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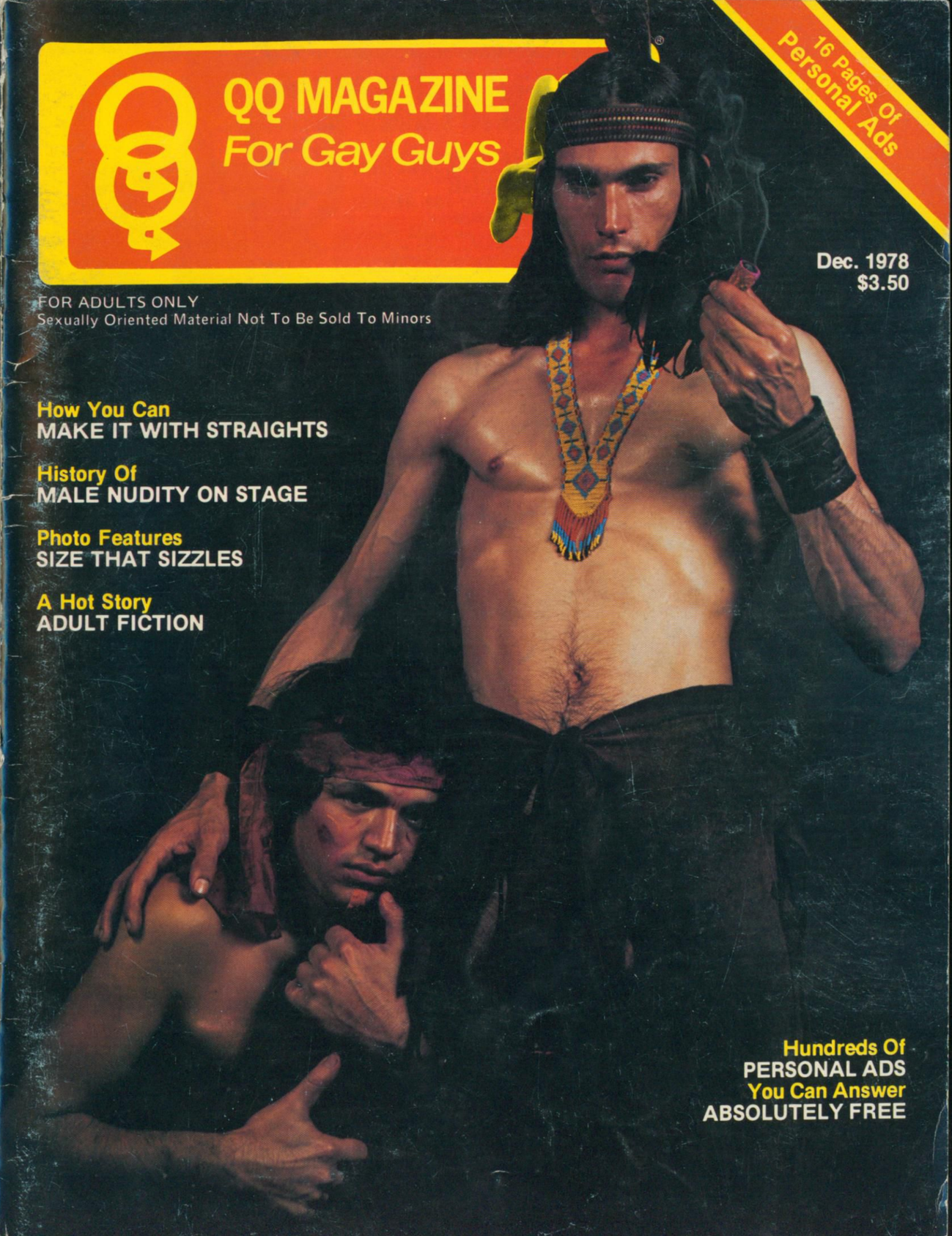

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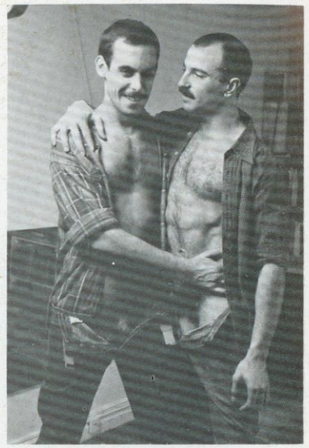

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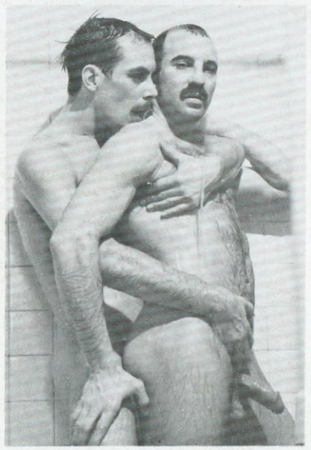

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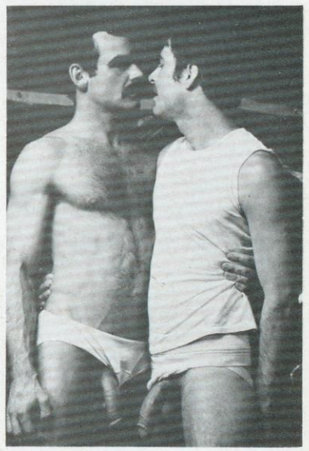

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QQ MAGAZINE
For Gay Guys

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1978 **VOLUME 10/NUMBER 6**

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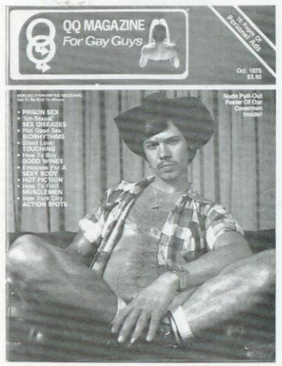

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Although nudity on the stage in 1978 is barely noticed (pun intended) or seldom even mentioned in reviews, there was a time not too long ago when, like its naked cinema counterpart, live, unclothed bodies were still considered shocking, provocative and an ingenious new way of increasing grosses and grossness at the box-office. The following article for QQ Magazine is in two parts and will serve as a retrospect of male nudity on the stage, primarily about the world theatrical center that is New York. It will cover all highlights of masculine theatrical disrobing, from Broadway, Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway. Occasionally significant trends from the West Coast will be noted as well.

Part I

Theatre Buffs

Male Nudity On Stage

By Will Lively

ALTHOUGH historically nakedness had been seen on the stage before, notably during the frequently orgiastic theatre of ancient Rome, and in private pieces for the various profligate King Louis's of 18th Century France, for nearly two-thousand years nary a buttock, boob or ball could be flashed at theatregoers in public without subsequent fine for performer and feigned faint for audience members. And although scanty costumes and teasing divesture seemed to have been theatrical tradition since the time of Thespis, legally all public performances had to have all "offending parts" gauzed, pastied or G-strung.

Since homosexuality was extremely closeted before the last decade, the thought that theatregoers of any gender should want to see provocatively dressed males (let alone *un*dressed ones!) seemed extremely remote. But a Gay theatre claque was always somewhat visible on both sides of the footlights, so bare-chested musclemen and handsome chorus

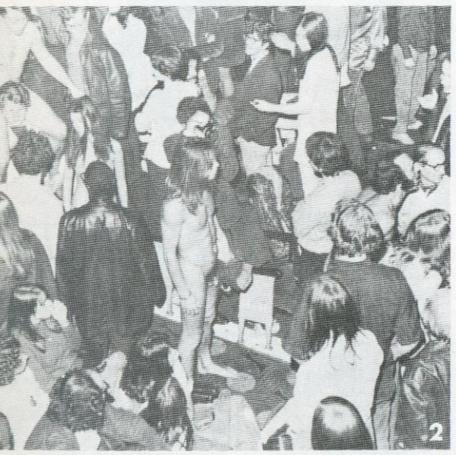


Butch, in What Do You Say To a Naked Waiter? See text for details.



boys frequently popped up whenever possible. And in the early fifties, Broadway performers—both stars and chorus alike—frequently appeared nude (but only from the rear) in sexy little publications like *Adonis* and *Vim*, even though they could never have appeared that way in the theatre. For example, Harold Lang who starred in the revival of *Pal Joey*, Ed Fury, and Dan Cerulli who strutted about in *Fanny, Kismet* and other beefcakey musicals. Cerulli is still in magnificent shape some 20 years later and recently appeared again as one of the Wazir's guards in the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera revival of *Kismet* a few summers ago.

But unless you count the sensation of Canadian actor Leo Ciceri's occasionally bare ass flashing under his brief chiton when he performed Paris in *Tiger At The Gates* during the middle of the fifties, or little John Megna's tiny bare tushie in *Greenwillow* a few years later, male nudity in the American theatre at that time was no (*fun buns*) contest. In the fall of 1965 all of that changed . . .



WHO PUT THE ASS IN ASS-YLUM

All the way from its unorthodox title to its unusual subject matter to its extraordinary staging, Peter Brook's British production of *The Persecution & Assassination Of Marat As Performed By The Inmates Of The Asylum Of Charenton Under The Direction Of The Marquis De Sade* was a total assault on the senses. So why shouldn't it go all the way and outrage a moral standard or two, too? This historian will never forget the stunned silence and almost breathless disbelief from the house as Ian Richardson's Marat stood up nude from his tub—back to the audience—and emerged center stage up a set of stairs. The image was electrifying. And yet also one of total vulnerability. Everything stripped away as martyr seeks martyrdom. And because of this, his nudity was almost completely non-erotic. Richardson's body was made up with large simulated sores to affect a skin disease Marat suffered from, and this pictorialization evoked sympathy and compassion in the eyes of the viewers.

Walter Kerr also pointed out that from his critic's chair he detected some sort of metal wiring between Richardson's buttocks—obviously holding a cup which hid Ian's privates from view of the other members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. But even with this slight bit of fudging, Richardson, who most recently portrayed Professor Higgins in the Broadway revival of *My Fair Lady* was indelibly involved in starting a very different *Ass-got Gavotte.*



Still the nudity cycle took a while to get going. It wasn't till two years later that there was again staged mooning over Manhattan. Again *Marat/Sade.* This time an American version with the home-grown buns of Dennis Patrick as Marat, plus the ones in an additional All-American masturbation (simulated) scene of Jared Barclay as a pants-less Monsieur Duperret.

This must have prompted Robert Anderson to write his little one-acter in *You Know I Can't Hear You When The Water's Running* where the entire feeble premise was how preposterous it would be for a male to appear totally nude on stage "flapping in the wind." But that very flap was just then beginning to win favor in the underground world of Dance & Happenings as Ann Halprin's San Francisco Dance Theatre performed totally nude at Hunter College that very year of 1967, and Kusama's nude troupe streaked Wall Street and New York cathedrals.

This led to jock-strapped nakedness in *Dionysus in '68* and nudity in *Tom Paine* Off Broadway, where diaphanously draped nudes flashed their privates ecstatically. This was directed by Tom O'Horgan who would be the first to bring totally frontal nude males to Broadway in *Hair.*

AT LAST A PUBIC "HAIR"

This author will never forget that experience—sitting in the Biltmore Theatre at the Wednesday matinee before Thanksgiving 1968, in the eighth row of the orchestra, next to Cliff Robertson and Dina Merrill. But I only had eyes for the most beautiful man I think I had ever seen on a



stage. He was garbed as a young Indian hippy, and I remember wending a silent prayer to God, "Oh please, please, dear Lord, let that Indian be one of the nudes so I can see him naked." I sweated through the entire first act knowing the *Hare Krishna* number at the end was when the tribe all went under a huge ceremonial blanket, and a few of them stood up starkers. Well, who says God doesn't listen to Gays? As intermission drew nigh and the music swelled, that Indian ended up left center stage, slid seductively under the blanket, squirmed around under there for a few seconds (Could he be slipping off his loin cloth?), and then crawled out and finally stood up and *looked right at me*—the most beautiful naked Hiawatha I could ever have imagined! I will never ever forget that moment. What a beauty!

Obviously, that young buck made other good (and valuable) eye contacts, for I read several months later that Fellini had also spotted him and that my very own Hiawatha—Hiram Keller—was soon to be the star of *Satyricon.* Always knew I had good taste.

1968 seemed to open the phallic floodgates. Men were flashing all over town: the Living Theatre was naked in Brooklyn, odd-titled plays like *Futz* and *Beclch* were unveiled off Broadway. And joining the revels, the likes of a Harold Pinter evening like *The Basement* and *Tea Party* even had males stripping on the chi-chi Upper East Side. Also, it's interesting to note that eventually even prominent actors began showing their public their privates—Robert Drivas and Sally Kirkland (both sexy Scorpios incidentally) stripped for action in their show *Sweet Eros.*

By the time the whole world was '69ing no less than 18 different productions featured male genitalia. Mostly Off Broadway:

1. *Dionysus in 69* appropriately came into its own then when its bacchants could now wade through its undisciplined ass-pirations with no visible means of supporters—even encouraging a gulled audience to strip and join in the jiggling. Some actually did.

2. *Geese* opened at the Players Theatre and featured the first love scenes between nude homosexual characters of both sexes. At first these were behind a scrim. But eventually the scrim and other barriers—both legal and scenic—came down just like the actors' underwear.

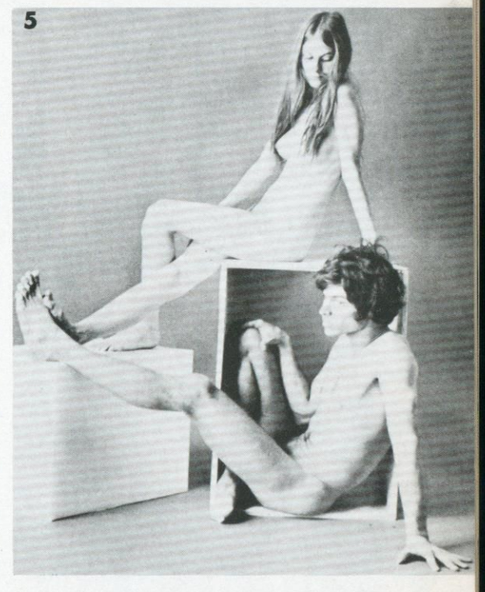
3. *War Games* had Don Warfield pull down his pants when confronting his Canadian lover. Something about border-crossing privileges.

4. *We'd Rather Switch* was a role-reversal revue directed and choreographed by Robert Speller featuring male burlesque and female comics. Its seedy theatre on lower 42nd Street really contributed to its genuine eroticism, and it was one of the few stage or screen shows that truly was able to blend blatant sexuality with humor. Most of the studs in the show sang and danced completely naked, and since the show ran for months and months, many cast changes caused this viewer to be a true re-peter.

5. *De Sade Illustrated* promised much in its titillating ads, but actually delivered little. When nudity was finally introduced by the producer, the author became so infuriated that he took an ax to the set and set fire to the theatre. The show closed.

6. *Che* by Lennox Raphael played in a converted store-front down by the Bowery. It only ran for a short time—closed by the authorities more for its political overtones—a naked Uncle Sam doing it with a naked Fidel—than for its simulated sex and nudity.

7. *Tom Cat* was a male burlesque show just down the street from *We'd Rather Switch* and was the first of a continuing series of showcases for Manhattan male ecdysiasts. My fondest memories of it were its final moments when all 10 of the boys came out shaking and swinging their dongs at us. The cast ran the gamut of male sexuality—that kind still seen in male burly-Q today: talentless drags, preening musclemen, sullen hustlers, exhibtionistic "straights," plus the humpiest of Puerto Rican studs who flirt and will fuck with everyone for a fiver—all standing





See text for details concerning the illustrations on these pages, which do not appear in any particular order. 1. Marat/Sade. 2. The Living Theatre. 3. The Dirtiest Show in Town. 4. The Changing Room. 5. Hair. 6. Tubstrip.



there in a row whacking their hairy dongs 10 strong. Quite a show!

7. *Sweet Tom.*

9. *Sound Of A Different Drum.*

10. *The Faggot.*

11. *Nude Gymnastics.* These last four were Off Off Broadway dramas noted not for their dramaturgy but for only their naked front and backsides. *Nude Gymnastics* was the first show I ever saw that featured a curtain call with stark naked actors. (It's hard to clap and to play with yourself at the same time.)

12. *Oh, Calcutta!* was a musical diversion on sex that opened on June 17, 1969 at a newly-remodeled and renamed theatre called Eden. Naturally, fig leaves were not worn. *Oh, Calcutta!* sounds like the French phrase *o quel con tu as* which means "Oh, what a cunt you have." But Gays opted for Cock—1969 being Chinesely the Year of—what with the handsome likes of *Calcutta's* Alan Rachins, Leon Russom, and Mark Dempsey. They were all so appeeling in it. Even Bill Macy of *Maude* had a big member-ship in its original cast. *Calcutta* ultimately moved to Broadway, and a current revival (better *resuscitation*) of it still is packing in the curious and prurient of Podunk to view its crotch-ety mismatch of fifth-rate comedy and acting, and first-rate music, dance and dick.

13. *And Puppy Dog's Tails* was of little interest except that it featured another fantasy figure of mine—George Reeder—who was a young butch dancer on your old TV *Hit Parade*. *Puppy Dogs* was a different kind of "extra" he was featured in, however. Letting George be naked, kissing another naked male—something N.B.C., Lucky Strike and Snooky Lanson *never* thought of. To make sure that playgoers knew that Reeder was only "acting" Gay, the program prominently noted that "George (*Continued on page 44*)





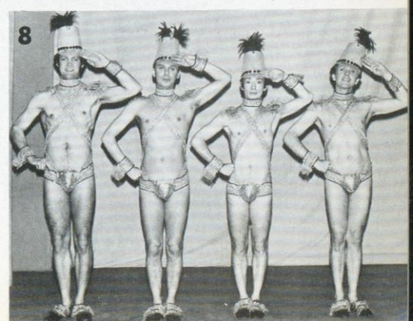












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A New Sex Arena: Making It With Straights

All Heroes . . . No Zeroes

By Scott Young

IN *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, a woman looks introspectively into her mirror and is shocked to see the obscenely grinning specter of time. As Tennessee Williams's screenplay unfolds, she finally realizes that she no longer has the youth and beauty which could keep in silken bondage the young lovers who once had to compete for her favors. With Warren Beatty as the last of the string—he having decamped after a brutal confrontation with Vivien Leigh, as Mrs. Stone—she faces the inevitable: that it's now *she* who must compete; that 'long term' is out, and 'one-night stand' is the most she can expect, for which she must pay cash on the barrelhead. The final scene, in which she tosses the key to her apartment out of the window to a waiting Roman teenage hustler below, is an exercise in gallantry in degradation . . . one that, after many years, remains etched in the memory.

To most gay guys, time is also the enemy of sex competition—an enemy with which one must do battle every day. Often one hears the lament, "Why should time be so *here* and *now* . . . why not out *there* and *later*?"

Another, cruising along his accustomed sex-routes, may lately have noticed that his questing glance is no longer as burningly returned—or as frequently. Often, after a faster-than-lightning appraisal, the other's glance may be averted. Quickly, however, comes the consoling thought that "No doubt he had more pressing matters on his mind." Looking back in hunger, though, he'll see just *how* pressing. "Seventeen," in bunsabouncin' denim, will have appeared on the horizon.

Now wisely facing up to the inexorability of time, our friend may follow Mrs. Stone's example and look into his mirror more analytically than illusively. Studying first his backside (which was always his *best* side), he may be dismayed to find more heft than cleft ("Goodness, how can anyone even *find* it?").

Mother Nature may have been sewing fine seams in his face, and there are traces of wrinkles that weren't there 'yesterday'. Of course, if time has staked out his hair as a first claim, he has been camouflaging the sparse areas with whorls of once bountiful curls. Looking at all this DorianGrayness he is devastated. "Oh God," he ohgods, "now I'm going to have to *buy* a boy!" This is not a lament of the penurious, but the prideful. Still, with inflation ever double-digiting, it is something to give one a turn. Since we'll soon be sexing on the metric system, the cost of a 50-cc. load of steamy cum from a humpy "Seventeen" may reach an exorbitant $50!

But what's so degrading about buying sex when you are older? After all, gay guys of any age who

Mike Arlen

Mike Arlen



who vacation in many countries outside the United States *expect* to pay. Certainly it's not unrealistic to say that one might consider this as part of the entire tour-package cost. In Italy, for example, it's the national norm . . . no stigma attached. In fact, you'll rarely get sex unless you *do* pay.

In Caribbean countries we tend to whitewash the mind, or watercolor-it in Puerto Rican pastels, by thinking of paying as *giving*. This, because however biggercocked they are down there, they are always 'borderline welfare'—and need the money. Also in Mediterranean-Africa (Morocco, especially), and certain Asian countries, some gay guys think of paying as a kind of 'fun thing'. With so many charming youngsters flicking feistily at the zipper, they regard it as a competitive gig, and so instead of *paying* for sex they 'award prize money' to the successful charmer, however shameful that may sound . . . and it is.

Here in the United States there's almost no town where hustling is not endemic/proportionate to the gay population. Think *bus station*. Or check the listings in our gay travel guidebook "Private Stock" and note how frequently the letter H turns up in the codes. This reasoning may seem specious, but in areas of high-density hustling many seem to regard paying for sex as if it were just another kind of public service or utility—much as a long-distance toll charge is added to the telephone bill.

THE INSISTENTLY MACHO

There are, then, universal precedents that *should* remove the stigma from 'buying'. Still, there are those fantastic gay guys with huge cocks and whirlwind sexpertise—heretofore irresistible—who no longer have the cruising precision they once had, simply because time has left its mark on face and body. The crux of the matter is that such men—as virile and vigorous as ever—cannot look in Mrs. Stone's mirror and face the comparison between what once *was*, and now *is*. They are really macho guys, and they're not hanging up their cock-rings or surrendering a tad of machismo just because of a little thing like

the passage of time. To them, paying for sex is a disgrace.

But instead of growing uptight about some turn-downs, averted glances, and muffed opportunities to bed "Seventeen," now ass-crunching along the horizon . . . instead of feeling thwarted, and growing bitter and perhaps withdrawn . . . they can turn their world around—overnight. How? Through a change of cruising scene and a revised approach. In short, making it big(ger) in a *new sex arena* where they are always conquering heroes . . . never zeroes.

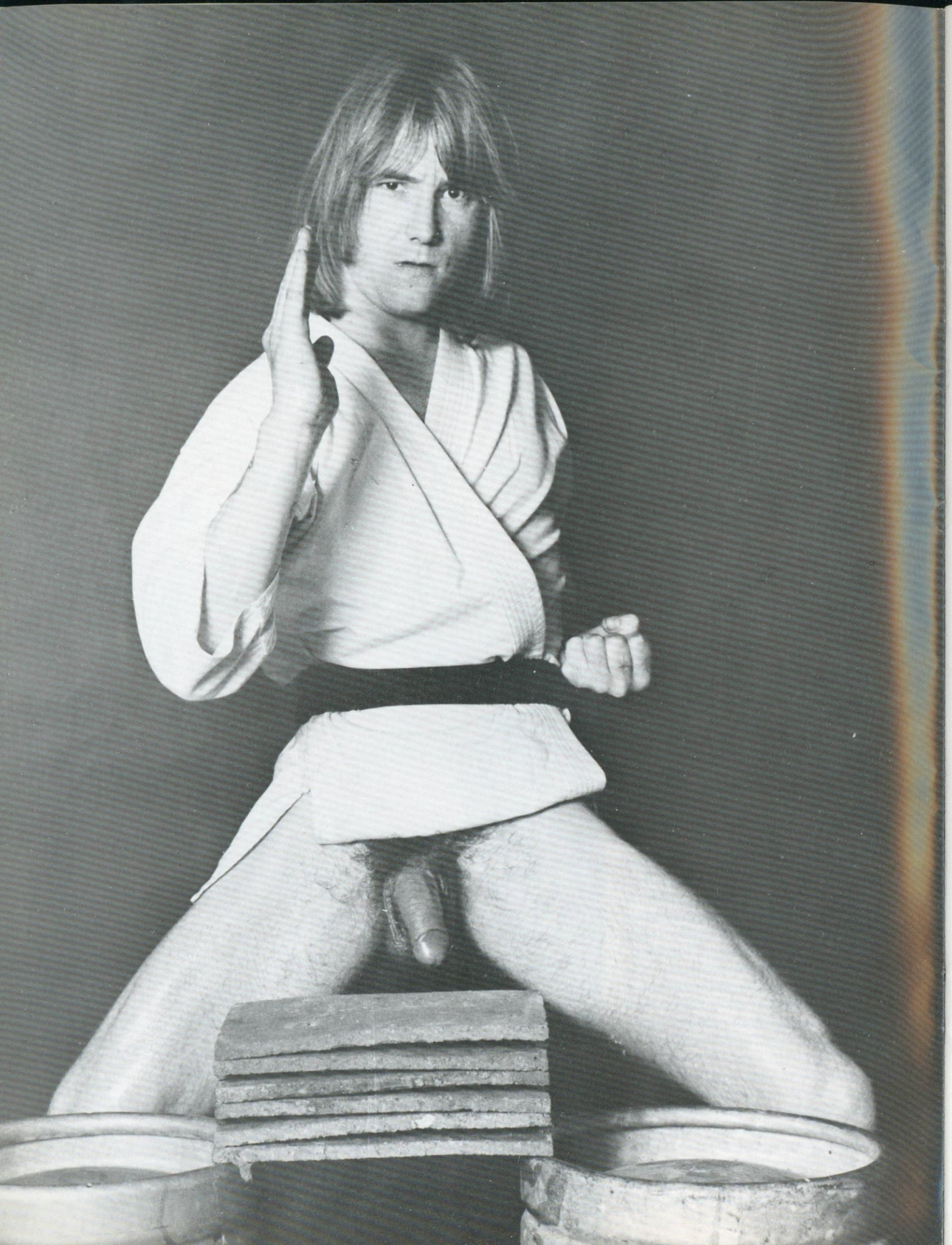
Because there are several ways this can be done, we should like to mention a few here. If you will give them some thought, and a good try, this different approach can change your life for the still-macho (or *more*-macho) better. You might begin by—

AVOIDING THE GAY BAR

Going to the same gay bars where you've made it big in earlier years, only to find that—as competition is younger/keener—you're losing tricks, can be your first hurdle to overcome. Since it is a fact that gay guys drivingly pursue the Body Beautiful and the Big Cock, the more 'beautiful' the one, and/or 'bigger' the other, the greater the tattletale triumph. So when the older man continues to stalk the same gay bar(s) and is more frequently turned down, a change of 'bar venue' is certainly indicated. But don't look for just *another* gay bar. Stop in an ostensibly straight or non-gay hotel bar. Why not just *any* straight bar? There are other reasons we shall discuss, but a principal one is that the hotel-bar guests are usually transient (and safe) and there's quite a turnover. You may never see the same face again. Most are on short business trips. So if you see an attractive man drinking alone, think "time-free/room-free/wife-free and sex-free" and zone in. Paradoxically it's easier to strike up a conversation with a non-gay stranger than with a denizen of a gay bar where everyone is gay and a common language is spoken!

So already you'll have (1) extended your cruising range; (2) added (*Continued on page 33*)





Mike Arlen

HOW TO HASSLE HOODLUMS

EN GARDE!

BY DON ELLIS

THE syndicated columnist, Harriet Van Horne, wrote a book called "Never Go Anywhere Without A Pencil." Although she dealt with the pencil as a literary tool, her admonition is valid today—for a more sinister reason. An adjustable metal pencil—or a ballpoint pen, which is quicker to get into action—makes a very effective weapon for defense/offense when you're surprised by a mugger. Carry it in your shirt pocket so that you can whip it out instantly, and you have a small aresenal. Press the cartridge button and you're in business—not only in defending yourself, but attacking the hoodlum in ways he never thought possible, and certainly will never forget.

Consider just a few of the ballpoint's savage uses: you can jab with it (think ice-pick); scratch, tear, dig, slice with it; abrade a nose with the clip of it. And if an advantageous moment occurs you can shove it sharply and deeply up a nostril of the mugger, causing such searing pain and triggering such a flood of blood as to render him *hors de combat*—instantly.

Now if that sounds ugly, so are the hoodlum's street-fighting tactics. If he gets uglier, get tougher. Still armed with only your ballpoint, be *really* vicious. Jab it in his ear—*deafen* it. Or in an eye—*blind* it. Or aim for his jugular—*puncture* it. Unlike a slit jugular, a punctured jugular may not be fatal, but the spurting blood will make him feel that his number's up.

A point in favor of carrying a ballpoint as a weapon is that it technically *isn't*. If the law should arrive on the scene in the nick of time, when you're both searched later the police will not turn up anything on you that can be considered a lethal weapon. So you just happened to have a pen in your pocket. Hooray! Johnny can write! A point *not* in favor of using your ballpoint is, of course, if your assailant is already brandishing a gun. He may be new to the holdup business and is understandably nervous. Don't take a chance by trying to 'outguess' that it is a water pistol. It may be the real thing. So freeze. Better your wallet than your life.

These are some of the punitive possibilities of the pen which, if not 'mightier than the sword', gives a damned good imitation! Why not carry a 'spare'? If you drop one, whip out the other.

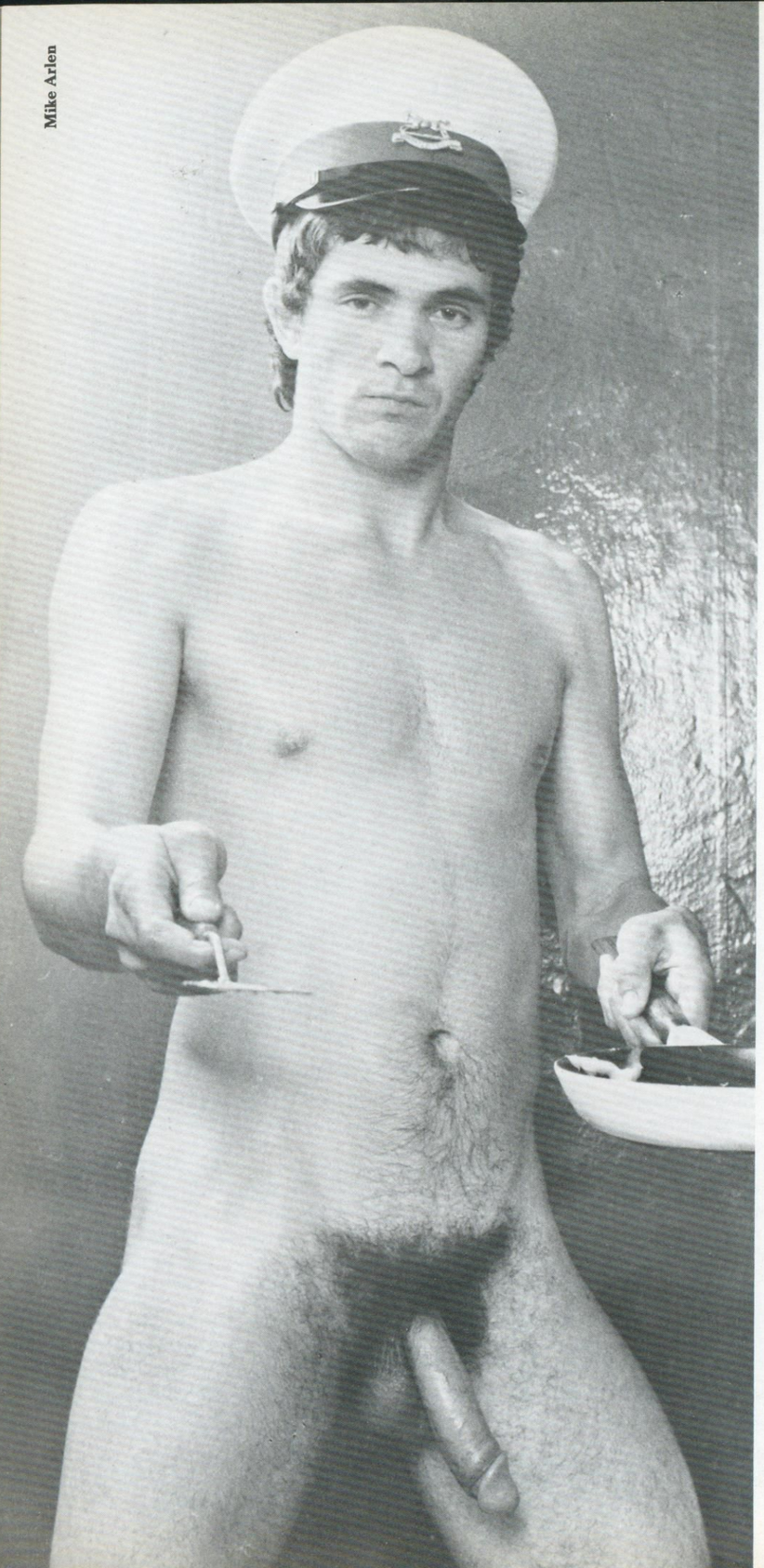
Having some knowledge of Judo or Karate or some other martial art can give you an advantage point. But today, with many kinds of self-defense tactics being taught—even to fifth-graders and old ladies—your attacker may be a technician with some skill. So keep moving—don't give him a chance to connect. If he flashes no weapon, and he (although there may be two or three) seems less murderous than larcenous, pull out your Tae Kwon Do or Do Re Mi tricks and whackaway/thwackaway lustily. You can really get those red corpuscles 'puscling'.

Hoodlum attacks fall generally into two categories for men (plus rape, for women): robbery attempts (muggings), or attacks by redneck types who are out to beat up gays. The former may be done for bread . . . the latter always out of malice. One cannot forget those license plates with the superimposed slogan "Kill a gay for Anita!" Muggings are endemic to our drug culture; rednecking is sporadic . . . someone or some movement inflames it.

There are, of course, two other types, but running into them is rarer. One is the sadistic mugger who, having relieved you of your wallet in a thoroughly efficient, bloodless way, may not be satisfied with loot alone. He will pull every sadistic trick in the book to cause you harm. And then there is the degenerate mugger who is so dependent on drugs that he may work an equally grievous amount of harm. He doesn't care what he does. He needs money for drugs and will get it in any way he can.

FEIGNS, FEINTS, FAINTS

If you have no Judo/Karate skill; have forgotten to bring along your ballpoint; if your health is of concern; or if you are older, non-athletic, easily frightened or confused, and if you can't risk losing your wallet, do the next best thing—even though it may seem to you rather 'unmanly'. When a mugger grabs at you, demanding your wallet, immediately drop to the ground so that your body lies upon the area where you keep your wallet. If people are not far-off, call out. This often throws the mugger into confusion. Since it's larceny, not murder, on his mind (and mugging is a *speed* action, rather than a deliberate one), he's not likely to go to the trouble of maneuvering your body over and around until he finds his prize. He won't want to draw attention to his action. But if there's no one nearby, feign an attack of some kind—heart/stroke—and widen/roll your eyes; flail around with your arms; let saliva drool from your mouth. (*Continued on page 30*)



Mike Arlen

The Art Of Dining Out

Practical Etiquette For Host & Patron

By Vince Herman

DINING out should be a pleasantly memorable experience for both you, as patron, and the restaurant host. This is especially true in these days when monstrously high food prices can add up to agony when reflected in the totted-up score at the end of your meal. If your food has been prepared by a master chef, and served by a skilled waiter in an ambience created to make your meal an enjoyment, even though you may be staggered by the size of the bill you really won't mind paying it. Yet when one-to-several things go needlessly/carelessly wrong it is understandable that one may feel disappointed—even a little ripped-off.

Often the cause is not wholly the restaurant's failure to come through as expected, but a poor dining-out etiquette of the patron. Sometimes this can be something as simple as expecting a restaurant to be what it's *not*.

CHINESE CHECKERS
(The Game You Can't Win)

If, for example, you invite friends to dinner in a Chinese restaurant noted for its mandarin cuisine, and one of your guests studies the menu carefully, and then says resignedly, "I think I'll just have ham and eggs," consider your dinner already headed for disaster. The restaurant, whose Chinese food may be of almost legendary excellence, is not geared to the preparation of anything so typically American. You'll find that a game of Chinese Checkers then begins—a game you can't win.

At first, the waiter—with perhaps only a few words of English at his command (having arrived in the United States as an 'illegal' only a few weeks before)—may not be able to explain easily and quietly why your guest can't have



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his ham and eggs. The harder he tries, the more excited he becomes, and the higher zoom the decibels of his voice. Next, guests, having been enjoying their dinner at other tables are made uncomfortable.

Third, your own guests are now stewing in a swill of embarrassment. You reproach yourself for not having made sure that your churlish guest disliked Chinese food. When finally he says, disgustedly, "Well, just make it tea and toast . . . I suppose you *do* have *that*?" the waiter will rush to the kitchen and blast off to the chef about (whatever the phrase for it is in Chinese) "that yahoo out front."

This causes a commotion out there, with all the Chinese waiters rallying vociferously around their 'abused' friend. The shock-waves this triggers will be quickly felt at your table, and in a way you won't like. You can be certain that you and your other guests—poor innocent victims—will be served the most slapdash Chinese cooking possible.

"Tea and toast," will, ironically, have come out best. His choice will have proved wise, for what arrives at your table may have a few bird-turds (the pigeon-coop is just outside the kitchen door) nestling among the snow peas and virgin bamboo shoots . . . all contrived to give you such a long-distance-runner case of the Shanghai Shits that you'll be discouraged from ever coming back.

So the first rule of etiquette in dining out is to choose a restaurant on the basis of its reviews, its 2*, 3*, or 4* rating, or word-of-mouth praise, and meet it on its own terms. Says Joyan Trboyevic, host of Chicago's elegant *Le Perroquet*, "The client should not try to change the restaurant. He should enjoy it for what it is. If it's a fish restaurant he should not ask for sophisticated meat dishes. If it's a French restaurant, he should not come in and demand 'sauceless' dishes."

This view is supported by Tom Margittai of New York's beautiful *Four Seasons* restaurant. "A client should first respect the restaurant (he has chosen). He should not pretentiously convey the idea that he's bought the restaurant or the staff simply because he's deigned to dine there."

The owner of the popular *Commander's Palace* in New Orleans suggests consideration for the restaurant in a different way. "We should like our customers to at least consider what we recommend as being the very best we produce on a given day." Many other fine restaurants echo this sentiment. The reason? A chef may be noted for certain specialties he has created, and which have taken a great deal of preparation. By ordering one of these you are, in a sense, complimenting him. Because of your implied trust in his judgment he will make sure that not only his specialty, but all the accompanying courses of your meal will be mouthwateringly remembered.

Joseph Baum, creator of New York's spectacularly beautiful *Windows on the World*, high in the World Trade Center, says, "To have a good time in a restaurant, one should go to dinner with the *idea* of having a good time." Then, even with some minor mishap(s), that's what you'll have. Or to put it somewhat crassly, "If you're paying upwards of $25 for your dinner, you should have upwards of $25 worth of good time."

THE COWED CUSTOMER

The owner of a restaurant, who may have spent a million dollars on its interior design, should—as a practical businessman—be very unhappy if a customer were cowed by such splendor and be unable to fully enjoy the food from the kitchen. His idea should be to have you delight in the design, and the food, so that you'll come back again and again (and bring others). After all, a restaurant is a *public accommodation.* If one will reflect on this, a feeling of casualness and relaxation will overcome any feeling of being cowed by unaccustomed grandeur, and one can look forward to dining in the happiest frame of mind.

In spite of this—particularly in New York—there are certain restaurants which do cow the customer—though this is done through pretentiousness, rather than intention. Still, one asks, why? The French restaurants are often the worst offenders. We might begin with the menu, for example. In most *haute cuisine* restaurants the menu is written in longhand, in that unique, with-flourishes, hard-to-read (except to Europeans) script of the Frenchman. As reported in an earlier issue of *Ciao!*, a customer at New York's posh *Palace Restaurant* (dinner for one—$100) is given a menu written not just in French, not just in longhand, not just with flourishes, but in *Old* French (of the Middle Ages), and on simulated parchment, the grooves and gullies of which trap the ink and make it still more difficult to read. This silly pretense is enough to cow (or certainly annoy) the most sophisticated diner-out who not only may read French well, but frequently round-trips it *à la Concorde* to Paris where he is a familiar and welcome guest at the *Tour d'Argent.*

A fine restaurant will not confuse the customer with an overly-ambitious menu . . . he will not be given a menu the size of a billboard three-sheet, listing a hundred choices. No restaurant staff is large enough to prepare such diversity, so all that is accomplished is to confuse the customer who must therefore take time to find a sensible combination of things he may like. If not cowed, he is certainly made uncomfortable . . . poor dining-out etiquette on the part of the restaurant.

Also there is the deplorable tendency of certain restaurants to list on menus dishes which—even to a frequent diner-out—are unclear as to how they are prepared. Thus a strange listing of *veau à la bonne femme*, ordered by a desperate customer who tik-tak-toe's it as a last resort, may find it to be plain ol' veal stew (the 'bonne femme' being the owner's wife who is doubling as chef for the day). A good European-American restaurant will include an English identification of a quite unfamiliar dish, or a particular house specialty, and briefly synopsize the preparation. This is good management etiquette that causes the customer to feel appreciated, and to look forward to trying the dish.

WHAT TO WEAR?

Once upon a time (*Continued on page 30*)

To Want, Too Late, And Have Nothing

The New Narcissus

By Roger Watson

NARCISSISM is defined as an excess of self love by which a man lives happily in a cocoon of 'the beauty, the wonder, and the magic of me'. Although happiest alone, aloof from the starker realities of the world around him, he is not reclusive or antisocial. He's sufficient unto himself and neither needs nor courts the approval or admiration of others. He is quite conscious of being a part of the world.

Nietzsche elevates narcissism into an idyllic existence when he has Zarathustra say, "This noble, blessed selfishness . . . this wholesome, healthy selfishness that wells from a powerful soul to which belongs the high body, beautiful, triumphant and refreshing . . . around which everything becomes a mirror—the supple, persuasive body . . . that dancer whose parable and epitome is the self-enjoying soul."

Today, psychoanalysts are growing concerned about a different kind of self-centeredness. They call it "the new narcissism." A childhood lack of parental identity, love, and discipline may figure in it, but the new narcissism is actually *assumed—succumbed to* by degrees. It is a crutch by which one supports a lameness, but principally it's a facade that masks an *overwhelming shyness* about some deeply troubling personal introversion which, as it grows, causes *an inability to reach out to others for help*. When he is far into it, it begins to betray him, and the new Narcissus—unlike the primary narcissist—is without defenses. He discovers in his self-centeredness and inability to establish *some* relationship with even a few others that time is racing by; the world isn't standing still for him to catch up; and, finally, that he really *doesn't* love himself very much, if at all! Self-doubt and crushing shyness are therefore the root causes of this new narcissism. In no way is it the result of tumult between the id, ego, and superego—which produces the true or primary Narcissus—but simply an *environmental phenomenon* of the '70s.

THE NEW NARCISSUS SYNDROME

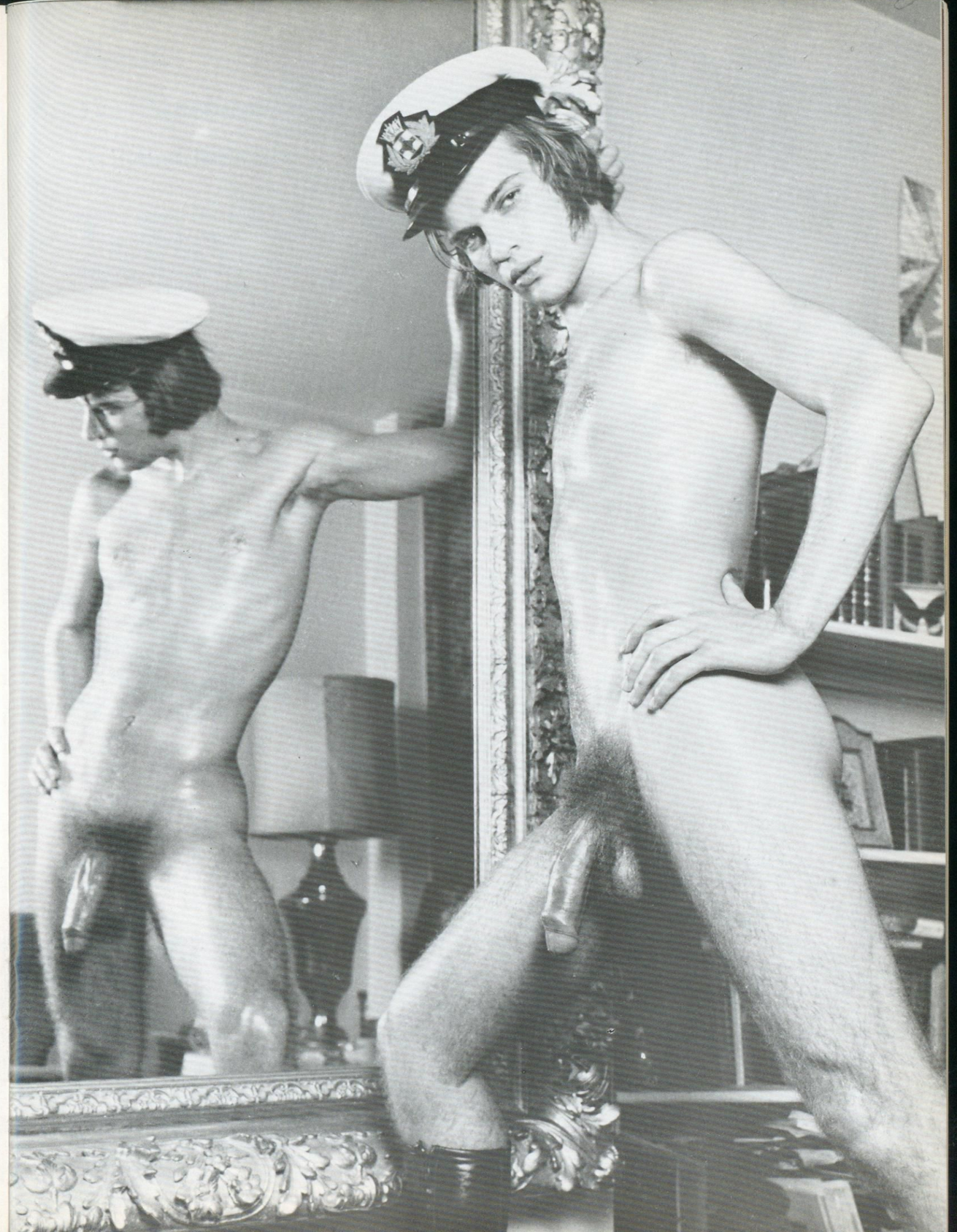
As he develops a low/lower opinion of himself, the move behind the facade of the new narcissism begins. Then, unlike the primary narcissist, he feels the *need* of approbation; he *courts* the approval of others, all the while moving further away from contact with them. Perhaps saddest, for the gay neo-narcissist, is that having been monosexually reclusive—and now feeling the great white-hot beat of 'round-the-clock', get-on-with-it sex—he has no outreach, no cruising skill. Not only is he a novice among professionals . . . but among *amateurs*.

The more he feels imprisoned by a sense of loneliness—certain that everyone has abandoned him—he moves further behind the facade. He is losing the compass of *self* security. His self-esteem can be measured on a graph of descending peaks. Now having come to realize that he is naked in a competitive world of hot action, the slightest rejection of any overture by *him* to *others* (whose earlier overtures to *him* he'd brushed off in his can't-respond shyness) causes him to be terribly depressed. He cannot react to even a minor turndown casually, but reads it as the Great Putdown. Now frantic and anxious, he cries, "Stop the world . . . I want to get *on*!"

Having been so self-absorbed, yet needing a sense of self-importance (which he exaggerates), he still automatically and ambivalently puts down others even while seeking their admiration! The process is too rigid, too ingrained. However charming he may otherwise be, he has never allowed himself to make any close friends; he has permitted himself no emotional contacts—in fact, he has frozen himself out of possible mutual sex and now doesn't know how to go about changing all this. It's rapidly becoming "all too late'.

FREUDIAN VS. THE NEW NARCISSISM

As Freud viewed it, true narcissism is simply a disharmony between the three basic aspects of personality; the *id* (lust/love); the *ego* (a kindly mother-hen moderator who likes to see love flowering, of course, but with "all audacious caution"); and the *superego* (a kind of grim 'Darth Vader' monitor of conscience who, in insisting on strict law 'n order of the mind, often gets lovers and lusters in a helluva mess). Thus it is *result*, not cause, that creates the true narcissist. He functions well, and can—in (*Continued on page 48*)



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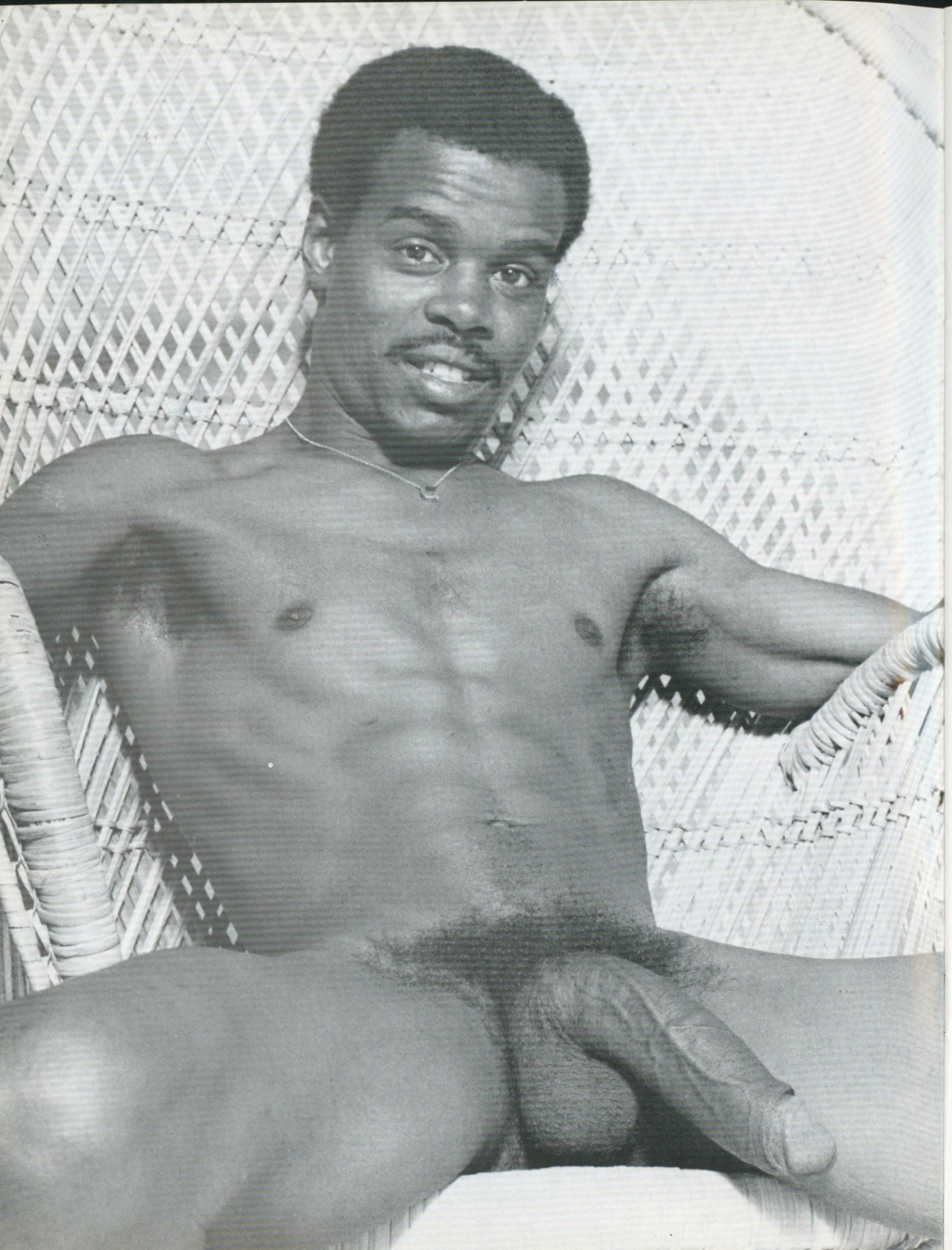


Fiction

The Mechanical Man

By John Castledine

THE swirl and snarl of traffic around him was a snapping dog at his heels. He swung the Honda through the freeway crush, changing lanes, weaving in beside massive lorries, ignoring abuse as he moved ahead, ahead . . . . He had to get away; away from the city-grip, the nothingness, the screaming emptiness of a soul-less desert. Escape . . . .

He swung into Bouvier Avenue, past the emerald-green of reborn Cartier Park; saw in a flash of retinal etching the pink swirl of cherry trees bursting in a froth of spring ecstasy. *Spring!* When a young man's fancy . . . . Oh God! God!

He rammed eyes shut, ignored hot stinging tears as they flicked wind-whipped against his cheeks.

The boy had been so beautiful. A casual pickup. Eighteen . . . twenty? Eyes like . . . crystal. The soft lips of early manhood not yet critical, warm, wanting nothing more than the tenderness of . . . .

And yet ye'd rushed away; left the guy staring in a puzzled sadness, confused; *yet how to explain* . . . .

He swung off Bouvier into Strand; took the lane that headed for the country; the wide stretch of burgeoning spring where no one could see him; trees where he could hide, fling himself on soft grass and let the tears flow and forget the whole stinking impossibility of his life.

The sign said 'Dead End'—then it was for him! Maybe an omen. The story of his life. He turned the Honda in under the trees, let it coast down the valley path. No houses, barns, nothing. Just the close-hanging trees of a country lane, and then—Oh, Sweet Jesus!

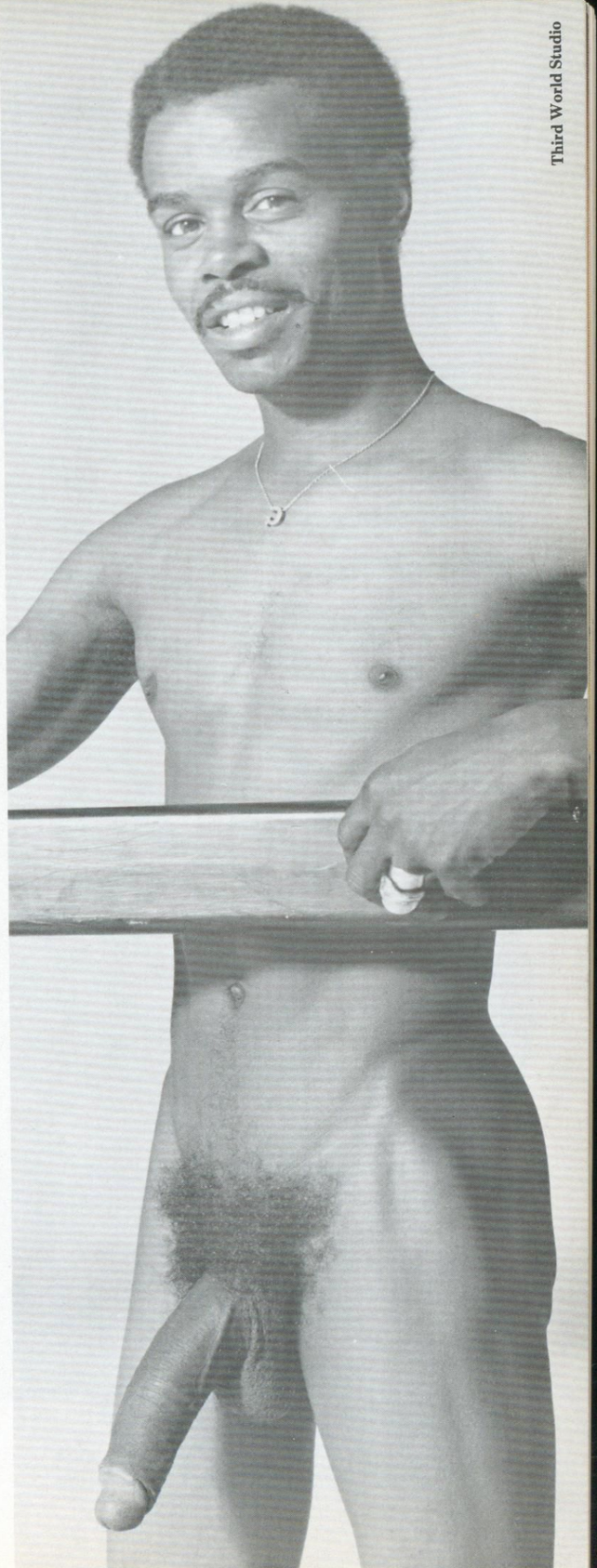
So beautiful!

Below him, along the dropping edge of the lane, the swirl and burst of cherry blossoms again, a pink froth of foaming colour that made his head spin. At the bottom of the track, sure enough, the 'Dead End', the path curling in under trees by a stream that trickled over stones like puddings. Paradise! And for the first time that day Ryan Belsize felt human again.

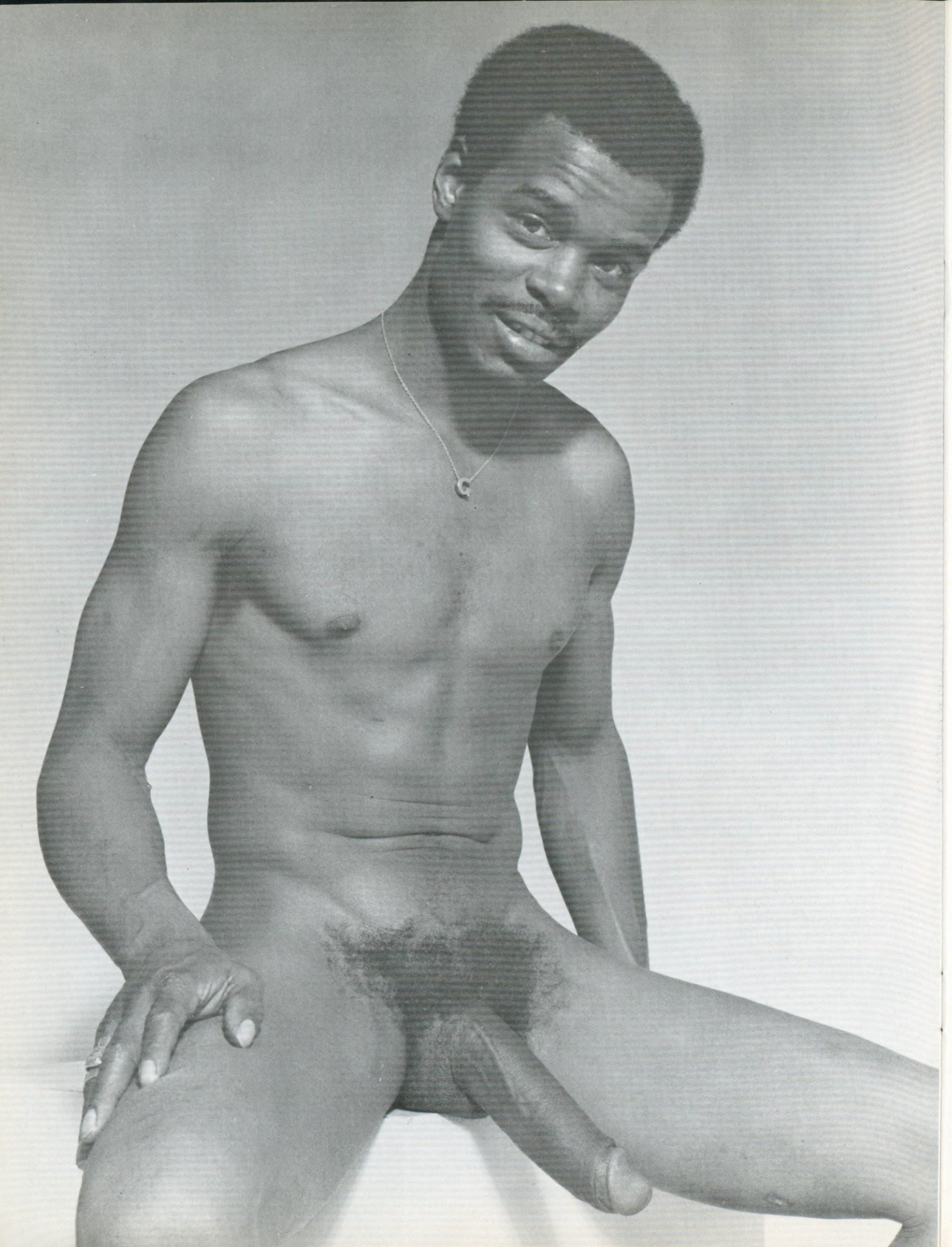
Frank Modena looked at the Honda and scowled.

Bloody teenagers! Probably off in the trees rooting like rattlesnakes. Well, not on *his* land! He moved silently along the creek; catch the little bastards in the act and burn their asses off. His booted feet made no sound on the leafy pathway, eyes darting ahead. Then he saw the kid. Lying on his gut, stark bare-ass naked, boots and clothes in a neat pile by the pool.

Frank crept forward. The girl? No sign. He stood for a moment, watching. Jees-usss! What an ass! The kid was on his right side, head cushioned on his arm, left leg drawn up so that his round, pearly



Third World Studio



Third World Studio

cheeks made curvy mounds of snowy beauty. *Alone?* Maybe even—asleep?

Frank crept forward. Nervy bastard! Should wake the kid; order him off instead of dripping cock-juice like a randy ape. But, Ker-ist! Did you ever see such a sleeping beauty! Maybe twenty-seven or eight. Skin dusted still with faintest gold from a forgotten summer—except round those marble buns where the tiniest snatch of bikini-white gleamed a milky sweetness. *Suckable!*

Another step forward. Shit, he was a perv! But—to hell with it. He bent silently, eased off boots, crept forward and stared down at the sleeping form. Mother, oh mother! Hair a curl of brown-gold on his neck, smooth muscular shoulders, the deep cleft of back curving down, down; lipping into the crevice between his cheeks, and there—oh—the faintest shadow of red-gold hairs, delicately fringing the sweet swollen curve of those baubling orbs.

If he could just see in front! Frank inched forward silently, stared down. The boy lay on his spread jeans, full lips parted, a down of curls on his chest, snuggling over his belly, flaring out over his—*oh man*! The pink swollen head, rosy lips drawn back and gaping ruby-eye showing just beneath the curve of his belly.

Up! Up! Way up! And rock-hard randy-dandy with a juice-dripping robber's knob as he dreamed of something delicious.

Frank squatted, stared an eyeball-burster; knew he was going to reach out, tip his fingers into that throbbing knob-hole and carry the dream-juice to his lips . . . .

The kid opened his eyes; looked up.

Frank rose, stiff cock doing a rub-a-dub rhumba in his pants, balls knotted up and clacking together with unshed love-ale. He put hands on hips, feet apart. "What the bloody hell are you doing on my land?"

From where he lay, the figure seemed a giant to Ryan. He scrambled up, forgetting nakedness. "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be any trouble."

Ye Gods! The cock speared up between his legs like a bloody great kid's lollipop—a red-knobbed succulent stick of man-thirsty jawbreaker. Purple lips drawn back, thick round corona flushed full and bursting with blood. What a weapon!

"Private property," Frank snapped, eyes dick-measuring. Nine inches? Jeez! And *thick*! "You know I could charge you with trespass?"

Ryan grabbed his jeans; pulled them over himself. "I said I was sorry. I was hot—thought I'd take a swim in the pool. I guess I fell asleep." His eyes wandered over the other man as he dragged on jeans. Rough country clothes, blue corduroy pants sheathing tight around thighs like bridge supports, thick socks and—*socks*? He glanced round, saw the boots, looked back at Frank, eyes wide. "You forgot your boots."

Frank's scowl became fierce. "I—got sand in them."

Ryan stared, crystal-eyed, and the scowl flickered and crumbled to a sheepish smile. "Well . . . I didn't want to wake you."

He watched Ryan dressing. Pulling the shirt over that beautiful smooth chest, the rosy nipples that he could just suck and suck; little pouty points aching to be nipped. "I . . . live just down the way. You like a coffee?"

An instant wariness. A guarded alertness way out of character for this open clear-eyed kid. "Ah . . . I should be getting back," Ryan muttered. "It's a long way to the city."

Frank turned, moved up the grassy path. "Won't take long."

A force about him that had to be obeyed. Ryan gathered his helmet, shoes, trailed after him, eyes on the sharply defined thighs and tight clenching buttocks that kissed lips ahead of him. How old? Thirty-five, -six? Thick brown curly hair; an ass he could palm-cup and pull into himself—*he wouldn't think about it!*

The path led by a low stone wall, then a broad flight of natural stone steps and they were on a patio, rock slabbed, encompassed with trees. Glass doors on the house. On the other side, a pool again, and—glory be to Peter—a *real* waterfall cascading into it.

"You *do* like coffee?" Frank said. "Or something stronger?"

"Coffee's fine, thanks," Ryan said. What a beautiful house!

Everything stone—the floors, the walls, even part of the furniture, cunningly cushioned. The rich glowing colours of nature.

Frank brought the coffee and they drank it by the pool. "It's so beautiful here," Ryan said. "I can't believe it."

"I did all the work myself." Frank paused. "I like working with my hands."

No response! "You're a farmer?" Ryan asked.

"Sort of." Frank sipped, watched him. "Cherries, mainly.

Ryan looked around at the expensive furniture, the huge console organ at the end of the living room. "All this . . . from *cherries*?"

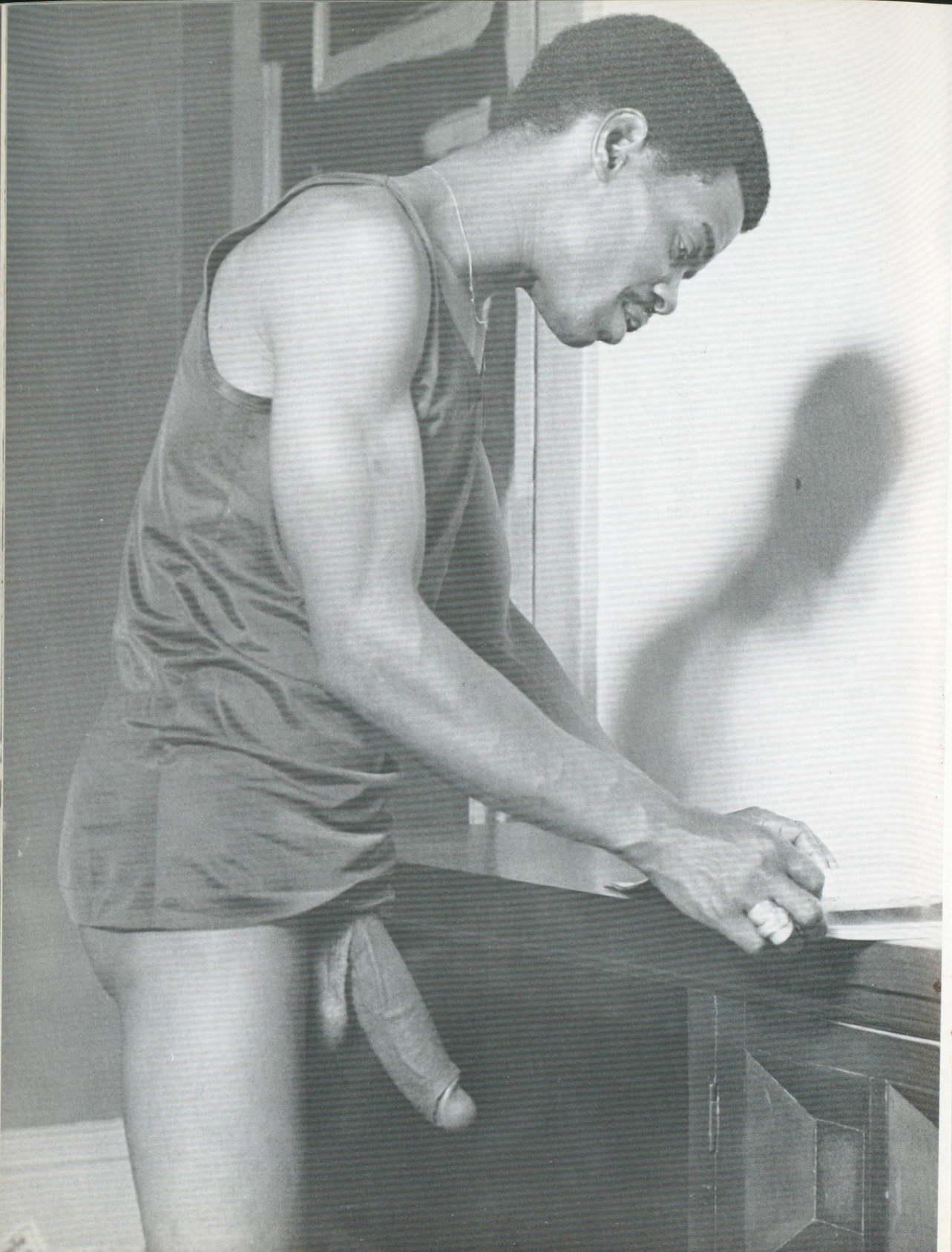
"Well . . . I have a business sideline as well." Frank's eyes slipped over the kid's body. Jesus, he'd spear those ripe round peach-cheeks if it was the last thing . . . "You *play* the organ?" he grinned slyly, watching Ryan.

Still no bloody response, yet he was sure . . . . "No," Ryan said. It was starting again, the clouding breath of fear. "I like your pool."

"Then you'd also like a dip," Frank snarled, suddenly angry. Fuck the kid. A professional cock-tease who probably wanted to be paid. He picked Ryan up, swung him out and hurled him into the water, and he came up gasping, eyes wide with shock.

On the edge Frank began a slow strip; the shirt, socks. Ryan trod water, feeling the milky spurt of ecstasy rip through his balls as he watched. Jesus, how he loved to see a man reveal himself. And Frank was *something* to reveal. Smooth muscled arms, a froth of hair nipple-kissing then fingering down to his navel to dive inside his pants and mouth curly tongues round hot cock and balls. Lucky hairs!

Frank saw his eyes, took the zipper tab, drew it down slowly, flipped open his pubic forest and let



the flaps hang wide, teasing, watching Ryan's eyes widen; slipped his hands up round his buttocks, eased them slowly, slowly off.

Ryan could hardly breathe. Oh, please, please. Don't do it to me. Show me, *show me*. Take me, *take me* . . . .

Slowly they were pushed down. The bristled butt revealed, thickly pendulous, ridged, a glory yet to come. Further. The thick shaft on view, cucumber-thick, a gleam of ball-sac stretched low with cods dang-dangling down. Further! Oh God! The corona, pinkly full, and then—oh man. All out. *All of it!* A sweet, manly hugeness and beauty. Bobbing gently, arching over pudding balls in a dangling sac, massive purple head with a dripping eye like a cored apple; and staring, Ryan thought he'd faint from the beauty of it.

Frank stood poised, then cleaved the pool and came up beside him, laughing, water streaming from his handsome face. And before Ryan could stop him, the lips, full and thick and warm, were on his own, sucking, tongue probing deep into his mouth and down his throat.

"Come on, little boy," Frank whispered. "Come into the house and Daddy'll show you his treasures."

He couldn't resist; the hand dragged him from the pool, wrenched him across the patio to the bed, ripped off his wet shirt and jeans.

Oh Sweet Jesus. Help me, help me!

Frank was on him, sucking, his lips everywhere, mouthing his nipples, his belly, down over his navel and sucking balls into his hot mouth. And before he could resist, he'd wrenched him onto hands and knees, legs spread and ready, head thrust pillow-deep, flaring ass high wide and luscious. Then the tongue again. Oh, man, man!

The hot tongue, ass-raping, probing deep in his asshole; cock-juicing over his buttocks; dripping purple-headed love-spit then licking it off, mixing with saliva and ass-juicing with hot mouth again; finger reaming in and out; lubing his love tube.

Felt Frank reach beneath the pillow, a jar unscrewed, then fingers stiff and probing, greasing him, forcing in, spreading wide, two, three. Ramming into him and opening him and knowing he couldn't resist. Wanted that spear, that thick stiff cock buggering and slamming into his asshole as he gasped and moaned in convulsive agony.

Heard Frank gasping. "Can you take me, love. Can you?"

His own voice. Pleading. Begging. "Oh, please, please, *please*. Fuck me! *Fuck me!*"

Felt it begin, the hard smooth tip of ivory; felt it slip in, thrusting, forcing in, felt hands on his hips, drawing him down on his jutting spike of masculinity, ramming, *raping* into him as he cried out and screamed in ecstasy-agony; felt it spurting, a bucking jet of ropy sperm shooting up into him as his asshole clenched and tightened to hold every precious drop of spurting man-juice gushing hot within him.

Frank lay on his back staring at the ceiling. "What was the matter?"

"Nothing," Ryan whispered. "It's just—me."

"Didn't I excite you?"

He felt tears again; the hot burn of total frustration. "It's—nothing like that."

"Maybe you'd like to fuck me?"

"I've tried—I can't fuck . . . anyone!"

"But you're so young," Frank persisted. "It's not normal. And when I first saw you—when you were asleep—there was no trouble then."

"Shuttup," Ryan snarled. "Shuttup! *Shuttup!*" He sprang from the bed, dragged on his clothes as Frank stared. Flung out of the room and soon, in the distance, the irritating roar of the Honda as he sped back to the city.

The emptiness of the week that followed.

Taking orders, checking samples, helping with the cutting and stapling in the basement beneath the main showrooms; the basement—where it had happened. Jesus. So long ago.

Mr. Portree came in on Thursday, left toe dragging slightly in his characteristic way. Dropped his hand on Ryan's shoulder. "New order, Ryan. Corner of Tenth and Richmond. Could you go over . . . see what they want?"

Ryan took his briefcase; stationery, printing samples. God, he should have left the firm immediately after it happened. Maybe he'd have forgotten the horror by now . . . .

It was one very smart office; shag broadloom to the hips, potted plants too perfect to be real—too expensive to be anything else. And a cool blond receptionist, magnificently uddered, cudding gum, nail-barbering. "The Cyclops printing rep is here," she mouthed into an intercom. Waited. Nodded. "Go right in please."

The man behind the desk had his back to him, staring out at the twentieth floor opposite. When he turned, his eyes were still veiled with a hidden distance; thoughts far from the roaring city below.

Ryan stared, shocked. *It couldn't be!*

The expensive suit, impeccably tailored, the handmade shirts—but the monogram, F.M. He put the briefcase down, waited to be asked to sit, and slowly the eyes of the other man cleared, really *saw* him.

"Ryan? Is it you? I thought I was dreaming."

Ryan flushed. "Maybe . . . I should ask the firm to send someone else? I'd no idea . . . ." He stopped, looked around. "I thought you were a farmer."

"I am," Frank said. "On weekends. I told you I had a business."

"But this . . . *this*!" Ryan gestured. A reproduction David statue, life-size, in real marble, paintings in antiqued gold-leaf frames. "It's overwhelming."

Frank flicked the intercom. "Miss Lovejoy?" I'm not to be interrupted for a half-hour. Okay?" He came round the desk, took the deep velvet chair beside Ryan. "You ran out so quickly. And I let you go because—well—I was mad at you too. You wouldn't talk about it . . . let me help you—anything!"

Ryan coloured. "There's nothing anyone can do."

"But there *is*, Ryan." Frank chewed his lip a second, decided to risk this crazy kid rushing off again. "Impotence in (*Continued on page 36*)

QQ's Man Of The Month

WARREN

By Third World Studio



EN GARDE
(Continued from page 15)

As you lie on the ground, begin to heave, as though gasping for last breaths. The mugger cannot know it's not the real thing, and won't stick around to diagnose your case and be picked up for a 'stiff' investigation.

It might be noted that many gay guys now carry not only ampules of butyl or amyl on their popper necklaces—but a police whistle. When they feintingly lurch to the ground they can easily whip it out and blow it loudly and long. Again, this throws the mugger into confusion. If he can't see the whistle he may think a cop nearby has spotted him. And if no cop is within miles, the whistle is still enough to scare the mugger off—to make him feel that his 'mission' is indeed 'impossible'.

Now feigning a heart-attack or stroke, you can have an absolutely beautiful advantage if the 'attack' itself hasn't scared the mugger away. If he persists in trying to find your wallet while you're on the ground, obviously he'll have to bend forward. His feet will straddle your body to give him maneuverability. This is your heaven-sent opportunity to suddenly return from Catatonia or Catalepsia and kick/strike him in the balls, depending on whether he's facing your head or your feet. If he doesn't collapse at once, at least you've caused him great pain. Like lightning, strike again . . . harder. Noting his greater distress, arise and kick him again and again in this vital area. Stomp the bastard so hard/much he won't be able to fuck till February!

So far we've discussed simple things anyone can do. They're usually successful. But your attacker may be street smart in his craft—and persist. So if you've never had a Karate lesson; have no defense such as the ballpoint—here are some things to study and practice so that you can put them to instant use if necessity should arise.

VITAL STRIKING POINTS

Note first the frontal view of the model shown here. (He's not a hoodlum . . . he's a nice guy . . . sexy too!) Pinpointed are the 20 frontal attack points where, by striking forcefully, you can overcome your assailant. The rear view shows 9 attack points.

We shall describe how to inflict not only great pain, but temporary muscular/nerve impotence, by using your head, hands, legs and feet. If you'll practice a little 'shadow fighting' each day before your mirror you'll quickly familiarize yourself with this simple technique of practical self-defense. It will become second nature to you. If you're attacked you won't panic, nor fish around for something to do to protect yourself. Such shadow fighting will help you keep your cool when the going gets hot.

The areas shown are the most vulnerable. Note that big muscle groups (thighs, pectorals, deltoids) are not indicated. Striking one of these large muscle groups has no effect on your assailant other than to make him angry. Make every blow count—it can prevent serious injury to yourself . . . it can save your life.

Beginning with your assailant's head, try to stun him. With both fists, hit simultaneously in the temple areas. The reason for this double whammy is that it disturbs the semi-circular canals of the inner ears (which control your sense of balance). Heavy vibrations caused by the double fists can put him in a daze, so that you can scoot away, or continue to beat up on him. You can use this maneuver either from the front or the back. Exert maximum fist-force.

Next, flatten your hands, pointing your fingers, and make a double chop diagonally down with the sides of your hands on his lower neck or trapezius. This can temporarily paralyze him (Oriental fighters also use it to kill opponents silently).

Use your teeth. Bite an ear . . . really chomp on it as if to bite it off completely. This is painful beyond description. Hit him with a double-fist blow in the solar plexus—you'll knock the breath out of him. Whack him with an arm—*broadside*—across the abdomen. The broadside attack can be done with greater force; also, the mugger won't be expecting it from this position. Aim a blow at his bladder area (he'll piss burningly hot for a month!). And always try to get a bead on his balls. Knock, squeeze, kick with knee or foot. Total 'em!

A well-placed kick or pinch on the inside of a thigh can render a leg useless for a moment—or at least, in case you're pinching the inside of his thigh, be so painful that he'll leap backward. And if you can adjust your stance so that one foot is wedged/blocked against his heel, kick the front of his knee with the other foot. It tears muscles/ligaments and renders him helpless. It can break his knee bone in such a way that he never quite recovers full usage of it.

The shin bone and ankles are easily vulnerable to attack. Don't miss the golden opportunity for a strike or two there. One hopes that at such a time you'll be wearing leather shoes instead of jogging shoes. The effect, of course, is much more painful when hard leather collides with flesh and bone.

Bite a finger if you have a chance. Crunch down to the bone. This effectively removes from operation on of his 'weapons'. Tear with your fingernails . . . scratch . . . claw flesh until blood is drawn—it will scare him. And if you can 'broadsword' your hand sideways against his Adam's apple you can really put him out of commission. Even a glancing blow with the fist can render him helpless.

If you can't get a purchase on the double-whammy of simultaneous fists on his temples, as described, which will addle his brain, then box his ears with your flat hands, individually. If he should fall, make a jackhammer of your fists and beat the hell out of his head. Also if he bends over and you can get at his back, jackhammer his kidneys. If you can quickly rip off your belt, flog him—make it sting. If the belt has a heavy buckle, bring him low by banging him around the face an head with it.

It's always wise, when going into dangerous areas, to wear one or more rings which have jagged metal mountings. The abrasive effect of such jewelry is immense. And if the mountings are sharp enough you can actually slit the jugular.

The secret of this kind of impromptu street-fighting self defense is to make every blow count. *Don't let up. Don't panic.* If you do, your assailant will see his advantage and bore in to subdue you. You simply won't be able to think 'ahead' of him. Don't be considerate and let up after just one effective blow. Thrash the bastard with everything you can contrive. Waste him, if necessary.

If you'll give just a few minutes each day to practicing fighting off an *imaginary* attack, you'll easily develop a freewheeling style of defense and attack. It will give you super confidence, and you'll win.

• • •

THE ART OF DINING OUT
(Continued from page 19)

the famous *21 Club* in New York would not seat any woman wearing slacks. It's said that Marlene Dietrich was so refused, and although the management felt her Teutonic wrath, it did not bend. Time passes/customs change. So do trends in dress. At the same 21 Club, recently, Margaret Trudeau arrived in a denim pants suit, with camera, and later approached the table of England's visiting Princess Margaret, with the

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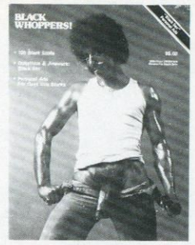

Black studs, all hung big. Text on Black sex, plus personal ads.
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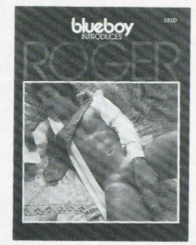

Macho, superhung and hot handling himself. Terrific photos. Color.
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Macho, hung and hot in his hard hat, torn denims, in the raw. Color.
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Macho twosomes, threesomes in front/rear action, even toes. Color.
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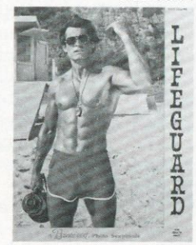
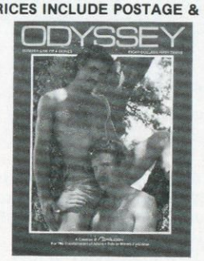


Muscular, hung heavy, doing his thing with two buddies. Action. Color.
LIFEGUARD.....$8.00



Work-booted macho studs —heavy hung in dynamite action shots. Color.
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Lumberjack-tough, hung and uncut, doing his own thing. Blond. Color.
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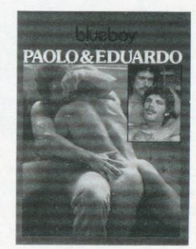

Alone and together. Both hung and horny. Macho action shots. Color.
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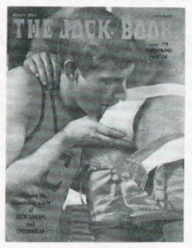

Singles, twosomes, threesomes hanging out of jockstraps, Kinky. Color.
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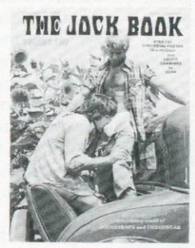

Hungstuff hanging out of jockstraps & underwear. Erotic art. Color.
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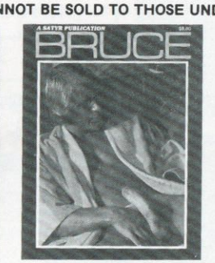
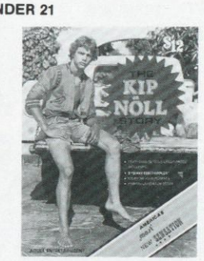
Superstud John Homes. Trim, macho, the biggest meat around. Color too.
JOHN.....$8.00



The American ideal—tall, blond, super hung. Many photos in color too.
BRUCE $8.00



All-American, hung and horny. Unique text with pictures. Lots of color.
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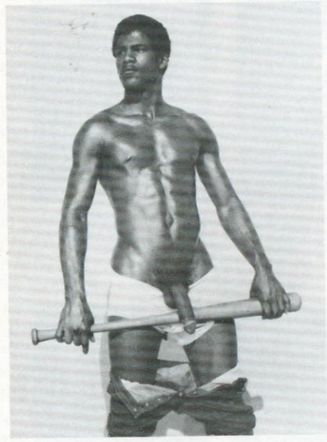

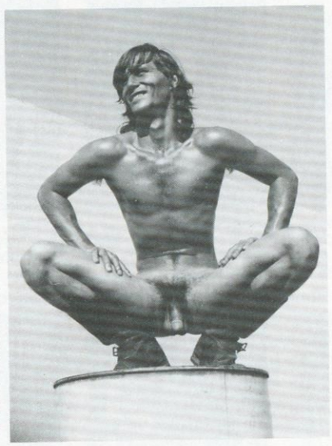

Gerald Oglesby (left) & Terry Kinchen

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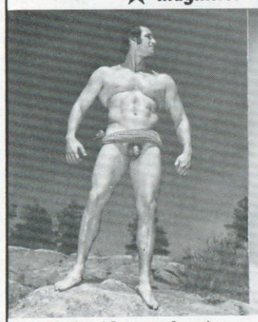

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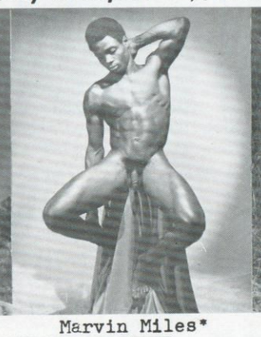

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idea of candid-snapping Her Royal Highness as she dined with friends. The management didn't mind the denim pants suit, but it did become exercised over an invasion of privacy. Princess Margaret was not amused—she looked down her royal nose, the captain looked down his, and 'the other Margaret' retreated in embarrassment.

Men, more than women, are often unsure of what to wear to a well-reviewed, very popular, but unfamiliar-to-them restaurant. Most of us like casual clothes, and dressing up to go out for a meal is both chore and bore. But *how* casual? This is explained by two successful restaurant owners. Roland Gotti, of the famous *Ernie's*, in San Francisco, says, "We want a measure of formality. A customer should realize that he's coming to a formal restaurant. He should indicate that he doesn't want *us* to change *our* way of doing things simply to accommodate him. A customer should gear himself to Ernie's—gear himself to what *we are trying to create for him.*" And again Jovan Trboyevic of Chicago's *Le Perroquet* says, "Ties, of course, and jackets. A client should not argue about this. Life is too short to argue about such things. If I didn't insist on ties, where would it end? Already we have too many aging men showing gray hairs to their navels."

With Arab oil potentates dining in caftans and headdress, United Nations ambassadors from Outer Baboonia and other emerging nations dining in native dress, New York's four-star restaurants often look like costume parties. So there's little beyond tie/jacket that should cause concern for the male diner-out. The idea, essentially, is that an individual should not be so *under*dressed in a restaurant filled with more formally-dressed others as to call attention to himself. In essence, such an individual is *demanding special treatment* from the management, and this, obviously, is poor dining-out etiquette from the customer.

ABOUT TIPPING

Many still believe that to dine expensively is to tip extravagantly. Not so, say owners of the poshest restaurants. A flat 15% of the total bill (*not* including tax) is quite satisfactory for both captain and waiter, who have a 'share' agreement. An additional 5% should be added, however, if the wine steward has wooed Bacchus and performed the rococo ceremony of opening bottles of proper wines at proper times.

The reason for this still-moderate 15% is that good restaurants, if unable to import graduates of Swiss

or French waiters' schools, have taken the trouble to train their own to service perfection, and thus to keep them happy, and preventing them from wandering off to what might be greener pastures, the restaurant owner automatically gives them 12% of the tab. Of course, this 12% will have been 'amortized' in the charges on the menu, and so *you* are actually paying it. So when you leave a flat 15% you should not feel the slightest embarrassment that you've somehow been 'cheap'. To give more is to overtip. If you do this often enough you can easily waste more money than an *extra* night-on-the-town would cost. Why deny yourself pleasure by reason of a mistaken sense of 'duty'?

Dining out can be a true art that will enrich your life. It requires no special technique other than exercising common sense, consideration for others, and forgiveness of an occasional flub by a waiter who's trying to serve you.

Enjoy!

• • •

A NEW SEX ARENA

(Continued from page 13)

variety to your cruising technique; (3) you don't have to compete with younger others; (4) conversation flows easily because the (presumably) non-gay guy, being lonely, welcomes the chance to talk; and (5) if you can speak interestingly about other-than-gay things for a moment, your conquest is proceeding apace. Not bad for starters!

If he's as observant as you hope he'll be, *he'll* likely turn the conversation into (what else?) sexual paths. Play it cool. Get the drift. Wait for a sign. If it comes, however slightly, drop some subtle hints (but don't flash your *Gay Is Good* button just yet). Being lonely, and finding you fascinating, he may ask you to dine with him. By the *QQ Law of Averages* this will be followed by a "Why not come up to my room for a drink and we'll talk some more?" Having progressed this far, the short lap to his bed is a foregone conclusion.

It may happen this way: In discussing sex (if he continues to refer to it), he may notice your cock growing bigger and hornier with his remarks. If he smiles, and his cock begins to show signs of stirring, experienced *you* can quickly spring the trap. Now so far this has all the aspects of your doing him for trade, yet almost invariably the one-sidedness of 'straight' becomes transformed. Just for a lark (of course!) he may be intrigued by your formidable weaponry and want to imitate what you've delighted him with. Challenge! You'll bring him out while he thinks of it as *experimental reciprocity*. He, too, has his macho. In short, you may never get in off on the plane to Peoria. Pity!

This sequence of events leading up to sex could not occur as easily in just *any* straight bar. Straight bars have their regulars. And word does get around. If you're even quietly on the make you may be sure that the bartender will know it before anyone else. Even if you should score, each later visit will be under deepening clouds of suspicion, and you'll develop some hangups of another kind.

In the hotel-bar approach you'll feel terrific for several more reasons than the five mentioned earlier: (6) there is no peer pressure; no peer competition (in fact, no peer, *peer*iod(; (8) you haven't had to hack it with the taste of adrenalin in your mouth for fear you won't make out . . . you'll be totally relaxed; (9) non-gays are not looking for the Body Beautiful and the Ten-inch Cock; (10) a non-gay, however, seeing such noble equipment as you undoubtedly have, will be torture-teased to try it on for size. *What* macho guy can resist challenge? And he may rationalize: "Well, if he enjoyed my body so much, then surely there must be something to this 'affectional preference' deal. I think I'll give *him* a whirl."

Another plus: Expect repeat performances when he returns to town.

Additionally, you'll have made a new friend who, unlike most gays, isn't interested in having someone new each time. He's satisfied with the same body he's come to know—and count on. He feels safe, too . . . no trouble ricocheting back home. And there's been no threat to his machismo. Equally important to *you*, is that you'll have gained new confidence in yourself. And you'll find that 'looks' just aren't all that important to *all* others as you'd thought . . . nor that maturer years need be cruisingly inhibitive.

If you visit Puerto Rico you'llnotice what seems to be the phenomenon of the older man and a younger companion. Although there may be a gift of sorts involved, basically it's warmth, friendship and sincerity that keep the liaison viable. In Puerto Rico, as in other Spanish-speaking countries, macho grooves to macho—at whatever calendar age. And so a macho older man should look at this as a plus . . . as a kind of T-bond earning interest.

When scoring discreetly with a non-gay, or a 'bi-to-be', as in the foregoing example and in others we shall mention, this puts one in contradistinction to gay friends who want to talk endlessly about their conquests.

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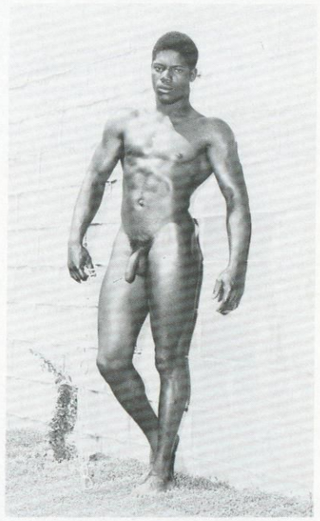
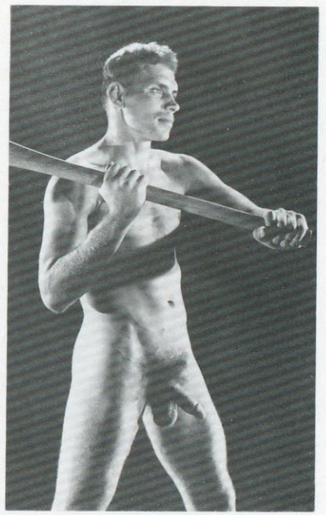


Sam Pierre



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(Please Print Clearly)

Although you may not have exiled yourself from familiar haunts and circle of friends, as a secret renegayde you have the satisfying knowledge that you've discovered something different and wonderful that your friends don't, and may never know about. So in a way this is a pleasant little game of gay oneupmanship you may play and enjoy!

JIZZUM IN THE 'AIZLES'

Much of what we've just covered has been ground-laying for other changes in cruising venues. So next—extending your cruising range—why not try a *straight* X-rated movie house? It can work better for you than the gay pornomovie house because competition on the gay level either doesn't exist, or is too thinned-out over the theater to matter.

Chart your course. Sit next to someone who—even in the dim light—is discernibly attractive. He can be quite young (just past the legal 18). Doesn't matter. When all the hot action on the screen climaxes in bringing a woman to orgasm, although his mind is up *there* on the screen, his cock 'n balls—swollen to bursting—are right *here*, in flicking/groping range of your restless hand. Now no male with a 21-spurt cum salute, ready for the blastoff, is going to object if you grasp his cock at that strategic moment. Quicker than you can say "Levi Strauss' he'll have his fly open and weapon poised. Don't miss a luscious drop! And having licked and slurped that divine instrument until there's not a precious trace left, you can coax him to a john cubicle where your asshole will take the second load . . . for to him—at this sex-drenched, mind-blown time, any hole is a great hole . . . especially if it's a tight hole. *Squee-e-eze*!

TRY A 'STRAIGHT' DISCO

Although a gay disco is g-a-y all the w-a-y, there's really no such thing as a *straight* disco. Management frowns on gyrating single men, yet many gay guys are finding more suckcess in straight discos than in gay, for the same reasons mentioned earlier. The mood, for one thing, is usually a little 'bi'; for another, donning costume—however macho—is often an 'affectional choice' giveaway. "The sexual magic of motley," Shakespeare remarked. "Tattletale about tattletool," is another way of looking at discostumery.

Where sexy screen action in an X-rated straight porno house is advantageous to the gay guys sitting next to a humpy straight, hot floor action in a disco—made frenzied by the lights, costumes and the Saturday-Night-Fever beat of the music—

stirs up the genes to a rocks-off point. So when you see someone you're attracted to leaving the floor for the john, it ain't to pee, but to blast. Give chase. Don't miss out! He may be the straightest of straights, but you're making him an offer he can't refuse at that sublime moment! And if you're dancing, and just 'accidentally' brush his with yours, all the better if you get a knowing reaction. If not, what harm? Try another. Also, remember that discos are not just for the very young—as some mistakenly believe (having missed *plenty*!). Big, straight discos get an almost-every-age crowd. So your fears about aging and youth-competition and the loss of your beauteh are groundless. Your apprehension will usually vanish the moment you move onto the floor, and your make-out will begin auspiciously!

THE TRUCKER FUCKERS

Mostly adventurous guys. It should be noted, though, that truckers in general have little resemblance to those you may have seen in the movie *Convoy*. Don't expect 'Rubber Duck' (the lead trucker) to be a handsome dude like that muscles 'n balls Kris Kristofferson. They threw away the mold when they made him!

Truckers are usually a raunchy lot. Surprisingly, they're not all as macho as *Convoy* made them out to be. Some suck . . . and all are so infrequently at home with wife and kiddies that they are lonely on the road, and easy sex for gay guys who know their haunts and how trucking life spins. Gay guys in towns near interstate intersections usually make out terrifically at truck-stops. They've learned how the system works, and are on tap when convoys arrive. This they learn by listening in on CB radios. They know the trucker lingo: "Smokey Bear" and suchlike. And so do prostitutes. In such intersectional areas (check *Private Stock* for listings by states/cities) guys 'n gals with their own CBs have code-word changes down pat, so as to confuse the fuzz—throwing them off the track as to where the current fuck/suck locations are. "Where's the rendezvous?" Stay tuned, literally.

Like men in military service, truckers are buddy-buddy types, and thus are easy/freewheeling about sex. Antagonism to gays is not their bag. Trucking life is all too 'here today, gone tonight' for that. Sex is a convenience item—like a beer. If there are no overnight stopover accommodations available at a truckstop, they'll ball it in the bunk-space within the truck. If you live near a truck-stop and have your own car, invite one home for a bath and sizzling sex to

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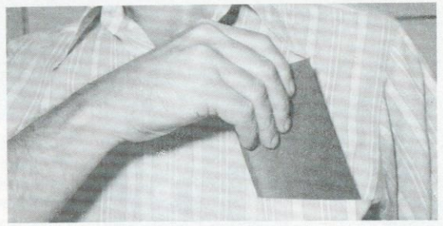

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follow. For every downright handsome trucker, though, there are dozens of downright beer-guzzling raunchies. So if you like it raunchy with the great unwashed, here's where it's at. Lots of Roman Roll goodies. Bring tacos.

There are many other sexpossible for those who may feel it's time to withdraw from outright gay competition. We shall explore them in a future issue. In the meantime, why not try on one or more of these for size?

• • •

THE MECHANICAL MAN
(Continued from page 26)

the male is the most common—and the most heartbreaking—sexual disorder in the world today."

The very word made Ryan cringe. His fingers tightened on the briefcase. "I think I'd better . . . ."

"*Sit down*, and shuttup," Frank ordered. "You'll listen if I have to tie you down. There's a couple of medical reasons for impotence, but their secondary signs are so obvious you'd know. The *big* reason is psychological. *Guilt!* A sewer of anxiety about the whole thing—and when you get the drain out of your brain, you'll get the rock back in your cock."

It sounded like a commercial. "I don't want to talk about . . . ."

"*Listen*! Maybe you don't want to be gay—or maybe something happened to you as a kid . . . God knows, but there's something *there*, in your brain, stopping you from enjoying the thing you love most. And I know how you can get rid of it."

"I won't see a shrink."

"*Shrinks*! They know nothing. Half the creeps still think it's a disease . . . they're more balled up than their patients. No, this is something completely different." He stopped and looked Ryan over, lip-chewing. "I belong to a club—in a city this size there's a club for everything—and this one is *most* unusual. It's a sex club . . . for treating impotence."

Ryan stared. "You're kidding!"

"Am I? How many men are in this city—two-three million? And many of them wealthy. They'd do anything—*pay* anything, to get a hard cock again. What good is a million dollars to a guy if he can't get his cock up . . . and *that's* what this club does."

"*Pay* anything? It costs money?"

"Everything worthwhile costs money. How much do you have?"

"I got savings—four thousand. I could . . . ." What in Christ was he saying? Nothing could help him.

"That'll cover it. I'll pick you up tonight and you can start at once." Frank's hand touched Ryan's knee. "Don't be amazed or shocked at anything they do. Accept *everything*. Whatever they tell you to do, *do* it!" His hand lingered. "Is there anything—*anything* in your past that could have some bearing on your impotence?"

Tell him? The whole incredible hideous story? He'd never believe it. "Yes," Ryan whispered. "A year ago . . . I had to work late. We had—orders to fill and another guy and myself were asked to work back." He stopped, unable to go on, and the whole incredible horror rushed over him again.

"Yes?" Frank prompted, and his eyes were full of warmth.

"It was late and we'd—almost finished working in the basement when the power went off. We lit some candles and I guess they gave us ideas. We—started to fool around . . . ." Ryan shivered, felt hot tears coming again. "We'd stripped right off—naked—and he wanted to —fuck me. I was kidding around and I said if—if you fuck me with that big cock, I'll cut it off." Ryan shut his eyes again, remembering. "He was standing near the guillotine—it's a machine that slices paper—and when this guy says '*Like this?*' and shoved his cock under the blade, and then . . . ."

Ryan was shaking with horror, hardly able to speak. "The power came on again."

It burst out of him, ripping and tearing his body with sobs as Frank held him, talking, talking, murmuring, rocking him like a baby. "Keep talking," Frank said. "You *must* keep talking!"

"I—tried to stop the blood but it—just went everywhere and the guy fainted. I—got him to a hospital and I took his—his penis with me in case they could—Oh God!—stitch it on again like they do ears and things." He felt Frank's grip around him; his urgent strength. "But the guy died. They just said there was an accident—and it was all hushed up." He put his head in his hands, seeing it all again, the hideous blood spouting, the limp *dead* thing he carried in his pocket. And all *his* fault!

Frank's voice. Strong. Dominant. "Okay, okay. You've told me. You've taken the first step. And tonight you'll take the second step." His lips caressed, trembled over his hair. "The beginning of a long road back."

Mr. Portree took the order-form, glanced over it. You're not yourself lately, Ryan. Still troubled over Pendleton's death?"

Ryan flinched. "Why would I be—troubled?"

Mr. Portree, thin, tall, balding, shrugged. "That's what I wondered." He moved round the desk, left toe scuffing. "Sure there's nothing you want to tell me?"

It was a Mercedes-Benz. Naturally. And the parking attendant touched his cap with a five-dollar sparkle in his eye.

"The chrome," Frank said, "a little dusty, Albert. Maybe . . .?"

"Done, Mr. Modena," Albert said. *Albert?* People were *still* called

They went up in the elevator. Shag on the floor again. A mower job to get through. Drop your diamonds and they're lost forever. "This must cost a fortune," Ryan whispered. "The other tenants . . . ."

"The—ah—Association owns the building," Frank murmured. "Did you bring your check?"

"A thousand. Like you said."

"Good. The High Priest will let you know how much more." The elevators stopped, opened, and they were in the Palace of Versailles. Gilt-encrusted mirrors, chandeliers, ormolu chairs on crimson carpet. Frank motioned to one of the chairs. "A few things I must tell you before you're summoned. *After* I've told you, forget everything and let your mind drift with it. It's all based on what's called Operant Conditioning. You probably learned about the Russian psychologist Pavlov, who experimented with dogs? Every time he gave them food, he rang a bell. After awhile, when he rang the bell by itself, the dogs salivated just the same. Here, they do it with men."

Ryan stared. "Make them *salivate*?"

"No. Make them *erect*! It's a system of rewards and punishments, and stimuli that trigger a response. After awhile your conscious mind is pushed out of the picture and your body takes over—and *that's* what we want—to crush your guilt and let your body do what it really longs to do. Sh! They're coming."

Three men. Masked. Garbed in the strange flowing robes of another planet. Finely diaphanous. The gossamer material swirling yet not concealing rosy nipples, hair-furred, the dark shadow of curls frothing over chest and belly and—with no attempt at concealment—the stiff throbbing erections pronging forward against the filmy material.

"You see?" Frank whispered. "Permanent." He smiled. "Where *your* cock is concerned, they turn you into a mechanical man—erect whenever you wish it—like *clockwork*!"

They followed the three men to a

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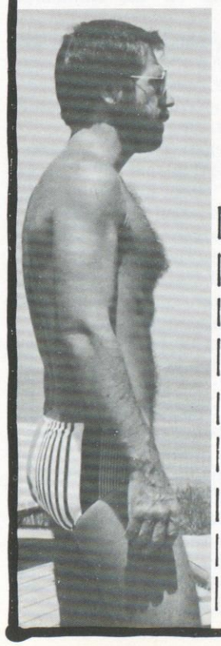

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smaller room, were stripped totally naked and garbed in similar flowing robes. On the wall above, the constant organic pulsing of a piercing blue light, alternately plunging the room into a wash of colour, then blank again, synchronized with a soft high-toned bleep that rose in pitch as the colour bloomed. Like being inside a flower, pulsing with it, pulsing . . . pulsing . . . pulsing . . . .

No spoken word. Soft gestures. Follow me, follow, follow . . . .

Ryan took Frank's hand briefly. Trying to hold reality. His head was pulsing; body, heart, mind. Throbbing like the light, the music now that swelled and replaced the bleeping.

Another room. Huge, hushed, the light a pale violet and red, blooming then dying, the soft glow of moving flame. And at the end, a raised dais, on it a throne, a man seated, tall and imposing, and music, the swelling throbbing beat of organ roar.

Ryan's head swirled; felt the beat within himself. Around the enthroned High Priest was a circular filmy curtain, and behind it, rigidly at attention, magnificent bodies just touching the fingering gauze, five men, exquisitely proportioned. Totally naked behind the diaphanous screen.

Ryan could hardly drag his eyes from the filmy gauze. A softest breath of air wreathed it against their bodies, outlined the sharp prick of nipple pout, their muscular bellies, their round swollen thigh columns, and in the cave between, the deliciously suggestive ridge of hanging cock, waiting, waiting for the command . . . .

Frank made Ryan kneel among the other members on the carpet before the dais. "They're all from the city," he whispered. "All with the same problem as you. Ready?"

The music began to swell, a sensuous clinging rhythm that crept along his blood and fired his brain. The High Priest rose, rigid phallus pronging against his robe. *All* of them? Fantastically conditioned so they could hold it all night? From behind him, a huge Negro boy armed with a golden gong stepped forward, magnificently sculptured phallus leaping from a dense forest of tight curled hair.

"How do they *do* it?" Ryan whispered, feasting on the magnificent black cock.

"Shh!" Frank said. "Watch the demonstration first."

The Negro began to toll the gong; the slow, shivering pulse reverberating through the room; and on every tenth stroke, a louder, more insistent beat. Sensuous. *Demanding!*

And then he saw it!

Incredible! Unbelievable!

The five men behind the curtain, standing quite motionless, penises hanging limply . . . began to *erect*! In *exact* syncronization!

With each tenth gong beat, each phallus jerked higher, higher. Each cock lifting the *exact same degree*! And to Ryan's amazement, as the gong struck, his own cock began to swell.

"They can't help it," Frank whispered. "They're conditioned to erect at the sound of a gong."

Fantastic! Could feel the beat quickening, saw the penises of the men behind the curtain raising the gossamer screen, the deliciously jerking pulse as each sweet cock flipped higher, higher. And what magnificent tools! Even through the gossamer he could see the rosy heads, the blue-veined shafts, foreskins snarled back. Around him, a low moaning from the men; a rising crescendo of gong-beat, faster, faster, until . . . .

The High Priest reached out, took a golden-tipped rod, and struck the cymbal hanging from the roof.

And Ryan's eyes bulged with erotic amazement!

At the first shivering cymbal-clash, the five men shot a gush of sperm spouting onto the gossamer screen; a foaming spurt of semen that jetted like milk and clung, then fell, dripping slowly and staining the fine material.

But that wasn't all!

The second clash! And the second jet of sperm!

Exactly synchronized. And the third. The High Priest's arm striking and at each blow, the jet, pulsing and flooding the gossamer screen until Ryan thought his mind would explode.

Five men!

Ejaculating in perfect synchronization. The ultimate in sexual control!

Slowly it ebbed. The jets weakened, milky dribbles spurting, then ceased. The gong beat slowed, lights changing, and even as Ryan stared, the magnificent penises drooped, dangling again over hairy pudding-balls drained of man-juice.

A breath of wind behind the men, the gauze billowing out, lights flicking and changing, and the figures disappeared.

Beside him, Frank. "Six months ago those men were impotent."

"Impossible!" Ryan gasped.

"Not at all," Frank whispered. "You'll do the same. Now—hold nothing back. *Do whatever they make you.*"

The High Priest stepped among the writhing bodies; some of them mouthing and sucking each other; others with still-limp penises being mounted

and fucked. The Priest touched Ryan's shoulder, and he stood, followed him to the dais. The Negro wheeled out a curious contraption like a vaulting-horse they'd used in the gym. And to his surprise Ryan felt his pulse quickening. *The gym instructor!* So long ago! The tight white shorts the coach always wore so his thick juicy cock showed good and fat. And the night he'd asked Ryan to stay behind and practise some jumps. Some *jumps*!

"Reach over the horse, Ryan. That's it. Bending forward. And legs apart. Oh yes, that's it! And reach forward to hold the end. That's the boy. Hold tight. Bend over. Oh, Ryan, Ryan. I've watched you; wanted to show—oh!—oh! That's the boy, let me—just—draw these down. Over your darling round pearly . . . . Oh, Ryan, Ryan, they're so beautiful. So round, so full—let me just lick—let me put . . . . Oh, Ryan, I'm not hurting you? Hold on, Ryan. Oh Ryan, Ryan . . . Ryannnn . . . ."

He blinked. They had him over the contraption. It *couldn't* be true! The Negro in front of him—ass turning, offering—*his ass to be kissed.* The bulging round orbs pronging at him, cheeks wide and hidden crack a nest of curly hairs. The ass offered again, sweetly succulent, an ambrosial scent of cologne and man-smell. The Negro bending forward, the great penis root swollen and thick over dangling swingers penduluming in their satin bag. 'Do anything they ask, no matter what!'

The ass coming again and this time, the sharp acid flick of a whip on his back that made his tongue shoot out and ream into the black hairy hole of the Negro boy. The glorious delight of serving another, giving pleasure, licking and tonguing the most private part of a man's body.

The whipping ceased and a mouth was on his cock, demandingly insistent, sucking the rosy head with a force that brought the blood gushing to the tip. In *spite* of him!

Saw the other men around him, wildly excited by his servitude; saw the Negro turn, gaze loving eyes on him, move behind, felt the insistent yet loving probe of his love-stick as it kissed his fuck-tube.

"Oh, Ryan, Ryan, you won't tell the others. Ryan, your ass is so beautiful. So tight. I'm into it, Ryan. I'm slicing up into your darling ass. Hold tight, Ryan. I'm slicing in and out of your beautiful tight ass. *I'm fucking you, Ryan!*"

Felt the swinging crash of balls thrashing his buttocks, saw them all frantic with sex as he was sodomized



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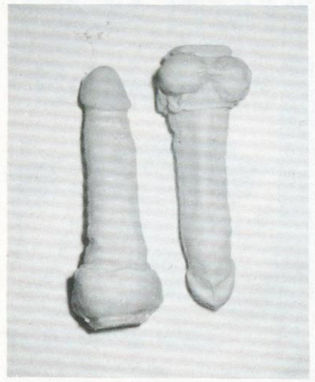

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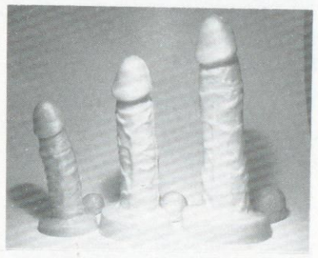

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on the dais, then felt the Negro's balls vomit sperm, gushing, surfing into him, ploughing him full of curding, jetting man-juice.

A juicy suck as the Negro pulled out and another took his place. Then another. And another. And he wanted them . . . *All* of them—to step up and bugger his ass while he sucked each cock as it was shoved into his mouth.

Because down below it was beginning; the slow build of ball-joy, of cock-love, swelling, thickening again.

Felt sperm leaping from the well of his being.

Heard his own agaonized cry as precious seed jetted.

Oh Ryan, Ryan . . . . Ryannn . . . .

"He wants another thousand," Frank said.

"A thousand a *week*?"

"Some of the others pay more."

"Jesus, I don't own the Bank of America."

Frank shrugged. "You said you had four thousand. Isn't it worth it—or do you want a lifetime of dead dick?"

"Yes, but . . . ."

"Then *get* it," Frank snapped. "No fun being a eunuch all your life."

It was working! Just as Frank predicted. He'd *become* the mechanical man! Amazing. Maybe the whip thrashing away his guilt each time. Or maybe because he was tied helpless and couldn't resist—and therefore *couldn't* feel guilty about enjoying it.

And that gong! *Man!* each time he heard it and saw those cocks building behind their filmy screen, he nearly blew his . . . .

"This is the fourth mistake, Ryan. Why not tell me what's the matter?"

Ryan jerked up. "I'm sorry, Mr. Portree."

The older man stared a moment. "Your parents are in the west, aren't they?" Ryan nodded and Mr. Portree touched his shoulder. "Then you need someone to confide in. You're having dinner with me tonight—The Highbury Arms. Maybe a glass of wine will help you to unwind."

Rare bird, Mr. Portree. A bachelor.

Since his trouble, Ryan had stopped wearing undershorts . . . hoping—*hoping* the sexy naked feel would tickle up his cock.

And sometimes . . . he'd caught Mr. Portree peeping.

He'd wondered about him.

It was a quiet place. Carpets, the soft glow of pink-shaded lamps, silent waiters. Sort of—English country pub. They sat in the lounge at first and Mr. Portree ordered aperitifs, watching Ryan as he sipped. "You never really told me about young Pendleton?"

Ryan looked away, surprised he wasn't more disturbed. "There's nothing to tell," he said briefly.

The grey eyes stayed on him. "You're sure?"

"Quite." Ryan looked around, seeking diversion, saw the *maitre d'* enter to announce dinner in true English style. "Shall we go?" Ryan said, finishing his drink. Mr. Portree rose, his left toe carpet-scuffing.

And then it began.

The gong, softly shimmering through the quiet room, reverberating through him and the building, building . . . a painful, rock-hard rigidity he'd never known. Mechanical. Pronging his pants like a bone!

Mr. Portree glanced back. "Coming?"

God! Walk through the crowded room—like *this*? "Yes," Ryan muttered, half-rising. "I can't find my—ah—gloves."

"You didn't have any."

"Oh. Didn't I? Well . . . ." He stood hunching his jacket round him. Too short! "Damn! My shoelace is undone."

He crouched. Shit! Casuals! He fiddled, covering his shoe, and still it was there—the most rip-roaring thick-dicked hard-on he'd ever had in his whole life. *And no undershorts!*

Jeez! He knew he should have worn them.

Moved across the floor; heard a woman's low giggle. The waiter's eyes bugging like dog's balls, making kissy-kissy winks at him. Made it to the dining room. Brighter lights. Oh shit! Every eye on his great prong ramming out like a moon rocket. Saw Mr. Portree pull out a chair, turn and—*him too*!

Dirty old bastard! He'd seen Ryan's stiff, got all randy-dandy about sucking that barber's pole . . . .

Ryan sat quickly. Grabbed the menu. Felt Mr. Portree's leg touch him under the table. "Order anything you like, Ryan. Just anything! I don't mind *what* it is."

Shag carpets and expensive receptionists? Marble statues of David? Yet no workroom and no factory—because he'd looked it up in the Directory. Just the office—Modena Electronics. *Balls!*

Her phone-voice was nasally bored. "But Mr. Modena doesn't allow me to take orders. What was your name again?"

"Prinsett," Ryan said, handkerchief over the phone. "Marius Prinsett. Mr. Modena was recommended by another manufacturer who thought he could make the parts."

"I'm soryyy . . . ."

"There was—another matter," Ryan said, phone-cradling. "I'm having trouble with my—ah—equipment. I need it—reconditioned."

"Oh." The snap of interest. "Six-thirty this evening. Mr. Modena will be at this number . . . ." She gave it crisply. "Thank you, Mr. Prinsett."

Six-thirty. On the dot. "Hello? Mr. Modena?"

"Speaking." Frank's voice. "That is Mr. Marius Prinsett?"

"Yes," Ryan said. The marble made it difficult to talk but it sure disguised his voice. Sort of Middle Dutch with a Slavic blend. "I like to join your club."

"What business you in, Mr. Prinsett?"

You mean my *bank* account! "Persian rugs," Ryan said, reading the sign across the street. "Rare ones.' You interest?"

"No, no," Frank said. "It's just—the Club fees are high."

You bet! Someone had to pay for David and his marble dick!

Ryan began to enjoy it. The big-cocked, heavy-balled bastard. Taking all his money—even if it did make his cock do a totem-pole when he heard the gong. That gong! *Wow!* He'd get one at the dime-store; bang it every day. "You give me—leetle idea?" Ryan said.

"How about—five hundred?" Frank suggested.

Cheap bastard. "Is all right," Ryan said, the marble catching under his tongue.

"That's the entrance fee," Frank said. "There's other . . . ."

Ryan laughed. Foxie Frankie! And to his horror, the marble slipped right down his throat. "I can't hear you," Frank said.

Ryan stuck his finger in his mouth. "Is okay, okay. Where I meet you?"

A fractional hesitation. "Corner of Fifth and Shelby. I'll be in a Mercedes." Naturally. No Ford for Frankie!

"Okay," Ryan mumbled, and hung up.

It was only a small marble.

"I simply can't believe it," Mr. Portree said. "It's weird."

"It's still true. Will you help me?"

"Well—is it all quite legal? I mean—the police . . . ."

"It's private. You don't really have to—*do* anything."

Mr. Portree clapped him suddenly on the back. "I'll do it. What did you say my name was?"

"Marius Prinsett," Ryan said.

"Oh dear," Mr. Portree said. "Couldn't you have picked John Smith?"

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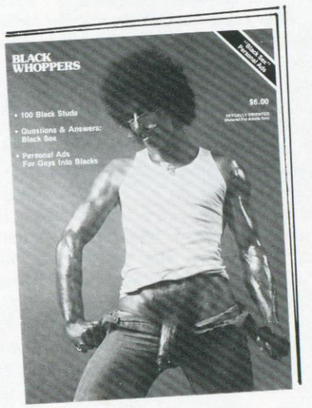





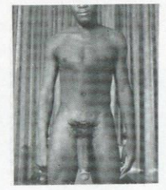



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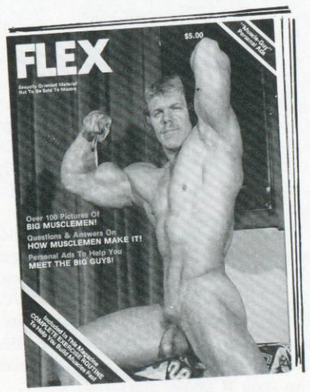

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He had to wait ten minutes for a car to come, then followed it in, smiled warmly at the parking attendant. "Mr. Modena arrived yet, Edward?"

Shit! George? Henry? Some sort of king! The guy frowned. "Ten minutes ago."

"Ha ha," Ryan said. "I missed him." Victoria! No, she was a queen. "I'd better go on up.

The frown stayed. "Had another guy with him. Didn't say nothin' about nobody else."

Victoria and Albert. *Albert!* "Heavens, Albert, you haven't forgotten me?" The frown lightened a fraction. "This is my final visit." Felt in his pocket. Jesus. His last ten. "So buy yourself a drink."

"Well—*thank you*, sir." George-Henry-Edward-Albert pressed the buzzer. "Have a good time, sir."

He would indeed!

The three came forward again, disrobed him, clothed him in clinging white. Jesus, were they ever lovely! Rods on 'em that'd jimmy open a bank vault—*his* bank vault! The strobelight flickering; felt his nuts tighten, cock tingle in delicious expectation. Shit, he'd get his cock up someone tonight! Maybe some poor bastard still in the limp-dick stage. Ram a burster right up his old bung'ole and blast a gusher in his tail-tunnel.

The room again. Mirrors, the swell of music, the blooming red light. Bodies everywhere. Masked. He couldn't see Mr. Portree. Poor bastard, probably scared shitless!

Knelt. Made obeisance to the High Priest mumbling on his dais.

The Negro boy again. Jeez, he'd like to fuck that tight round ass, spear a stiff stick way up his ringy-dingding and ram him cock-silly and babbling.

The music rising. The Negro with his gong; the magnificent figures behind the filmy drapes, waiting. Lights dimming. Felt a figure near him, masked, the subtle touch of thigh and arm.

Why not? *Why not?* Hands and knees. Buttocks upraised.

The figure moved slightly ahead, crouched, offering, the twin mounds temptingly curvaceous under the filmy robe. Ryan's hand snaked out, under the white robe, the calves, the swelling thighs and—*Jesus*! Swingdingers like grapefruits. Codded like a Merino ram.

Ryan gasped. Ding-dong danglers bouncing at the butt of a thick mounded penis-root. Ryans hand crept higher, pushed up the filmy robe, fingered the hot rosebud winking at him. Lasciviated over the orbing moons that butted in his face; dripped gob-juice into the crevice between, tongued in, licked and probed as the ass rutted back at his lips, begging to be stuffed. *Fuck!* What a pink-tubed assable love-crack right in his face!

The gong hammering; guys around him gasping; love grunts as his hand snaked down, under the swingy dangle of coddy balls, thick and dangle-hairy in their juicy fruit-box. Under. To the joy-jet, the love-stick of infinite delight and *wow*! A monster! Out-Franking Frankie! Something to dream about on cold nights when a hot cock aches for tubing heat. His hands caressed, sliding spit-smooth up and down the rigid fuck-shaft, fingers dibbling in love-juice dribble from the horny tip.

'Kerisstt! And this ass wanted him to *fuck* it. Stick his great hairy corncob bum-stuffer to the bristles and spurt a love-fountain up his rape-tube.

Ryan forgot everything. Got up on his knees, juiced his raging tool with gob-spit, dripped it down on the guy's pouting pinkie, positioned his knobby cock at the opening . . . and stared in glory-eyed wonderment as his nine-inch slicer whanged up that delicious hair-fringed fuck-tube.

Shit, oh shit! What a feeling!

A hot sucking man's asshole, clenched and clamped round his steaming cock, sucking it in, teasing, turning, winking ass-lips about his bristled butt. *Fuck*, he'd go out of his mind. Grasped hips, pulled them onto his tool, rammed it deep, deep, deeper. Heard the guy moan in ecstasy as his ass was raped by Ryan's thick hole-stretcher.

Knew he couldn't hold back. Had to ram and rape deep in this guy's body. Fill him with boiling sperm as the guy bucked and jerked under that massive ass-splitter. Knew it was coming, rising, flooding and then . . . . "Oh . . . Oh . . . Frankie—*Frankie*!" The spurting gush of total glorious ejaculation.

Ryan collapsed on him as they sagged, still connected, ass plugged full of throbbing man-meat. *Never* wanted to pull out! To stay forever. Fuck Frankie, *this* guy was his! He'd never leave him. Would own him. Bed him every day, fuck his ass to shreds then fuck it some more.

"Jesus, Ryan, you're sure some fucker when you get going."

Couldn't be!

He ripped the mask away; stared at the laughing eyes and lips of one Frank Modena. "Frank?"

"The same—an' who'd believe a month ago you were a limp-dick?"

"He pulled out then. Savagely. "Bastard!" Ryan hissed. Looked up. Saw the shrouded figures, *everything* had been forgotten and they'd become the centre of it all; the voyeuristic delight of their savage coupling. Even the High Priest coming forward, left toe scuffing the carpet . . . .

Left . . . .

Stood up. Ripped off the grotesque mask and there he was, smiling. *Portree!*

"I don't believe it," Ryan gasped. He stared round. "With all this, why the printing . . .?"

Portree replaced the mask, his face close to Ryan. "A cover," he whispered harshly. "For the tax boys."

Ryan backed away. It was hideous. A grotesque nightmare that didn't make sense. He wanted to rend them, tear the crazy dream to pieces. The dais. The filmy drapes and the figures, still there. *Still there?*

Grabbed the flimsy screen—and wrenched.

"Don't, Ryan," Frank screamed, leaping forward.

The curtains tore in shreds and he was among those beautiful figures, striking out with fists, hammering . . . .

The nearest fell under his blows, struck the floor, lay still.

Oh Jesus! He'd *killed* him. That beautiful almost unearthly creature. Ryan knelt, felt for a pulse, pressed his ear to the smooth chest.

A ticking sound.

Slowing.

A clock running down.

Stopped.

Touched skin as smooth and cool as vinyl; hair fine as poly . . . .

Around him, the other members crowding forward, touching, marvelling, hardly believing . . . .

The mechanical man.

And he was the child, breaking the toys . . . breaking dreams.

Saw Frank's face, torn and anguished. "Maybe you're satisfied now, Ryan?"

He'd rushed away; couldn't face the shock, the disillusion in the others' faces; their disastrous knowledge that no one—*no one* could cure them unless they *believed* . . . .

Left work. Spent days prowling on the Honda; forcing the machine away each time it turned into Bouvier Avenue, until . . . .

The cherry trees in Cartier Park were flushed with green now, he noticed. Traffic never so heavy on a Wednesday.

Wednesday? A week-end farmer!

Just to *see* it again. To look in through those glass doors and see the strength, the beauty of the things his hands had made . . . .

The flight of steps the same; and the patio; Ryan went round the side to the pool, sat on the edge staring at the

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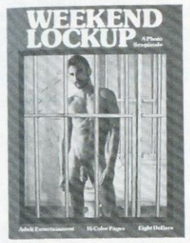

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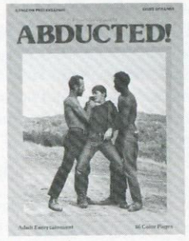

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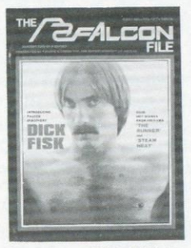

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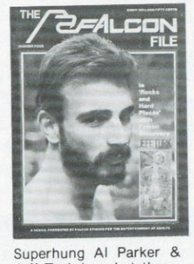

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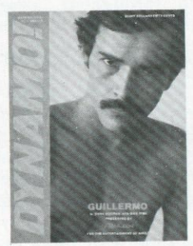

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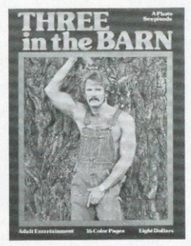

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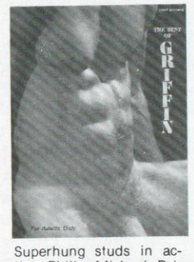

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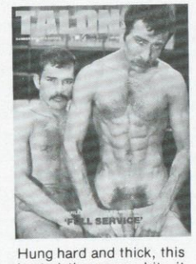

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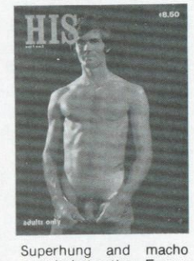

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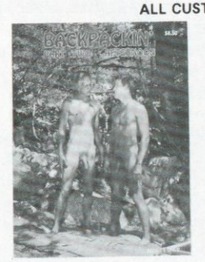

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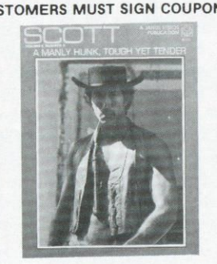

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clear mirrored water. So empty. So totally empty, his life.

Oh God, why had he done it? Did it matter *how* they were cured as long as . . . .

The face mirrored beside his own was smiling, then shattered as the pebble fell and broke the image.

"I thought you'd come back," Frank said.

Ryan looked up, his eyes brimming. "But—this is Wednesday?"

"So?" Frank said. "I've retired." He held out the four slips of paper, neatly torn in half. "And you can have these back."

Ryan took the ripped checks. "But—why?"

"I never intended keeping them. But to get rid of your guilt, you have to pay—or at least, believe you are."

Ryan shook his head. "Those—dummies. You made them?"

"Clever, aren't they," Frank said. "Each time Portree struck the cymbal with his metal rod it set off an electrical impulse. You see, I really am an electronics engineer."

"But—I looked it up. There's nothing under Modena. No business name, no company . . . ."

"You should have looked under Frankie," Frank smiled. "And you'd have found it—'Frankie's Toys for Adult Boys'. I can make ladies too—and they're *really* succulent. Would you like one?"

Ryan looked into his eyes, the well of laughter and warmth that bubbled out filled him with an incredible glory. "No," he whispered. "I had something else in mind."

• • •

THEATRE BUFFS
(Continued from page 8)

lives with his wife Christy in New Jersey with their two children." A typical heterosexual marriage, even if, as the program goes on, it was sanctified on TV's *Bride & Groom*.

14. *The Way It Is* was a revue that never officially opened. The only thing that did open were the pants of the actors—most interestingly the ones belonging to an aging juvenile who also moon-lighted (pun intended) as the Prince in several fairy tales performed by the Prince Street Players. Too bad that the many little moppets fantasizing about what was under His Highness' tights couldn't have found out if they had only scrounged up the 10 bucks or so needed to see Charming au naturel in his very different nighttime show.

15. *Stomp* was the first of several Texas commune musicals—mostly mounted by Joseph Papp and his Pubic Theatre. *Stomp* featured humpy naked cowboys strumming and stripping amongst an audience often encased in a giant polyethylene placenta. I dearly recall a dream of a sequence where a naked maverick like Joe Buck comes to the Big City with just a suitcase, and instead of shaking his outstretched palm, the City Slickers shake his outstretched cock.

16. *Jimmy*.

17. *A Patriot For Me*. Both of these were Broadway flops. The former was a musical about New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker. His Honor (Frank Gorshin) got caught naked in his paramour's bathroom by her mother. This scene was over about as quickly as *Jimmy* lasted on Broadway, but although Gorshin's butt was bare, it did seem to this connoisseur of nudismo that said mimic's nakedness was really being impersonated by a flesh-colored athletic supporter.

A Patriot For Me was John Osborne's dull account of 19th Century homosexuality in the Austrian Army. Maximilian Schell came out of his closet as the leading character, and out of his bed with a handsome blond naked cadet on stage. The program gave no clue as to who was this peroxided possessor of such divine derriere, but the most striking individual onstage *was* identified. Namely one Tom(my) Lee Jones. This latter young actor, who was born to play Howard Hughes on television, made his Broadway debut garbed in both the sacred and profane. Here Tommy Lee was dressed as a young Russian Orthodox bishop—swathed in black robes from mitre to mules. The only provision for sensuality was that his cassock was unorthodoxly slit up both sides to his navel, allowing his most beautiful muscular legs and naked thighs to be revealed each time he moved or danced during the Gay officers' costume balls.

And speaking of *balls*, never in my wildest dreams could I conjure up such a huge pair of pendula as those that actually hung between that Jones boy's legs! It all happened when I chanced to return to Sal Mineo's version of *Fortune And Men's Eyes* (the final male nude production of 1969). When, to my wandering eyes, who should appear but replacement ol' Tommy Lee Jones stark naked—raping onstage in the shower room sequence somebody I never even noticed. And Tommy was foul-mouthed, Brooklyn-accented and scratchin' at 'em as well. What a turn on!

Jones has the biggest, heaviest, meanest pair of balls I have ever seen on a stage. True to his character's name, he really put the rocks into Rocky. And although Jones was played peek-a-boo in nude scenes in the films *The Betsy* and *Rolling Thunder*, let's please hope Tommy finally does immortalize on celluloid his magnificent bare ass, and then hopefully turns around too. Believe me, Tommy, if you're reading this, ya got the balls for it!

NEW DECADE
NEW DECADENCE

The newly arrived seventies continued a soon-to-be theatrical tradition of male disrobing. *Grin And Bare It* was nudist Camp comedy that finally made it to Broadway. Although most of its cast played the show totally nude throughout, everyone modestly donned robes for the bows.

REAL MOON-ING AT LAST

Dark Of The Moon, an old 40's chestnut starring chesty (and nutty) Chandler Hill, got a long run at the Mercer Arts Center when its satanic nude rituals could now be exposed for the Sexy Seventies. *Applause* was the first show with nudity to play the Palace—this time with three queens dancing bare-assed as Joe Allen waiters. *Circle In The Water*, which was ingloriously dubbed 'Piss In A Puddle' by some waggish critic, gave New York theatregoers their first complete look at porno star Cal Culver and porno starlot Dean Tait.

The Dirtiest Show In Town had hunky nakes like Richard (R.A.) Dow and Paul-Matthew Eckhart cavorting in the buff, and its pictorials in the press were particular turn-ons. But all the fuss was for naught, because the actual theatrical lighting was so coy, dark and artsy that all the goodies were barely visible. 1970 also brought us some imported meat from Japan in the form of *Golden Bat* at La Mama.

The Off Off Broadway showcase movement was just then beginning to proliferate, so this viewer wasn't able to witness every dong in town personally, but he did enjoy the New York Theatre Ensemble's production of *Lysistrata* with its naked warriors. Also seeing beautiful *Hello, Dolly!* chorus boy Alan Castner as the nude lover in *Foreplay*.

Some nude shows closed before I could check them out. Like *The Evil That Men Do*, again featuring several other beautiful dancers like Dennis Edenfield in various deadly states of *dishabille*. And *Les Blancs* on Broadway, which reportedly had ceremoniously ungarbed Black James Earl Jones doing what his White namesake Tommy Lee had done so well before him. But my most sensuous recollections of the Season of Seventy were these two: Seeing soon-to-be-famous Sylvester Stallone as the naked tele-

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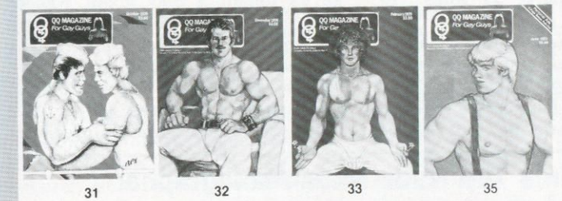

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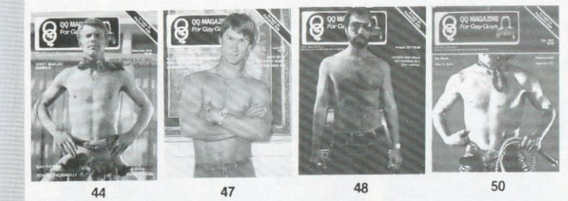

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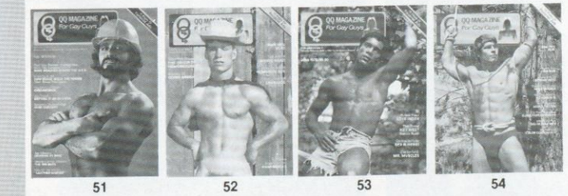

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phone repairman in the swinging *Score*, and watching Keith Baxter strip in *Sleuth*.

COCKY ROCKY II

Stallone has one of the biggest Italian sausages ever going for him. And he paraded it in the round on stage at the Martinique with truly cocky confidence. Sly's getup of cap, construction boots, and belt, with several tools hanging from it, only accentuated his very own considerable hanging tool. The wife-swapping couples weren't the only things swinging at the Martinique! So much so, that a friend of mine who is into musclemen, actually had an orgasm right during the Italian Stallion part of the show.

And though Keith Baxter didn't really go all the way in his strip in *Sleuth* on Broadway, but only down to transparent bikini underwear, it was so graphic and sheer that not only his shaft, scrotum and hair were actually visible (through the grace of my binoculars) but his urethral slit as well! And remembrance of this big thing caused me to have palpitations a few days later when I was ushering Off Broadway at a performance Mr. B. attended of Claire Bloom's *A Doll's House* and I gave him a program. I touched that very own burly butch right hand that had stripped its owner down to such barely veiled indecencies. And there is a kind of perverse satisfaction in looking such a big stud in the eye—without his knowing I had also had such a great view of his wang's opening.

The year 1971 had even more naked-men plays—some with major stars from stage, screen and tube giving us all a chance to screen their tubes on stage.

Stag Movie was best forgotten, but it is still occasionally remembered because once again one of *Maude's* TV relatives, this time her daughter Adrienne, showed all the world her bare Barbeaus. I remember it more, however, for an exhibitionistic hunk named Brad Sullivan, who played musclebound Stewpot in the Lincoln Center revival of *South Pacific* and one of the puckers in the film *Slap Shot*. Mr. Sullivan is the definitive turn-on if you like 'em big, bare and boorish. He has no compunction about airing his huge dork and waving it suggestively. I've really enjoyed his several naked parts in roles Off Broadway.

I missed Rochelle Owens' unsuccessful *Istanboul*, but understand there was a truly boulish young Italian hustled up from 42nd Street pickings to the naked heights, only to be dashed back to real-world oblivion. Well, the same thing happened to Bernie Schwartz . . . .

Abelard and Heloise had Diana Rigg and Keith Michell going from Coast to Coast and proscenium to proscenium starkers. There was only a glimpse of copulative equipment seen, but enough to make yours truly question whether the comely Mr. Michell shouldn't have really been coaxed into portraying a red-haired Henry the Tenth or even the Eleventh, and not merely an Eighth. *His* was truly Master Piece Theatre!

Off Broadway featured Jerry Rogers naked in *Life In Bed*, even though *After Dark* magazine ran a picture of a prettier and more naked Gary Restifo than what was really seen in the show. But this was before the Department of Consumer Affairs existed. So any little possible fantasy affair with Restifo would have had to remain un-Consum-ated. Eat your hearts out, Bess and Furness!

Also that year the Actors' Playhouse on Sheridan Square briefly had as its tenant a play about Kansas called *The Olathe Response*, starring the young actor Peter Burnell from the soaps. Even though Mr. Burnell was all soaped down and wearing not so much as a ruby red slipper, this entry unlike other Kansas predecessors was not nearly so big in the box-office. Well, in the case of Peter, er Mr. Burnell, this wasn't exactly true. Let's just say the show lost money.

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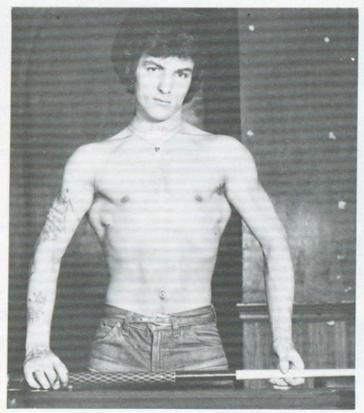



Any nation that can come up with Tom Jones, Mick Jagger, Elton John and enough groups to fill the hit parades of the world must produce extraordinary guys. But it's possible your favourite British show business name will look better dressed. Mike Arlen has photographed a sensational selection that are mind blowing undressed.

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Further advancing the theory that Black is Beautiful (and naked Blacks can be even more beautiful), gorgeous Ron O'Neal brought from California to the Negro Ensemble Company *The Dream on Monkey Mountain.* And another major star showed us live on stage what merely a *Super Fly* on film could never do—fulfill in person the myth about phallic and scrotal superiority in Blacks.

This was followed by Cliff Gorman's harrowing portrayal in *Lenny.* This entire Tom O'Horgan show was erotic—with female strippers abounding and living nude statues of Christ and Moses encased in votive prisms in a mock ecclesiastical sequence. But disproving the contention that all stage nudity must be titillating, it was not sensual in the least when the play's curtain fell—with Gorman spread out full frontally naked. For Lenny Bruce died a nude corpse—overdosed on a toilet seat that thrust itself out at the spectators on the tongue from a mythic, monolithic Milhouse Nixon head. There was nothing erotic about that. And I will never forget it.

Other decidedly less memorable nude theatre that season included *The Second Hottest Show in Town,* an impurely commercial rip-off designed to siphon off some of the business from the town's still-thriving *Dirtiest Show.* This newer entry was genuinely filthy, but unlike the show it was shamming, pleasantly unpretentious in its real display of naked flesh.

So the art of naked theatre continued on all levels: Uptown smart East Siders dropped into the posh Guggenheim Museum to see California hippies drop their drawers as a finale to *James Joyce's Memorial Liquid Theatre.* Midtown offered on Broadway dancer Marcelo Gamboa partnering a hastily added nude adagio in something *Wild And Wonderful* that wasn't either. Downtown suggested a bottomless transvestite troupe from San Francisco, called the Cockettes, performing *Tricia's Wedding*, and *Dark Of The Moon*(er) Chandler (now Harben) Hill stripping anew as he cock-teased this year's Tony award-winning Lester Rawlins by not giving him a *Nightride.*

The '71 season closed with a good ol' Cecil B. combination of sex and scriptures, both actual and contrived. The latter was personified in *Xircus*, subtitled *The Private Life Of Jesus Christ.* This was Times Square theology at its worst. A naked Savior in hippy-Afro coif who meets passion and death in a sideshow peopled by S&M pharisees and Madonna harlots.

Real religion met theatrical Mammon when a nude "documentary" called *Fear Of Love* was imported from Honolulu via Miami and Minnesota. Although all three male naked participants were certainly Gay, each portrayed a straight husband who had trouble making it with his wife although seeming not to have a whit of difficulty falling into the arms and legs of all the "actresses" playing nurses, marriage counselays and hookers throughout the piece. All of this was narrated in sepulchral tones by an actor/cum/psychiatrist who alternately changed performance from night to night from Marx Brothers mania to Norman Vincent Peale sobriety at the whim of a neo-Reinhardtian director. All these improper hetero couplings (with so many homos) took place behind a properly murky scrim. But your author *could* detect at least one magnificent creature—named Paul—who looked like a gorgeous blond, large economy-sized Errol Flynn. Even through the scrim nobody could help noticing how bullish he was bare-ish. So since I was working there as an usher, too, I always managed to be just off-stage as he lumbered naked to his dressing room. He couldn't walk too fast because those big, big balls of his just *had* to slow him down.

After he became friends with this friendly usher, Paul confided in me that this was the first time he had been in New York since he left the Christian Brothers and teaching at Sacred Heart grammar school, just a few blocks from the theatre. And I thought the greatest loss the Church had ever suffered was when Audrey Hepburn left the convent! Again those visions of clerical robes and big male knockers—so well remembered with T.L. Jones' bishopric—came crashing to my mind. This time I'm sure blonds did have more fun, Brother, and that Frater Paulus had no real *Fear of Love.* At least not any more.

NUDITY . . . HO-HUM

The year 1972 began to take nudity in stride. The prestigious American Place Theatre presented Jack Gelber's play *Sleep* where David Spielberg spent most of the evening talking and dreaming in his birthday suit. And Off Off Broadway thrived with productions like *The Trojan Women* featuring naked Trojan men, and a play with nudity called *Cocteau*, with the accent on the first syllable.

Meanwhile, randy old Brooklyn imported some European erotica for its Academy of Music: From Spain a truly innovative company headed by

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actress Nuria Espert performed Lorca's *Yerma* in a most unconventional manner—including a bare-cocked Castilian hippy bouncing on a Pamplonian trampoline! And the Netherlands Dance Theatre sold out its engagement for the nude ballet *Mutations*. Like *Nude Gymnastics* three years earlier, the Dutch dancers who were nude stayed stripped for the claps.

Three other '72 shows featured disrobing: *Twanger*, a musical about a fairy prince that later closeted and covered itself only to run for ages as a kiddies' show. And two dramas at the soon-to-be-destroyed Mercer Arts Center: *Bluebird*, a play about a beautiful naked man held captive in a gilded cage, and a really far-out play (again from a Spaniard) that advanced erotica to the point of having a nude male actually pissing on the stage—Fernando Arrabal's fiercely beautiful *And They Put Handcuffs On The Flowers*.

The season of '73 found theatre buffs really satiated with quantity if not quality when David Story's *The Changing Room* opened on Broadway. No less than fifteen strapping and strapless specimens paraded in all their glory before goggle-eyed audiences. Voyeurs had a field day. Again Alan Castner was back (and front) again—along with young, hung Paul Rudd and emerging TV star James Sutorious and his naked brother as well. This show was a Gay's paradise with cocks and balls being flashed, scratched, goosed, soaped, showered and toweled throughout the whole colossally-boring evening. This entire Rugby team sounded like elocution rejects from Far Rockaway, and if the actors hadn't been so meticulous in displaying their gangling goodies—one handsome character bragged about steaming his gigantic testicles fiery red before each performance—this show could never have caught on.

Meanwhile up at Lincoln Center there was a magnificent 25th Anniversary production of Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Rosemary Harris was an exquisite Blanche, and handsome James Farentino was a thrilling Stanley—even going Brando one-better by departing Stella's bedroom scene in the glorious nude. The three-quarters stage at the Beaumont allowed the most of the audience only a glimpse of the fabulous Farentino fanny, but when replacements were announced I knew exactly where to sit to see *all* of the new Kowalski—Robert Forster. He always had been a winner in my book since his sepia nude equestrian and sunbathing scenes in *Reflections In A Golden Eye*. At his first flashing on film (in *Medium Cool*) was even more pleasantly surprising *live* when I discovered his Culo was not Medium, and his Lulu was a Large!

I regret not seeing Stanley III in the splendid naked person of Alan Feinstein (Diane Keaton's teacher/lover in *Mr. Goodbar*), but I never again could have sat through the pushy insensitivities of a totally miscast Lois Nettleton whose barrelling performance as Blanche was truly monumentally DuBois (*wooden*).

Downtown that year Tom Eyen tried to whip up faggoty flames at the box-office with a vulgar outer-space musical *2008½* and a recycling of his tuner *Nefertiti*. Both failed miserably because even audiences who love good clean sex and nudity are offended by such "cute" Eyenisms as having actors portraying eunuchs appear frontally naked with their male appendages tucked firmly out of sight between their legs. Ditto departed was a later musical version of his *Dirtiest Show*.

More wholesome was the healthy nakedness in the revue *Boys, Boys, Boys* up in a tacky loft on 14th Street. This show opened five years ago, in 1973, and only recently closed. Although ill-rehearsed, overly long, and primitively produced, it was one of the most erotic shows ever—what with frequently naked audience members, nude waiters, and the first time ever this author saw actual masturbation, fellatio and copulation to climax on the stage. Here's hoping *Boys* will reopen again soon.

Although this article is primarily concerned with performances in New York, a phenomenon occurred in our newest state Hawaii that caused excitement for Manhattan's theatrical voyeurs. Jack Cione's Honolulu nightclub The Dunes with naked waiters was finally bringing its phallic revue *What Do You Say To A Naked Waiter?* to the mainland. Reports from L.A. via *Penthouse, In Touch* and various foreign publications promised a really cocky cast, headed by the biggest, ballsiest Black buck the world had ever seen—*Butch*!

He was truly the new King Dong, and we all waited for him to appear, but, alas, the Big Apple never did get a live look at his big apples, so you readers will have to content yourselves with his glorious picture on page 5. Bet your tongues are hanging out.

In the next *QQ Magazine* this article will be concluded, bringing the stages of bare box-office up to date.

• • •

Order Your 1979 Gay World Cruising Guide NOW! See page 35.

THE NEW NARCISSUS
(Continued from page 20)

every other respect—be quite outgoing if he feels it important.

On the other hand, the neo-narcissist *creates* his own narcissism when he begins to reach for the facade of ineraction *anonymity*. Whether his hangup is a lack of harmony of body proportions (too fat, ungainly, too bony, having some unfortunate feature, small cock, or imagined lack of personality) the neo-narcissist can become more reclusive than the last uncloseted gay. It still boils down to an excruciating shyness about something that bugs him, and with which he cannot cope. Of course, he must live and function in a workaday world, but you'll usually find him seeking further facelessness/anonymity behind some bureaucratic desk, or in the impersonality of office routine. In any case, whatever his occupation, he somehow manages to create an island of himself.

Oddly, some neo-narcissists—otherwise remote/aloof—can put on a grand show *before* others, but cannot perform *in* it with others. And some psychoanalysts have noted that if sex shyness is the cause of neo-narcissistic behavior, long, pent-up denial of sex expression can lead to bizarre occurrences. For example, the *streaker* of the early '70s. (Do you recall a past Academy Award presentation when David Niven was addressing a Hollywood audience and a nude male tippytoed across the stage behind him?) This is more a specialty of the *straight* neo-narcissist. The *gay* neo-narcissist, having denied himself sex for too long, often turns out to be a kind of butterfly who can flit through the longest line of urinals, and within seconds can have sized up the 'sizes'.

Often he is a cock tease. We don't use the term derogatingly, but only to make clearer the *how* of his motivation. But essentially that's the nuts and bolts of it. For example, he is often desperately driven to visit a gay porno movie theater where he moves from location to location, quickly flick-flirting with the cock of the man seated next to him. But just at the moment of his 'victim's response—when the aroused cock says "Contact!" and reciprocity is about to be given with a hand on *his* cock, he bolts from his seat and is off in the darkened theater—still anonymous—to play this scene again and again. It is *no* sex, of course, but great for him because he has put on a 'grand show' of his cleverness, giving his ego a boost. But he leaves behind a puzzled, annoyed gay guy who is either disgusted with him, or who—if he senses the motivation—feels sad for him.

HOW THE NEW NARCISSISM DEVELOPED

In the *New York Daily News* of July 16, 1978, the social critic Tom Wolfe calls the '70s the 'Me Decade'. Here began the phenomenon of neo-narcissism. During the '60s the country was rife/restless with pro- and anti-causes: Vietnam; Woodstock; Kent State; the marijuana bustings; the hippie culture; the early beginnings of gay militancy. One might recite a litany of them.

We became involved in some 'for' or 'against' cause. There was less thought of self: thought was more group- or cause-orientated. You might be as raunchy as week-old smegma, with raggle-taggle beard, unkempt hair worn down to the anus; have an unwashed body, wear granny glasses, and sleep in clothes for so long they could stand alone! Even for the self-doubters sex was easy, casual, *there*—no turndowns. Roll over and there it was. It didn't seem to matter whether one was Shortcock, Fatcock, Whopper King. Sex was there—always for the easy taking. Probably more gay guys came out of the closet during that period than at any previous time. It wasn't what you had or hadn't . . . it was togetherness. Remember that word?

Deplore this as some may, it was a great leveling experience. Everyone tried to learn about, like and love everyone else. Each had a chance to *join* in something . . . to make himself heard and felt in concert with others. This was *confidence*. Who needed crutches . . . or facades to hide behind? What would have been the need? In short, the '60s gave us a feeling of deep personal worth . . . everybody was a somebody: important to others and with no self-doubt.

But when most of the causes/issues had been resolved, and there were no new frontiers ahead, there began to set in a greater concern for the *individuality* of *self*—*un*related to others. Wolfe sees the beginning of the new narcissism in the number of cult-therapies that preach self-indulgence, and guarantee instant gratification, and whose treatises urge *us* to be *our* friend: to look out for Number One. He says, "The new alchemical dream: to change one's personality, making, remodeling, elevating and polishing one's very self . . . and observing, studying and *doting* on it." Only in the 'doting' does one discover a hint of pure, primary narcissism!

"For generations," he says, "this was a luxury reserved for the very

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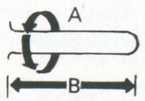

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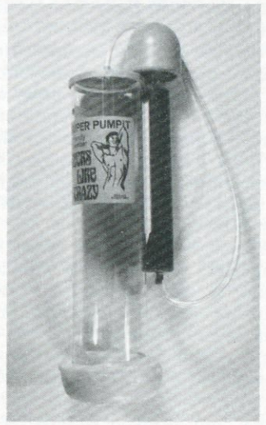

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rich. But by the '60s anyone with a few hundred dollars could buy, for example, a week of self-improvement at a trendy place like Esalen. The appeal was simple enough: 'Let's talk about me!' You had finally focused your attention on the most fascinating subject on earth!''

Simultaneously, larger cities were awash in meditative cults—again one's attention was drawn *into* the self. Yoga, swamis galore, and gyms featuring egocentristic exercise began to flourish. Next the glamorous 'health spas'—elaborate establishments whose attendants work expensively on the *you* of you—sprang up. Later the film *Pumping Iron* was to overpower Grass Roots America with the glamor and self-ness of sophisticated exercise done with both standard barbells/dumbbells, and the new Nautilus exercise machines which can work on even a nipple-sized area of the body to correct the slightest flaw in the otherwise divine symmetry, perfection and impressiveness of the male physique.

As quoted in the earlier book *Pumping Iron*, the most publicized physique star of the decade, Arnold Schwarzenegger, exults in the *eroticism* of exercise, or 'pumping iron'. ''A good pump is better than an orgasm.'' Since bodybuilding—a splendid form of exercise all can pursue with profit—now has gay/straight neo-narcissists lined wall to wall, obviously his message was taken to heart. Come to the gym for your orgasm . . . who needs bedrooms? You can cum vicariously while performing Leg Presses! It's so-o-o *good*!

Bodybuilding, therefore, is not only a superb way to build an impressive physique. It enlarges the ego of the neo-narcissist, for there you have a supreme authority—a most strikingly-built physique star—telling you that exercise is better than sex. So what better reason does the neo-narcissist have for *not* making sex overtures to others? What better rationale does he have for *not* responding to the sexual reachout of others? As the Lord turned water into wine, so has this astounding young muscle magician sanctified exercise with sex.

Yet for all its *self* aspect, this kind of gym makes an ideal venue for one deeply into narcissism to make at least a beginning at social contact/outreach—to make at least one friend. Just a casual compliment to someone like himself who is hacking the weights to shore up his own 'grand show' bravado can result in a waterfall of appreciation. Something as simple as ''Your delts are really improving!'' can make of neo-narcis-

(*Continued on page 54*)

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MUSCLE CONTEST NEWS & NOTES

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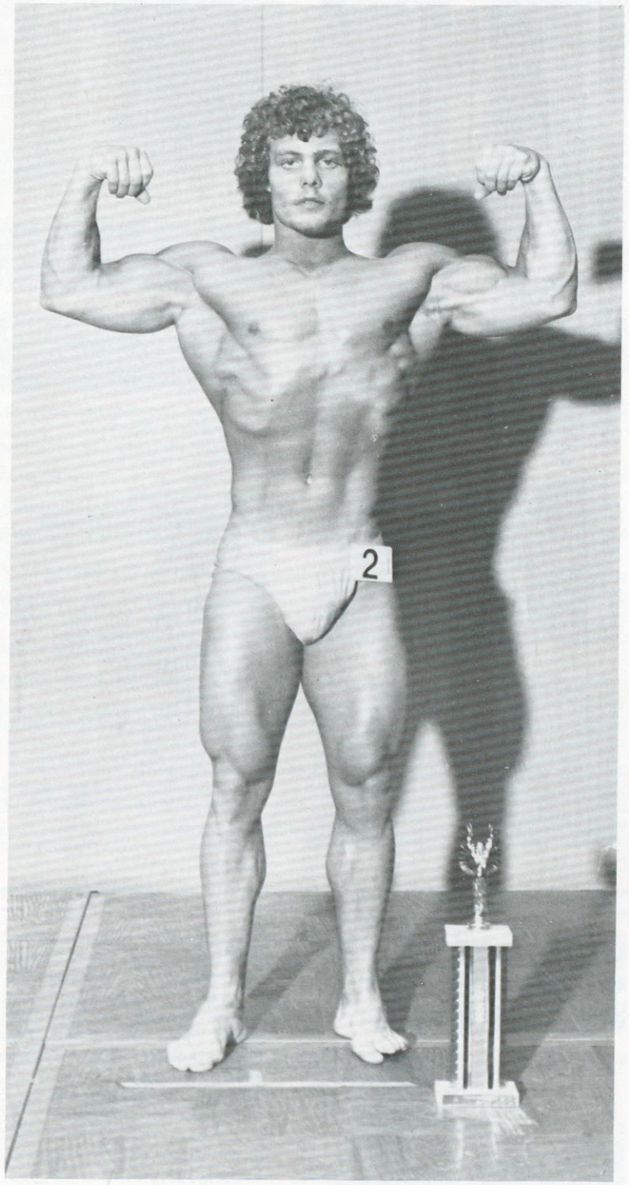

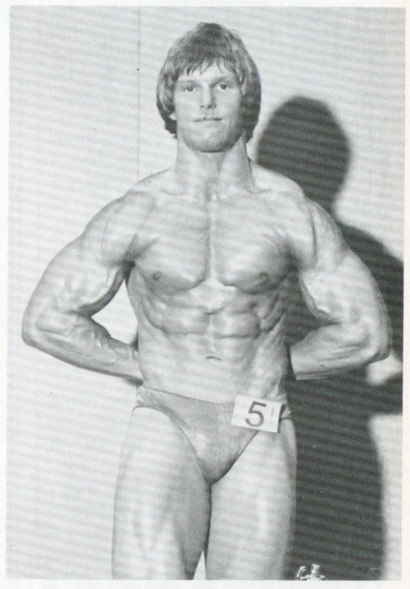

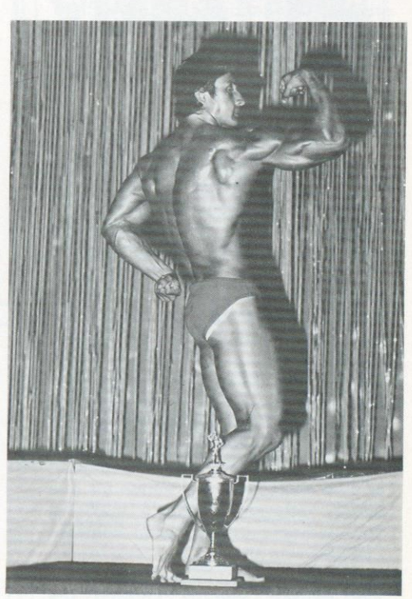

Left: **Teenage Mr. Southeastern U.S.A. John Pryor, from Paducah, Ky.** Top right: **Chip Sigmon (Kannapolis, N.C.) won the Sr. contest.** Bottom right: **Teenage Mr. Florida Bill Comerford. Photos courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.**

Staten Island



Frank Rapaccinolo, seen backstage posing for the judges prior to the formal competition, won the 1978 WBBG Mr. Staten Island contest. The annual event is held in Brooklyn, N.Y. Photo courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.

Gulf Coast



Mike Leviston won. Photo courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.

PHYSIQUE '78



The 1978 AAU Physique '78 contest (New Jersey) was won by Mike Johnson (Teenage, left) and John Kemper (right). Photo courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated.

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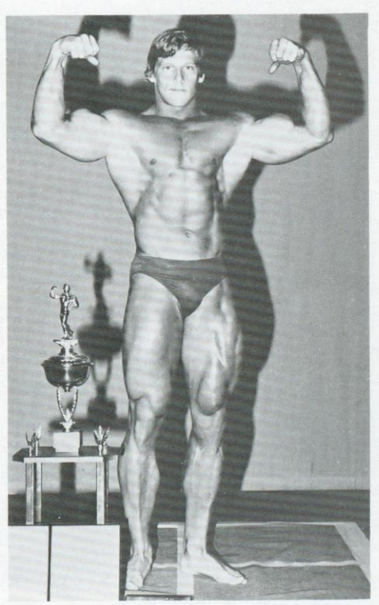

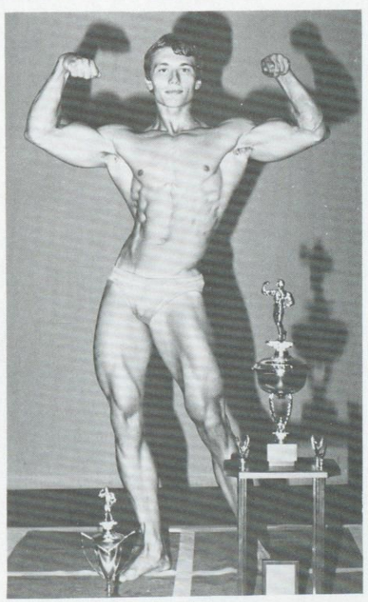

Left: **The Mr. Coastal U.S.A. (Atlanta, Ga.) was won by Scott Doring, Atlanta.** Right: **Wally Szymanski (Milwaukee, Wisc.) won the Jr. contest. Photos courtesy MTI.**

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sism a whole new ballgame. Compliments given yield compliments returned. A new friend is made.

As another example we should note the rise of the disco. If anything were ever created with the neo-narcissist in mind, it's the disco. Here he can *really* put on a 'grand show', dancing like one possessed—and yet be as impersonally involved as he is at the office. Whether he slides back again behind the facade of anonymity once the last record has been played, he may be proud that his expertise on the floor will not have gone unnoticed, and that it will give him the approbation he craves . . . the ovation he feels is so long overdue.

One hopes he will take it from there and not just continue to grandstand . . . that he will use the disco as a degree-by-degree means of reentering the world of sizzling *now*. With his own polished dancing and handsome costumes he has a unique opportunity to reverse his neo-narcissistic trend by beginning *impersonally*, then word-by-word, step-by-step moving from behind his facade into a hustle-bustle world from which, so far, he's had very little.

If he's reading this, may we urge him to use this period of the disco to become reacquainted with those around him who may have been saddened by his untouchableness, and who might love to know him better . . . hard though that may be for him to believe. That's better than all the ovations: it's a new life!

HOW FAR ARE YOU INTO THE NEW NARCISSISM?

The questionnaire below may show that you still have it altogether. On the other hand, it can reveal a flirting hazard with neo-narcissism. Why not check each question that seems to have a slight bearing on your present behavior?

1. If you have been taking a mild tranquilizer in moments of stress, have you lately been taking them more often—and/or in higher potencies?

2. Have you been drinking more than a couple of cocktails per day, because you feel more depressed?

3. Your monthly telephone bill may have been large because of the once many friends you've called long-distance, or because of extended phone calls to local friends. Does it now reflect just the minumum monthly charge, and do you use it principally for utility purposes?

4. A casual acquaintance passes you on the street, and says hello, without stopping to talk. Do you feel (a) just mildly disappointed, or (b) furious that you've been put down?

5. You once had many close friends but in checking back you can not count them on 'one finger'? Or 'two'?

6. You once could hardly wait for the marquee to be changed at your local gay pornomovie theater. Do weeks of changed marquees find you uninterested, and unattending?

7. You've always loved the male body beautiful as seen in ballet. Formerly you rarely missed a performance and knew almost intimately every exciting curve of every dancer, including those in the corps de ballet. Does all this seem unimportant now—and do you rarely attend?

8. At office parties, although you may have found them dreary, at least you went and helped shy others have a better time. Do you now bolt after the first potato chip?

9. As one who has enjoyed self-sex along with occasional sex with someone really special, do you now find days/weeks going by without masturbating? And you no longer look for Mr. Special?

10. Do you spend most of your nighttime dreaming up wilder fantasies, rather than simply putting your head to the pillow and blissfully forgetting your cares of the day?

11. When dining in an elegant restaurant with mirrored walls, do you keep checking your appearance . . . barely able to eat a forkful of food without glancing into the mirror?

12. Though your job may be routine, you've always done it meticulously. If your supervisor occasionally stops by to compliment someone else (who, you know, is doing a simply lousy job!), and doesn't 're-compliment' you as in the past, are you furious or depressed or fearful of the pink slip?

13. You once made frequent visits to Europe and elsewhere. Now you settle for a few weeks of solitude at some quiet place—non-resort type—not far away?

Add up your 'yes' and '(b)' answers. If they quite outnumber the 'no' answers you might consider the possibility that you're growing inhibited and self-centered to the point of neo-narcissism . . . a certain selfishness has crept into your life silently. You are not as outgoing as you once were, and now is the time to make a change before worse sets in. Try in every way to re-live your former life . . . resume your former habits/patterns . . . make a determined effort, and don't let up. In this way you won't lose touch, and much that is wonderful in life that you should be enjoying can be just around the corner. Isn't it worth a try?

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