cold sore," syphilis enters its secondary stage, when it is highly infectious. Symptoms include rashes, bald spots where hair has fallen out, fever, sore throat, mouth lesions, and/or severe headaches. Like a chancre, these symptoms will soon disappear. Now the disease runs rampant for five to twenty five years, playing havoc on your body—attacking vital organs and the nervous system. Suddenly, now in its late stage, it erupts in the form of a deformity, blindness, paralysis, heart failure, and death (more than 4,000 Americans die each year from syphilis). Note: syphilis can be cured anytime before death, but what damage it has caused can never be repaired.

If symptoms occur see your physician immediately or report to a V.D. clinic, as detailed above. A cursory examination will be made, some blood will be drawn from your arm for lab tests to determine conclusively that you are positive (or negative), and if you are infected, treatment consists of three whopper dosages of penicillin in the can, spaced several days apart. It's over.

Naturally, if you are found positive, do not have sex with anyone until you are in the clear. Moreover, as a safety measure—have your blood checked several months later to determine that the germ has left your body. In fact, all promiscuous gay guys should make it a habit to get (inexpensive) blood tests at least once or twice a year. You needn't go to a V.D. clinic; your physician can do it in his office (routine blood tests are not reported), or it can be done at a commercial lab. Such a habit could save your life.

Sex is beautiful and joyous. V.D. is a simple fact of life—like toothaches—so don't start getting hangups. Fear has no place in your life, but sensibility has. Continue to revel in sex. Let 'use it or lose it' be your golden rule; if God wanted us to refrain from having sex He would not have made it so much fun. Simply be adult—and if you are attacked fight the battle with open eyes.

Queen's Quarterly Makes A Thoughtful Xmas Gift—Details On Page 4

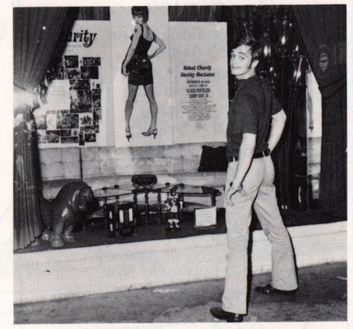
LIGHTS . . . CAMERA . . . ACTION ROLL IT, MARY!

(Continued from page 33)

again, that's like four beers at a gay bar, or just one-quarter of a hustler at the going rate. Chalk it up to thrills.

No need to go into the plot of "The Stud Farm;" it's cliché—but that doesn't matter since it's intended to be a visual treat, and that it is. There are some exciting types in it. See for yourself . . . it will be hitting art houses across the country soon.

Oh, one amusing observation. So new is this type of flick to New York audiences, and so really narrow-minded are some newspaper people, that ads in the entertainment sections of at least two top papers billed it as "The Study Farm," so as—I imagine—not to offend Aunt Martha as she whizzed between Little Orphan Annie and Dick Tracy in her favorite *tabloid!*



NEW BOY IN TOWN—Gary Yuma, star of "The Stud Farm." Gary hails from California but recently made a personal appearance in New York on the opening of his picture. Here he mimics Shirley MacLaine, star of "Sweet Charity"—and you know what she does in that picture!

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A WEEKEND CRUISE IN THE QUEEN CITY

(Continued from page 35)

include the presentations of occasional professional drag shows. Of course the annual gala events of the "mardi gras," Holloween and New Year's Eve balls are looked forward to by all who know the boat's reputation.

Your new face on the boat will bring deserved attention as you work your way through the dancing crowd on the second deck to find the bar. After getting your drink, you may want to seek some wide-open spaces on one of the other decks, either upper or lower. Since going down comes as a matter of instinct to our set, the lower level wins out. The lower deck features more dancing, rest rooms with all the comforts of home, and the boat snack bar. Besides providing tasty sandwiches and other munchies, the snack bar is a great place to meet new friends. And soon you and your new acquaintance(s) are ready to visit the top deck.

Although the top deck is only open during the warm months, it's the best place on the boat to get away from all the excitement below. Your privacy can take the form of reclining in one of the many love seats, standing at the rail gazing at the romantic view of the waves or just walking hand in hand. At any rate, your new-found friend(s) will increase the chances of "after the boat" sex that will last well into the wee hours of Saturday morning.

After such a busy, rewarding but tiring Friday, you will want to sleep until early Saturday afternoon. You may want to spend the rest of the afternoon shopping and soaking up the local color.

Although any clothes conscious Queen will readily tell you that Cincy is mid-western-conservative and her fashion not the least bit showy, there are a few swinging shops located on Calhoun Street in Clifton. Besides being the home of the hippies and the grove of gay guys, Calhoun features such shops as the Sandal Shop, Any Ole Thing and the University Shop where most gays can find a suitable outfit. Or if you want to stick to the conservative, there's Shillito's, Pogue's, Mabley and Carew and Gidding Jennings all located downtown.

Having satisfied your shopping needs, a cruise through the park is just what the doctor ordered. If you like kids (chicken!) you can stop at the lake as you motor through Burnet Woods located in the heart of Clifton. Or if you are in the mood for beautiful views, the lookout in Eden Park, off Victory Parkway, is the place to visit.

After the park, it's back to your room to rest up for Saturday night's bar-hopping and, once again, the boat. (If you thought the boat was crowded Friday night, better get lots of rest because the crowd doubles on Saturday.) Or, if you feel you don't need the rest, you can catch the early performance at the Playhouse in the Park located atop Mount Adams in Eden Park. You'll be out in plenty of time to catch the boat.

As a matter of fact, the only noticeable change on the boat Saturday is it is *overly* crowded with beautiful males. But the same friendly atmosphere still exists. Once again you make merry (or whatever male is available) until early Sunday morning. There is most always a party after the boat on Saturday night, either at Stouffer's Inn or some gay guy's apartment. It is usually announced and all are invited.

Sunday is usually a day of R and R for the Queen City, especially during the cold months. But during the summer, Sundays are definitely picnic and park days for the gay crowd. After all, you can get just as much rest sitting on a blanket cruising the tennis courts as you can sleeping in some dark motel room. And for some reason, crisp, young, tender and brown chicken just tastes better when enjoyed out-of-doors.

If picnics and parks are not your cup of tea and you feel like jocking it up, you can rent a honda and cruise the seven hills that make the QC beautiful.

Sunday also brings more serious conversation among you and your new friends. This atmosphere usually carries over until "boat time" when every one lets loose for the final cruise of the weekend.

When time comes for you to head home, you'll recall many memories of your visit to the Queen City. And as time passes, many of those memories will fade and be forgotten. But two will linger eternally: the sincere friendship of the gay guys and the QC's "party boat." And who knows, such memories may prompt you to once again visit Cincinnati, The Queen City!

If God Believed Being Gay Was Wrong—He Would Not Have Made It So Much Fun

SUMMER '69

(Continued from page 53)

"Yeah in a way," Rick answered, trying to sound casual, "having a good build, yes, but if you mean being one of those muscle-bound barbell boys, no."

"I don't dig that muscle crap, either," the guy answered, "being tough is good enough for me." Suddenly he stopped flipping the pages and let out a low whistle. "Now *that* I do dig," he said, holding the magazine up where Rick could glance at it. The photo was a duo. One boy, completely naked, knealt pleadingly before a tattooed, leather-clad bruiser who held a long whip coiled in one hand.The photo showed off the two different physiques to tremendous advantage, clearly showing the physical endowments of both of the models. The nude boy had the lithe, graceful build of a dancer. The one in leather was stacked like a stud bull.

It's a good picture," Rick agreed, but he realized that the hitch-hiker's appreciation was for the s&m theme, not the excellent photography. "You didn't say where you were going," Rick said, making it a question.

"Me?" the hitch-hiker replied, "I'm going your way." He grinned again, put down the magazine, and once more, very obviously, started to stroke himself, letting his fingers mould even greater definition into the shape against his thigh.

"I know," Rick said, "but how far?"

"How far are you going?"

"Not too far," Rick hedged, "only a couple of miles."

"I guess I'll go all the way." The stranger laughed, making the double meaning of his reply all too clear. "My name's Bud," he added. "Might as well get acquainted." And he held his hand over, too far over, to shake Rick's, brushing against Rick's leg, barely touching the stretched material of Rick's surging groin.

"Mine's Rick," Rick said without much enthusiasm, but he accepted the proffered hand and shook it. Bud's hand clamped Rick's tightly in one of those bone-crushing hand-clasps and didn't let go. Instead, he pulled Rick's hand over and pressed it down against his own leg.

"Hey, cut it out," Rick yelled, yanking his hand back, feeling as he did so the bone-hard muscles and the turgid swelling thinly sheathed by Bud's faded Levis. He flushed, half in anger, half in embarrassment, and yet he could not deny his own excitement and arousal.

Bud knew it. Bud could see it plainly, and he did; in fact, he continued staring at it, smiling his look of total confidence as if to say, "I'm calling the shots around here, and so far I'm calling all of them right." Rick clung to the steering wheel, trying to concentrate on his driving. Bud slid his body over next to Rick and shoved his leg against Rick's, rubbing his knee hard against Rick's knee.

"Cut it out," Rick repeated, swallowing an ounce of fear, churning up anger, deliberately trying to chill his hot excitement; but the flavor of danger, the up and down pressure of Bud's leg, made his voice a little weaker, a bit shaky, and he could feel his palms grow moist on the wheel. "I don't go for that stuff."

"Bullshit!" Bud snarled, and he reached over and laid his hand on Rick's knee, and pressing hard, he slowly began to slide it up Rick's thigh.

That tore it. Rick jammed on the brakes and skidded to a halt just off the road.

"Get out!" Rick commanded. Bud merely sat there, smiling. Rick was shaking, and he hung onto the steering wheel as if the car were moving at eighty-five miles an hour. "I said I don't go for that stuff. Now, get out!"

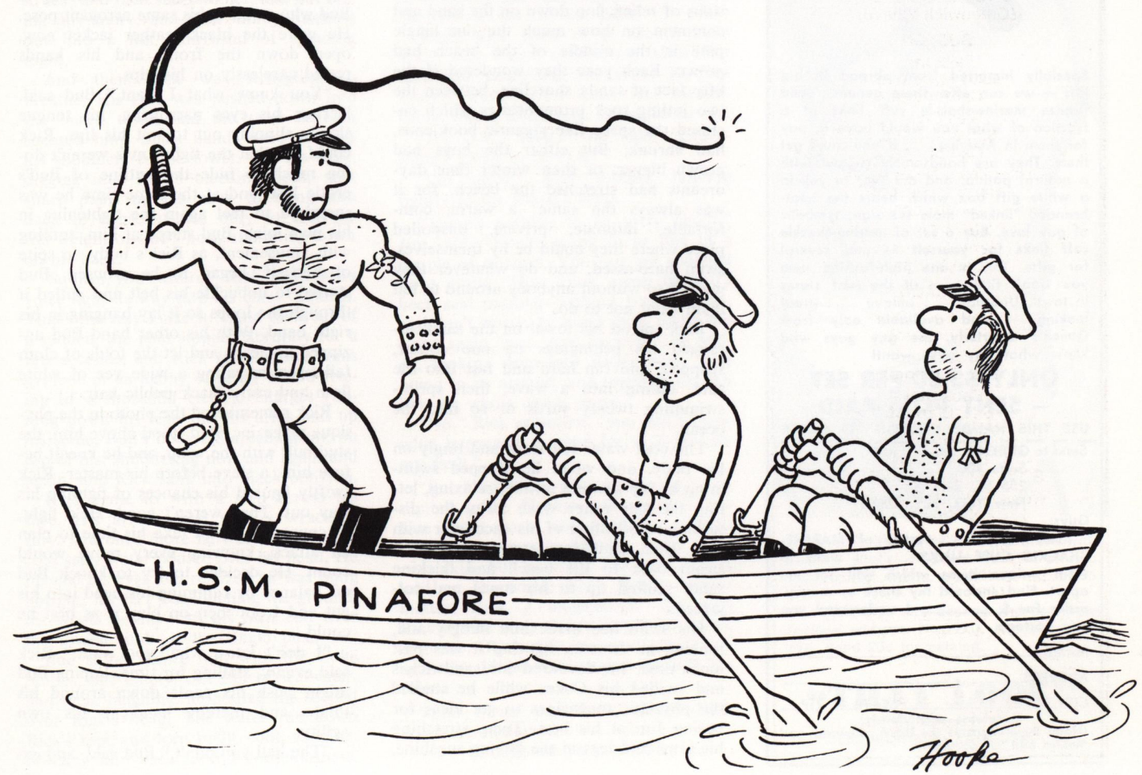
Bud shrugged his shoulders.

"O.K.," he said nonchalantly, "anything you say." He moved away from Rick and opened the door. Rick put the car in low to be ready to take off the instant Bud stepped out. Bud stood now by the open car door with the same stance he had used before, his legs spread apart, his weight on one foot, his fingers continually massaging himself. He was still grinning. "Tell me one thing, Rick," he said, holding the car door open with his black jacket draped over it, "if you don't dig it, how come," and his eyes drilled to Rick's tight bulging khakis, "how come you've got . . . ."

Rick had let the clutch out and slammed down on the accelerator, spinning rubber, spitting gravel, cutting off Bud's question with a roar of exhaust as he tore down the road with the right hand door swinging open wildly, finally slamming shut of its own accord.

A mile down the road and around a couple of curves Rick slowed back to a reasonable speed. He dried his palms, first one, then the other, running them through his blond hair, and tried to sort out his thoughts.

To begin with he cursed himself for that tiny ounce of fear, called himself stupid for having stopped to pick Bud up in the first place, and then he wondered about his sexual excitement which a glance downward would not permit him to deny. There was something exciting about Bud, but what? His body was strong, muscular, virile, but so was Jim's, and Jim's body, he thought, didn't affect him that way, or, at least, he had never gotten excited just looking at it or thinking about it. Maybe, Rick concluded, it was simply that it was such a hot day and subconsciously the sight of Bud's acting so damn horny had aroused his own desires. He decided that in a couple of hours, when Jim joined him on the beach,



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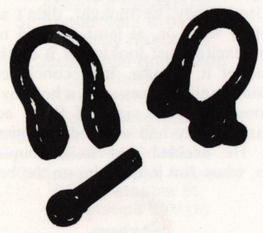

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while he was photographing Jim's nude physique, he would purposely survey Jim's body, every inch of it, and see if it provoked the same response. He was sure it wouldn't, and that would be the end of it.

They had a double date planned for that evening, he remembered, and he could let himself get aroused by his girl, maybe even let her pet him off, and from then on, he would be able to forget the incident with Bud—after all, nothing had happened—dismissing the episode as nothing more than a quirky accident on a hot summer day.

A few miles further Rick found the hidden, overgrown lane which cut off the highway through the pines toward the cove, and he pulled in as far as the bushes would allow, a good half-mile out of sight from the highway. He collected his camera, the magazines, a Coke and sandwich lunch his mother had fixed, a net posing strap, and his huge orange beach towel. Then he locked the car and hid the key under a near-by rock so he wouldn't lose it in the sand, and plowed his way through the trees and the undergrowth to the secret cove.

The cove was not large, but it was completely wild, just as it had been, Rick imagined, when the Indians lived there, and it was Rick's favorite corner of the earth. He and Jim discovered it years ago, and every June they raced back, fearing it had been found by someone else, expecting to see a new house built or a 'No Trespassing' sign, but it was always the same. They would heave great sighs of relief, flop down on the sand and comment on how much the one single pine in the middle of the beach had grown. Each year they wondered if the fifty feet of sandy shoreline, between the two jutting rock promontories which enclosed the space like gigantic book-ends, had shrunk. But either the boys had grown bigger, or their winter time daydreams had stretched the beach, for it was always the same: a warm, comfortable, intimate, private, unspoiled place where they could be by themselves, swim bare-assed, and do whatever they wanted to without anybody around to tell them what not to do.

Rick spread his towel on the sand, arranged his belongings on one corner, stripped, and ran hard and fast into the surf, falling into a wave, then sprint-swimming twenty yards or so into the ocean.

The cool water felt fresh and tingly on his body, and when he stopped swimming he lay floating awhile, relaxing, letting the salt water wash away the disturbing recollection of his encounter with Bud. Then, with slow, easy strokes, Rick swam back to the beach and, kicking sand, scuffed up to his towel and collapsed.

His swim had made him hungry and, looking at the sun, figuring it was past lunch-time, he devoured his sandwiches and swilled his Cokes while he studied the physique magazines to get ideas for posing Jim at his best. Then, stretching his arms and legs in the baking sunshine, luxuriating in its warmth, Rick decided to do nothing but doze and dream and tan his body, already a rich shimmering bronze, here and there flecked with dried salt, until Jim arrived.

Later, much later than he realized, Rick stirred apprehensively in his sleep and rolled over on his stomach. Something was wrong, he sensed, and without opening his eyes he gradually came awake. It was as if it had clouded over and begun to rain, but it hadn't: Rick could feel the afternoon sun blazing down on his back, feel its warmth soothing his buttocks, caressing the backs of his legs. And then he heard the noise.

It was a quiet sound, just a soft crunch of sand no more than a yard from his head. Opening his eyes like slits, squinting between his long blond lashes, Rick saw a boot planted firmly in the sand, and through his mind ran the sudden thought that Jim didn't wear boots; either sneakers or loafers, but never boots.

The boot viciously kicked out and dug into Rick's shoulder, and in a split second Rick was wide awake and up in a crouch, poised to attack. Bud stood there and laughed.

"Hi ya, Rickie," he said. "You didn't expect to see me again, did you? Well, pretty boy, I saw car tracks turn off the highway and so just for kicks I followed them, and here I am and here you are, only the two of us and nobody else within ear-shot.

"What do you want?" Rick asked, rubbing his shoulder, letting himself sink back onto his haunches. He looked up at Bud who stood in his same arrogant pose. He wore the black leather jacket now, open down the front, and his hands rested carelessly on his hips.

"You know what I want," Bud said, leering, his eyes narrowing, his tongue slowly slipping out to wet his lips. Rick could see that the tight Levis weren't doing much to hide the outline of Bud's erotic lust, and at the same time he was surprised to feel again the tightening in his own loins. Bud stared at him, smiling with amusement, as Rick's body, in spite of himself, began to be aroused. Bud started to unbuckle his belt and pulled it through the loops so it lay hanging in his right hand. With his other hand Bud unzipped his jeans and let the folds of cloth fall open revealing a wide vee of white flesh and curly black public hair.

Rick remembered the photo in the physique magazine. Bud stood above him, the stud bull with the whip, and he knealt before him, a slave before his master. Rick swiftly figured his chances of fighting his way out. They weren't good. He'd fight, of course, and he'd take his time to plan an attack, knowing every move would count. He decided to try to knock Bud off balance by ramming his head into his gut and from then on play it as best he could.

"I don't know what you want," Rick said evenly, stalling for time, hoping Bud might push his pants down around his thighs and thereby handicap his own agility.

"The hell you don't," Bud said, and exactly as Rick had hoped, he yanked his jeans off his hips and shoved them down. "You shouldn't have taken off quite so fast, Rickie," he said ominously. "Your tires kicked dust on my boots, and I don't like that. You're going to lick them clean, Rickie-doll.

"You're crazy," Rick said. Bud roared with laughter and as suddenly was quiet and menacing again.

"For that smart remark," Bud growled, "I'm really going to work you over. I'm going to rough up that pretty face of yours, Rickie-boy." He raised the belt and stepped forward for the first lash at the same instant that Rick lunged. The belt connected with a stinging, cutting slash across Rick's back, but Bud was knocked on his tail with Rick landing on top of him, driving his knee into Bud's crotch, sinking his fingers into his throat, holding on now in what he figured was his only chance.

But it was an uneven match. Bud was bigger, stronger than Rick, and even though Rick was more agile, Bud's weight advantage rolled them over, and his fists began the cruel merciless rain of blows that pummeled every square inch of Rick's face, now bleeding, swelling, torn, and then moved down to slam again and again into his chest and stomach.

Gradually the fight ebbed out of Rick, and he simply lay there taking the punishment, slipping from an awareness of Bud's smashing fist into unconsciousness and slipping back long enough to realize dimly that another blow was about to be struck, and then still another, and not caring any more, and then finally blacking out into a hot whirlwind of spinning night.

And then Rick was struggling to breathe. His face was pushed down into the beach towel and the sand beneath encased him. Bud's hands were pinning his shoulders to the towel, and his nails, digging into Rick's bleeding flesh, shot sharp pains up his neck to bring him back to consciousness only to feel the full weight of Bud's body slamming down on his back.

"Squirm, you bastard!" Rick heard Bud's voice fight its way into his ears. "Squirm. That's the way I like it." And then, all of a sudden, the pain stopped abruptly for a few seconds, and Rick felt his own loins explode in an agony of relief with a feeling of a thousand electric charges running down his legs, out his arms and up his spine. Bud's body collapsed, spent, on top of his, shuddering now and again and again, and Rick sank into black oblivion.

Rick came to with a slap across his face. His arms ached with a wracking fury, and once more he was slapped, and cold salty water poured over his head. He opened his eyes and realized he was hung upright, his feet just touching the ground, his wrists bound with his own belt over the lowest limb of the single pine.

Bud stood before him with the Coke bottles, one empty, one full of sea-water, and then, laughing, he poured the second over Rick's head. The water ran down Rick's face and torn body, cool, stinging, bringing him back to full consciousness.

"I just wanted to say 'Good-bye,' Rickie-boy," Bud said. Rick spat at him, but the bloody spittle fell short. Bud was dressed again now, and he had the jacket slung over one shoulder and Rick's Polaroid case slung under it. Bud's passion was drained, but he had his victim strung up now, and he couldn't resist the opportunity to get in one last sadistic outrage before he left. He was confident he could take his own sweet time to get away, pawn the camera, and make it to wherever he was going before somebody would find Rick hanging, screaming, probably, for help.

Bud chucked the empty Coke bottles behind him and advanced on Rick.

"Say 'Good-bye and thank you,'" he ordered. Rick tried to spit again, but all he could taste was the dried blood in his mouth. "Say 'Good-bye and thank you,' Rickie-boy," Bud repeated, and he reached down and roughly grabbed Rick's testicles with his free hand and slowly began to twist and squeeze, harder and harder, until Rick was ready to scream with pain, ready to say anything Bud wanted him to say.

But Rick held on, now, trying not to scream, determined not to give in, as he watched Jim step out of the pines behind Bud's back, pause for a second to size up the situation, and then drop into a running crouch, pick up a Coke bottle on the run, and leap, finally, bringing the bottle down with a sinking thud onto the back of Bud's square skull. Bud's hand froze on Rick in a sickening, vise-like grip, and he dropped, and then Rick screamed and blacked out for the last time.

When Rick came to he was in Jim's arms, big, warm, comforting arms that held him, protecting. He turned his face against Jim's broad chest and inexplicably, like a small boy, he began to cry.

"It's O.K., Rick," Jim said. "Everything's going to be O.K."

"I'm sorry," Rick sobbed, holding tightly to his friend's arms.

"There's nothing to be sorry about," Jim said. "You're going to be fine in a couple of minutes. You just got roughed up a litttle. That lousy creep bastard's been sent packing—without your camera, and don't worry, he won't show up on the Cape again, ever. And besides," Jim added, looking deep into Rick's eyes, "I'm going to be around, and together we can lick the whole damn world."

"No," Rick protested, "you don't know what happened. I asked for it. It was all my fault."

"But I do know what happened," Jim replied softly. "I heard all about it. Before I got done with him that sadistic bully was not only whining to save his own skin, but he cried like a baby and told me the whole story. But it doesn't matter, Rick. I understand." He held Rick's nude body closer in a tight, manly embrace. Rick felt hope stirring, and again his blood was surging through his veins.

"You mean you don't care?" Rick asked incredulously.

(Continued on page 52)

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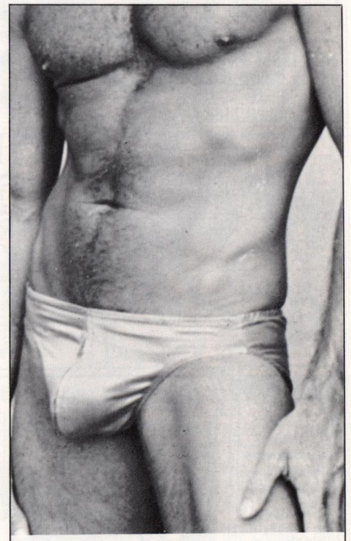

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THE CIA WOULDN'T TOUCH IT. J. EDGAR AND HIS BOYS(!) THOUGHT IT TOO DANGEROUS. THE GIRL SCOUTS WERE BUSY.

SO NATURALLY, IT HAD TO BE HARRY CHESS...THAT WEALTHY, YOUNG BACHELOR-ABOUT-TOWN...THE CRUSADING EDITOR-PUBLISHER OF "WANG" (THE PHYSIQUE MAG WITH A DIFFERENCE!) H.C. IS IN REALITY SECRET-SUPER AGENT #2 FOR F.U.G.G.* THE SECRET-SUPER PROTECTIVE FORCE OF THE MOTTOMACHINE SOCIETY (...AND WE ALL KNOW WHO THEY ARE!)

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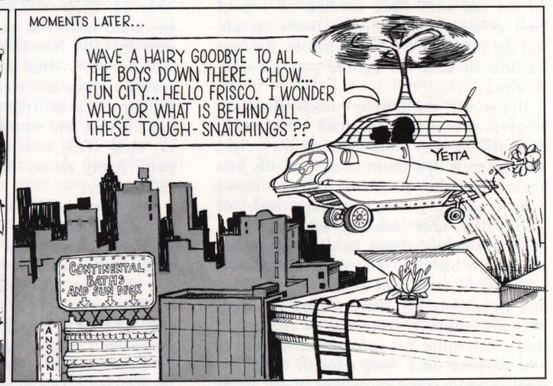
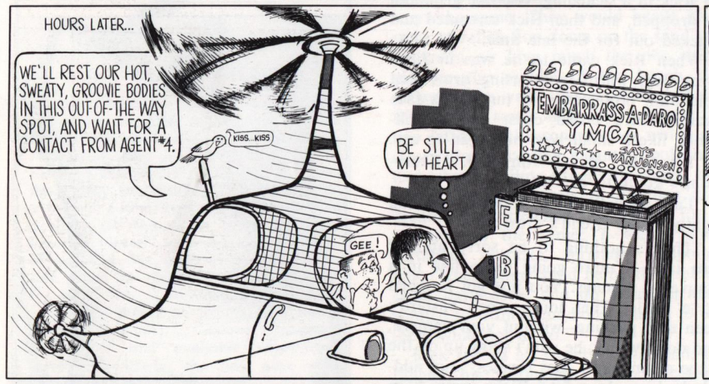
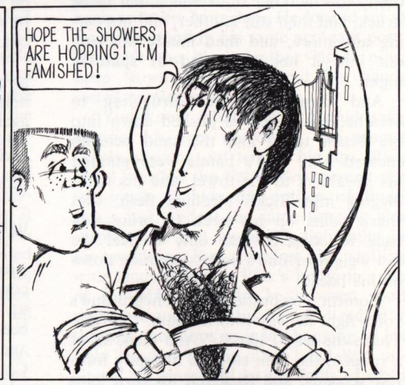
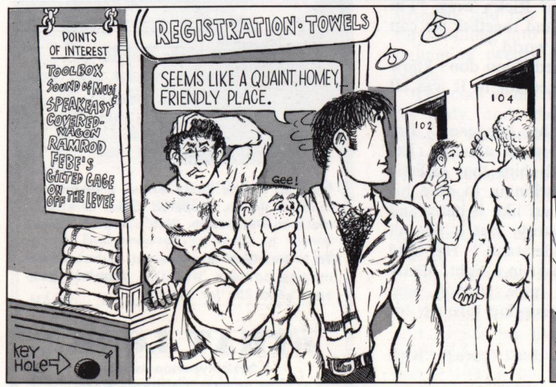
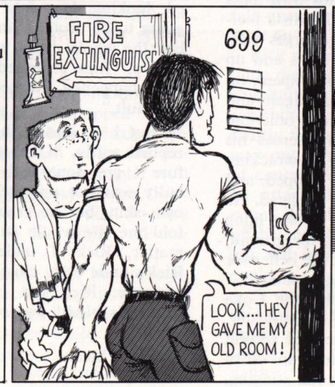
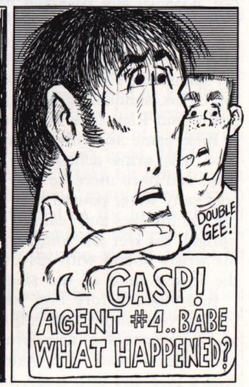




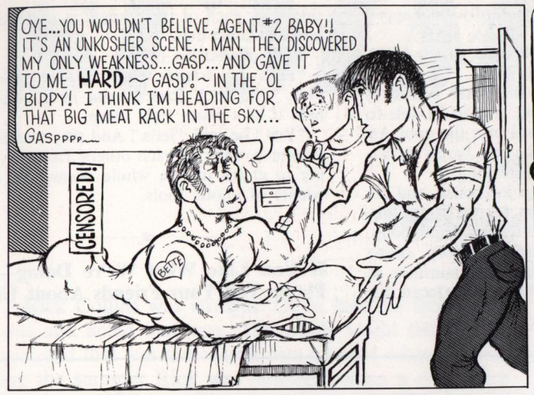








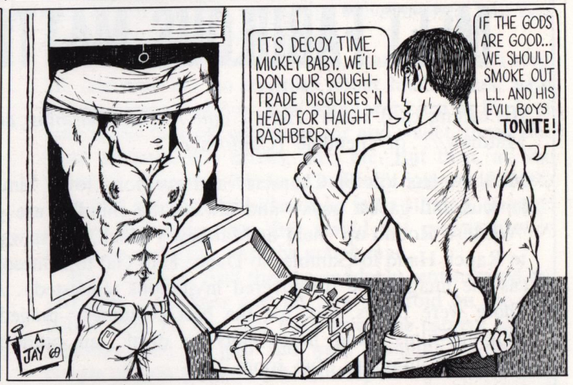
* FIST-FLYING UNDERCOVER GOOD GAYS





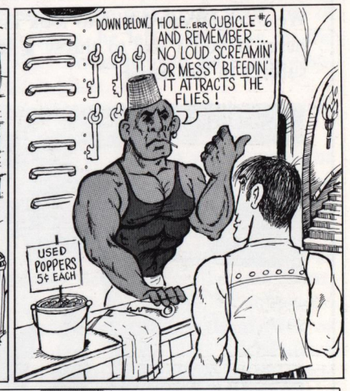






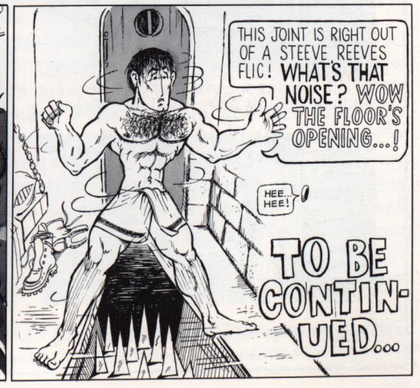












(Continued from page 49)

"Of course not. I care about you," Jim answered, and he began stroking Rick's shoulder soothingly, calming, reassuring. "After all, Rick, we're friends, aren't we?"

Rick smiled through his tears, looking up into Jim's friendly face.

"Yes, Jim," he said quietly, "we're friends." He paused for a second and then whispered, "Thank you."

Jim bent to lift Rick back onto his feet, and as he did so his lips grazed past Rick's, just barely touching, and through the thin fabric of his jeans he could feel the warm pressure of Rick pressing against him. Gently, playfully, he slapped Rick on the fanny.

"Enough of that," he said. "Let's swim. Race you to the water!"

Rick limped down the beach as fast as he could, embarrassed, glad to be able to plunge his new arousal into the cool Atlantic. When he came up, barely waist-deep, he turned to watch Jim.

Jim had stripped on the beach, and he, too, was high-tailing it for the water, obviously for the same reason. Jim's body, in all its proud, masculine glory, shone like a sweating stallion in the sunshine as it hit the waves. When he surfaced beside Rick each of them knew at a glance how the other felt.

Rick offered his hand.

"Let's stay friends, Jim," he said, "forever." Jim took Rick's hand in his and held it in a warm tight clasp.

"Yes," he said, "let's." And they started splashing water in each others' faces, trying to churn up the whole ocean like a couple of idiotic fools.

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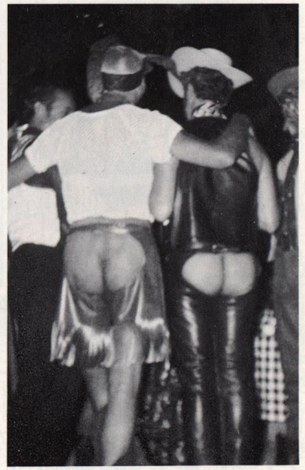
We thought you'd like to look in on the festivities . . . Matthew kindly sent us some snapshots for reproduction here. If you'd like to throw a successful party—take a tip from Matthew and read our special article on the subject in this issue.



Matthew and his flowered "Love Wagon."



"Olé me!" they kept saying all night.



Ready for action . . . and there was horseback riding too.



Taking a breather in Matthew's "parlour."



Everything from leather to lace . . . Western style.

SUMMER '69

by Orlando Paris

Rick Collins was straight. Or at least he thought he was and acted that way. The whole world thought so, too; and that was that—until late one hot August morning the summer Rick was nineteen, when a day which had begun like any other lazy day at the Cape turned out to be a nightmare, a dream, and a wild awakening all rolled into one.

Rick tooled his convertible out of the driveway and drove parallel to the coast aiming for a small, isolated cove he knew where he could have the privacy of the whole Atlantic Ocean to himself. Later, in the afternoon, Rick's friend Jim would get off work and join him, and they would race, swim, wrestle, fight, really get a decent workout. Jim was older, a year older than Rick, a magnificent athlete, a great hit with the girls, and, except for being stuck on himself, which Rick excused, he was one heck of a nice guy.

Rick and Jim had palled around together since they were kids. They went to the same schools, and their folks had adjoining cottages every summer. Each June they would pick up where they had left off the previous September: horsing around, double-dating, exploring the wonderful, exciting world of beach life in the summertime, exchanging every thought, commenting on girls, parties, movies, life in general, as if they had one mind between them.

A couple of times when Rick was twelve and Jim was thirteen they had messed around sexually, but that was just kid stuff. They laughed about it now, and if they saw a boy who was a little light on his feet they'd exchange knowing glances, but both Rick and Jim were nice enough, or intelligent enough, not to snicker; and as with most straight guys the subject of homosexuality rarely came up.

But the subject came up in Rick's mind as he drove to his beach, for just as he left town he saw, about a half-mile down the road, a hitch-hiker, and somewhere in the pit of his stomach a small knot tightened, and his foot slowed on the accelerator.

The hitch-hiker was in his early twenties, young anyway; Rick could tell even at that distance. He stood arrogantly, legs spread, his weight on one foot. A leather jacket was slung carelessly by one finger over his naked shoulder. As Rick approached he noticed the black boots, the bleached, skin-tight Levis cinched at his narrow waist with a wide black garrison belt, and then, coming closer, he noticed the young stranger's smile.

It was an icy, blue-eyed smile of total confidence as if, somehow, he knew Rick would stop the car and pick him up. He didn't even bother using his thumb in any of the usual gestures which say, "How about a lift?" Rather, he had his thumb hooked over his belt, tugging the clinging Levis down at one hip, revealing a line of white flesh beneath his swarthy tanned chest. As Rick's car slowed, instead of thumbing, the hitch-hiker merely gave his head a toss, and a long wave of black hair flew up and lay cockily over one eye.

Rick knew, even as he braked, that he shouldn't stop. He had read all the statistics about hitch-hikers, what per cent were fugitives, how many were just as likely to cool it and take off with your car and wallet, those who were deviates, con artists, etc., etc. But then, at that moment, there was this knot in Rick's loins, and in the crotch of his own tight khakis he felt a stirring, an urge, a deep fearsome urge that would not permit him to speed up and drive past the young man.

Rick stopped. And then he suddenly remembered the physique magazines and his new Polaroid on the seat beside him. He had just been given the camera for his birthday, and he and Jim were planning to shoot a couple of rolls at the beach. Quickly he was able to drop the camera over the back of the seat to the floor, out of sight. As for the magazines, he left them lying on the seat, figuring maybe they would help to get a conversation going with the hitch-hiker.

But the hitch-hiker did not get in. A little annoyed, Rick leaned over and opened the door.

"Come on, get in," he said. But the young man (he was a rugged looking s.o.b., Rick thought) just stood there, smiling. Slowly, he unhooked his thumb from his belt and let the palm of his hand slide down across his flat abdomen. Then, deliberately, he stroked the bulge which lay, revealing every detail under the taut jeans, along his left thigh. Cupping his fingers, he massaged the swelling material and grinned invitingly at Rick as if to say, "You want this, don't you?" And Rick grinned back, and the boy slithered into the seat beside him, slammed the door, and they were off.

Rick's mouth went dry and his heart pounded as he shoved the car from one gear to the next. He could feel the guy's eyes appraising his body, scanning his torso tee-shirt, his dirty white sneakers, and then practically groping their way up the legs of his stretch khakis. The boy stared, with that cocky, confident smile, at the top of Rick's thigh where every heart-beat pulsed surging blood into him to strain against the tan, skin-smooth fabric. Rick cleared his throat and tried to think about something else, anything else. He certainly wasn't ashamed of his manhood, but he didn't particularly like to flaunt it.

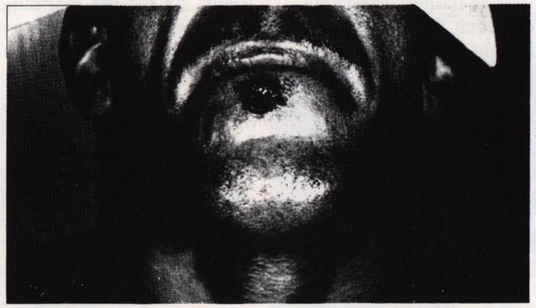
"You interested in bodybuilding?" the stranger asked, picking up one of the magazines. *(Continued on page 46)*

V.D.
the gift of love

by Roger Watson

It seems the rest of the world is finally catching up with us. Until just recently, before the sexual revolution, the spread of venereal disease was blamed on prostitutes, servicemen, and most of all—homosexuals. Now that everyone is promiscuous we are no longer on the receiving end of the biggest chunk of criticism. Nonetheless, we cannot yet celebrate a victory—for V.D. is everyone's concern, and we must contribute to stamping it out.

The most unrealistic preventative advice anyone can give a gay guy is: "Don't have sex . . . or limit yourself to a single partner who, in turn, should do likewise." How ridiculous. We thrive on sex and so many of us take great pleasure in racking up more guys than there are days in a single year. Wearing rubbers is silly. Urinating and washing immediately after sex can't hurt, but seldom helps prevent V.D. once you've made contact with infection. Instead, it makes more sense to be informed about V.D.; take whatever realistic preventative measures you can against becoming infected, such as avoiding commercial (male) prostitutes; be conscious of suspicious symptoms; have the good sense to seek professional help should signs appear; voluntarily undergo periodic tests; and cooperate with the health authorities in wiping out V.D.



TYPICAL CHANCRE–HERE SEEN ON LOWER LIP

V.D.—specifically gonorrhea and syphilis—is on the rise, as a consequence of increased promiscuity. Just one infected person can spread the disease to hundreds, directly, and thousands, indirectly—for each person he infects will in turn infect others, ad infinitum. Gonorrhea and syphilis are both venereal diseases, but different—syphilis being the worst. At the very least, gonorrhea can cause severe pain; at worst, syphilis can cause death. Both diseases may be contracted simultaneously, or at different times. With luck, promiscuity withstanding, you may never have a bout with either.

GONORRHEA

Gonorrhea symptoms usually appear in three to seven days after exposure to infection. Contrary to popular notion, the "clap"—as gonorrhea is commonly called—cannot be brought on by straining the body, or by sitting on a toilet seat just used by a carrier. It is contracted during sex, by direct contact with infection.

In its early stages you will notice a burning sensation when urinating, if the penis is infected; in the anus, you may not suspect anything until the disease is quite advanced, when blood is passed. Easily detected in the penis, the burning is followed by a discharge of yellowish pus. Unlike syphilis, it does not invade the bloodstream; hence, in order to contract gonorrhea the recipient must touch it directly. In other words, in its early stages—before the disease has been allowed to spread—if you indulge only in active anal sex, and your partner's penis in infected, you will probably avoid contact.

If you suspect gonorrhea see your physician immediately. After a routine examination he will take a smear of the infection, and if results are positive will treat you accordingly. Modern drugs can wipe it out in days, and, in fact, a new oral antibiotic—Vibramycin—can eradicate gonorrhea in seven days, during which time you should refrain from having sex or indulging in liquids and foods which might irritate the system. Never attempt to treat yourself, even if you do manage to secure Vibramycin without a prescription. Indiscriminate dosages of this drug, or any drug, can cause bodily damage, and dosages which are not potent enough will permit the disease to run rampant, only disguising obvious symptoms while the disease continues to spread. Moreover, only a physician can determine conclusively that you have the disease; oftentimes such ailments as cystitis (inflammation of the bladder) are mistaken for gonorrhea.

(Continued on page 45)

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