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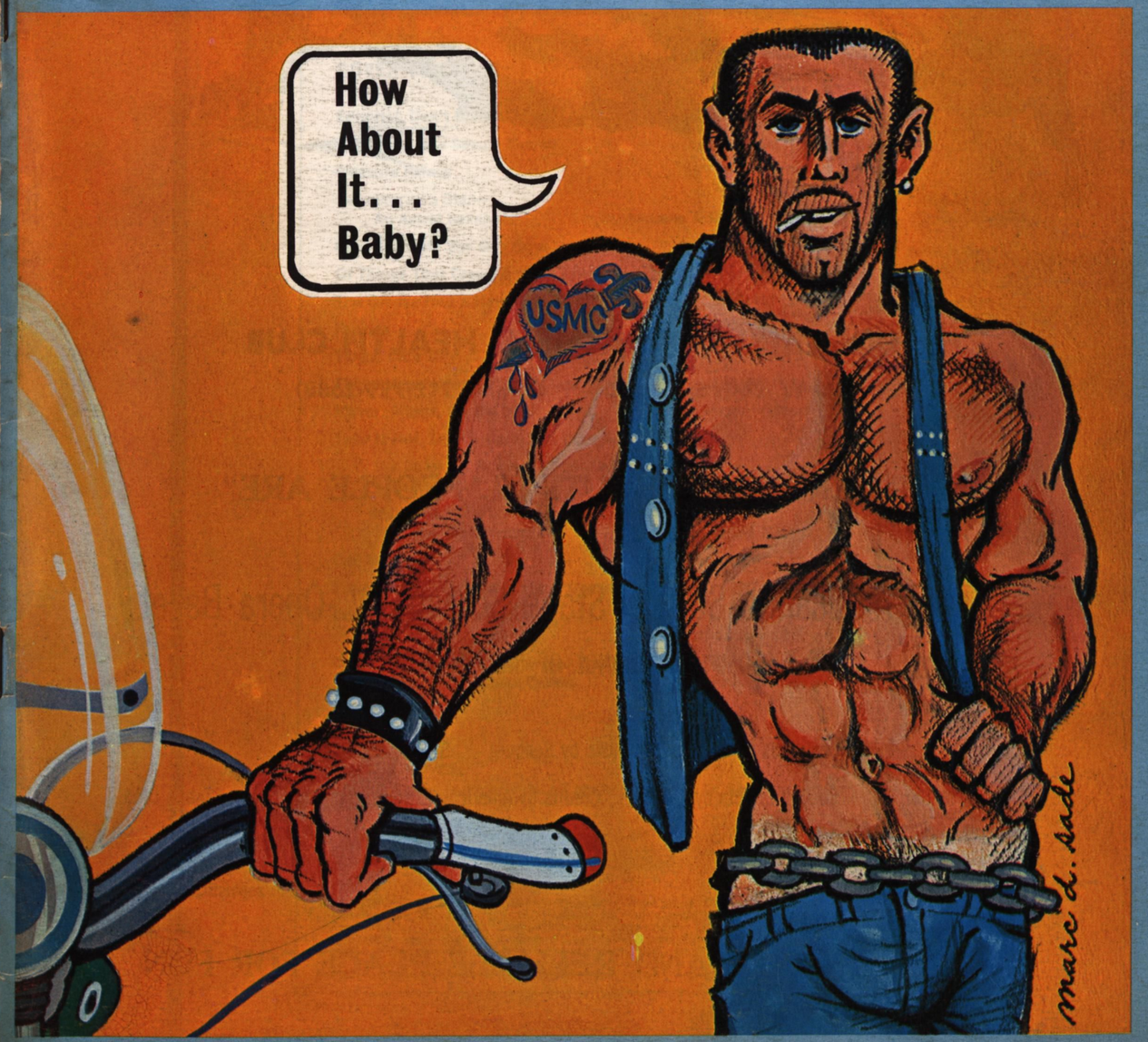

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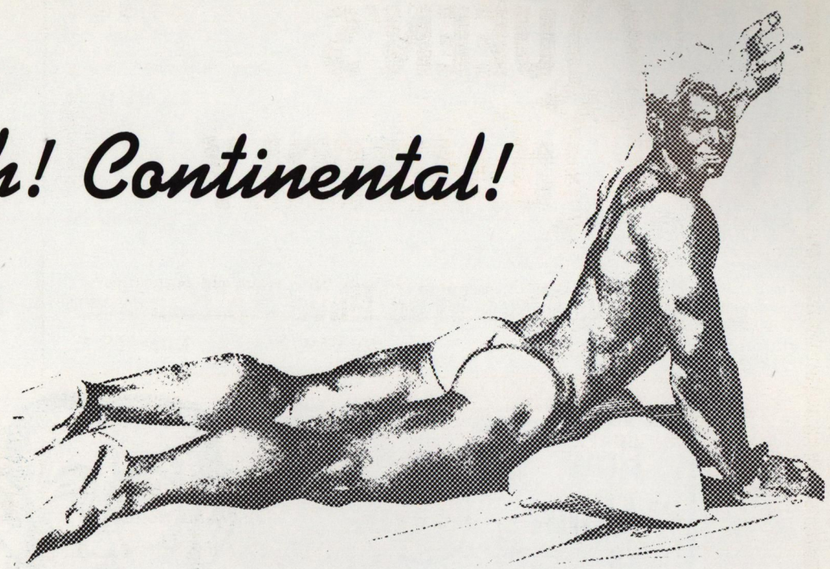

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QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

The Magazine For Gay Guys Who Have No Hangups

WINTER 1969-70 VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1

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"Rough Trade"—an original oil painting by Mark D. Sade, owned by Queen's Quarterly.

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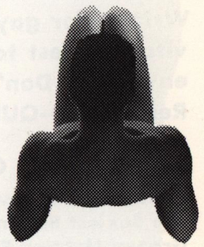

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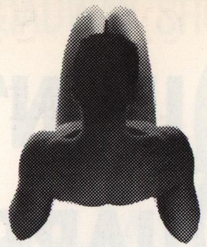

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DON'T GIVE A DAMN!



by The Editors

It astounds us that the Black community has chosen as one of its slogans, "Give a Damn"—when, in fact, it might better wish people did not give a damn. The race is suppressed because some Whites give a damn that Blacks can be competitive. Likewise, the same prejudice exists among straights towards gay guys—because we are quite competitive in any endeavor we undertake, as soldiers, laborers, or artists.

Moreover, we are feared because we are capable of "perverting" established norms. Straight society shields its children from our "contaminating" influence—for a taste of our brand of honey, they have come to know, can never be washed away; converts are permanent, our way is beautiful. They argue that if allowed to exist we will destroy the world by drastically reducing the birth rate, while we see millions infesting certain parts of the world —millions who will eventually be thinned out by starvation for lack of available food, now occurring in India. The earth is quickly becoming thickly populated at an alarming rate—and, in fact, homosexuality may be the ultimate solution to control birth.

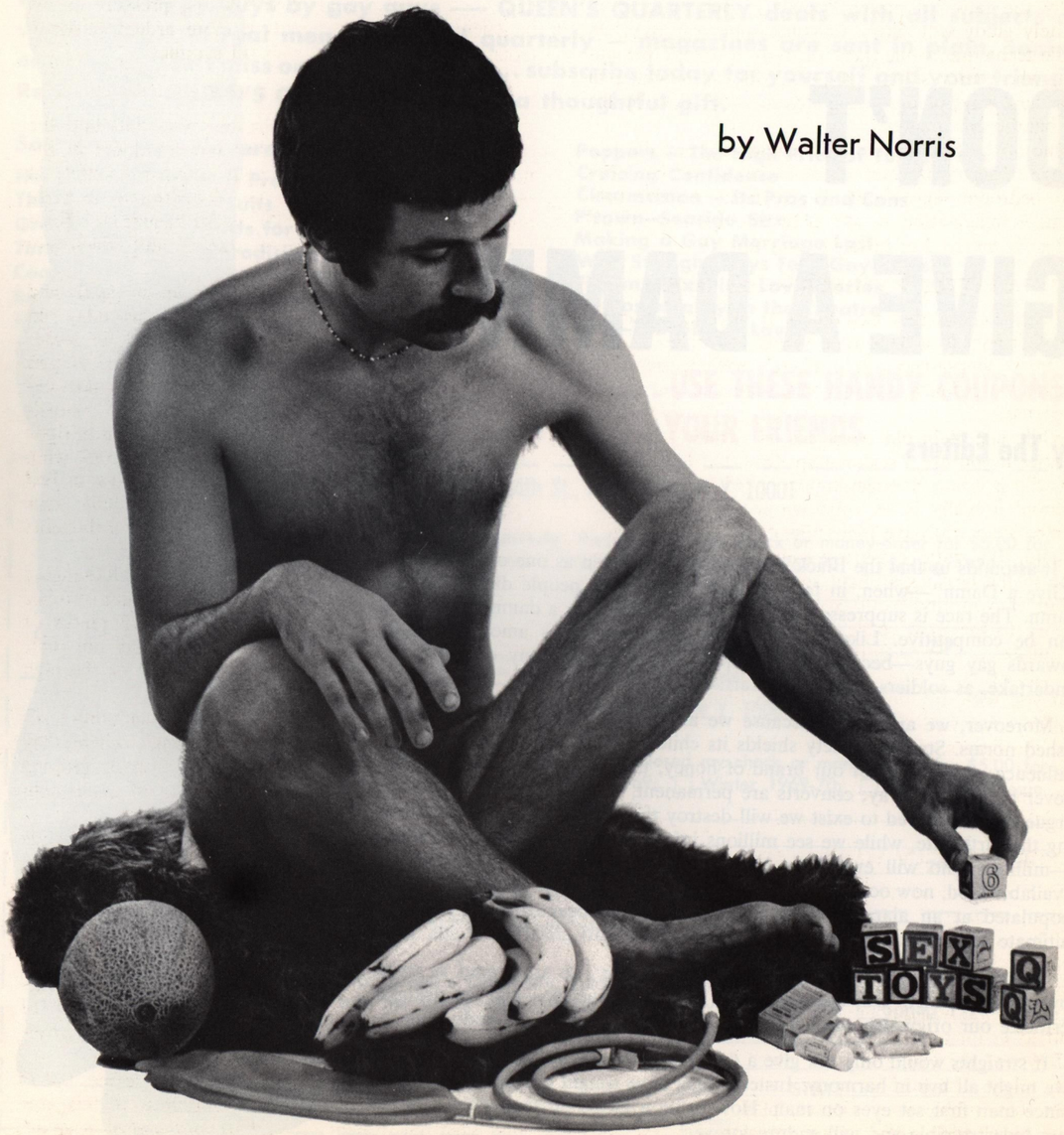
We are envied for our freedom by straight men; we are feared as rivals by straight women. Our creative genius permeates society—and yet straights criticize our originality until it can be copied by them on a gaudy scale.

If straights would only not give a damn about us, as we don't about them, we might all live in harmony. Instead, they have sought our destruction ever since man first set eyes on man. How futile a battle on their part—for we are indestructible and will endure forever!

Where does variety end and perversion begin?
You'll find out in these

Variations on a Sexual Theme

by Walter Norris



IN some secret corner of your mind do you equate 'fetish' with 'perversion' and flee the thought as from a Witches' Sabbat? If you will, instead, think of it as a charade or a delightful variation on a theme of sex you will add greater richness to—and derive greater fulfillment from—your sex life.

Confess it or not, gay guys all want to be super-norm in sex; we each want to be thought 'the best.' And so we seek some highly individual and intensely personal way of heightening mood or prolonging climax. Naturally Numbers Queens—ever on a speed cruise—must resort to a quick and artificial way of doing this (currently the fad-mad prefer Poppers). But those more sedately giddy will surely welcome some variations in tactile technique, while those of more monastic persuasion, who prefer solitary self-sex, will be delighted to learn new ways of producing 'cream' other than by the old hand-crank method.

One of the best ways of refreshing your sex life is a change of scene. If your sexual cachet so far has been your bedroom—move out. Try to bring a more provocative imagination to sex play through a continual change of venue. For instance, why not try

A LITTLE BATHTUB RUB-A-DUB?

If you believe that cleanliness is next to godliness, fine! Get next to a handsome young god in your bathtub for a soap-a-rub-a-dub. There's nothing like soap to take the stiffness out of convention and put it into sexpertise.

While just plain old Ivory has its virtues, you'll find it sexier if you use a sexier soap. One that really drives 'em wild is a new Swedish import called Kanøn . . . and 'cannon' it really is. A rubdown with this exotically-scented soap will have him stiffer than a totem pole in Iceland. It's quite expensive—about $2.50 per large cube in the best department stores or men's boutiques—but if you and your young Olympian groove a weensy to the S/M scene you'll find it has an added perquisite . . . a Swedish rope that runs through the soap and affixed to a small wooden handle (the better to beat you with, my dear!). In the sudden heat of your passion a few well-directed patty-cakes with Kanøn will feed the flames of his own. At this point you will be tempted to throw caution to the winds. Careful! You may find yourselves gyrating out of the bathtub and onto the bathroom floor. *Cyclonic!*

A FUR RUG CAN MAKE A NICE THREESOME

One of the most sybaritic investments you can make is the purchase of a fur rug. Whether you choose red fox, llama, bear, deer or even pony, a 6x9-foot rug will provide a sexual arena of vast scope and limitless inspiration. And you may come to discover that the spirit of the animal who fathered the rug has joined you and your lover for a threesome!

Reynard the Fox and Larry the Llama are particularly feisty. The tendrils of their fur continually nip at your toes, nibble your nipples, play hide-and-seek in your navel and explore your crevasse with the most irresistible ardor. Your lover, lying prone upon the rug, will be startled to discover that by some magic he has achieved instant erection . . . so violent and so uncontrollable he feels ready to blast off into outer space.

Sheer, hedonistic indulgence!

POOLSIDE SEX

This is a most exciting variation and most unusual in that it makes possible dual climax and simultaneous orgasm! How? Here's the picture: your lover sits on the edge of the float, legs dangling in the water. You are in the water facing him. And thus the buoyancy of the water makes it easy to effect a gyro-stimulation of your own genitals with your treading legs as you have oral sex with him. Moreover, he is in an advantageous position to apply hand, food and leg pressure as his heightening passion demands a more ardent response from you. Bet you can't wait till summer!

OFFBEAT SEX

So we have you out of the bedroom and into the bathroom and living room, and now outdoors in the pool. That's a good start on your search for variety in sex. But why limit your theater of operations to these areas? Why not be on the lookout for bizarre or offbeat places that trigger a sense of urgency and which add excitement to your sex life?

Sex on a dune *au clair de la lune* can be poetic and unforgettable, while under the rays of the noonday sun it can be psychedelically mind-blowing. But for something totally different why not cruise a john? If you thrill to the chase you may find this to be the most exciting form of it. The element of surprise . . . of compelling, 'get it over with quickly' urgency, and the intrigue of 'strangers in the night' is ever present. A trick who, by other standards, might not be worth a toss in bed suddenly becomes a sexual prize. How wildly your heart beats . . . your pulse throbs . . . while your thoughts go completely berserk!

Sex of even greater urgency—a real cliffhanging 'Perils of Pauline' type of sex—is the penchant of other gay guys who find a special stimulation in places of imminent exposure and danger . . . who play out their sexual derring-do on the Brooklyn Bridge or the high promontory of the Empire State Building.

Still others prefer cruising in a more calculating fashion. For them a darkened movie theater where they can move around easily and leisurely, casually groping goodies along the way, offers the kind of excitement they want.

Perhaps even more ideal are the big-city all-nude sauna (or Turkish or Russian) baths where you can not only put your own jewels on exhibition but shop for others. These baths have the double virtue of being first *public* for cruising, and then later—in the various 'fertility rooms'—of at least a *semi-privacy* in which you can do your thing. If you're not as ugly as home-made sin, are at least fairly young and have a good (or at least passable) physique you may be simply overwhelmed by your success in these baths.

Yet sex should not be just a matter of locale, but of creative and imaginative ideas, and it is in this area that what the straight *(Continued on page 44)*

PLEASURE PALACE

by Frank Keating



God bless America, Mom, hot apple pie—and most of all, the quickie. Scoffed by some, enjoyed by most in this age of speed when daily pressures sap our time, the quickie affords racy excitement and instant relief.

Those who scorn this aspect of gay life condemn its devotees as closet cases, further berating them for a complete disregard for their partners, who—in their opinion—are exploited solely for animal satisfaction. Those who partake of jet sex reason that it only represents a segment of activity, that when time allows a more gracious form of sex is practiced; that is, meeting and thoroughly enjoying a new friend, culminating with a beautiful scene in bed, followed by a lasting friendship, sometimes love. It is further reasoned that the quickie provides an easy method of meeting people, as social pretenses have no place in public johns, and that following such meetings actual sex can be carried out elsewhere and in privacy.

For those who have found love, discovering that the flames of passion are soon doused by everyday problems, the quickie provides momentary escape without upsetting something of value—a gay marriage. Unquestionably, the quickie—for the excitement it yields in numbers, and risks when performed in public—has its merits, and so does a more personal relationship.

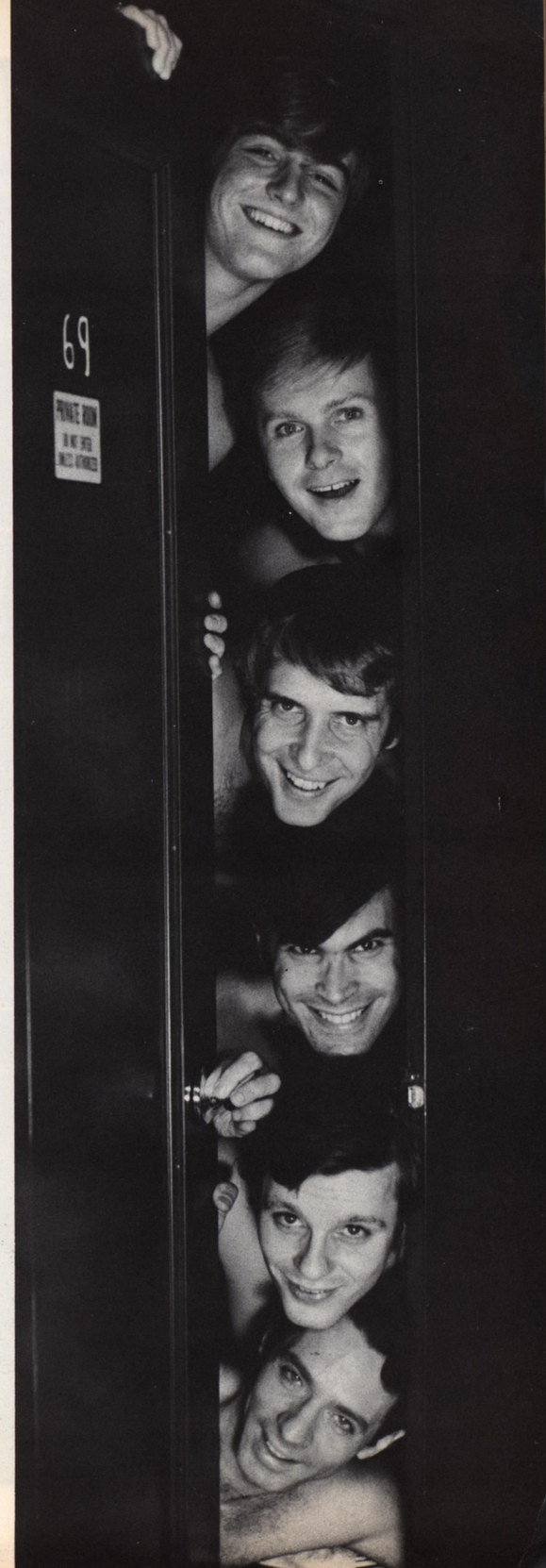
Perhaps the best of two worlds can be found at the baths. In ancient times, when men gathered to invigorate the senses by exposing them to the vapors and caresses of other men, as well as today, the baths provide fantastic pleasure, a world of fantasy and escape from harsh reality.

Modern baths span the globe. Some are luxurious, most are not. Here in America beautifully appointed baths are commonplace on the West Coast, and in fact have helped establish such cities as San Francisco as gay meccas. For years, in the East, and notably in New York, the baths which served the gay public did in fact exploit its customers. Providing a dingy shell containing the barest essentials, gay guys could find solace only in having a meeting place which was protected to some extent from the law. At such establishments (and there are many in this country and throughout the world) sheets serve dozens before they are changed, roaches are crushed underfoot. Management, straight for the most part, regards the customers with contempt, as freaks from which a dollar can be made.

Suddenly, in September of 1968, ads started appearing in various underground newspapers which were read by gay guys. A new baths was about to open in New York—after so many years. It would boast cleanliness, accommodations for hundreds, color TV, steam and sauna, an Olympic swimming pool—so much more. "Could it be," gay guys wondered, ". . . that a pleasure palace was finally going to open in New York?"

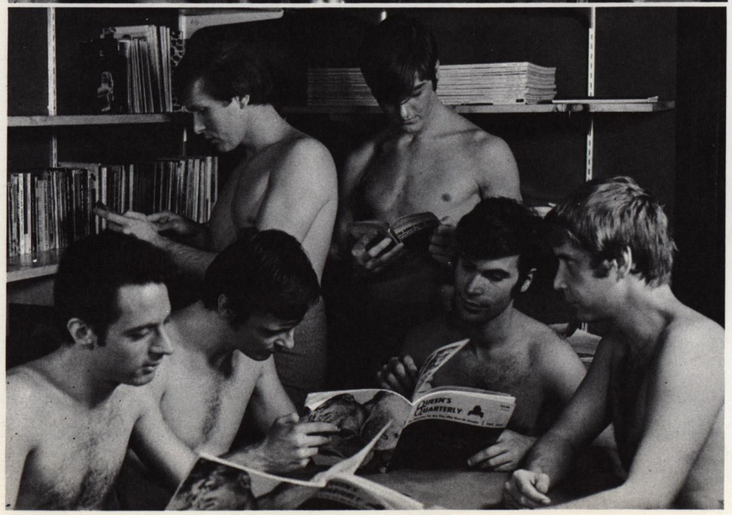
It was true. On opening night less than a hundred curiosity seekers showed up—and from that moment on the Continental Baths and Health Club, 230 West 74th St. (phone 212 799-2688), has been a tremendous success. Now accommodating thousands all week long, open 7 days a week, 24 hours a day, its doors welcome the most beautiful guys in the world (some famous celebrities) who come to play in splendor.

Apart from cleanliness (even the air is cleansed with hospital purifiers, three times a day) and a turnover of beautiful guys, including all types, such facilities as a gym, for example, are considered extraneous by some. Extras may very well be wasted on certain customers, but they are there should you desire to use them. For instance, you might meet someone special, and in just a few minutes really groove on each other. Rather than spend the rest of the evening in your room, or among the multitude in the dorm, you might want to enjoy color TV, or a good swim, or a









workout, or a sun bath, or a meal in the grill. Certainly, no one will stop you if you limit your activities to the darkened corridors, bathed only with the faintest red light; to what extent you utilize the facilities is up to you. They sing out, "We are part of the pleasure palace, and we are here to please you if you so choose."

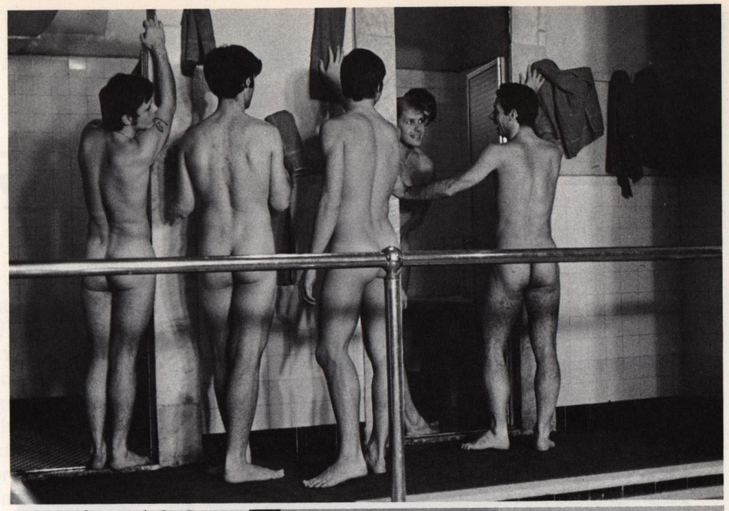
The strongest endorsement the Continental has is its regular customers, New Yorkers who attend at least once weekly. After all, good advertising can reach any visitor—but a steady clientele is proof positive that a product or service is tops. Its many visitors, however, is what makes the Continental so beautiful. Here you can meet guys from all over the world no matter when you go. If each visit serves as a complete memory in itself, good; if you so choose you may form lasting friendships that will endure a lifetime.

From the moment you arrive you will find courteous attendants available when needed. Special problems? Ask and they will be solved. You may use cash if you prefer, or your American Express, Diner's Club, or Bank Americard credit cards. You may take a private room or locker. All facilities are yours to use—including the dorm.

The seductive lighting, soft carpeting and mirrored walls will impress you, and at every turn you will collide with beauty. Your senses will be taxed to the limit, and you will leave exhausted and invigorated all at once.

Regarding facilities, just consider these: sizable private rooms (sheets are changed immediately after each customer use), gym and walk-in lockers; double-decker bedding in the dormitory; luxurious red towels; soft music; seductive lighting; steam and carpeted sauna rooms; 45′ Olympic swimming pool; bidet and needle showers; color TV room; reading room; Parisian hair salon; shaving pub; charcoal grill [open to the general (gay male) public; $2 minimum, use of library and TV room]—steaks, chops, snacks; cafe—sit, chat, sip, dance to a juke-box; mirrored gym; Swedish massage, facials, checkers, that is; free breakfast every Saturday and Sunday morning; weekly 'happenings'—such as surprise ice cream and pizza parties, free for all; and, in summer, a beautiful rooftop sun deck.

What does it all cost? $5.25 for a gym locker, $6.25 for a walk-in locker, and $8.50 for a private room—12 hour use. (Each attendance gets you a coupon worth more than $1; collect 5 and cash them in on your sixth visit.) At first glance it may seem a bit steep, but not











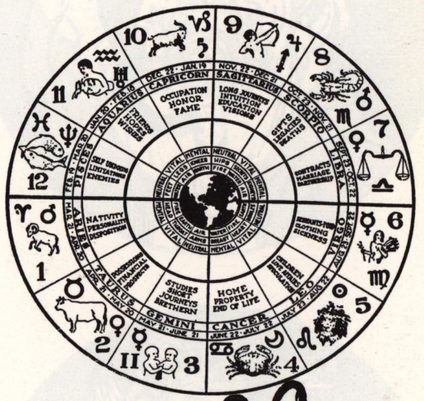
when you consider what you get for your money—quantity and quality in everything you find at the Continental. Moreover, in discussing the matter with the management, I learned that a recent increase in admission was effected as a means of keeping out undesirables, tough straights and the like who just might have the price—if low enough—to get in and cause trouble. Makes good sense, I think. And don't forget that you may use the Continental as a hotel, either by taking a 24-hour rental (you may come and go as you please; write in advance for longer stays and you'll get a special reduced rate), or by leaving your luggage, except for a night bag, at the bus depot or airport. When you consider that most average New York hotels charge at least $15 a night for a dinky room . . . well, where else can you find comfort and pleasure combined for such a low price!

We endorse the Continental Baths and Health Club . . . every member of our staff has enjoyed it and wants to spread the word that finally there is a good thing going for gay guys in New York. A Pleasure Palace—a kingdom of princes whose charms are waiting to please you . . . yourself a prince whose gifts will provide a thousand delights!

SWINGING ON A STAR

An Astral Sexalysis
by Andreas & Mark D. Sade

Used to be, "Hi. My name's Bob. What's yours?" Now it's, "Hi. I'm Scorpio. What's your sign?" Like it or not, Now Guys are swinging on stars, grooving on lads who have compatible sun signs. How do you rate sexually according to your sign, and which guys make ideal mates? Find out about yourself and them—and don't forget to check the nearest sign if your birthday falls within three days of the beginning or end of yours. Read on and groove on *sign sex*—maybe the best matchmaker yet!

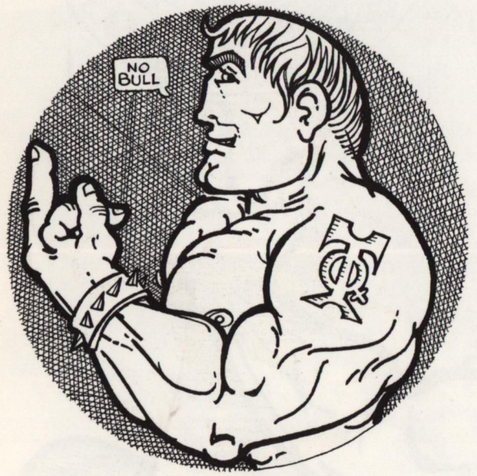






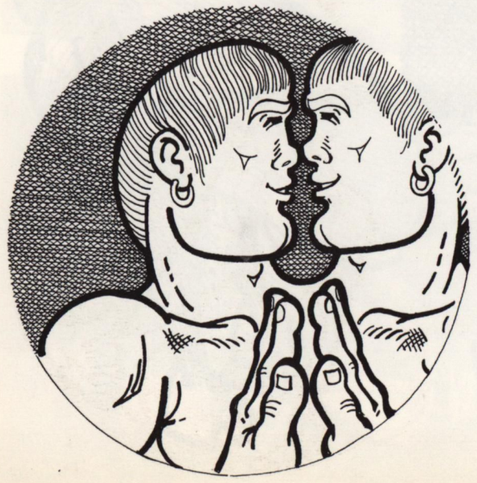
ARIES

If you were born between March 21st and April 20th you tend to be impulsive in love affairs. You're easily swayed by compliments and quickly change lovers as a means of satisfying your hunger for admiration. Because your nature is strong you seek weaker partners; beautiful guys who appear to be helpless are ideal. As masters you are superb. Sadistic tendencies are easily developed, but you are successful only with willing slaves. Sexually enthusiastic, you nonetheless require a responsive partner. If a devotee of S/M even your most bizarre costumes are neat because of your fastidious nature; every link of every chain must be in place. You are primarily concerned with satisfying yourself, but those whose signs are Gemini, Leo, Sagittarius, and Aquarius make good sex partners. You clash with guys born under your sign because you both want to rule in bed.



TAURUS

Guys born between April 21st and May 20th are inclined to be lustful. If this is your sign you follow animal instincts which frequently drive you to excesses. While you are somewhat obsessed with sex, you are nevertheless capable of settling down with one guy if he is able to provide creature comforts. Your feelings run deep, but you are silent and therefore confuse your lovers by not expressing yourself in words. Possessive by nature, once you find an ideal mate you will give of yourself freely in order to keep him. You are conservative and prefer sex which follows a normal pattern rather than an indulgence in unusual practices. Suited for domestic life, your best partners are those born under the signs of Cancer, Virgo, Capricorn, and Pisces. While you will not conflict with guys born under your own sign, the relationship is likely to be dull.

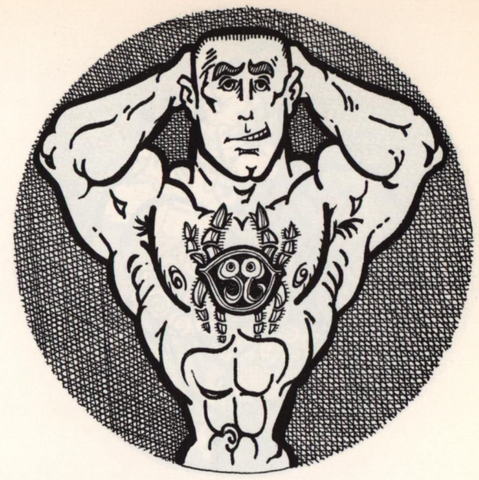


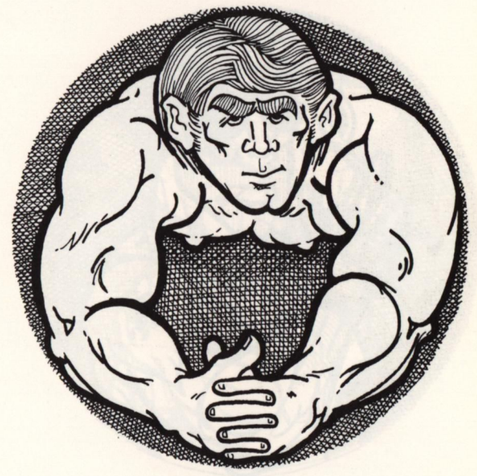
GEMINI

Gay guys whose birthdays fall between May 21st and June 20th have a mental outlook. To them sex is secondary. Your nature is inquisitive; you are thirsty for knowledge. In sex you are experimental but cool, yet capable of intense passion with the right guy. Your tendency to analyze everything causes you to read between the lines, which frequently leads to misunderstandings; you make a difficult lover. The duality of your sign makes you capable of carrying on several love affairs simultaneously, but the guy who finally wins you must be able to keep you mentally stimulated with variety, novelty, and unusual pastimes, and must guarantee emotional and practical security. You long for love but are sometimes incapable of giving of yourself. Guys born under your own sign tend to clash with you as a consequence of reinforced mental energies, but those born under the signs of Aries, Leo, Libra, and Aquarius make ideal mates.

CANCER

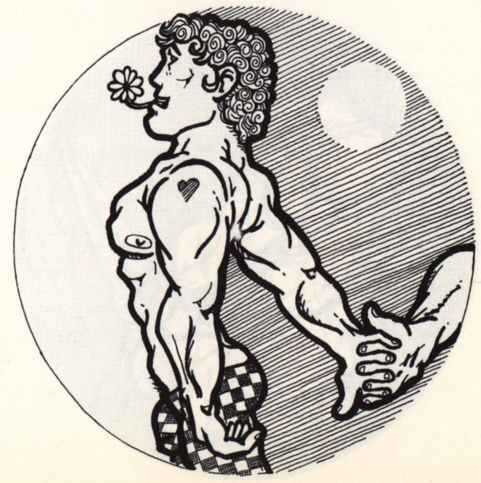
Those of you who were born between June 21st and July 20th are imaginative and emotional. Your sex outlook is romantic and somewhat sentimental, but you will perform unusual sex in the name of True Love. Fluctuating moods cause you to be fickle with lovers, but you are capable of faithfulness. You are protective and prefer guys with whom you can play the mother role (in matters other than sex). Life is dull without romance, but because your standards are high you are often disappointed and hurt when your lovers fail to live up to them. You fear ridicule and hate criticism (especially concerning your body and sex technique) and are easily hurt, which you cover with mad laughter and vicious words; your anger is short lived. As a lover you can be overbearing with your most compatible mates—those whose signs are Taurus, Virgo, Scorpio, and Pisces.





LEO

Guys who were born between July 21st and August 21st are impetuous lovers not necessarily suited for domestic life with one guy. You are an idealist and tend to set your lovers upon pedestals, which often results in disappointment and disillusionment as you uncover imperfections. You are proud and quite forceful, and your natural acting ability and flair for the dramatic causes you to be exhibitionistic. Your desire to excel and unwillingness to admit defeat even in the pursuit of an unyielding partner, often conveys the impression that you are arrogant. You are susceptible to flattery and will respond to a lover's every wish if he is capable of inflating your ego. You can love passionately only when it is reciprocated by your most compatible mates—those whose signs are Aries, Gemini, Libra, and Sagittarius.



VIRGO

If your birthday falls between August 22nd and September 22nd your strongest trait is practical mentality; you always do what is sensible and rational. You are a perfectionist who pays attention to seemingly unimportant details, such as the shape of your lover's fingers, or the color of his pubic hair. You are scientific and workmanlike and tend to be precise in sexual matters; your technique is perfect but sometimes lacks imagination because you are mechanical. As a lover you are attentive but can be impossible to live with because you are critical and seldom praise. Curiously, while you are quick to find fault with others you are blind to your own. You are neat and fussy about wrinkles in your clothing. Guys whose signs are Taurus, Cancer, Scorpio, and Capricorn make the best lovers, but mixing with your own kind can only result in coldness.



LIBRA

If you were born between September 23rd and October 22nd you show an intense need for love and understanding. You long for companionship; you are at your best socially. Although you crave admiration and flattery, you are hard to please because you are idealistic. You desire only to satisfy yourself, sometimes preferring to masturbate rather than bother with another guy, but because of an innate sense of fairness you make an adequate sex partner. Ugliness turns you off; you have no sympathy for guys who are not beautiful, who remind you that the world is not rosy. Nevertheless, you sometimes consent to sex with someone below your standards because of your inability to say "No!" Gentle and tender in bed, you are sometimes too passive, but mesh well with guys whose signs are Gemini, Leo, Sagittarius, and Aquarius. Mixing with your own sign can cause great irritation.



SCORPIO

Guys born between October 23rd and November 22nd are strongly sexed, possessing an ability to endure excesses. Your outlook is purely sexual, your desire for indulgence strong—but your ability to control yourself is equally strong. You love passionately but sometimes destroy those you love through intense jealousy and the will to dominate. Your energy is abundant and can be sapped only by your sex drive. Because you are able to persevere you get what you want; you are an implacable nemesis. If sex cannot be fully reciprocated by your lover you will seek gratification wherever it can be found, preferring quickies in abundance, even masturbation, to shallow flirtations. You are capable of lasting love, but only with an understanding partner. Sex technique is expert, if not perfect in every sense. You are at your best with guys whose signs are Cancer, Virgo, Capricorn, and Pisces, and clash with your own kind.



SAGITTARIUS

If you celebrate your birthday between November 23rd and December 20th you possess charismatic qualities and easily make friends. Extrovert by nature, you are straightforward and rarely beat about the bush in making a conquest and getting to the action. You love danger; risky cruising fascinates you. Because you desire admiration you tend to flirt a lot, but dislike being tied down by any one guy. If you are hooked you tend to be friendly rather than passionate with your lovers. You are at home in foreign places, preferring pastoral settings to city life. This trait influences your choice of sex partners; you favor guys who are not sophisticated. Those who were born under the signs of Aries, Leo, Libra, and Aquarius make ideal sex mates; those born under your own sign are likely to be quarrelsome and your relationship can only be temporary.

CAPRICORN

Guys born under the sign of Capricorn, between December 21st and January 19th, can be lustful, lending themselves to excesses. You possess sex consciousness, but exercise great restraint, placing practical matters before affairs of the heart. Even more than managing your own sex life, you love playing Cupid with others; you are a born manager. Because you are unforgiving, you have a tendency to punish those who do you wrong in bed, by being difficult, by teasing, by denying pleasure. When affection does not come you are miserable; when it does you give freely of yourself and make a passionate lover. Your mature outlook sometimes prevents you from indulging in unusual sex you consider silly. While guys whose signs are Taurus, Virgo, Scorpio, and Pisces make good lovers, a relationship with your own kind is likely to be indifferent.



AQUARIUS

Sexual matters alone are not a hangup, if you were born between January 20th and February 18th. Instead, you are mainly concerned with universal love, the betterment of mankind. In personal sex you groove on the mental as well as the physical, and prefer a deep, meaningful relationship to one which is shallow and animalistic. Nevertheless, you are a good sex partner with the right guy because you possess the ability to anticipate likes and dislikes and make a thoughtful slave. Frequently eccentric, you're always original and inclined to indulge in unusual sex. However, your detached nature often interferes with total sex; you find it difficult to forget you are a complex being and not a wild sensual tiger. You make the scene best with guys whose signs are Aries, Gemini, Libra, and Sagittarius. Sex with your own kind is likely to be dull.



PISCES

If your birthday falls between February 19th and March 20th you tend to be emotional and easily swayed. You are affectionate and sensitive in all love matters, and dislike inconsiderate and rough partners. Instead, you prefer a prince who is kind yet strong; you need to be dominated with gentleness. Tears come easily. Small favors please you; you enjoy receiving and bestowing them. As a lover you need constant reassurance that his feelings are true. If betrayed you are capable of violent emotional outbursts. Yours is a dream world in which violence has no place. Your dress is fastidious; you prefer pressed slacks to dungarees, dress shirts to tee shirts. Somewhat timid, you find it difficult to make an approach and frequently lose out on perfect sex mates—guys whose signs are Taurus, Cancer, Scorpio, and Capricorn.





Fred and Albert the Pooch, who manage the Oscar Wilde Memorial Book Shop, are suspicious of Carol. "Will she steal my master?" Albert wonders. Not a chance, Albert, not a chance!

a lesbian speaks out on How Gay Girls See Gay Guys

by Dianne Leslie

How gay girls see gay guys is something which mystifies some gay guys, just as they themselves sometimes mystify gay girls. A case in point is a girlfriend of mine who went to visit a guy and found him suitably engaged with a member of his sex (the telltale pronounced heaviness of breathing when he answered the door gave him away). My friend was about to make a graceful exit when Jerry protested, "Oh, no, don't go. Ralph (coming from the bedroom) wants to meet you. He's never seen a lesbian before."

Needless to say, this attitude proves amusing to a gay girl. Of course Ralph had seen lesbians before; he had never recognized them, and perhaps this inability to identify a gay girl when she frequently seems able to identify him causes some resentment. Much of the misunderstanding between male and female homosexuals seems due to lack of communication.

Gay girls do not accept unreservedly the stereotypes of gay guys having limp wrists and falsetto voices. In gay life one meets too many people to maintain such prejudices. Still, there are things about gay guys which can make a girl uncomfortable.

Another friend of mine was opening gifts at a college graduation party given her by a couple of fellows. She opened a bottle of cologne and proceeded to test it by sniffing from the bottle. "Oh, you're so butch," John said, taking it and showing her the proper way to do it, putting some on his wrists, while his lover looked on approvingly. "I would never take you shopping with me," he said to her. Of course it was all in jest, but was typical of the kind of one-upmanship gay guys sometimes practice.

In truth, many gay girls might resent—consciously or unconsciously—being outdone by guys who are hipped on cosmetics, hairstyling, decorating, etc. I feel a certain uneasiness when I know a guy is a hairdresser and I find him surveying my locks. Still, if he compliments me I'm more flattered than when complimented by a straight guy.

Many gay girls seem to have one close gay guy friend who frequently acts as a confidant and escort. As a friend he can provide a realistic, masculine point of view and a sympathetic ear for her problems, while being neither a threat nor a rival. Socially, they can aid each other in going to business functions together, etc. Perhaps this kind of reciprocity should extend further into our social lives; i.e., the bars.

Gay bars are not so vitally a part of the lesbian scene as they are for male homosexuals. Many gay girls look askance at most gay guys' bars and the kind of hit-and-run existence they typify. Most girls go to bars to socialize, and even what "cruising" there is takes more the form of a courting ritual. Girls go to bars not so much to spend two hours dressing in order to undress in three minutes, as to spend the night bantering around and showing off their clothes.

A physical relationship without an emotional attachment, which so many gay guys practice, is undesirable to the average girl. Groping at the bar in a club for girls is most unheard-of. Therefore, in light of gay guys' promiscuity, and the absence of a guy's more compelling drives, a preference for at least sequential monogamy causes gay girls to think themselves superior. When I feel myself in danger of becoming too smug I think of what a guy said to me once about cruising. I had asked him how he could have relations with someone he didn't even know. He thought a minute and replied, "In a way, it's a tribute that people can get along."

Secretly, we girls envy the availability of partners guys seem to have. Being more conservative by nature, it is more difficult for the gay woman to meet prospective 'marriage' partners.

Until recently, also, there seemed to be a kind of discrimination against lesbians in the arts, while gay men got all the attention in movies, plays, etc. This was a dubious distinction, of course, but as Oscar Wilde said, "If there's one thing worse than being talked about, it's not being talked about." We girls have had the conspiracy of silence to put up with.

When a gay guy tells a straight friend about his inclinations, for example, they commonly know what he is admitting. For us girls, however, telling even the most enlightened straight friends proves to be like saying you've been to Never-Never Land. Most people simply know nothing about us.

Getting back to my observation concerning Ralph seeing lesbians in the *(Continued on page 47)*

Of Things That Crawl In The Night

Whipping Up Tortures For Gay Guys

by Roy Hampton

"I'll get you, my Pretty—and your little dog, too!"

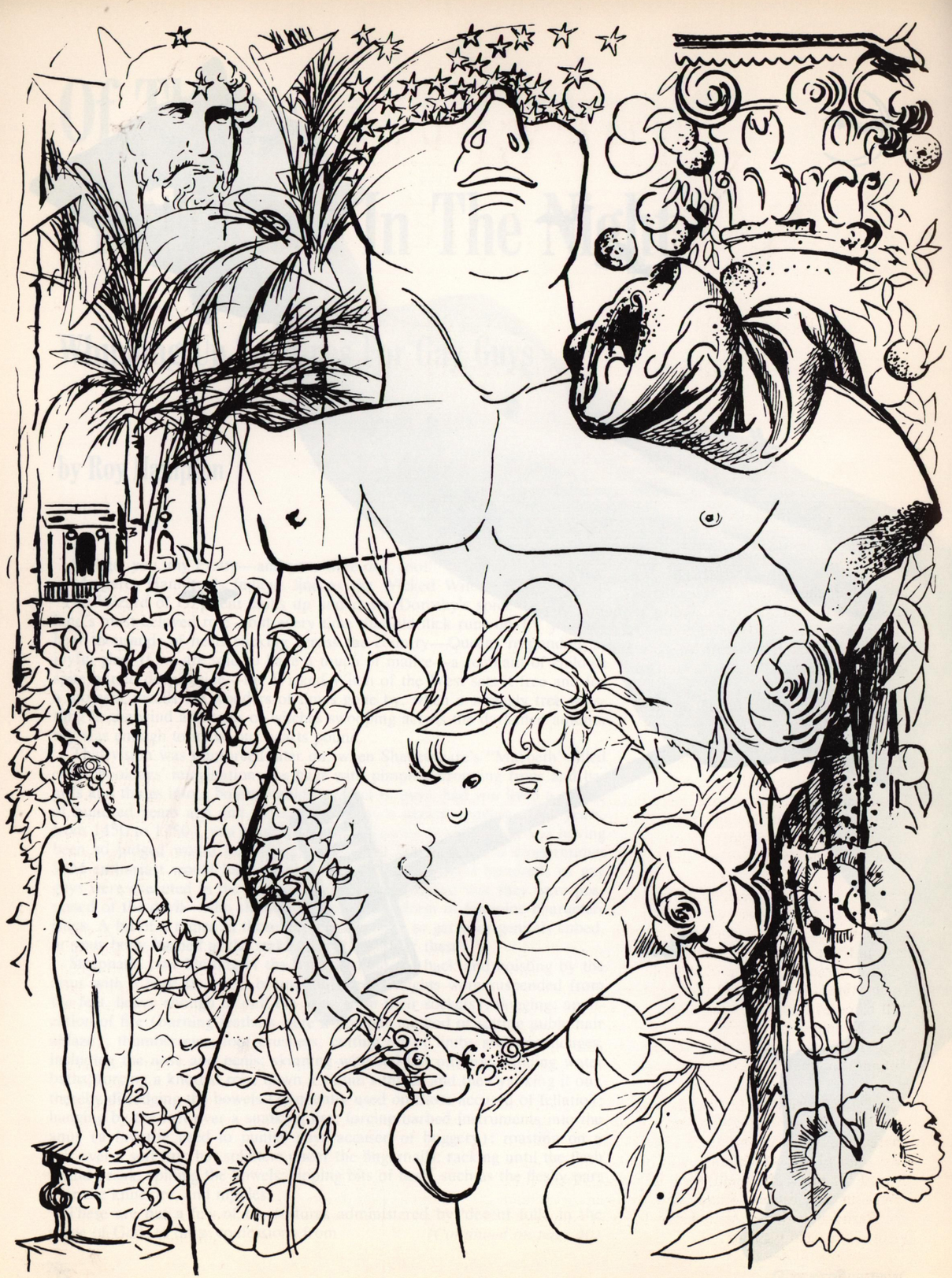
Margaret Hamilton's famous line as the Wicked Witch of the West in "The Wizard of Oz" sent chills up and down Dorothy's spine—Judy Garland's most beloved role—but every time that old flick runs on TV you can hear thousands of heels clicking across the country—Queens responding in joyful glee. If we are said to have a touch of malice—a remnant of childish spite buried deep inside—the Wicked Witch of the West sets it free and for a moment recalls the wonders of times gone by, when a scraggly tree whistling in the wind and tales of witches swooping across the darkened autumn sky was enough to make our hearts pound.

That vision was reinforced later on, when Shakespeare's "Macbeth" filled our schooldays' imagination; the hags with pimples, dropping frogs and lizards and things into a boiling cauldron. Fact is, guys, had *you* lived a couple of hundred years ago and beyond (roughly, a period spanning 300 years, from 1450 to 1750), you might have been accused of witchcraft, and having been so judged would have been tortured so severely that a moderntimes S/M enthusiast would have been repelled. In those times hundreds of gay guys were executed in the name of God on the premise that they were possessed of the devil—who showed himself in the form of feminine characteristics. A bit of a mince in those days was enough to get your genitals cubed, or your body burned at the stake. Gory? Consider these:

Strappado (the binding of the hands behind the back and hoisting by the arms with a rope tied to a beam; sometimes weights were suspended from the feet, heavy enough to pull the arms from their sockets); flogging; application of fire (burning feathers were a popular method of setting pubic hair ablaze); thumbscrews; foot crushers; cutting off of limbs and appendages, including the nose and penis; skinning with red-hot pincers; scalding water baths; forcing a knotted rope down a victim's throat and then yanking it out, thereby dislodging the bowels (frequently used on those accused of fellatio); hanging by the feet over a smoking fire; forcing barbed instruments into the anus (a favorite used to punish guys accused of buggery); roasting on a spit over a soft fire; hot splinters under the fingernails; racking until the flesh would break, spilling the bowels; ripping bits of flesh, such as the fleshy part over the knuckles, and nipples.

These are but a few of the tortures administered by 'decent folk' in the name of God, to draw confessions from *(Continued on page 40)*





THE GREEKS HAD A NAME FOR IT!

FROM HOMER TO CAVAFY, GAY LOVE SHINES THROUGH GREEK POETRY LIKE THE ATHENIAN SUN

by

David Loo

More than the Golden Fleece, the early heroic search was for love, and for boys worthy of heroic love . . . . "the young love of Hylas and the grace of his tossing hair" or "a yokefellow worthy, true and trusted, after the hero's heart . . ."

For a gay youngster raised on a diet of Longfellow, Emily Dickinson, or Kipling, no discovery is quite so surprising, warming, and exciting as his first excursion into the erotic poetry of Greece. Whether the discovery comes through an anthology found on the high school library shelves (perhaps there only through some oversight!) or a volume lovingly opened in his lap beside a lover's fireplace, the poets' words ring clear, and go directly to the core of desire and fulfillment.

Presently, Greece is avoided by the gay traveler in protest against a dictatorial government and its brutal and oppressive drive against non-conformists of all sorts—gay and straight alike—artists, singers, poets. But the spirit of Greece has been distilled in countless volumes, celebrating the search and the dream of male love, and still helps us find words to fit our own fancies and desires. Neophyte or veteran, we can identify with impulsive, relevant, celebrational poetry of the lover . . . . "blindly and madly searching, by raging love possessed!"

The classic period of Greece gave the world poetry of the love life of the Gods—and homosexual poems shared equal respect and grace among the finest. Dionysus roamed the mountains and fields, and danced, played his pipes, and made love to women, men, girls, boys—in lusty revelry! Randy Pan, drunken satyrs, and the Parnassian deities shared one thing in common—vigorous sensual pleasure.

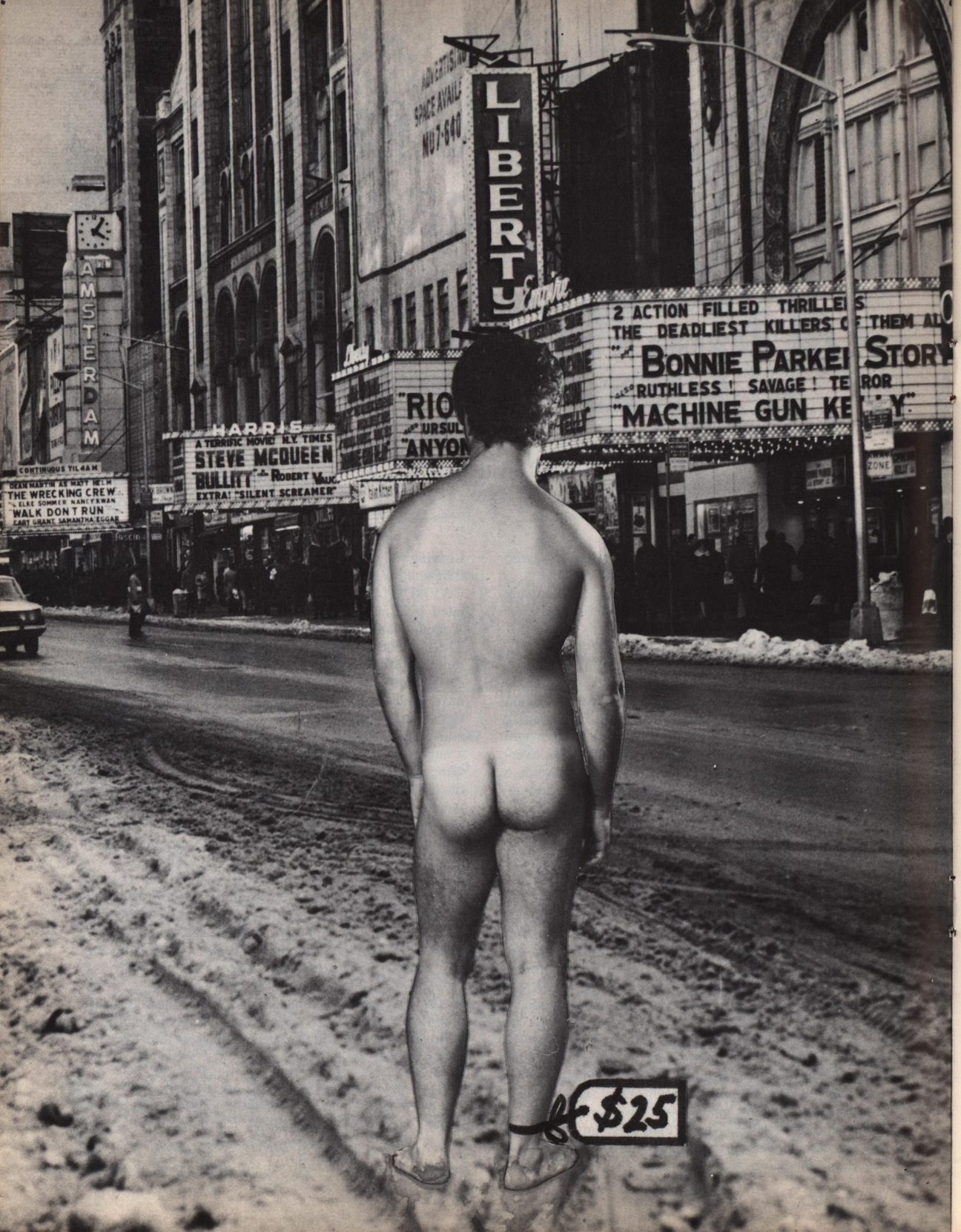
Leaving the ancient poets behind, but in the best Greek tradition, we can now enjoy the modern Greek poet CAVAFY. [The Complete Poems of Cavafy. Translated by Rae Dalven, with an Introduction by W. H. Auden. Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York.] The individual poems of C. P. Cavafy, sometimes indifferently translated, have from time to time appeared in earlier anthologies, but until this collection arrived we have been denied the full breadth of this poet's works. Even the familiar poems seem new and more modern and pertinent; Rae Dalven's translation certainly brings a superior rendition of meaning and feeling. Auden's sympathetic but blunt and apparently informed introduction gives dimension to the man behind the poems. Auden says: "Cavafy was a homosexual, and his erotic poems make no attempt to conceal the fact." Further, "As a witness, Cavafy is exceptionally honest."

Cavafy was Greek—but his home was in the cosmopolitan city of Alexandria. Rereading Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" recently, and now again absorbed in Cavafy's life and poetry, I feel that the ancient homosexual hero Alexander is still being celebrated in the city which bears his name.

In Cavafy's poems, Dionysus does not dance. Instead, a contemplative writer whose life must have included a carnival of personal encounters takes you into his confidence. Shall we believe him:

"Now young people recite his verses.
In their lively eyes his fancies pass.
Their sound, voluptuous minds,
their shapely, firm flesh
are stirred by his expression of beauty."

(Continued on page 48)



HUSTLER

by Edwin Gordon

"Why can't dogs go to heaven?"

That was the concluding, self-pitying lament of John Rechy's biography of a hustler, "City of Night." The answer, many readers must have felt, was that dogs (i.e. hustlers) deserve to go to hell.

Hell, in fact, would be too good a place for the murderer of a budding young dancer found a few years ago in his apartment off New York's Central Park West. A hustler had castrated him, scooped out his eyes and dropped the testacles into the sockets. The killer later was found on West 42nd Street, notorious for hustlers, and identified through stolen clothes.

In New York last August, a First National City Bank executive was clubbed to death with two large soda bottles. He was seen entering his posh, East Side apartment with what the papers called a "tough looking young man."

In 1965 police found the naked body of Dave DeCesere, famed for his "Photo by D" physique pictures, lying on the floor of his Greenwich Village apartment. His head had been split open and his face and chest mutilated with a meat cleaver which was traced, after painstaking detective work, to a Victor Mayo who had stolen about $2,000 worth of photo equipment from the victim. Mayo was sentenced to a minimum of 15 years.

A more recent case was the murder of Ramon Novarro, the silent film star. Witnesses at the trial last fall in Los Angeles spoke of two hustlers, brothers Tom and Paul Ferguson, kicking Novarro in the face and beating him with a cane because they thought he kept money at his home. Novarro, it was noted at the trial, was accustomed to paying $20 a night for a hustler. Both brothers were sentenced to life.

That case was an exception because the defendants received stiff penalties. Most typical was the prosecution of the killer of the New York photographer. Mayo was indicted for first degree murder, arson, burglary and grand larceny. He was sentenced on a reduced charge of manslaughter in the first degree.

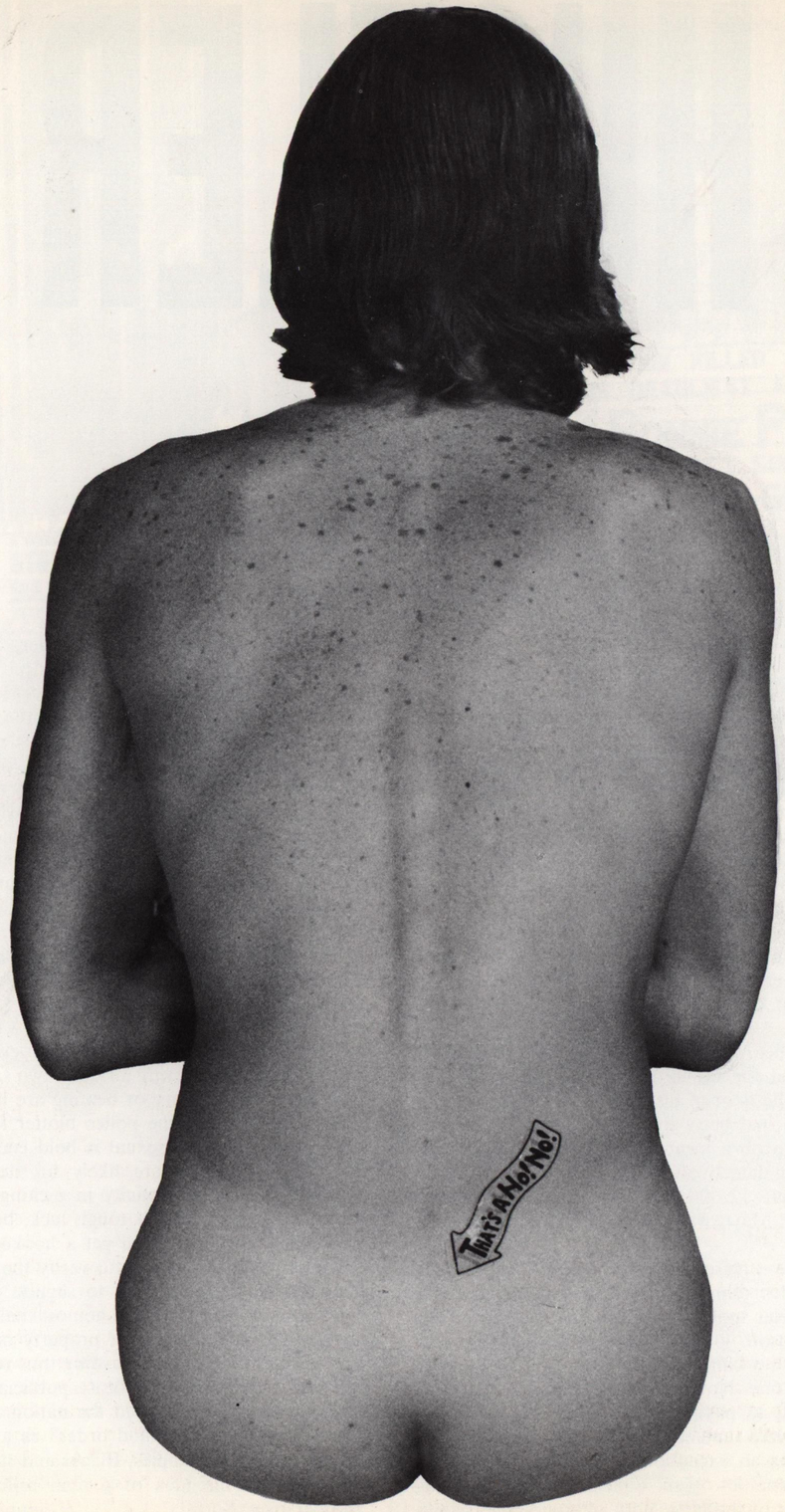
Prosecuting attorneys may have little trouble obtaining grand jury indictments in such hustler-murder cases, but the pitch of the defense attorney is as predictable as the sunrise: "My client was seduced by a dirty old man. Sure, it was wrong to kill him, but what red-blooded American man wouldn't fight to defend his manhood from a queer?" The women jurors dab at their tears and the men rise up stoutly to defend the purity of their sex. The victim, it is agreed by one and all, had it coming to him.

The dancer, the actor, the banker and the photographer represent only well publicized cases. In others you have to read between the lines. "The victim was found stabbed to death at the YMCA . . . the body of an unidentified man found on the rocks below Land's End . . . last seen offering a ride to two sailors. . . ."

Where mere robbery or beating are involved, the incidents rarely make the police blotter for obvious reasons. Even if a homosexual is bold enough to risk the publicity, the police are likely to sneer at him and heavily stress his complicity in picking up the hustler in the first place. "That's tough luck, buddy," the cops will imply, "but next time get a hooker."

There would be no way to verify the estimate, but it does not seem exaggerated to suggest that one out of every four or five American homosexuals at one time or another has suffered loss of property or physical harm at the hands of hustlers. Hustling thus represents one of the most widespread yet least publicized and ineffectively prosecuted crimes in the nation.

Politicians use "law and order" as a euphemism for cracking down on hippies, Blacks and student protesters but blush at the idea of a man selling his body to another man. Social *(Continued on page 38)*



Tattoo For A Day

by Terry McWaters

Turn back, turn back
Oh time in thy flight . . .
Make me a butch queen
Just for tonight!

Of course you've always dreaded the thought of your creamy, dreamy skin ever being blemished by so much as a blackhead (or even a *whitehead* . . . perish the thought!). You've pampered and petted it, using oceans of lotions and potions to keep it smooth and kissy, and as wrinkle-free as a Dior gown.

But just once in awhile haven't you envied the rougher, ruggeder goodlooks of a gay guy with his manly chest exposed to the admiration of all and sundry, and especially that unerring symbol of butchdom—his tattoo? A tattoo alternately intrigues and repels you . . . now you want it, now you don't. But you know that if you do submit one gorgeous pectoral to the tattoo artist it's there for keeps. It can't be removed by prayers, incantations, wishful thinking or good intentions. Bingo . . . needled in it's there to stay.

Well we've got great-big-fat-bulging news for you. You now can have your tattoo without pain, without tears, without recrimination and—best of all—without permanence! Yes, you can butch it up as a pirate for tonight's drag ball and be big, beatific, beautiful you again tomorrow!

THE GREAT PUT-ON

With the new press-on tattoos you have something that looks like the real McCoy. Only you know the difference. And you have quite an assortment of tattoo designs to choose from. Of course as yet the companies which make these tattoos haven't the vaguest idea of the use *you* are going to put them to, and so as yet you'll have to forget about dragons, snakes, "Mother," crucifixes and other items from the butch repertoire. But you do have eagles 'n space-capsules (phallic!) 'n pinwheels and an assortment of other goodies that'll make you a master of oneupmanship among your friends. How they will envy you, and how surprised they'll be when you appear next day without your tattoo! Here's how it works: you

(a) Cut out the tattoo of your choice.
(b) Remove it from its transparent protective slip sheet.
(c) Apply the tattoo face down on your skin. Press firmly into place.
(d) Wet tattoo backing paper generously with water.
(e) Press down firmly with hand or wet cloth.
(f) After 10-20 seconds gently lift corner of paper to see if tattoo is releasing. If not, re-wet and press down again.
(g) After removing backing paper wait a few minutes then run water gently over tattoo and pat dry. That's all there is to it.

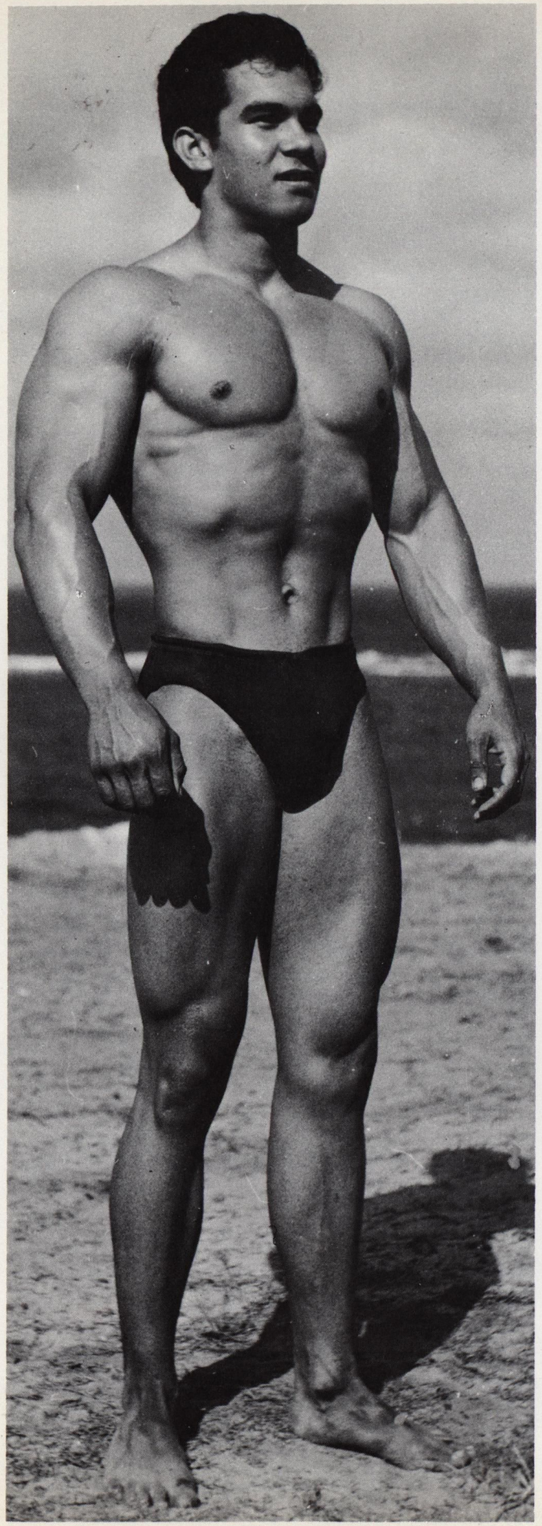
When you want to remove your tattoo you simply soak it with after-shave lotion and wash. Or you can apply cleansing cream to the area and scrub firmly with a soapy cloth. Otherwise it will not come off with water. It's sure, safe, secure until you decide to remove it!

You may even want to go further and have your nails 'tattooed.' Now that will really shake everybody up! There are small designs as well as larger ones and you'll be delighted with them all. While there are several companies who put out these temporary tattoos we have definite information on only one. If your local toy or hobby store doesn't have them, write The Meyercord Company, 365 East North Avenue, Carol Stream (Wheaton), Illinois 60187. Ask them about *Tatoo*. When we learn of new designs by other companies we'll brief you.

Those Musclemen — What Makes Them Tick?

by Bud Parker
American Director, International Federation of Bodybuilders (1961-1969)
Noted Physical Fitness Authority





TELL any gay guy you run muscle contests and his inevitable response will be: "Are the musclemen gay?"

My answer to this question is always "No!"—which usually gets a puzzled look, one of complete disbelief—but believe it or not, it's true; most musclemen are not gay. In percentages— about ninety-five straight. In other words, at every muscle contest (as good a place as any to make an accurate estimate) you will find about five gay guys out of every hundred contestants.

When I use the term "musclemen" I refer to those diehard enthusiasts who continue to build their bodies long after the teenage fad of playing around with weights has passed. The musclemen are those guys who breathe weights; they train three, four, even seven days a week. The sport stays with them into their twenties, and thirties, and forties—and at least a half dozen prominent champs still worshiped by kids coming out (if you'll forgive the expression) are in their fifties. To these guys bodybuilding is a way of life, a compulsion which is given precedence over financial security, family, any life endeavor most men slave for. At the cost of a good job or marriage, they grind away in the gym for an extra inch of muscular perfection if only for the reward of complimentary words from their fellow devotees, if only for a round of applause, a trophy, a title, and some publicity in a muscle magazine.

For some it is a good life. Their muscles get them into the movies, or modeling. Others capitalize on the thing they know best and open gyms and health foods stores. A few lucky ones find time to pursue their sport without sacrificing a good job and family living. Those not as fortunate find themselves grubbing for money to support the luxury of daily workouts and immense appetites by accepting menial jobs, sometimes hustling. It makes no matter what or who—servicing old ladies, old men, young ladies, young men, even freaked-out assignments to perform at some eccentric's orgy. Those who are straight—and they are in the majority—resent themselves for having permitted their quest for muscular perfection to rule them, and yet condemn themselves to repeat these happenings as a means of satisfying a compulsion to live and die by the weights.

The musclemen represent but a handful of thousands who train with weights. Among the multitude you will find countless gay guys, men who are not obsessed with training for muscular perfection, but who seek only to enhance natural bodily lines. Obsessed with sex, gay guys seek only to improve appearance as a means of attracting others; that is, to retain normal muscular size and yet flesh out the pectorals, arms, buttocks, and calves, and flatten the gut. In comparing the musclemen with the gay guy who trains with weights, you might find examples in Hercules (the muscleman) and Michelangelo's David (the gay guy). This all goes to say a lot for bodybuilding: You can use weights to build whatever type of physique you want—huge muscles or graceful masculine lines free of fat.

Why the musclemen slave for their sport is often linked with childhood misery. The majority of established champions, you will find, were once terribly skinny. As children they were subject to ridicule by healthier kids. When their peers were out playing ball and doing things most ordinary kids do, they were wheezing in bed with asthma. This often leads to shyness and an inferiority complex, and it's easier—at a certain stage in a growing boy's life—to secretly train in his bedroom rather than buck competition, not only to catch up with his rivals, physically, but to actually surpass them, to grow big and strong and turn the tide of scorn—to be admired by those who once ridiculed.

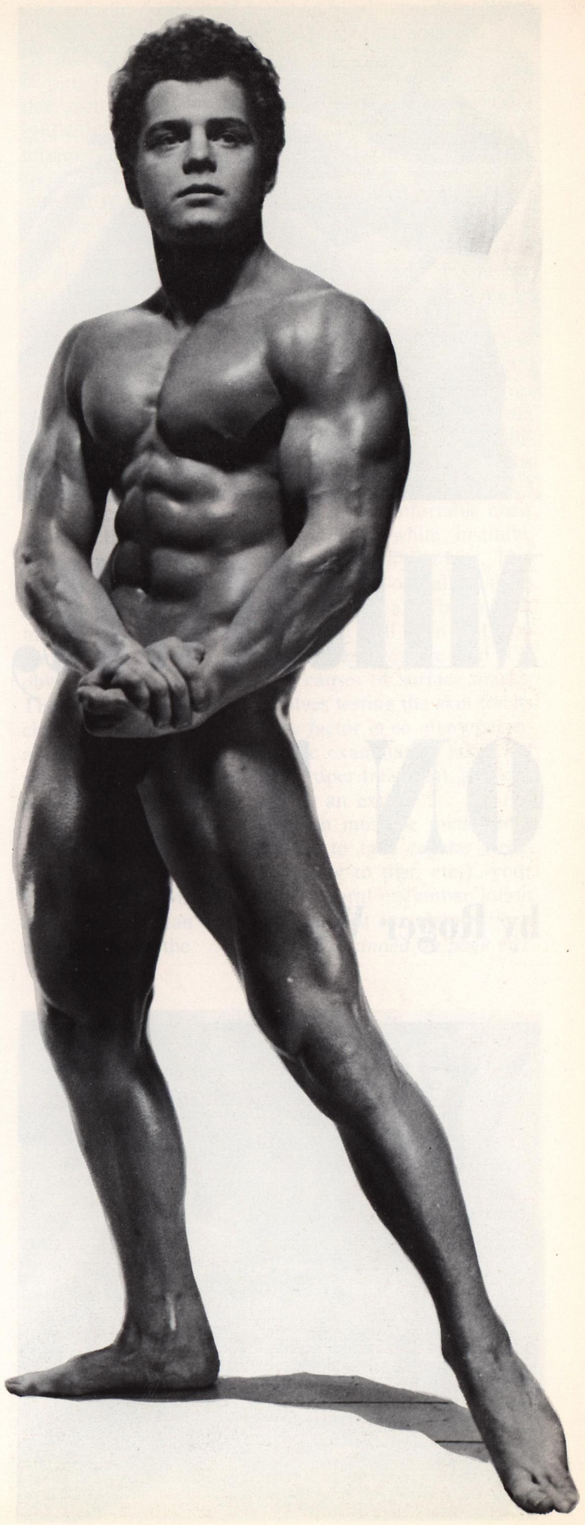
Bodybuilding is a marvelous sport for any young man. It helps build a solid foundation of inner and outer strength. Most young men see things in their proper perspective, however, and as one approaches twenty other life values must be given priority. Hence, less time is spent in the gym, and time is sensibly divided among all things which improve the mind and body; these fellows enter life healthy and fit—mentally and emotionally, as well as physically. Those who are obsessed simply cannot stop; their egos, now having been pumped to normal capacity, grow hungry and greedy for more attention. The sport grips them and they are forever imprisoned by it.

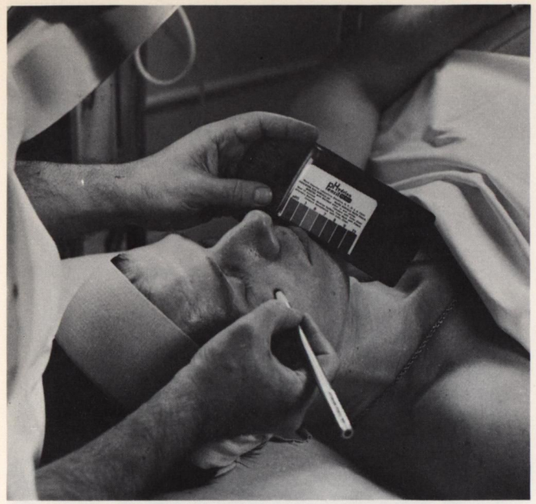
Sexually, you will find that bodybuilders are very good or very poor. Those who are good have come to know the attraction their muscles can hold for some. (This is true of both straight and gay musclemen.) Tastes vary greatly, of course; some find excitement in other developed bodies (male and female), some prefer their opposites—but all thrive on admiration and praise. In other words, this ego thing with musclemen demands a steady flow of compliments—and when they come those who are good are even better.

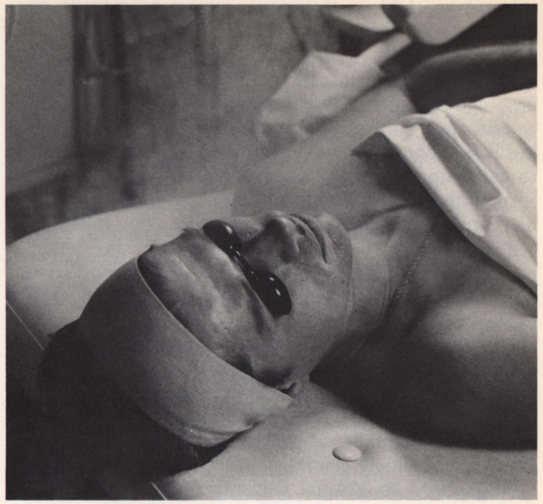
In the poor category you will find those who are enchanted with the self. (This is a contributing factor to the high divorce rate among musclemen.) They prefer masturbation before a mirror to sex with a partner. Some even abstain from sex, believing it is harmful to the body. There are some who indulge infrequently, who, for lack of practice, make poor performers.

In the more than eight years that I have run major muscle contests for the International Federation of Bodybuilders, I have met hundreds of musclemen from all parts of the world who come from all walks of life. To be sure, many are intelligent and—while they may show more enthusiasm for their sport than a Sunday golfer—do lead full and quite useful lives. But many, too many, cannot see beyond the gym in time. For them bodybuilding is a curse, and not until it is too late, not until they have passed their prime as men and workers do they realize the folly of all play with no real purpose. It saddens me to meet such men, men who like little children must ask the friendliest stranger for a helping hand to get through just one more day, men who must allow themselves to be exploited, who must exploit their most cherished possession—the body—in order to feed it.

The musclemen—great masses of brawn powerful enough to rule the world, some too weak to rule themselves. They must be admired and pitied—and those among them who show intelligence enough to live the Greek Ideal, a sound mind in a sound body, to the accomplishment of useful lives must be praised.

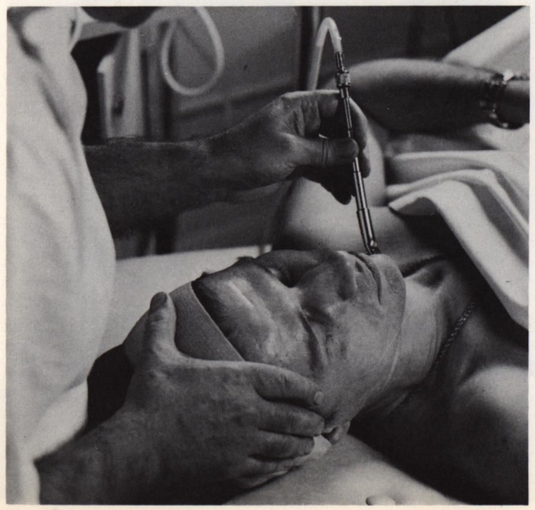


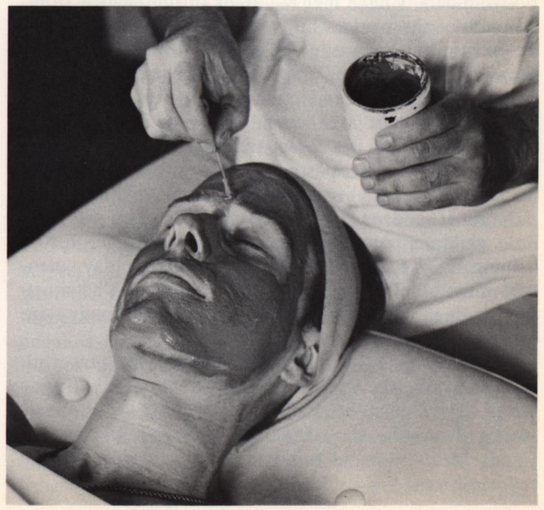




MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL...

by Roger Watson





"Hands off the melons!" a burly fruit peddler rumbles. "Don't rape the grapes!" hisses a mincy grocer. Mario Badescu ignores the pleas and mercilessly pricks the pears. "A fruit fiend, m'thinks!" chuckles a humpy grocer.

In fact, Mario Badescu does not limit his shopping sprees to fruit markets, but spends as much time at the vegetable bins, honey racks, flour stalls, meat counters, and wherever natural food products are sold. He is not a gourmand, but a chemical cosmetologist, and natural foods are used as ingredients in his many facial masks which do wonders for the complexion.

Mr. Badescu is from Rumania, where people more readily accept nature's wonders than we do here in America among our complex synthetics. With this background and a deep love for chemistry, he became vitally interested in cosmetology. For more than ten years he studied the science in his homeland, and then practiced in Vienna, continually educating himself in new discoveries and such allied arts as massage as perfected in Sweden, and deep skin peeling (used in cases of serious skin disorders, such as acne; Mr. Badescu is a recognized expert in the field). Arriving in New York, he served as chemist to a leading female cosmetologist for nearly three years.

Mario Badescu's interest in serving men as well as women, and his creative longing to develop an exclusive line of natural skin cremes led him to establish his own institute of skin care. There, he now treats men (and women, some famous models) from all walks of life, some actors, some clerks, all plagued with faulty skin. While the face is his specialty, other affected areas are just as easily treated (commonplace are blemishes on the upper back).

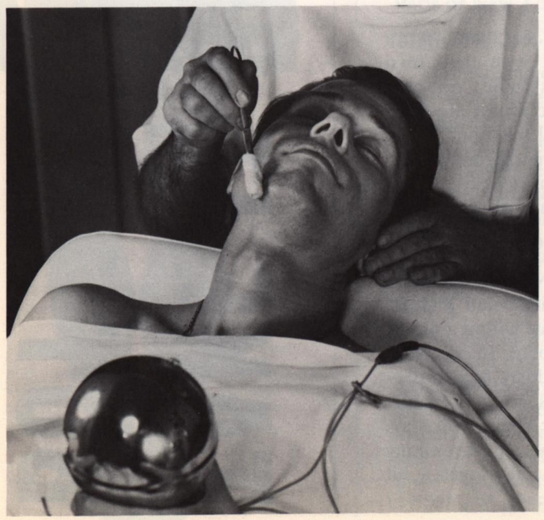
Few men are fortunate enough to have flawless skin, and much is due to ignorance on our part. Victims of commercial advertising, we readily accept the gamut of medicated cremes and ointments sold at drug counters, only to discover that a pimply face or an acne condition is worsened. Through life we go, never perfect, sometimes at the expense of losing a handsome date. What gay guy wants adolescent pimples on the chin and cheeks! What gay guy likes loving a fellow whose face is pitted with unsightly blackheads! An unawareness that such conditions are easily cleared up, not by using synthetic medications, but by proper care and natural mixtures formulated especially for the individual, is responsible for so many not-too-handsome faces.

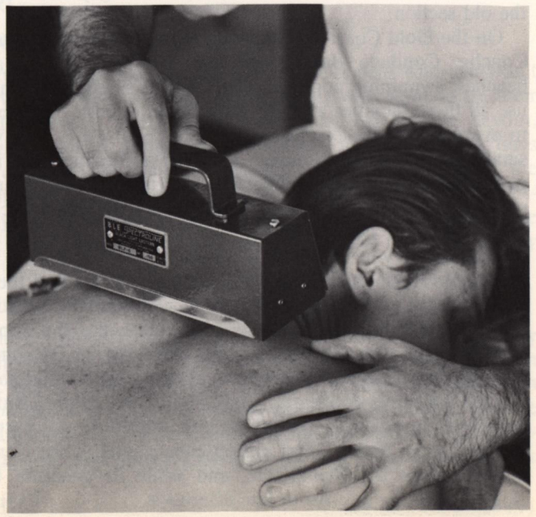
What is a chemical cosmetologist? What does he do? Can he do it with the young and old alike? Does it work? How long does it take? What does it cost? If any of these questions are on your mind, and if you are plagued with an unsightly complexion, here are some of the answers:

A chemical cosmetologist is one who allies the science of chemistry with the art of cosmetology, not only in formulating makeup, but also in creating mixtures for the treatment of skin ailments. Mr. Badescu goes one step further; he prepares the skin for proper utilization of his formulas, and uses only natural ingredients in his various skin cremes.

A typical visit would find you in a comfortable chair in Mr. Badescu's attractive white-on-white institute, under strong light and a powerful magnifying lens. This is the first step to treatment and cure—overall analysis of the complexion. Obvious blemishes are recognized; to look even further Mr. Badescu will then put you under black light, to determine skin texture and less obvious flaws—all underlying causes of surface marks. The final step of analysis involves testing the skin for its chemical properties, a primary factor in so many perennial skin conditions. This entire examination takes but a few minutes, but is vital for proper treatment, and can be accurately performed only by an expert.

Following the analysis (which must be made from time to time, even if you were to take regular treatments; the skin changes according to diet, etc.), your face would be washed with a natural cucumber lotion and steamed clean with a warm mist for about fifteen minutes. After the *(Continued on page 43)*





SAN JUAN... AMERICAN STYLE SEX WITH THAT LATIN BEAT

by David Parker

In olden days a glimpse of stocking was looked on as something shocking,
Now heaven knows, anything goes.

So says Cole Porter's "Anything Goes"—and it does in sunny Puerto Rico, where everyone is relaxed about gay life, if not partaking of its advantages. In Puerto Rico, as in any religious country where women occupy a niche with the saints, young men—and especially hot Latins—are left to cool their heels with the guys. Comes a time in every young man's life when masturbation must cease, and until the sanctity of wedded bliss quenches the heat of throbbing flesh, in the absence of hot chicks he soon learns the advantages of the 'buddy system' and cools it with other studs.

This introduction to homosexuality, transient though it may be for some, results in many permanent converts. Those who do heed the clang of wedding bells eventually find themselves locked in hairy arms from time to time —like when the old lady is pregnant with more than knowledge. In any case, this early training has a lasting effect—which pervades society at large. Hence, nearly every guy you meet in Puerto Rico has low resistance to a rising pressure in blood, and if you happen to be handy at just that moment —well, anything goes.

No doubt this attitude has helped establish Puerto Rico as a world gay center. Throughout the year (though it feels really great when you do it in winter, like leaving snow behind and landing in beautiful, beautiful sunshine) gay guys fly down and make merry in Puerto Rico's swinging San Juan, maybe the world's biggest gay play pen.

WHERE TO STAY

It's all so vast, so let's start at the airport. Here you will pick up your car at the Avis or Hertz desk and drive due west along the aquamarine ocean towards your hotel. Just five minutes away you'll pass such places as the El San Juan, the Americana, and Holiday Inn—all quite beautiful and as expensive as those rimming the "Gold Coast" in the Condado section, closer to the action. If you do not drive—and wheels are hardly necessary if you intend to remain in the San Juan area, as taxis and buses are readily available—pass these up and settle for a big hotel on the Coast, or the YMCA near the action in Old San Juan, or a small gay hotel right in the action in the old section.

On the Gold Coast you will find such beautiful hotels as the Sheraton, La Concha, Condado Beach, and San Jeronimo Hilton, all with their own beaches, swimming pools, nightclubs, and gambling casinos (note: you may use all these facilities even if you are not a guest; the public rooms are open to everyone, and lockers are rented for pool use). You will also find a few small hotels and guest houses. A double at the 'big ones' averages about $50 per day without meals, while smaller guest houses catering to gay guys—such as El Mar, Calle Clemenceau No. 1, Condado—can cost as little as $30 a week for two.

Continuing your drive west along Ashford Drive in Condado, you will soon cross Hermanos Behn Bridge. Here you will find the Normandie Hotel, quite old but comfortable (though air-conditioning is lacking) and popular with gay guys. Built on the order of its namesake, the ship, its hollow interior rises balcony after balcony, looking down on an interior pool. In the early morning hours after the bars have closed you will find shadowy figures pacing the balcony, doors ajar, and invitations galore. Rates are reasonable; write well in advance, something you should do no matter where you stay.

The Caribe Hilton (first Hilton constructed in the Caribbean) is walking distance from the Normandie, and while its beautiful bar does get a bit clogged with the gay set in late afternoon, *(Continued on page 41)*

TAKE IT HOT, TAKE IT COLD,
BUT TAKE IT, BABY!



MONTREAL... A WHIRLIGIG OF SEX IN A WINTER WONDERLAND

by David Bartel

So you've buried your hash in a bash at Hashbury—milled with the millions at the Mardi Gras . . . maybe you've zeroed in on Flower Power in the East Village or stormed the bastions for Queen Power in the West Village. During the year you've made the scene at every swinging place in the United States, but wherever you go you run into the same old-fashioned faces and hear the same early-American jokes, and it's the dreary sameness of it all that's begun to pall. "Gad!" you lament, "I can't make Munich or Amsterdam, Paris or London this year. If only there were some place nearby that's totally different—different people . . . different lifestyle . . . different pulse and pace!"

No sooner said than *voila*! Just whip out your credit card and hie yourself to the nearest Eastern Airlines office and you're up, up, up and away to Montreal, the maddest metropolis in North America. Different? . . . completely. Different people? . . . wild! Different lifestyle? . . . cool! Different pulse and pace? . . . a whole new groove!

With a population of more than 2,000,000 Montreal is the largest French-speaking city of the world next to Paris. But it's folly to practice your high-school French (or your newly-acquired Parisian accent) on the natives. Montreal French is so completely different—because of its quaint idioms—it may seem scarcely recognizable at first. Amusingly, it is liberally sprinkled with sexual overtones in even the most mundane expressions. Thus *fermez les fenêtres* (close the windows) is sexily said as *fermez les cuisses* (close the thighs)! Well . . . you can see what you're in for already!

Forget language problems. They don't exist there because Montreal is bilingual except for certain French-to-the-core areas around St. Lawrence Street (Rue St-Laurent) where it is a mortal sin to speak a single word of English. And here a note of caution. It is not wise, until you know the city better, to cruise St. Lawrence Street at night. You could just be in for some big trouble . . . *ruf-f-f*!

Sophisticated Montreal has more than *forty* art galleries and you may never want to leave until you've done them all, and have worn your wallet to a frenzied frazzle eating in some of the world's finest restaurants. Moreover, you may even need to have extra money wired to you from home to buy some of the beautiful fashion creations that outrival anything of Rome, Paris or New York!

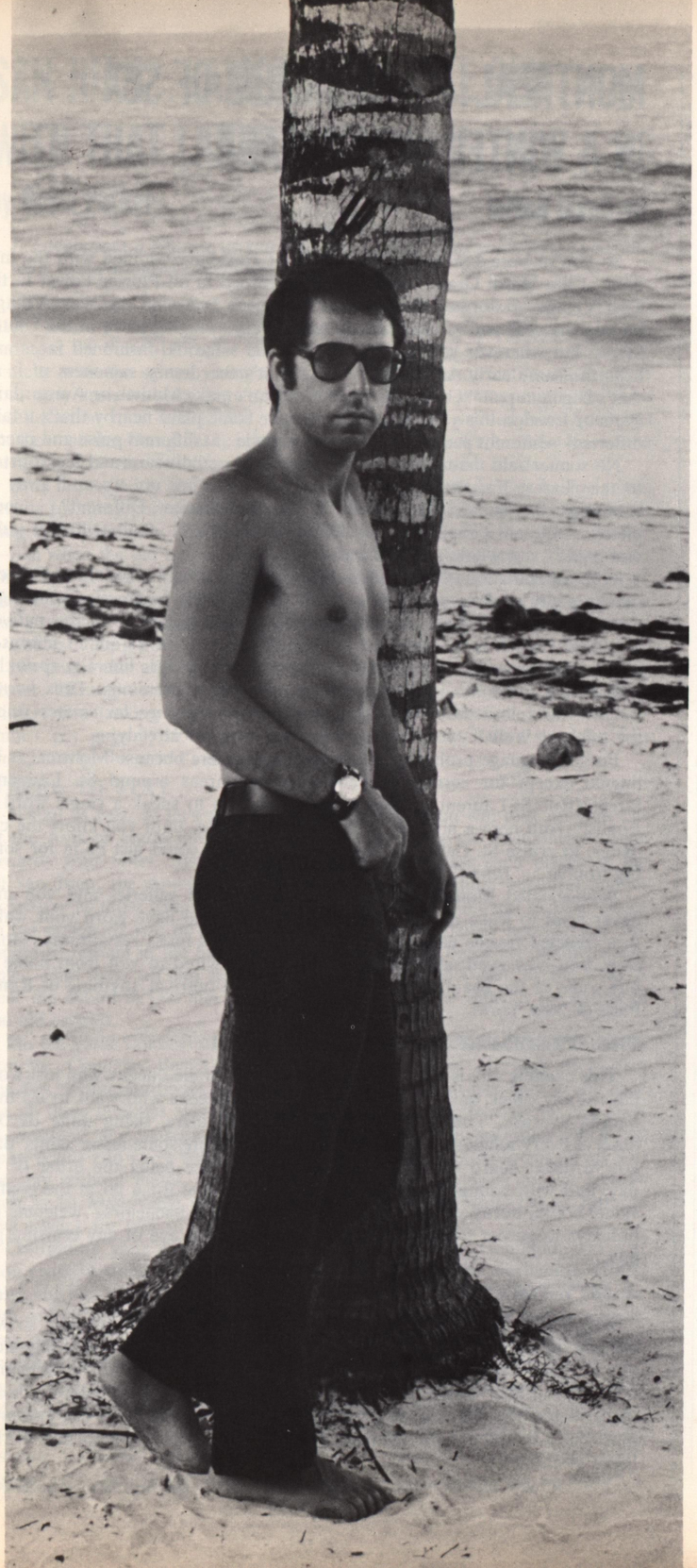
THE 'TRADE-ING' POST OF THE NORTH

This exciting city is an ideal weekend spot for trade queens who just won't have it any other way, as well as for numbers queens who want to up their batting average. The reason is religion. Montrealers, being quite devout, observe every religious holiday unfailingly (including some lesser saints' days you've never heard of!). Thus conjugal abstenence being the order of the day, and with young wives standing six deep in line for a go at the confessional booth, horny young husbands—and beautiful bachelors—welcome the holidays to go out for a solitary stroll and catch the eye of any cruising gay guy.

A CITY FOR NIGHT PEOPLE

Gay life in Montreal doesn't really begin to swing until evening, so why not use the daylight hours to become familiar with this big, beautifully-clean city in other ways. If you'll choose as your base of operations the Bohemian area around Sherbrooke and Mountain Streets you'll almost believe you are in Paris, for here are most of those forty art galleries, the 'mod-est' and maddest men's boutiques, the swingingest discotheques, and some of the world's finest restaurants.

You can get a good meal in Montreal *(Continued on page 49)*



QQ publisher George Desantis at Shanzu, on the Indian Ocean just north of Mombasa, Kenya.

CALL ME BWANA

Bush Orgies On The Dark Continent

by George Desantis

WHY some gay guys feel they have to leave the good old U.S. of A. for wild sex is beyond me. I mean, like for a nickel you can have more fun in a subway john than in all of Istanbul for a week. True, some foreign places match our gay meccas number for number, but never have I found anyplace that surpasses us in quality.

If that sounds somewhat nationalistic, it isn't; I base my remarks on a dozen or so years of roaming the world in my quest for international activity. Having cruised such places as the Dachau concentration camp, the sewers of Paris, the pyramids of Gizeh, and the caves on Mt. Kenya, I feel qualified to comment on gay action abroad.

My world search began long ago, when friends returning from abroad brought with them tales of orgiastic delight. I've followed in their footsteps, successfully, but still drop to my knees every time I return and kiss the tiles beneath my feet—thankful that I live in a country of such great physical abundance and beauty.

Why my friends exaggerated may be attributed to the "grass is always greener" syndrome. Some guys are just less inhibited about making out away from home, and while bashfulness keeps them from scoring here, their openness—an effect caused by the anonymity one has in a foreign city—results in hits and creates an illusion that things are indeed better in someone else's backyard. Moreover, I think we Americans are a bit smug about our command of the English language, the language that makes a buck anywhere, and also our nationality with all its omnipotent overtones, and this gives rise to a feeling of superiority—which causes us to take command overseas; such aggressiveness works well on the flesh scene.

Concerning quality, the kindest thing I can say about any American who claims there is greater beauty outside the country is that the spirit of adventure causes momentary drunkenness. Of course you will find beauties everywhere you go, and especially among gay guys, but there are more per capita right here. Our young straights may go to pot early in life, but no sooner than their foreign counterparts—in spite of government claims. Gay guys take better care of themselves, but inadequate nutrition in so many places in the world causes an emaciated look seldom seen in this country. We are a melting pot, and we have right here the best that is foreign—and because we are well fed and can afford leisure time to acquire deep suntans we certainly do present a healthier picture than most foreigners do.

Sexually speaking, we Americans are not as blasé about sex as foreigners. Withstanding the sexual revolution, making out is still exciting (that idea that Queen Victoria planted in our forefathers—which still lingers—that sex is dirty does make the whole thing more stimulating, I think) and it shows in our ability to gyrate in bed. I've had some beautiful scenes abroad, but none quite so groovy as one in Cairo—with a guy from Little Rock, Arkansas, of all places.

The john scene is a bit of Americana you will miss when away. While some modern hotels have toilet stalls on the order of ours (raised partitions, etc., conducive to cruising), most feature individual stalls with ceiling-to-floor walls, situated in larger rooms which are frequently attended by women. Johns, except for a few Americanized places in Western Europe and the Caribbean, just ain't no damn good outside the U.S.A.

I think social sex is great, like getting to know someone before plunking, but I groove on quickies too—action which is frowned upon by 'better class' gay guys outside America (we call them 'piss-elegant sissies' here). While it exists to a lesser extent among gays, there is still class distinction abroad, and guys who cruise johns and other action spots are considered *low life*—and that makes *me* as low as they come. Even at the baths you will find less anonymity—a consequence of this desire to 'get to know you first' bit—and that means more vapors and less sweat.

The hustling scene is a big thing abroad—tailored for "rich Americans." It's a way of life—thay just *expect* us to pay, and if you're still youngish and own a healthy ego (I still fit both categories), it really comes as a shock to be asked for money. I mean, I'm not ready for that yet—and while I enjoy giving, I just have a thing against being taken—but what does a guy do high up on a windy hill in Capri when a hot Italian stud is holding you by a protrusion of flesh demanding several thousand lira to "complete-a sex-a!"

Hence, after years of searching for a sex-mad Shangri-La, I reached the conclusion that I would experience less disappointment abroad if I concentrated not as much on traveling for sex, as on traveling for the sake of enjoying all things foreign. At that point I gave up making up gay itineraries and investigated places offering excitement of another kind—like safaris in East Africa.

My first trip to East Africa was in 1967; my second came this year. While I must confess that my most recent safari lacked some of the thrills I experienced the first time (there's something that gets tiring about a herd of elephants charging your vehicle after awhile), the haunting beauty of Kenya and Tanzania, and Uganda to a lesser extent, was just as exhilarating. If you like nature at its best, waking after a cozy night in a warm bed with someone special and stepping out into the brisk morning air (contrary to popular notion, East Africa—except for lowland and coastal areas—can be quite cool; it is primarily yellow bush, and not green jungle—a misconception brought about by the "Tarzan" movies, which were and still are filmed in South America)—stepping out and seeing snow-capped Mt. Kilimanjaro beyond the tawny bush and scraggly thorn trees, leaves an impression of lasting beauty almost too unbelievable for words. Chirping birds start the day; silence prevails as the sun's heat makes the animals lazy; and at sundown before a roaring fire, wood doves and laughing hyenas cast a spell you will remember forever.

If you dig only Black guys, don't bother going to East Africa—or any part of the Dark Continent, for that matter; you won't make many African bed buddies here. East Africans are a restless breed on the brink of exploiting their long-idle independence. Those who are civilized are too involved with growing pains to concern themselves with sex; those in the bush are quite primitive and filthy, and there is a world which has no place for outsiders—Black or White. *(Continued on page 45)*

HUSTLER

(Continued from page 25)

scientists for years have studied the institution of prostitution, yet the body of professional literature on male hustlers is minuscule. (A speaker who successfully argued for adoption of a resolution on homosexual rights at last fall's convention of the American Sociological Association cited "poorly authenticated studies and misdirected inquiries that argue that homosexuals and other sexual minorities are by implication sick, weak or evil.")

The irony of the "poorly authenticated studies" is that hustling is so obvious. Every city has its meat rack, and any gay guy who has been around at all can spot the hustlers.

- In New York they are on West 42nd Street between 7th and 8th Avenues and along 3rd Avenue below 59th Street.
- In Chicago, Bug House Square not far from the Lawson Y and, of course, the Greyhound Bus Depot.
- In San Francisco, Market Street and Union Square.
- In Los Angeles, Hollywood Boulevard and the inevitable bus depot.
- In Miami, the 23rd Street beach.

Every city has its milk run, park or bus station john. There is a definite pattern of cruising. Gay guys go out for an early-evening quickie or after the bars close. Judicious and discreet conversation can usually separate the hustler from those looking for a legitimate roll in the hay.

It is difficult to define, but after awhile most gay guys tend to develop a sixth sense for distinguishing hustlers. It is certainly not infallible, as any older and wiser homosexual can attest, but often the nebulous hunch that "he just looked like trouble" has saved a guy from getting his teeth knocked in or having his apartment torn to shreds.

It is, in other words, one thing to cruise Central Park West or Polk Street in San Francisco and pick up a groovy guy, go to the apartment and make the scene. It is something else again to deliberately seek out and step into an alley with a guy who is so obviously a hustler he has dollar signs on his eyeballs.

Gay guys have known about hustlers all along. Broadway and Hollywood seem only recently to have discovered them. The liberalized attitudes which have led to the rash of films, plays and books about homosexuality is generally to be welcomed. Yet with the exception of "Geese" and "And Puppy Dog Tails," the old morality seems to require adding a hustler to the plot to show how evil it all is.

- In "Midnight Cowboy," Jon Voight is such a comic failure as a professional stud with women that he ends up with a frightened schoolboy in a movie theater and later with an older salesman whom he beats, whether fatally we do not know.
- In the movie version of "Staircase," Rex Harrison brings home a simpering faggot as a George-and-Martha ploy to humiliate Richard Burton. The faggot is shown tucking away some money as he leaves, whereupon Burton simulates suicide. The hustler in this instance is so God-awful that one wonders if both Charlie and Harry ought not to have done themselves in.
- In "The Detective," plucky little Frank Sinatra tracks down the hustler-murderer of a New Yorker through the darkest byways of gay bars, orgies in truck trailers and gymnasiums. No Harry Chess, he.
- In "Flesh," Joe Dellesandro seems as bored as any 9 to 5 commuter as he struggles manfully to keep it up and raise $200 so his wife's girl friend can afford an abortion.
- "Last Exit to Brooklyn" has a hustler-drag queen raped and mutilated; the hustler-cowboy of "Boys in the Band" rather pathetically asserts that he at least tries to show affection; hustling in "Naked Lunch" is seen as one of the simplest ways a junkie can afford heroin.

The theme of all these portrayals is one of despair, degredation and hopelessness. Straight audiences are led to believe that the gay life is ugly and psychotic, that hustlers are objects of ridicule and contempt and that their customers deserve any harm that may befall them. How smug the straights must feel!

Like so many of the images Hollywood projects, the stereotype hustler does not necessarily conform to reality. In real life there are hundreds of hustlers who fulfill their little unwritten gentleman's agreement and scoot off to the next trick. With some it's a lark, like the Ivy League panhandlers on the East Side. To the GI who is broke and needs bus fare back to the base it's a tradition as old as warfare. To most it's a full time, albeit physically demanding, profession lacking only union cards and coffee breaks. There is nothing terribly new or complicated about love for sale.

"Flesh," in this regard, is probably the most realistic picture of a hustler's life. With Joe Dellesandro, hustling is a sometimes thing. This time it was because the little ball-and-chain needed some money and in the Warhol context that did not seem any more improbable than the fact the hustler was married in the first place.

In "City of Night," on the other hand, the hustler operates on a sharply contrasting compulsion. Once he slides into the pattern in New York, hustling becomes his sole reason for existence. With a gradually increasing intensity, his desperation takes him to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and finally New Orleans during Mardi Gras.

He does not always demand money and there are indications he would like to develop a lasting relationship. But what makes Rechy's book so compelling and honest is that the hustler finally rejects the chance to receive love. The memorable last chapter finds him inflamed with mental and physical exhaustion. A remarkably attractive and benevolent Jeremy asks him to quit hustling and become his lover, but he is unable. The die has been cast. He takes the money, walks away from Jeremy and piteously asks why dogs can't go to heaven.

The personality patterns of most hustlers probably fall within the range of the shrug-of-the-shoulders nonchalance of "Flesh" and the quiet desperation of "City of Night." It seems unlikely that many high school lads walk into the counselor's office and declare they will pursue a hustling career. It's merely a pattern that a guy falls into because it is simpler than, say, washing dishes at a Texas taco joint.

Most hustlers in fact are drop-outs with four strikes against them. They frequently have run away from fragmented families and are unprepared to make a living in a complicated world not of their choosing. Jon Voight's rustic naivete about life in Manhattan illustrates the point beautifully. What else could a guy like that do?

The only requisite is a beautiful body. Like any prostitute, there has to be a concern about appearance. Dellesandro insists his wife must launder his jockey shorts because "they like you to be clean." The clothing is usually fetishist—boots or sandals for the toe queens, smart basic black leather with just a touch of chains for the masochists or, the most natural, military uniforms. Hippie attire, the collegiate look or anything less than butch does not make it. There is a calculated slouch and disdainful appearance as artfully contrived as any high fashion model's. There is, in short, a preoccupation with the surface image which seems appropriate since there is so little personality underneath. It's all frosting and no cake.

Hustling by definition is a lonely profession. Any meaningful rapport with the trick is out, nor can he be seen too often with his colleagues because few customers are stupid enough to take two of them to a hotel room at once. So the hustler hits the streets alone at night. He may drop into a gay bar or cruise an all-night movie theater or subway tea room. But he usually ends up very late at night leaning against a wall, puffing on a cigarette and moving along whenever the police drive by. There is, of course, no future in hustling. This year's trade is next year's competition. No matter how often he combs his long hair, it will fall out as surely as that of the older men who pursue him. Anonymous, with nothing saved and no chance of job security, he faces the future bereft of a lover (of either sex) and without the consolation of having at least tried to make a romance work. Not for him is the mellowness of an old age recalling the grand passions and small tendernesses of loving experiences. His future is a cold cup of coffee at 4 a.m. at the Automat and the possibility of a heaven for dogs.

Another possibility, which may be both the cause and effect of hustling, is the hard drug scene. Some addicts turn to hustling; some hustlers become addicts. In either case it means trouble for both hustler and addict. The sharp, juxtaposed, hideous images of the fantasy orgies and cold water flat injections in William Burroughs' "Naked Lunch" speak volumes on the subject. As for the customer, he need only return from the theater some night to find his apartment ransacked to know that hustling and drugs pose a heartbreaking combination.

Why do they do it? "Just for the money

—I'm not queer" is the standard line. It is, in fact, a cardinal characteristic of hustlers that they must never seem to enjoy it. To go down himself, engage in anal intercourse or to kiss the other guy would be an admission that he is as low as the customer. Like the poor white Southerner who can imagine himself superior to Blacks, the hustler must always be convinced that he is not, thank goodness, a faggot like those who seek his services. Typical is the scene in James Jones' "From Here to Eternity" where the two soldiers accompany a pair of older homosexuals to an apartment for sex, collect the money and then trot off to Honolulu whorehouses. In understanding the behavior of hustlers, it cannot be emphasized too much that this adamant insistence that they themselves are not queer is of supreme importance. It provides them, realistically or not, with their lonely little shred of dignity. Moreover, as will be noted shortly, it simultaneously provides part of their appeal to customers who share the fantasy.

A relatively recent addition to the hustling scene is the call boy service. Kenneth Marlow, in his campy but rather helter-skelter book "Mr. Madam," claims to have originated the first such service in Hollywood in the mid-1950's. The assertion seems anachronistic in light of Mary Renault's novels in reference to male prostitution in the baths of ancient Greece. Whoever began the custom, "massage" services are now in full swing in almost every American metropolitan area.

A typical ad in a Los Angeles underground paper reads, "Masseur, 85% repeat, young, expert, Persian rub. Men only. Reliable." You call the number, ask for some butch name and the answering service assures you he will call back promptly. Negotiation over the telephone about the price and nature of service to be rendered provides anonymity. Generally these call boys charge around $25, with the house getting a cut. A San Franciscan recently complained that the "masseur" practically carried an alarm clock with him so as not to overstay his welcome!

The advantages of a call boy service as opposed to street hustling are obvious. The client is assured of prompt trade by a generally young and appealing hustler. There is some security in that the customer can always complain to the service—for whatever good it may do him—if the experience is unsatisfactory. There is the excitement of fantasizing about what the hustler might look like until he shows up. The hustler in such situations at least finds efficiency and security, attributes long cherished under the American free enterprise system. It is not known whether male massage services have yet taken to giving Blue Chip stamps, as some San Francisco female prostitutes were doing earlier this year.

And who are the customers who respond to these ads for "Persian rubs," whatever they may be? It does, after all, take two to tango, and for every episode there must be a hustler as well as a customer. The clients may be categorized as those who are naive, old, or titillated by the idea of prostitution per se.

The naive are those who end up with a hustler by accident. And woe unto them, for the only good to come of it will be the rueful lesson learned. Deception and plain old-fashioned horniness and greed fall into this category. Examples of unwittingly being taken in by a hustler can crop up in cocktail party conversation among almost all happily adjusted and fairly experienced gay guys.

- A visitor to Boston cruises a clean-cut, intelligent, well-dressed young man at a bar. He is, he says, an insurance salesman and tosses out enough comments about annuity plans and actuarial tables to sound convincing. They adjourn to the visitor's hotel room. The insurance man steps into the bathroom before undressing. He emerges with a knife and forces the visitor to hand over his wallet before fleeing.
- Two lovers who have an understanding they both can trick visit Omaha. One leaves the bar with a new-found friend; the other gets drunk and closes down the bar. He drives around the milk run until spotting two other guys who pull over in a car. Stupidly, he pays for a hotel room for the three of them. After sex he goes to the bathroom. When he returns the other two are dressed and leaving. Spotting his wallet

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empty he tries to stop them and gets slugged in the stomach for his efforts. He elects not to chase them down the hall and into the lobby as he has not a stitch of clothing on.

- A Midwestern professional man picks up a teenager loitering around a tea room. Neither has a place to go, but the teenager suggests a secluded spot out in the country. They park near a corn field and turn out the car lights. Immediately another car speeds down on them and the teen throws open the door. Other youths jump in and start beating the professional man. Only the approach of another car prevents his being robbed or permanently injured.

The antidote for such episodes is as simple as it is difficult to acquire: common sense. Never pick up two hustlers when you are alone. Avoid giving a hustler your name and address. Carry no more money than you expect to spend on a trick and leave all other identification except your driver's license at home, particularly credit cards. If a suspicious yet desirable guy is at a bar, inquire of the bartender or friends whether he is a hustler. Some men keep weapons on them or in their car as protection against unruly hustlers or any other type of thief. One San Franciscan installed a mirror on his headboard and keeps a heavy crystal ashtray on the nightstand. His theory is that in addition to providing a groovy visual aid in sex, he can always smash the mirror with the ashtray and defend himself with a shred of glass! That may be a little dramatic, but his other plan of defense in case of an attack by a hustler seems more pragmatic: if there's any reason to feel threatened, bite him where you've just been loving him!

The problems of the older homosexual are more poignant. They feel, accurately or otherwise, that they can no longer attract sex partners. DeCesere, the New York photographer who was murdered, was 58 and Novarro was 69. Yet it is the glib and foolish misconception of the teeny-bopper (Queen's Quarterly readers' average age is in the late 20's) to suppose he can "just pay for it" when he grows older. The schoolboy who tried to barter his books with Jon Voight is as much representative of the customers as the older salesman. Many older homosexuals manage to keep themselves in shape, cultivate a wide circle of friends and find sex with their peers without purchasing the services of a hustler. Many others enjoy the security of long-time lovers. It behooves all younger homosexuals to prepare for their more mature years.

Younger and attractive men, however, also patronize hustlers and in many cases this is because they are, simply stated, dishonest men who do not trust themselves. They are dishonest because they fail to acknowledge their homosexuality, to be true to themselves. Skulking out to find a hustler, nervously checking into some dingy flop house and shelling out $20 is an exercise in psychological masochism which reinforces their self contempt.

In Rechy's book and others, some customers seem to all but invite trouble. They'll leave their wallets out in plain sight and sob and beg not to be robbed. The talkative old salesman in "Midnight Cowboy" speaks of knowing he had it coming to him when Voight starts to beat him. Brought up to regard homosexuality as wicked, these men seek out hustlers so their act becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. The fallacy of their motivation resembles that of the closet queen (see the article elsewhere in this issue, "Come Out, Come Out, Wherever You Are") who says I stay at home and feel lonely because if I went out I might be rejected, thus ignoring the fact that the only way to overcome loneliness is to have the courage to risk rejection.

The titillation of the whole mystique of prostitution accounts for some customers' motivation. It is simply easier to shrug off guilt feelings if one pays for sex. A man may be young and attractive yet hung up on the notion that openly to give of himself—as opposed, that is, to giving money —is tantamount to being "queer." He can afford to get his rocks off, but cannot afford to chance falling in love. This attitude parallels that of the hustler's, cited earlier, to the effect that, "I'm not queer, this is just a simpler way of releasing my sexual tension. This is nothing more than a commercial transaction, therefore the social stigma is removed."

Polly Adler's delightful memoir as a madam, and more scholarly books about female prostitution cite similar examples of men who convince themselves that to pay for sex eliminates the onus of immorality. Thus a straight husband can see nothing wrong with visiting a whorehouse, whereas to seduce the neighbor's wife would clearly be a breach of morality. And the latent or closetish counterpart would say that to pay a hustler for sex is not wrong, whereas to set up housekeeping with a lover would be a clear admission of homosexuality.

That such a rationalization is illogical makes it nonetheless meaningful to some customers of clients. Similarly, there are some gay guys who are thrilled by the idea of seducing a straight man. And it will be remembered that being straight is one of the most sacred, if inconsistent, principles among hustlers. The butch, straight image with its overtones of innocence ("I just do this for the money.") provides a big turn-on to those who basically are nostalgic for their own uncomplicated, "straight" youth. It amounts to shadow hugging. "I yearn for my lost innocence," the customer may say to himself subconsciously, "and so I will seek out a reflection of it, even if I must pay to swallow the manifestation of it."

Thus, the hustler's delusion that he is straight complements the customer's need for seemingly straight, super-butch gratification. And if both hustler and client would appear on a realistic level to be kidding themselves, to be fantasizing in an illogical manner, whoever claimed that human emotion was a rational thing?

The important thing is that both the hustler and the customer got what they wanted. At least what they thought they wanted. And it must be remembered, too, that it is easier to pontificate about the psychology of it all than to come to grips with a painful and deep-seated problem. Hustling, after all, is here to stay. An awareness of the frequent misery and loneliness of the hustler's life and the omnipresent danger to the customer make the institution of hustling no less real.

What seems important is that there is more to gay life than hustling. Quickie sex in a cheap hotel room compared with a full and rich life with a lover is like drinking warm beer when you could have sparkling burgundy. It is like the agony and pointlessness of "Boys in the Band" compared with the warm good humor of "And Puppy Dog Tails."

The homophile organizations are on the right track in this regard. If more homosexuals could be made to realize that gay is, indeed, good, there might be less of the role playing and fantasizing which marks the hustler-client relationship. Men could see that the sweetest love is that which is freely given and freely received. Love, after all, is too precious to have a price tag attached to it.

Models Needed—
We Pay Hourly Rates... Please Send A Snapshot, Address, And Phone Number

OF THINGS THAT CRAWL IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from page 20)

those suspected of witchcraft, and to maim and kill them if convicted. During the Inquisition, the Catholic tribunal charged with exposure and punishment of religious unorthodoxy, culminating in the Bull of 1484 of Pope Innocent VIII in Western Europe and having lasting effects well into the 1700's in the form of the Salem Witch Trials of the Protestants, thousands of innocent people were tortured and put to death on the merest suspicion. Oftentimes, children would feign fits in front of elders they disliked, convincing do-gooders that such attacks were brought on by witchcraft, which was enough to send the accused to a horrible death.

When a person was accused panic spread among the people quickly. Tongues wagged and evil gossip strengthened accusations. Those accused were ordered to confess. If they responded they were sometimes cleansed through exorcism; if they refused to talk, they were tortured mercilessly. As a means of further ascertaining the accused was possessed of evil, the victim was stripped and searched for warts or other bodily growths, which were believed to be nipples placed on the body by the devil, to be used to feed the "familiars" owned by the witches—bats, imps, etc. Naturally, since nearly everyone has even the tiniest wart or mole, few escaped this positive link with the devil. When such growths could not be immediately located, the accused was shaved; every part of his body was scrutinized, even the anus and folds of the foreskin. Determined prosecuters did not give up in the absence of growths; they then pricked for blood. If it did not flow, as was often the case with an anesthetized victim—a consequence of emotional shock, it proved conclusively that demons were at work. After torture the victim was freed or killed—depending on the findings. Even after death some were made to suffer; it was believed that the teeth of witches and their dried hands could ward off evil, and so, bodies were further mutilated.

Did it all start with the Inquisition? No. It began with a misinterpretation of the Bible, specifically Exodus xxii-18., quoted by both Catholics and Protestants, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Ironically, the Hebrew word *kaskagh* actually meant poisoner, and not witch. The Inquisition only served to carry out the Bible's supposed dictates.

Fear aroused out of the belief that if witches were permitted to go unharmed, even if they were of a mild sort—such as a boy who showed feminine traits and a sexual preference for men—they would gather at their sabbats (unholy meetings at which evil deeds were concocted, culminating in an orgy) and unite to wreak havoc. Only by purifying them through religious exorcism or by putting them to death could innocent men be protected from their evilness. It was further believed that the means of transportation to the sabbat was provided by the devil, originally in the form of a flying animal, and then, according to popular theory, by flying objects. Male witches were said to have used a pitchfork, long and phallic, and female witches a broomstick—later immortalized by commercial artists in their conception of witches. An excellent mode of transportation, only ringing church bells could ground a witch.

As it would happen, those who were mentally ill were caught up in this tide of nonsense and actually confessed to having attended such sabbats, only further substantiating the beliefs held by the general populace. Those who weren't sufficiently ill to imagine such meetings gathered for more mundane happenings, which, believe it or not, still occur today. These gatherings are referred to as a Black Mass, a blasphemous parody of the Catholic mass involving sexual obscenities. You may have attended one—if you saw the movie, "Rosemary's Baby." At such masses, and particularly those which have a strong gay attendance, crimes against God such as performing fellatio while straddling a cross are commonplace.

Today's mundane witch cannot utilize such goodies as dead babies in whipping up an evil broth. For such a witch, ordinary supermarket herbs must suffice, along with a piece of the intended victim's hair or an article of clothing. If, perchance, you favor a particular john where you constantly run into your nemesis, that Hungry Hannah who takes the meat right out of your mouth, you'd be wise to invest in some books on witchcraft and sorcery, to determine if there is a particular charm or recipe you might concoct to render him impotent. Or, perhaps you might learn how to fashion a clay doll in his image, which you can inflict punishment upon as a means of transferring it to his body—in voodoo fashion; particularly effective is goosing your clay effigy with cucumbers.

If you partake of witchcraft, beware of the tricks the mind can play. The devil is said to force acts of sex upon you—and I am told he has a very accommodating penis, now thin and icy, now thick and fiery—so that you may suffer a pain known to all witches. Maybe you have known this pain. Maybe it is too late. Beware. Beware of things that crawl in the night.

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

SAN JUAN . . . AMERICAN STYLE SEX WITH THAT LATIN BEAT

(Continued from page 34)

it is not a gay hotel. Very pretty, its tropical decor—and as expensive as those in Condado.

Your drive from the airport to the Normandie will take about twenty minutes, and about five minutes more will bring you to the YMCA, on the brink of the old town. It's on Calle Ponce de Leon, offering typical action. Just up the street, farther west, is Plaza de Colón. Here all buses converge, and while taxis and cars are permitted to drive the narrow streets, you'll save lots of time and absorb more of the local color if you make your way to the extreme end of the old section on foot. It is here, in Old San Juan, where the gay action is at its best.

In Old San Juan you will find the San Francisco Inn, 263 Calle San Francisco. Rates, typical of similar establishments, are $30 for a single, $40 for a double per week. This one is small, all gay, and there are such conveniences as a house refrigerator for your use. Another is the Unique Guest House, 151 Calle Tetuan (at Calle San Jose). And the Madrid Guest House, 112 Calle San Jarge. El Convento (once a convent) is popular with gay guys; it is quite elegant and definitely not for the dungaree set.

For the sightseer Old San Juan is rich territory. There are quaint streets. Colorful shops to browse in. Art galleries to gaze in. Forts (one at each end of the old town, Fort San Cristobal and Fort El Morro) to roam in. Churches to kneel in. Plazas to sit in (Plaza de Colón is a gay meeting place, but beware of hustlers). Rum plants (a short 15¢ ferry ride away) to booze in. When you arrive pick up a copy (free at all hotels) of "Que Pasa"—which will tell you everything you need to know about the city.

SOUL FOOD

Concerning food, "Que Pasa" lists all the better restaurants. If you want something very good and quite colorful in Old San Juan, try Barrachina, 104 Calle Fortaleza, for paella in a courtyard. La Mallorquina, at 207 Calle San Justo, has the distinction of being the oldest restaurant in Old San Juan. Reasonable places which gay guys like are Lum's (near the Banco Popular Building); Bakery (near the San Francisco Inn); and El Jiglo, 357 Calle Fortaleza. Prices here are in the $1.50 category for a full meal, and you needn't worry about the runs.

CRUISING TIPS

About cruising the streets, be cautious. In Old San Juan avoid the narrow streets bordering the town. This is slum area and muggings are commonplace, especially at night. Play it safe and stay on the main drags. Do not enter parks at night. Especially dangerous is Muñoz Rivera Park, outside the Normandie Hotel. As soon as it gets dark tough hustlers who know how to attract gay guys invade the area, duping and mugging. If you do stay at the Normandie, even if you're energetic, don't attempt to walk to the old section at night; you will have to skirt Muñoz Rivera Park and the slum areas to get there, and may never make it; use a bus, or a taxi. And if you are robbed, don't expect too much sympathy from the police; they side with the toughs, reflecting that "all Americanos are rich enough to afford it" attitude.

In general, you will not make out too well on the streets; most cruising is done at the beach, and in bars (that Spanish 'social thing' exists among the natives, and visitors quickly adapt). Gay johns are virtually non-existent, though you may run into something in the johns at La Concha, the Normandie, and the Darlington Hotel in the Miramar section. The Rialto Theatre, Calle San Francisco, in Old San Juan, has a kicky balcony sometimes—and the new St. Marks South Baths, 152 Calle Tanca (above the Rialto) affords a sanctuary for guys who find the bar scene weary. Open 7 days a week, 24 hours a day, it features private rooms, a dormitory, and little "gifts" are given on the way in, to help delight the senses.

BEACHING IT

The beaches. Years ago the one near the Normandie, at Punta Escambron, used to be THE gay beach. Lots of pits in the ground filled with bushes and things. Recently re-done, the beach is quite pleasant but does not offer action of any note—except for chance meetings with sailors (the nearby naval base brings them in) and hustlers. The best place is the strip of beach on the ocean between the Sheraton and La Concha hotels, and especially that section between the Sheraton and the Sands. It's like Fire Island. No action on the spot—but perfect for making dates. The strip is public; here you will meet the gay natives and lots of groovy guys from the mainland.

BAR-ING IT

Now for the bars—all in Old San Juan. Puerto Ricans get started late, so things don't start picking up until 10 P.M. The Annex Club, 151 Calle Tetuan, is currently the hot spot—as it has been for several seasons (popular places change every now and then, suddenly and for no apparent



"It's your mother . . . I forgot to tell you she was coming over."

reason). There is a minimum, and dress is casual (ditto for all bars mentioned here). Packed every night, there is dancing and a Go-Go Boy and Girl are featured. Big with University of Puerto Rico students, the young natives, and stateside studs.

Blanche's Place, 107 Calle San Sebastian (corner of Calle San Jose) is mixed, but should be included in your rounds. The Big Spender is all gay; 104 Calle San Jose. So is the Down Town Restaurant Bar, 255 Calle San Jose.

The Fantasy, 58 Calle San Justo, has dancing and features Go-Go Boys. Finale, 56 Calle San Jose, is great between 3 A.M. and 8 A.M. Cruising is especially good at the Golden Gate, 2-5 Calle Luna. Here there are Go-Go Boys, who never seem to interfere with the good pick-up potential this place has.

The Hilltop Club, 50 Calle San Jose (corner of Calle San Sebastian), used to be No. 1 before the Annex drew the trade, but is still good—especially late Sunday afternoons. The Main Street, Calle San Jose near Calle Tetuan, has a piano player.

The Red Barron, 263 Calle San Francisco, is not exclusively gay, but is quite popular with gay guys after 1 A.M., when local entertainers drop in to sing and dance it up a little. Breakfast is served between 2 A.M. and 8 A.M. Small World Bar, Calle San Jose near corner of Calle Fortaleza, is mixed but can be quite good in the afternoon.

The T Room, 52 Calle San Jose, has dancing and features Go-Go Boys who sometimes dance nude. Movies are shown Friday and Saturday evenings.

While you are bound to find gobs of sailors in the bars along Calle Luna, you may also find the kind of trouble which usually comes with drunk seafood. And if the bar scene begins to pick at your nerves, head for the baths—or get on a suit and do the gambling casinos at the big hotels, which spin into the early hours of the morning.

OTHER DIVERSIONS

For nearby jaunts, you might hop a bus over to Rio Piedras, about twenty minutes away. Here is the University of Puerto Rico, and of special interest are the Library and Pedagogy buildings. Or if you're not feeling racy but want a little speed just the same—try an afternoon at Comandante Race Track.

ON THE ISLAND

El Yunque is the rain forest about an hour away—if you have a car. Makes for a pleasant trip if you want an outing with someone special. And on the way down you can drive over to nearby Luquillo Beach, one of the prettiest in the world. There is some gay action here, but if you chance walking away from the crowd with an expensive camera slung over your shoulder, you just might run into a coconut slinging hustler in the bushes who will expect it in payment—if you get that far. Remember: Here, as in so many places where there are poor people, the gay guy who flaunts his wealth is likely to be taken advantage of by hustlers who have caught on to making a quick buck. Exercise caution. Puerto Rico is an American possession, and is highly industrialized, but it is still quite foreign—and the rich mainlander is sometimes made to pay for his weaknesses.

If you have a car there are all sorts of wonderful trips you can make across and around the comparatively small island. There are mountains and valleys and seashore. And there is Mayaguez, a few hours from San Juan by car or bus, minutes by plane. Here there is Arturo's Motel and Bar, 105 Limon Road. This "House with Boys" is a pleaser with the older set—and even with young guys who like easy cruising every now and then.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON SAY



"Boy who down on one knee half way there!"

VIRGIN TERRITORY

If you are going to be in San Juan for a couple of weeks, you might hop over to St. Thomas for a day or two. Duty-free shopping—and enough gay action to make things interesting. Only a half hour by plane (less if the wind is right), you can stop at Bluebeard's Castle in Charlotte Amalie for lunch, taxi on over to Morningstar Beach (popular with gay guys), get back to town early enough to shop, and be back in San Juan for the evening. Or, stay a night. We recommend The Gate (P.O. Box 697, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801 if you write; 774-0241 if you call). Tell manager David Felstein you're a QQ reader and he will go out of his way to make you comfortable. In the evening, try Katie's Bar, maybe the best in St. Thomas—and definitely a good start.

If you live on the East Coast, or as far West as Chicago—you just can't beat the Caribbean, and especially San Juan, for a winter vacation. Beautiful San Juan—an American city laced with Latin spice, where, heaven knows, anything goes!

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE

(Continued from page 54)

the married closet queen and his trick, the stage is set for grand melodrama. The other guy becomes a backstairs wife. Rendezvous are furtive and only when the closet queen can get away. The place may be on the floor of his office; the time at night while he is supposed to be attending a sales meeting. It's the whole "Gertrude would die if she found out; if a woman answers, hang up" syndrome.

Other married closet queens are less uptight. Some, those with money, keep boys as their business colleagues keep mistresses. Others lead fairly active gay lives but prefer for professional, family or social reasons to maintain the facade of a marriage—even if the wife knows the whole story.

Many closet queens are not married. Some may be widowers or divorced, and many live with their parents. At times they may muse about getting away and taking in a lover or roommate, but the older they get the more they settle into their solitary rut.

For weeks they'll immerse themselves in work or some hobby denying themselves any sexual experience out of a masochistic longing for "purity." Then when they get so frustrated the dam bursts, watch out! The single-minded intensity with which they seek a quickie encounter can be overwhelming. They come on like gangbusters, so hot to trot it's all over in 20 minutes.

Cruising per se is a drag to them. There's no finesse, no seduction. Gay bars make them uneasy and their compulsion to get it all over with quickly makes it seem as though sex were a tribal purification rite. If they cruise parks or tea rooms they tend to take foolish risks. More than one tea room arrest has been of some closet queen who just throws on a pair of house slippers and zips over to the park to do the first person in pants he sees.

Absent is any real interest in the other guy's personality. He becomes merely an object. Pre- and post-sex conversation is limited to negotiations about where to go and fretting about catching the 10:15 back to New Rochelle. With such closet queens, gay sex amounts to compulsion, guilt and total selfishness.

Why do they act that way?

For the closet queens who are married, the answer is obvious. If they were gay before they were married, the motivation may have been the social security of a wife and kiddies. The boss, his parents and friends may have convinced him—despite whatever reservations he may secretly have harbored—that getting married was simply the thing to do. Such men may feel a genuine love for their wives yet never abandon their desire for occasional gay sex. For others, the tender trap of wedded bliss may have snapped shut imprisoning them, yet they lack the motivation to spring themselves loose and so must settle for illicit homosexuality.

Among unmarried closet queens, ultra-conservative behavior often is attributed to their jobs. The reasoning goes like this: I can't be seen cruising or in a gay bar because my position is too sensitive. The corporation demands conformity. I live in a small town and my social set must perforce be business colleagues or neighbors. I am expected to be seen at the right functions and either make a pass at the secretary or have a girl friend draped over my arm. Only on those occasions when I am out of town on a sales trip or attending a convention can I show my true colors. I just can't be too careful.

But is all this realistic? If the closet queen's job actually is all that sensitive, chances are he wouldn't be fired (unless, alas, it were a government position) simply because he was seen in a gay bar. If some gossipy colleague spies him there, the best retort is the oldest: what was *he* doing there in the first place?

Moreover, there is a direct ratio between tolerance and the size of the organization. If a closet queen works for Mom and Dad at the corner grocery, he may well have to watch his P's and Q's. But if his employer is a large corporation, he can get by with much more. If a professor is caught with his pants down at a small church college he may draw a few raised eyebrows in the faculty lounge. But on a large, liberal campus deans nowadays are too busy trying to liberate their offices to fret about such matters.

No queen likes to grow old, but one advantage of settling into a job over the years is that the boss and one's associates finally grow tired of asking about one's romantic life. The young professional man may have to invent lurid tales of orgiastic weekends (substituting female for male names as appropriate), but gradually the boys around the water cooler come to accept and even envy his status as a confirmed bachelor. Those who are self-employed or in such fields as the theater, cosmetology and interior designing need have no fear of professional suspicion.

In other words, the common lament of the closet queen that he dare not be himself often is exaggerated. Obviously, it would be imprudent to have sex on Main Street at high noon. But the attitude that job security prevents any expression of legitimate homosexual desire is becoming obsolete. The times they are a-changin', yet many closet queens' attitudes on this score remain medieval.

Aside from the old line about the importance of projecting an image for professional reasons and the admittedly knotty problems facing married closet queens, why do so many others deny themselves their birthright of sexual freedom and even love? A fundamental reason may be fear. They simply are afraid of sex and afraid of being called gay.

A lot of this may be traced to their childhood attitudes about sex. If they grew up thinking of it as evil, their adult attitude is crippled. Their continuing and honest longing for sex and companionship is thwarted by memories of youthful oppression. An earlier homosexual experience may have ended disastrously. The love of his life may have walked out on him, and so he fears risking further alienation. It's easier to stay at home wearing black crepe and dabbing at the eyes than to go out and cruise a bar.

Finally, there is the stereotype of the closet queen who really is queenish. Prissy, effeminate, aesthetic, he shuns the base and worldly milieu of smoke-filled bars and tacky tea rooms. He prefers to stand backstage clucking at life's tragedy and comedy rather than to sully the purity of his sanctuary. While he may admit to a fascination with homosexuality, the actual sex act makes him gag. Although it's a cruel term, this stereotype truly is faggoty—without being homosexual. If his behavior is too blatantly obvious, he may suffer the scorn of straight society without truly knowing the acceptance and understanding of gay society.

What this category of closet queens really lacks is courage, the will to be. Their enemy is within. It is the age-old fallacy that to be a man you must like sex with women. Since they don't like sex with women, they are unmanly. Therefore they will act like women and to hell with everyone else. The truth, however, is that millions of men throughout history and all over the world have been sexually drawn to their fellow men and yet have preserved every contemporary characteristic considered masculine. The lesson they have not learned is that being a homosexual does not mean being a sissy.

Thus, the range of closet queens spans from the simpering, limp-wristed, arsenic and old lace stereotype to the family man to the butch young bachelor. It includes married and single, professional and blue collar, those who have never "come out" and those who have been as gay as pink ink since the year one.

And it should be noted by those who proudly acknowledge their homosexuality that many of them are perfectly content with their lot. To say that someone is a closet queen suggests scorn and condescension. It assumes a superiority which may not be justified. Many closet queens, in reality, are as honest about their status and predilections as the wildest leather fetishist or golden shower queen. Their's may not be a life style others would choose, yet what seems fussily timid to some may seem appropriate and comfortable to others.

What is required is understanding and acceptance. Each gay guy should be free to adopt the mode of behavior which best suits his needs. The important point is to be free—free from fear and inhibition, whether social or individual. Free, in summary, to do his own thing whether that means literally his own thing or making the scene with whoever else grooves on it.

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MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL . . .

(Continued from page 33)

steaming an electric vacuum would be applied to the face (or whatever area is being treated), further cleansing the now-widened pores of grime. The skin, now totally cleansed, is massaged, effective in tightening the muscles. In cases of aging, where the muscles begin to sag, a specially designed electric impulse apparatus is employed—which, in effect, exercises the tiny muscles involved. The massage, and impulse treatment when used, help blood circulation and aid the destruction of dead skin tissue.

Finally, the specially blended facial mask is applied, left to harden on the face for a specified period of time, according to condition, averaging about a half hour. In creating masks, Mr. Badescu uses only natural ingredients, such as raw meats, cantaloupes, bananas, oranges, strawberries, cucumbers, honey, milk, and grain. Depending upon your individual needs; that is, according to what the skin is lacking, chemically, the ingredients containing the missing elements in your skin will be used. In other words, certain vitamins and minerals are found in certain foods; if these are needed by your skin to assure a proper chemical balance, a primary factor in maintaining a healthy condition, they will be used in the mask—to be absorbed and utilized. The various preparations further aid cleansing and tightening.

Normally, only one visit a month is necessary to maintain a flawless complexion, less frequently if your condition is not problematic—and once you learn Mr. Badescu's technique you will be able to take care of yourself between visits. Naturally, if you have an acne condition, or if you need deep skin peeling, more frequent visits are recommended. Cost of each treatment is $15, which can be paid for in the savings on wasted drugstore medications most of us continually purchase to no avail. Only if regular applications of whatever formula your skin requires are necessary will Mr. Badescu blend an extra supply for home use; cost is nominal.

A visit takes an hour and a half—a very short time, just minutes of treatment for weeks of flawless skin. Even if only once, to determine your skin's needs, a consultation with Mr. Badescu might prove sensible. If you live outside New York and do not expect to visit, write to Mr. Badescu at his institute, 320 E. 52nd St., New York, N. Y. 10022 (phone when appointments are necessary, PL 8-1065). Detail your

skin condition and enclose a snapshot whenever possible. You will receive an analysis and advice by mail, at no charge. If Mr. Badescu believes he can whip up a good mask for you, he will tell you in his letter; if you desire, you may then order it from him.

We dislike being commercial, but one cannot avoid being just that when recommending certain services. This endorsement, as well as all others in our magazine, are made sincerely; we believe our readers should be informed of worthwhile products and services, and report only on those which we have examined–I myself having been treated successfully by Mr. Badescu.

While you are waiting for a reply, if you write, or if it won't be for some time before you can pay Mario Badescu a visit, he recommends these helpful hints on skin care at home:

Honey is good for the skin. It contains glucose, organic acids, vitamins, antibiotics, mineral salt, and hormones. For dry skin, apply a mixture of honey, egg yolk, kaolin (a special clay, available at drugstores), and sour cream. For oily skin, use honey with lemon juice and white of egg. Apply daily (less often when your condition clears up), for more than a half hour.

Milk is a good skin cleanser, but if your skin is oily mix it half-and-half with lemon juice. For dehydrated skin, use plain milk twice a day, steam your face with it (place the head over a bubbling pot) once a month.

Yogurt restores the skin's acidity, essential to a healthy condition. Sour cream and strawberries (pureed, of course) are good for toning.

Cantaloupe has a hydrating quality. Use its juice on flabby or dehydrated skin.

Generally speaking, it's unwise to use soap on the face; harsh chemicals can upset a perfect chemical balance, giving rise to skin disorders. Instead, use a good cleanser sold for this purpose, or good old-fashioned cold cream.

Your refrigerator could very well contain the secret of beautiful skin. Like Snow White, your mirror will favor you–for your complexion will reflect an inner glow and masculine radiance, spinning all eyes in your direction.

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Details On Page 4

VARIATIONS ON A SEXUAL THEME

(Continued from page 7)

world would call 'fetishes' appear. Of course there are numberless fetishes and to attempt even the briefest description of them would fill a tome. But we have collected some current ones which we believe really far-out. Are you game? Well . . . if not courageous enough to try them you may be amused to read about them, so here goes vicarious *you*!

HAVE YOU EVER HAD SEX WITH A CHOCOLATE MOUSSE?

Now here's a way to have your trick and eat him, too. You may find him a little fattening, but if you don't have to count too many calories we highly recommend sex with a *mousse au chocolat*. Any good cookbook will tell you how to prepare a *mousse*, and while some prefer ice cream, or even raspberry sherbet, we believe the *mousse* is better. It is not cold like ice cream or sherbet . . . you can make a huge bowl of it . . . and it can stand at room (and body!) temperature for quite some time. Besides, it is more easily worked with.

Having arranged your nude trick either supine or prone (if you expect to continue the *mousse* gig right down to the bottom of the mine-field) spread it in a thick layer over any or all the areas you wish. No further technique need be described since licking is just doing what comes naturally. Enjoy! But be sure not to eat him up at one feeding . . . save a little more boy for next time. And if your bathroom scale shows a two-pound gain next morning you'll have to live at the foot of the cross for a week on a diet that definitely rules out whipped cream. *Good lickin'!*

ELECTRISEX

Do you own one of the popular *Relax-a-cizor* appliances? You can put it to other uses than just reducing weight. The nature of the *Relax-a-cizor* function is to stimulate muscular flexion by electrical impulses. The way it can make muscles jump 'n writhe is simply fantastic.

If you have a fetish for your lover's abdominal muscles, or perhaps his sexy inner thighs with their thrilling, swelling veins, or–if you dig bodybuilding–his gladiator pectorals, you can charge them with waves of pulse and passion by attaching the *Relax-a-cizor* to the muscles of choice. You'll be totally inspired by what happens and ply your sexual skill with a vigor and purpose you have never experienced!

SPECIAL FOR 'MINTY' QUEENS

This one isn't exactly new but it is stirringly effective on some tricks who just may levitate out of bed straight through the ceiling. It's the 'mint' trick and you may use those large lemon-cream mints (Fanny Farmer's are a dream!), or–if your lover is super-sex and your oral cavity is not too voluminous–simple crystal mints work well.

Dissolve some mints in your mouth and annoint your lover's genitals. Then, from a prepared bowl, take a mouthful of finely-beaten ice. You're in business! Not only does *he* get a wild charge from the mint and ice and friction of rhythmic movement, but *you* will, too, because here's sex that really tastes *good* (but on reflection doesn't it all?). Naturally it can get a bit messy, but of course you will have taken the precaution of having a tricking-towel handy. Certainly it can prove the most 'refreshing' sex you've ever had!

THE 'OFFAL' TRUTH

Some gay guys are 'offal queens' and sex, to them, is totally wasted unless they can plumb the very depths of the anus. Since there is an element of the gory in this type of sex, some insist their lovers include a great deal of mints and mint-flavored foods in their diet. So if you groove on offal, you'll be wise to tell your prospective date to eat mint for a week–it'll make it tastier. To have the best of all possible worlds and not risk hepatitis you will be wise to have a frequent shot of gamma globulin to supply adequate protection!

Many go to great lengths to experience groovy sex. Some like the fun and mystery of zoning in on a trick while under water at the beach. The kicky feeling of doing him right in front of thousands of onlookers with not a soul knowing what's going on is a real blast!

Then there are others who like rough sex, this being elemental in many men, and still others who resort to unusual instruments and devices to heighten sensation. Some even have sex with an enema bag! One of the kookiest is

THE CANTALOUPE CAPER

For a swinger who prefers solitary sex this should really shake up the entire monastery! Here's the picture:

Purchase two very ripe (but not mushy) cantaloupes. Heat them in a 200-250 degree oven for about a half-hour. While doing this prepare your bathtub comfortably. When they are at ideal temperature take the melons to the bathroom, get in the tub, wrap one in a heavy towel or (better) an insulated Jiffy bag. Press (not cut) a hole at one end of the cantaloupe. If they are of requisite ripeness a slight pressure will make a hole of correct size. Just be sure that you do not cut the hole otherwise your penis may look as though it had had sex with a cooky cutter!

Rape the hell out of the first cantaloupe. If, however, it begins to cool before your passion does, quickly whisk out the other one and start in at high gear. Because of the unusual amount of seeds in the cantaloupe, plus the slicky-slimy membrane, plus the go-juice, tongues of fire attack your penis in what is the nearest simulation of the human vagina or human anus that Mother Nature can provide. Wild!

MEET CHIQUITA– THE BANANA QUEEN

How would you react to this bizarre situation? You make a date with a strange trick–you arrive at his apartment at the witching hour–and as you enter you see some plastic sheets covering the floor, and perched atop them a bowl of peeled (though solid) bananas. What goes, you wonder? Then your host graciously invites you to begin shoving the bananas up his rectum. Nonplused you begin to do so, and in goes one . . . then another . . . and another. Where will it all end? But then your host commands "Fire four . . . fire five . . ." and six, seven, eight and nine! "Now I'm ready for *you*," he chuckles, and so you 'enjoin' the bananas. Ejaculation completed you pull out, and then is heard the shot fired round the world. *Zoo-oo-oo-sh*! Out come the bananas like shells from a Gatling gun. Smiling gently and a bit tiredly, as though just having been delivered of a child, he falls asleep, leaving you–puzzled but wiser–to reflect on what has probably been the fruitiest night of your life!

If You Like What We're Doing–
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CALL ME BWANA

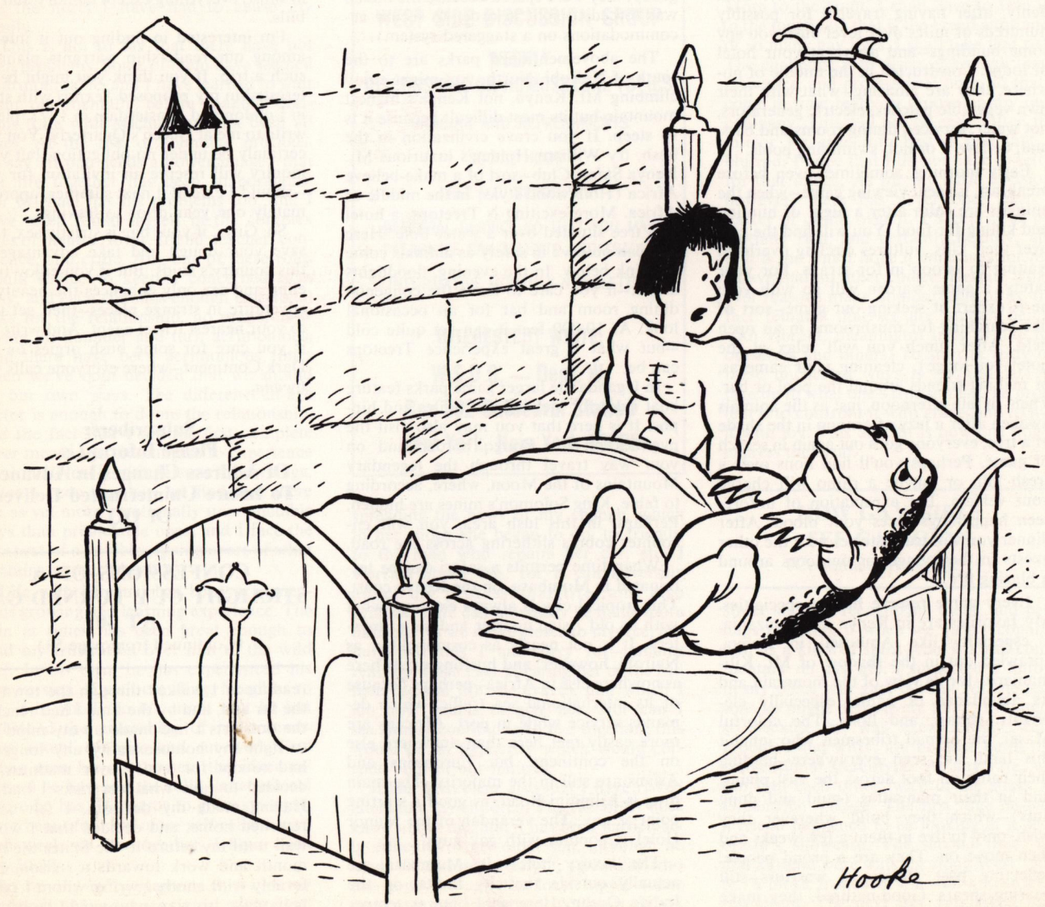
(Continued from page 37)

Nairobi, Kenya's capital, is a bustling city laced with miniature skyscrapers; it is typical of Africa's 'new look.' Nearly all businesses are controlled by Europeans and Asians who hold citizenship papers; they are industrious and wealthy. While independence came to East Africa years ago, after the Mau Mau uprisings, it has lain dormant–for the African, while ambitious, expected wealth to be deposited at his doorstep, and has been unwilling to take the initiative required of most businessmen. Only now, examining the folly of his freedom on paper, is he realizing that in order to succeed one must toil on a competitive level–and that he must consciously work in order to rule his land. So far it has been a peaceful revolution, this gradual takeover by Africans; parliamentary controls have been effected to halt European and Asian power. Tribal friction has been kept low, and all East Africans are striving for unity.

Even if your destination is Tanzania, Nairobi, Kenya will undoubtedly be your starting point. Here you can shop for a bush outfit (frankly, old dungarees, a comfortable shirt, a warm sweater, desert boots, and underwear are all you need), wood carvings, and skins. There are colorful straw markets and modern souvenir shops. Cameras are today's 'hunting weapons' and there are many photo stores in the city. It is here that you will make final arrangements with the touring company you have engaged–whether you are traveling with a friend or a group.

Nairobi is cosmopolitan and clean. Its modern facade reflects a spirit which is East Africa's–one of optimism. The New Stanley Hotel is still quite popular, but is gradually giving way to the more attractive and comfortable Inter-Continental and Hilton hotels. Featured at the New Stanley is an outdoor cafe, built under a thorn tree from which it takes its name; the international set gathers for afternoon tea and booze and food–and it is here that you will meet local and touring gay guys. Contrary to the gay listings sold in this country, Nairobi does not have a gay bar; any bar is gay–when you're there. Curiously, because of the heavy traffic (coming and going safaris, all day long), the john at the rear of the building has become a potential meeting spot. So are the streets bordering the hotel; you will meet Americans, Europeans, and Asians, primarily–seldom Africans. How much of this somewhat restricted action will switch to the newer hotels as tourists continue to pour in, in ever-increasing numbers, remains to be seen.

On both trips a friend and I engaged a private driver and vehicle–a Volkswagen minibus with a sliding roof, which is ideal for photography; the Volksy really takes the bumps. If you travel with a friend or



"You lied!"

two, I recommend a similar setup; if you go with a group you will probably travel in a miniature bus, which accommodates under 20.

Your first day will be your most exciting—for when you drive only 10 minutes out of the city do you realize you are in wilderness, completely away from civilization—and that's how it is for hundreds, thousands of miles. Safaris commence early and you will be on your way as the sun comes up. For the most part, the roads are dirt—packed reddish clay—and as you travel towards your destination, one of many game reserves, you will marvel at the fascinating scenery. Low-hanging puffy clouds form a blanket over flatlands of yellow bush broken only by thorn trees and giant termite mounds. You will pass local tribesmen dressed only in red blankets; they are friendly and will pose for a few cents.

On your way you will see thousands of antelope, elephant herds, and prides of lions—an abundance of wildlife which you can photograph in complete safety from your vehicle (the smell of gasoline disguises the human scent, and thus keeps the animals from becoming agitated). Suddenly, after having traveled for possibly hundreds of miles over level bush you spy some buildings—and arrive at your hotel or lodge. Constructed in the middle of nowhere, they are amazing—what with their own vegetable patches, electric generators, hot water, serviced dining rooms and bars, and, believe it or not, swimming pools.

Early morning, sometimes even before breakfast, is spent viewing game—when the animals are calm after a night of hunting and killing for food. You will find the cats over their kills, vultures circling overhead waiting to swoop in for scraps. For your safety, a game warden will go with you; he is expert at seeking out game—sort of like searching for mushrooms in an open field. After lunch you will relax at the hotel (or lodge), cleaning your cameras, or making friends around the pool or bar. Then, in late afternoon, just as the animals awaken after a lazy afternoon in the shade of a tree, everyone goes out again in search of game. Perhaps you'll find lions over a fresh kill, or maybe a rhino will charge your vehicle. The expectation of unforeseen happenings races your blood. After dinner you will trade stories with the other guests in the lounge, or outdoors around a blazing fire.

Every game reserve has its specialties. My favorites are in Kenya and Tanzania. I especially like Amboseli in Kenya, sprawled out in the shadow of Mt. Kilimanjaro—for its view of the mountain and its abundance of game, especially elephants, rhinos, and lions. The colorful Masai, the nomad tribesmen who inhabit this land, are seen everywhere—herding their cattle on foot across the vast plains, and in their manyattas (mud and dung huts)—which they build wherever they wish, only to live in them a few weeks and then move on. They are a proud people, reflecting past glories as warriors—still bearing spears. Good-natured, they make ideal photographic subjects.

Another favorite is Serengeti, in Tanzania, because of its vast population of plains, animals, and cats. Also in Tanzania, Lake Manyara. There you will find a beautiful hotel built on the edge of the Great Rift Wall; its swimming pool overlooks the lake and valley below. You can sight game from your balcony and then shoot down in your vehicle for a closer look at lions in trees, or a herd of elephants taking their morning bath. Careful. Don't get too close to that baby elephant—and keep your motor running for a fast escape.

About 38 miles from Manyara is Ngorongoro Crater, an extinct volcano 12 miles across. It is descended by Land Rover, so steep are its walls. The trip from Manyara to Ngorongoro is especially thrilling, because of a mountain road which is just wide enough for one vehicle. The clouds and morning mist will keep you from going faster than 10 mph, and at any moment a wild elephant can charge out of the thicket and knock your vehicle over the edge. Just this past summer a small bus carrying 15 Canadian school teachers lost control, plunging nearly all of them to their death (we heard about it while on safari, from the other half of the group; they were spared because the bunch was forced to split in order to secure accommodations on a staggered system).

The abovementioned parks are to the south of Nairobi. North, you might enjoy climbing Mt. Kenya, not Kenya's highest mountain but its most difficult because it is so steep. If you crave civilization in the bush, try William Holden's luxurious Mt. Kenya Safari Club—sort of a make-believe Africa (Hollywood style) in the middle of Africa. More exciting is Treetops, a hotel in a tree situated over a water hole. Here you can observe in safety as animals come to drink below. In the evening, floodlights are lit—if you care to leave the congenial dining room and bar for an occasional look. At 10,000 feet it can get quite cold—but what a great experience Treetops can be.

In Uganda the larger game parks feature boat rides for viewing crocodiles and hippos. It is here that you may also visit the pygmies on the Congo border—and on your way travel through the legendary Mountains of the Moon, where, according to fable, King Solomon's mines are hidden. Perhaps, in this lush area, you will encounter cobras slithering across the road.

When time permits a safari can be terminated in Mombasa, on the Kenya coast. This tropical city is always exciting, what with its old Asian quarter and air of mystery. It is not nearly as cosmopolitan as Nairobi, however, and hustling exists here as nowhere else in Africa—perhaps because of its international sea traffic, which demands service while in port. Africans are more easily met here than anywhere else on the continent, but Europeans and Asians are still in the majority. The main drag is Kilindini Road, as good a starting point as any. The verandah of the Manor Hotel is popular with gay guys.

The luxury hotels in Mombasa are actually outside the city limits, on the Indian Ocean. Here cool breezes temper the hot sun. By day you will soak it up; by night you will socialize with wealthy Asians and Europeans—unless you choose to taxi into Mombasa for adventure. Watch it. The old section can be as treacherous as those streets which Humphrey Bogart walked in "Casablanca." I know; I was taken to a "friend's house" by a young and quite beautiful Asian boy; it developed that his friend was a madam who accommodated personal favorites for a nominal amount, and the action that went on in those oil-lanterned alleys was fascinating—like 42nd St. in veils.

There is a way of having your cake and eating it too; that is, you can combine an adventurous safari with sex—all in 3 weeks. How? Stop in London for 3 days on the way over for some American style action . . . safari in East Africa for about 2 weeks (some limited action here) . . . and unwind in gay Amsterdam on the way back for about 4 days. That's just the kind of *Sexfari* I have in mind for July or August of 1971. I'm thinking of taking a group of not more than 15 Queen's Quarterly readers through—and you could be one. Cost will be about $2,500.00 per person, including round-trip air fare from New York, luxury hotels (Hiltons in big cities), all meals, ground transportation, gratuities—in short, everything except laundry and bar bills.

I'm interested in finding out if interest among our readership warrants planning such a trip. If you think you might be interested in my proposed *Sexfari* with stops in London and Amsterdam in 1971, please write to me at Queen's Quarterly. You will certainly be under no obligation, but your inquiry will reserve an invitation for you—should I extend it next summer, approximately one year prior to leaving.

So, Guys, if your bag is strictly sex, then save your dough and take advantage of this country's studs. But if you enjoy traveling and sex only enhances the beauty of adventure in strange places—then get thee to your nearest travel agent. And write me if you care for some bush orgies on the Dark Continent—where everyone calls you *bwana.*

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CONFESSIONS OF A STRAIGHT GUY TURNED GAY . . .AT 40

(Continued from page 53)

reading as I walked through the town, to the far end, and by the time I had reached the outskirts I had made up my mind not to fight my homosexuality any longer. I had to opt for sanity over madness, so decided to take whatever risks I had to. Having made my decision, I felt calm, returned home, and decided that I would wait until my return to the States the next month and work towards a liaison, preferably with another writer whom I could help make his way, who would be beautiful, who would love me physically and intellectually, and who would help me resolve the repressions of so many years, as I might, in turn, assist him with his problems, financial and personal.

The opportunity came that very fall, and I was very lucky: for Michael appeared. He was over six-feet tall, slender and narrow-waisted with beautifully proportioned buttocks, and finely muscular though not overly developed shoulders, arms and legs. His face was tanned and on the long side. His eyes were brown and seemed to hold secrets of himself. His voice was resonant, though a certain native shyness kept it subdued and slightly mysterious. We met at first casually. He had read some of my fiction and grooved on it, and caught hints there that even I wasn't totally aware of, hints that seemed to tell him that we could love each other. The very afternoon that my wife went east to visit relatives, Michael declared himself to me, and spent a superb month of mutual discovery living with me and my family. We have been together since, including a whole summer in France and Italy. A year has gone by, and I am completely convinced that my accepting finally what I had been all along was absolutely right, and healthy, and sane. My regrets are the hurts I have had to cause my family.

This is not to say that there have not been problems. Some of them have seemed insurmountable, and I have learned to wait them out mentally before making decisions. Life with Michael has not been all roses. At the risk of sounding precious, I'd say (if one needs a flower image) that our life together has been snapdragons. For Michael has his problems too, and I have often found myself in the complex roles of mentor, lover, friend, teacher, conscience, and critic. Any one of these roles would suffice to keep a concerned man busy, and each contains enough emotional risks for the relationship, no matter how loving, to flounder and turn acrimonious. And there have been acrimonious times when we've both decided that we should go our own ways. The difference-in-age factor is enough to doom the relationship, and the fact that I am his first complete lover means that he hungers to experience love on all levels with persons his own age. After a year together, we find that there are as yet more emotionally unpredictable days than predictable ones; and I face the prospect of a terrible ripping apart of what contains so much beauty.

Life with Michael has been a tremendous growing and learning experience. The pain at times has been great enough to send my frustration over him to the wild surf. In his turn, he has experienced his own version of wall-crawling. Needless to say, it is wholly to his credit that he has withstood the unleashing of my tremendous sexual energies and survived. Few young men his age possess the inner resources he has, and the solid, inner ethical nature he has. He seems to grow stronger, more beautiful, and more self-reliant with each week we are together. I have been very lucky.

So far the story is great. But what of my family? My sons are sixteen and seven, my daughters fifteen and eight. My wife was early aware of my change, and I finally told her I was in love with Michael, so that she would know how entrenched I was in my decision to follow out my homosexuality. Living together as man and wife was now impossible. Even if the superb angel had not appeared, I knew that my destiny as a man had changed, and I would follow it with all the masculinity and capacities for joy and suffering I possess.

At the beginning it seemed that I had moved back to my twenty-second year and had to come forward. I found myself dancing to rock music, turning on with Michael and his friends, and wearing my hair long, after Michael's style. Gradually I calmed. From the moment of that decision in England I discovered a whole spontaneity in myself which I had been absolutely unaware of. And I am lucky since this spontaneity seems to attract younger men to me. I have not once felt sorry for myself because I am homosexual.

I have, however, as I have already indicated, had difficult days, many of them extremely painful. I had to risk my wife's spreading the news of my change, which in her shock she began to do, to friends, to the man who repairs her car, etc. I worried about this, for it can adversely affect my professional life, and also Michael's life can obviously be made more difficult. As we move closer to divorce, her hurt—and this I am sorry for—remains real; but I can't see cheating her of the full heterosexual life she craves, and which I am now unable to give her. Nor can I see simply continuing to live together; this would be an hypocrisy which would corrode both of our natures.

It has been clear also that I have risked alienating my children. The two older ones know about me, and it has been particularly difficult for my older son, although he is an exceptionally bright, open kid who has gone through the local hippie scene and come out unscathed. We have always been close, and because of his love for me, his first reaction was complete withdrawal and hurt. He seemed unable to cope with his discovery—and his anguish has given me hard moments. Only now, some nine months later are we talking again responsibly and warmly. I hope that in time he will come to understand that my quest for my individuality and true self has been absolutely necessary for my survival. My absences from home, since I now live in another town, are hard for all my children to bear. But contrary to all the advice my wife has gotten about the need to stick together for "the sake of the family," the children are surviving, and with minimal traumas. I can imagine that it would be much rougher on them had my wife and I, loveless, remained together. In fact, the children seem more flexible about the matter than either of the adults. With the help of a sympathetic therapist I have been able to face this family problem with objectivity, and, I hope, compassion.

I know that my problems are not over. Michael and I may finally drift, or explode, apart; and then I shall be faced with possibly confronting the flit-side of the gay world, a side I abhor as an artificiality that negates or denies what is basically a healthy, rich, honest, genuine way of life. More to the point, I shall have to face up to the loneliness that is the bread-substance of so many gay lives. I shall take that risk. The challenge is to discover enough inner resources, and professional ones, so that I come in time really to groove on my own company. This will not be easy. Often the mirror we gaze into best is one that is blurred; I hope that I do not have to settle for that image. As for my basic decision, however, there has never once been a flicker of doubt over it. I accept it as potentially rich, and certainly healthy, and that is the way I hope it continues for me. I have had no other choice. Despite whatever reasons make homosexuals of us, the fact remains that we are human beings with vibrant, meaningful lives to live for ourselves and others. To start at forty on these uncharted ways is not too late to face up to what one's true self is. The problem is to confront it with grace, and to live it with joy. This at least is how one might express the ideal.

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HOW GAY GIRLS SEE GAY GUYS

(Continued from page 19)

street and not recognizing them, and perhaps resenting it when we girls recognize him as a kindred spirit—this is a sad commentary on gay life. I suspected a fellow in my office was gay, but not for the reasons he might defensively think; I thought so because he was exceptionally well-groomed and witty, not because he fit the conventional stereotype. At any rate, we ran into each other twice in the street in Greenwich Village. The first time he and a friend happened to be looking at a decorator's showcase. The second time, he and a friend were walking along West 13th St., a block from J.B.'s, a well known gay restaurant. The next day Jim asked me, "Do you live in the Village?" "Yes," I said, ". . . on 13th St." I thought for a moment and added, ". . . right up the block from

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J.B.'s" Jim hasn't spoken to me since. Perhaps he fears exposure, but then so might I. Out of unreasonable fear he is foregoing one of those reciprocal relationships I've already mentioned.

To repeat, much misunderstanding between male and female homosexuals is caused by lack of communication. So, come on fellows, let's cultivate those gay friends we have of the opposite sex, taking off the blinders of resentment and hostility, for greater understanding and mutual benefit.

THE GREEKS HAD A NAME FOR IT

(Continued from page 23)

or again, describing recollections of a far-off memory of a lover—

"I can just barely remember the eyes.
they were, I think, blue . . . .
Ah yes, blue; a sapphire blue."

But not all his descriptions are of memories; often they recite his reaction to a chance-found portrait, as:

"In this painting now, I am looking at
a beautiful lad who is stretched out
near the fountain,
probably worn out from running.
What a beautiful child; what a divine noon
has now overtaken him
to lull him to sleep . . . . . ."

Beauty he celebrates, coupling perception with imagined sensations, and when he describes an antique watercolor found in an old volume, he imagines that the youngster was ". . . . not destined to be one of those who loves more or less healthily, remaining within the limits of the more or less permissible . . . . . with his ideal lips that offer sensual delight to a beloved body . . . ."

His early encounters—although they might have been fictional creations born of poetic license—bear the stamp of deeply felt personal experience, ". . . And for a moment with their echo other echoes return from the first poetry of our lives—like music that extinguishes the far-off night."

Cavafy could take a moral posture, when for example he lectures a despoiled dreamer who would flee his own city to make a new life:

"You will find no new lands,
you will find no other seas.
The city will follow you.
You will roam the same streets
And you will age in the same neighborhoods
. . . . . .
There is no ship for you, there is no road.
As you have destroyed your life here
in this little corner,
you have ruined it in the entire world."

but to those who would take his advice, he offers instead a prophetic journey of hope "–to Ithaca–"

"Always keep Ithaca fixed in your mind.
To arrive there is your ultimate goal.
But do not hurry the voyage at all.
It is better to let it last for long years;
and even to anchor at the isle
when you are old,
rich with all that you have gained
on the way,
not expecting that Ithaca
will offer you riches."

A moral judgment of false elegance is found in his ode on the high life at Antioch:

"They were immoral to a point
—and possibly to a great degree.
But they had the satisfaction of knowing
that their life was
the much talked about *life of Antioch*
rich in pleasures,
perfectly elegant in every way."

I confess I like Cavafy better when his poems tell me his most personal thoughts:

"Since nine o'clock when I lit the lamp,
the vision of my youthful body
has appeared and found me and reminded me
of closed heavily scented rooms,
and pleasure long past
—what audacious pleasure!"

or when he describes some street scene:

"—he walks aimlessly on the street,
as if hypnotized still
by the deviate sensual delight,
by the so deviate sensual delight
he has enjoyed."

or again:

"—No one would have seen us. But already
we had excited ourselves so much,
that we became unfit for precautions."

Cavafy can bring the inanimate to life, as in "The Mirror In The Hall." A delivery boy stops to adjust his appearance while on an errand to a grand home:

"But the old mirror that had seen and seen,
during the long, long years of its existence,
thousands of objects and faces;
but this time the old mirror was delighted,
and it felt proud
that it had received unto itself
for a few moments
an image of flawless beauty."

and addressing his own inkwell he says:

"Where did your ink discover such fabulous
wealth! As each of its drops falls
on the paper, it sets one more diamond
among the diamonds of our fantasy.
. . . . . .
The pen you moisten resembles a hand
moving around the clock of the soul.
It counts and determines
the moments of feeling,
it counts and changes
the hours of the soul."

I had hoped to find one fragment which would summarize best the poet's mood which brings me my own greatest delight and enjoyment—but now I find I can't. I confess I find, though, these three moods alternating and recurring. There is no reason for poetry to be overladen with words, nor for the reviewer to belabor a point; here are the three excerpts:

"I do not question whether I am happy or not.
But one thing I always keep gladly in mind;
that in . . . . . their addition that I abhor
. . . . . I was not counted in the total sum . . . ."

— — —

"So much I gazed on beauty,
my vision is alive with it."

— — —

"He must be scarcely twenty-two years old.
And yet I am certain that nearly as many
years ago, I enjoyed the very same body.
. . . . . .
If I can't remember where
—one lapse of memory
means nothing."

MONTREAL . . . A WHIRLIGIG OF SEX IN A WINTER WONDERLAND

(Continued from page 35)

for $2; a *de luxe* resturant will rarely charge more than $5, while there are several *grand luxe* restaurants that charge astronomical prices. In your Bohemian Sherbrooke-Mountain Street district you'll love *Chez Loulou les Bacchantes*. It's arty, noisy, quite inexpensive and there's a laugh a minute . . . and why not with a name like that!

WHERE TO STAY

If you plan to stay in Montreal overnight or over the weekend you'll want the most congenial place to stay. Gay guys without number recommend *The Inn* at 1062 Mackey Street. It's clean, quiet, and only $5 per day for you. If you'd like to have a friend stay with you that'll be just $3 per day extra. For reservations telephone (514) 861-7627. All rooms have large double bed and running water. About 15 rooms on 2 floors. Everyone has a key to the front door and his own room. Bathroom and toilet on each floor. It's within 5 to 10 minutes' walk of all gay clubs in West Montreal.

If you'd like something a bit more lavish, the *Holiday Inn* on Sherbrooke Street has 18 floors, swimming pool, and you can bring anyone in as there is no elevator man. Since this is very popular you should make reservations well in advance. Fairly expensive, like the other Holiday Inns in the United States.

Of course if you really want to live it up there's the Queen Elizabeth and, scaled downward in price, the Sheraton-Mount Royal, and the Laurentian (very popular . . . a smallish single room costs about $9 per day).

But for the budget-conscious gay guy Montreal abounds in 'guest homes.' Two which are accustomed to the vagaries of queens-on-the-move are the *A.B.C. Tourist Home*, 1179 Bishop Street, and the *Vines*, 1208 Drummond Street.

Of course there is the YMCA located centrally at 1441 Drummond Street. Rooms are $4.50 for a single without running water, while luxury rooms in the front of the building are quite attractive at $7 per single and $10 double with running water. If you want to reserve a room at the YMCA you should take the precaution of sending in $5 to clinch the deal. And it is here that cruising in Montreal can successfully begin.

'CRUISY CORNERS'

The john on the main floor of the YMCA is really 'go.' Try your luck here, then move on that area of St. Catherine Street near Peel Street which is reminiscent of New York's 42nd Street, albeit of a considerably higher character. To meet still nicer guys cruise the Central Railway Station underneath the Queen Elizabeth Hotel . . . Place Bonaventure, just across the street from the Central Railway Station and Place Ville Marie . . . and, if it's a warm day, and especially on Sunday afternoon, you'll make it big in Dominion Square, Park Lafontaine and Phillips Square. There's an easy camaraderie in Dominion Square and you have the added advantage of a frequent outdoor art show that's just the thing to get conversation started with a possible trick.

'LE CLUB' FOR CRUISY ON-THE-TOWNERS

Montreal gay life is really lived in small clubs, intimate cafes, and taverns. They are to gay people what London pubs are to heterosexuals. In this listing we recommend a number of interesting get-together places. To save valuable space we append various letter symbols after each name. Thus you can easily determine just which type of place you'd like to visit. The code is as follows:

AYOR (at your own risk)
D (dancing)
E (elegant . . . coat and tie a must)
G (gay)
H (hustlers)
M (mixed . . . appears straight but is active enough to cruise)
S (show or entertainment)
WE (weekends)
YC (young crowd, college age)

Club Esperanza (G, D, YC)
Third floor of *La Boheme*, 1418 Guy Street
Lively juke-box music for dancing . . . relaxed atmosphere. Especially popular after 10:00 p.m. weekdays, and on Sunday after 6:00 p.m. Informal, fun-loving crowd . . . not to be missed. Be sure to give the doorman 25¢ for showing you to your place.

Le Goblet (M)
8405 St. Lawrence Street
Go for lunch. Not at night.

Hawaiian Lounge (G, H, L, S)
1254 Stanley Street (3rd floor)
Shows at 9:30, 11:30 and 1:30 a.m.

Cafe Lincoln (WE, G, and for older gay guys)
4479 St. Denis (near Mt. Royal)—upstairs
Very French-Canadian and quite popular late Sunday afternoon.

The House of Shiskebab (G, D)
1218 Stanley Street
The very large first-floor of *Quatre Coins du Monde*.

Monterey Restaurant and Lounge (H)
1108 St. Catherine Street West

Peel Pub (G, H)
1107 St. Catherine Street West
Without doubt the largest and most popular gay tavern in Montreal. Crowded every night after 8:00. Best from 8:00 to 11:00. Clean, nice decor.

Au Taureau d'Or (Golden Bull) (G, YC)
1419 Drummond Street
Best after 10:00 p.m. and crowded by midnight. Some tables, but most stand. Popular with younger working people and students. Not to be missed. Juke-box. Terrific place for meeting new friends.

La Tunisie (G, D)
1204 Drummond Street (third floor, above *Le Cachet*)
Very lavish (decorations came from Tunisian Pavilion at Expo 67). Also this is next door to the *Vines* (guest house previously mentioned).

Le Cachet (G, YC)
1204 Drummond Street (same as above)
A wonderful cave-like atmosphere. Very popular and nice crowd Sunday afternoons from 4:00. Carl the bartender will do his best to help you. It gets pretty crowded by 8:00 p.m.

Aux Quatre Coins du Monde (G, YC)
1218 Stanley Street
Downstairs is very popular late and especially on weekends.

Colonial Baths (G, H)
3963 Colonial
Hours 1:00 to 11:00 p.m.

Cafe Regent Apollo (G, D)
5116 Park Avenue at Laurier (third floor)
This was just recently opened and features go-go-boy dancers.

Bud's Lounge Bar (G, H)
1250 Stanley Street
Long, spacious bar . . . very popular, and next to *Au Taurau d'Or* and Peel's Pub. Bud's is very popular from 2:00 p.m. on Sundays. Beer 35¢. Dancing allowed, but only *fast* dances!

If you arrive in Montreal at night head for Peel's. This is Montreal's largest tavern and just about completely gay. You must be (or look) 20 to get into any place that serves beer or liquor. They check ages quite carefully in taverns but are a bit more lax in clubs. Any sort of ID card will do. (Cruising note: Don't expect the Montreal gay guy to make the first move. He is by nature very quiet, but don't let that deter you. Usually just a simple 'hello' will get him started like Niagara!)

Since Montreal is the heart of the snow country you should try to go once during the winter carnival season when the students of McGill University build their gigantic snow men. It's a time of torch-light parades and all kinds of snow pranks . . . a festive season that will exhilarate you so that you'll feel like an entirely new person before you leave. With so many universities other than McGill (University of Montreal . . . Polytechnique . . .Sir George Williams) there is a madly gay-go crowd on the town at all times. Don't be shy. You'll quickly find your stride and pace them all the way.

Montreal's for gay guys . . . Montreal's for fun!

New, Creamy The Super Adventures of Harry Chess!

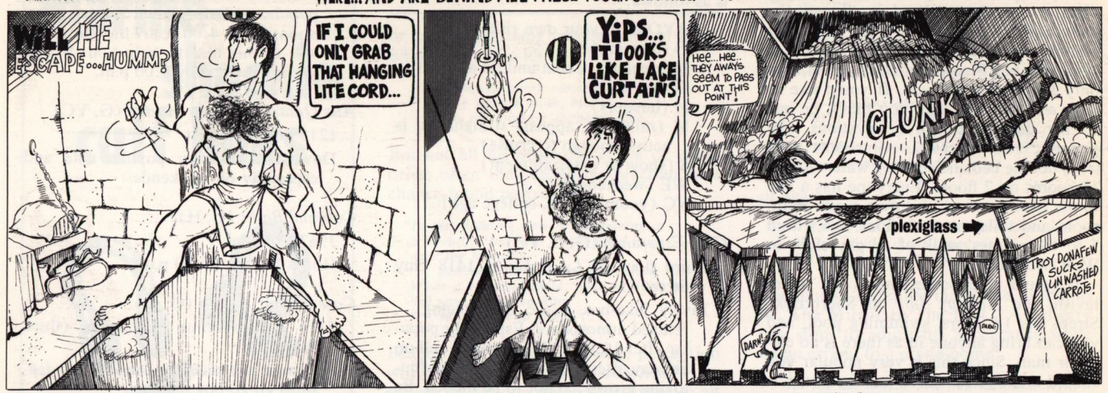
EPISODE 2: HARRY AND MICKEY MEAT THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE... OR UP YOURS !!!

SO FAR: OUR TWO SUPER-CREAMY F.U.G.G.* AGENTS-HARRY CHESS AND MICKEY MUSCLE HAVE HIT S.F. AFTER RECEIVING ORDERS FROM SECRETIVE F.U.G.G. HEAD #1 THAT LOVELY YOUNG TOUGHS WERE MYSTERIOUSLY HI-JACKED FROM HAIGHT-RASHBERRY AND WERE SUBJECTED TO UNSPEAKABLE, VILE, OBSCENE WORK-OVERS! SLURP!!

AFTER CHECKING INTO THE VERY ELEGANT EMBARRASS-A-DARO 'Y', HARRY AND MICKEY DISCOVERED THAT THEIR F.U.G.G. CONTACT-AGENT #4 HAD BEEN DONE-IN BY A POISON LEATHER DILDOE! THAT COULD ONLY MEAN ONE THING! LEWD LEATHER AND HIS HORNY NEPHEWS: LOUIE, DEWEY, 'N BLEWEY WERE... AND ARE BEHIND ALL THESE TOUGH SNATCHES.

QUICKLY, HARRY AND MICKEY DONNED DISGUISES AND DECIDED TO MAKE THE NOTORIOUS HAIGHT-RASHBERRY SCENE THAT VERY NITE. IT WAS ONLY AFTER OUR TWO HEROES SPLIT DID HARRY UNCOVER THE LEATHERY 'N SINISTER "SODOM 'N GOMORRAH BATHS." ONCE INSIDE HE KNEW SOMETHING SMELLED FISHY (BESIDES THE SHEETS!)

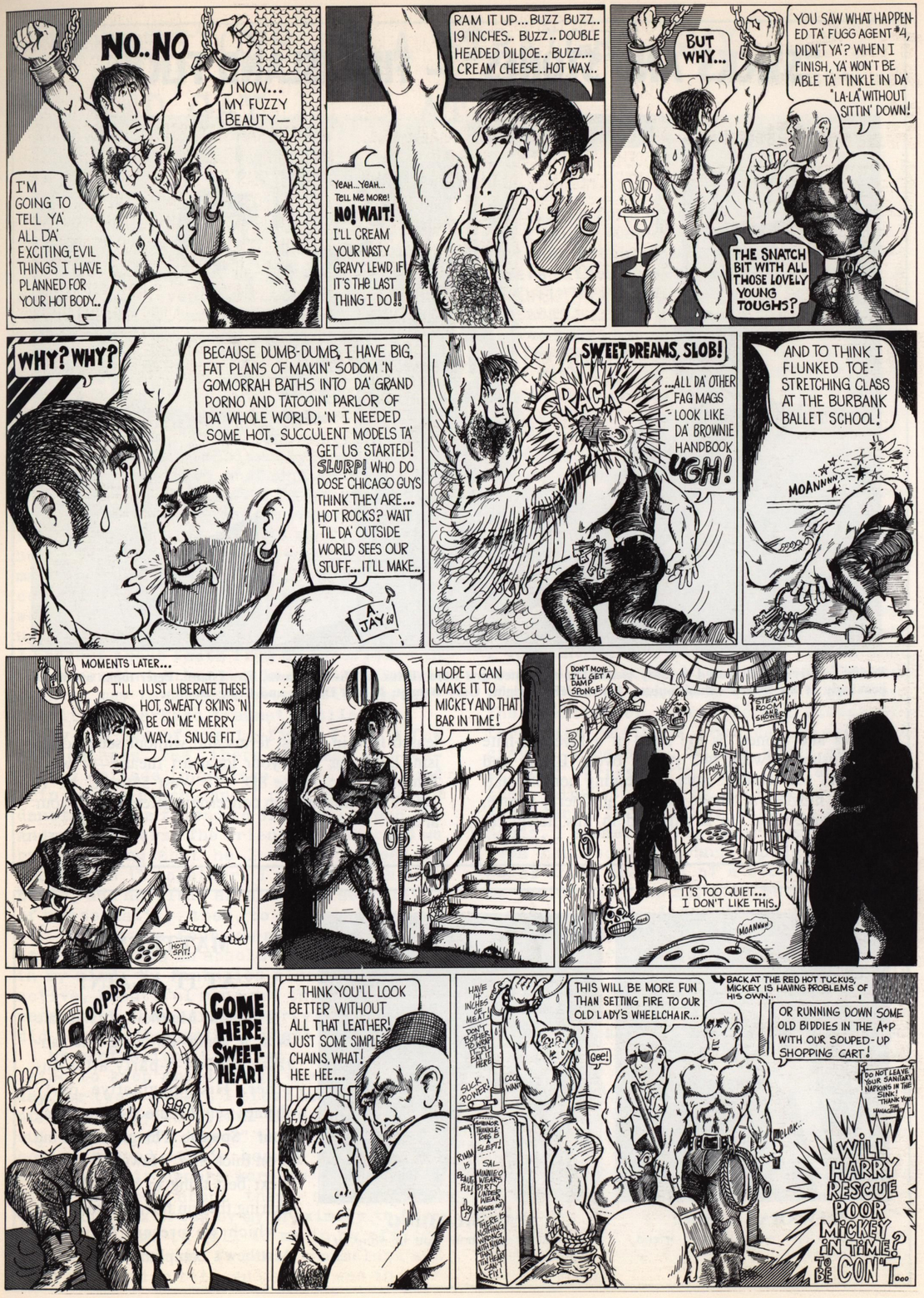
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE TO TURN BACK! LEWD AND HIS BOYS HAD BEEN HOT ON H.C.'s TAIL ALL ALONG, AND HAD AN EVIL, FIENDISH TRAP AWAITING HIM! HARRY, HAVING STRIPPED INSIDE HIS DAMP DISMAL CUBICLE FELT THE FLOOR SUDDENLY MOVE! THERE... FAR BELOW... A PIT OF DEADLY, STEEL KNIVES POINTING UPWARD!







*FIST-FLYING UNDERCOVER, GOOD GAYS



"STICKS AND STONES" — FIRE ISLAND FLICK



Buddy (center) is introduced to Gary (seated), a welcomed first-time visitor to Cherry Grove, Fire Island. Peter looks on disapprovingly at his lover's exhibitionism. Actors, left to right: Gary Bennet; J. Will Deane; and Craig Dudley.

"Sticks and Stones" is the story of a love-and-hate relationship between two young lovers, Buddy and Peter. A neo-realistic story concerning homosexuality, the movie was filmed entirely at Cherry Grove, Fire Island. Gay life is explored in this newly released flick in honest terms and without sensationalism. Look for it at your local art theatre—or write Filmteam, Inc., Suite 8D, 150 West 55th St., N. Y. 10019, for information concerning screenings in your area.



HAWAIIAN FLING
Matthew (left) and his good friend, the Marquis.



SPANISH THING
"Didn't I read about you in *Song of the Loon*?"

MATTHEW'S AT IT AGAIN!

Fabulous Matthew of Glendale is at it again—throwing one fantastic ball-of-a-party after another. His imaginative party themes set the mood—like doing your "Spanish Thing," or lei-ing it on thick at a "Hawaiian Fling." Next best thing to being there is sharing the fun through snapshots —which we present here with Matthew's compliments.

CONFESSIONS OF A STRAIGHT GUY TURNED GAY . . . AT 40

By JOHN BRIDGE

I see it this way. You can go on living a lie just so long, or you can go on suppressing a potent primal instinct only so long, before something has to give. In my case, after a thirty-year battle with homosexual impulses, that "something" included both my sanity and my health. Moreover, I was a married man and had four beautiful children, two sons, and two daughters. My wife and I, while never really ecstatic with each other sexually, had fun—at first. But a series of mishaps and the discovery that I could write professionally saw us drift apart, and released profound sexual feelings that I had pretty well kept under lock and key during the eighteen years of my marriage. I had tried to face up to my homosexuality in college, as a preparation for marriage, and had been ill-advised by a college therapist that I had nothing to worry about, that I wasn't really homosexual, and that I was marrying the right woman. I present these facts from my experience in the hopes that other men in similar circumstances may take heart over their own difficult and perhaps traumatic dilemmas.

By the age of twenty-five, I had a few gay contacts. Yes, there had been an occasional episode in college, a half-realized trip at the beach, and I used to groove on dancing with a friend to Glen Miller and the Andrews Sisters. The friend, who shocked me by declaring that he loved me, hoped we could make it together. I was too much of a prude, and horribly afraid of my sexuality, of any sexuality, then, to do anything about it. During the four years I spent in the Army I remained an absolute virgin—except in my mind. My fantasies always contained active, beautiful men; and those fantasies were there from early puberty. My marriage did not see the death of these mind trips.

My profession, teaching, was not calculated to keep smolderings down. Day after day for twenty years I stood before classes of hauntingly beautiful faces, and worked out in the gym where those great young bodies played, their beauty partly there because their owners were so oblivious of it. I dreamed about them, and received vicarious sex trips by my proximity to them when they came to talk to me in my office, or when they seemed to sense a nameless but rich attraction between us that was in part a valuable form of love. Some of the writers I taught—Oscar Wilde, Andre Gide, Walt Whitman, Arthur Rimbaud, and Walter Pater —were either avowed homosexuals or were so in their writings. This also fed my restlessness.

Two years ago, while abroad with my family for the year, the crisis came. I fell in love with a young Irish painter, but was afraid to make the irretrievable step and declare that love, or to do anything about it, despite the fact that the artist gave me plenty of opportunities. I feared tearing myself apart and destroying my family. I began to endure depressions and had throat pains so severe I was sure I had cancer. I had no energy, and managed to get through the days, but with headaches ranging from slight to severe. My breath was almost always tight. I was unable to read and welcomed the advent of each night and a sleeping pill or two. My wife was concerned since I was impotent. I burned over dreams that seemed impossible of fulfillment. The turn of a boy's wrist in fantasy seemed paradise. The swelling of a well-formed biceps offered the ultimate physical pleasure I craved. I began to follow young men down streets, grooving on the undulations of their hips, the lay of cloth across their shoulders, their firm, strong necks and hands. I seemed moving towards madness, and even haunted the johns hoping that some angel would step out of a booth and invite me inside and take me, take me!

One evening—I see it as the turning point—in a softly foggy English town, driven to the point of screaming, I left my house, crying, and with a book of poems in my hand, began to walk. Where I was going I did not know, but I was certain to pass various pubs that my young Irish friend frequented, hoping for a glimpse of him, hoping even to talk with him and declare myself. After I had passed the third pub, I realized it was hopeless. I was not really on a quest for him, but on a quest for myself.

I opened the book to William Carlos Williams' Paterson, to a section that contains the splendid line "Love is no comforter/rather a nail in the skull," and started to read aloud, at the top of my voice. I kept (Continued on page 46)

CONFIDENTIAL

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE

Exposed: The Closet Queen

by Alan Henning, Ph.D.



A closet, says Webster, is a small room or cupboard for clothes or supplies. And a queen is the wife of a king or a female monarch. Put them together and you have an Alice in Wonderland picture of a mad old hoot presiding over the shoetrees and sipping tea amid the clothes hangers.

Children may do just that. A little girl's imagination can turn Mommy's housedress into an ermine robe and her dollies into loyal subjects. It is innocent fantasy. She will cherish the memory when she grows up.

But consider the closet queen who is 40, balding and paunchy—too prissily timid to come out of his fantasy realm and into the reality of the gay world. Or the young bachelor who strives so manfully to make it with girls in a frantic bid to mask his true preference.

These closet queens suffer lives of quiet desperation. In the dark of the closet they may whisper it but they are afraid to step into the sunshine and say out loud, "I am gay." Through a glass darkly they see only the superficiality and occasional inconvenience of gay life and so condemn themselves to lead lives of dreary sadness.

Caught between fears of homosexuality and heterosexuality, they end up most of all fearing themselves. In many cases, if closet queens would just tie on a bib and sample it, they would find, like Auntie Mame, that "life is a banquet and most poor suckers are starving to death."

Who are the closet queens?

The existence of the term itself, with its slangy and slightly comic connotation, confirms that there is a sociological pigeonhole for such personality patterns. Arbitrarily, such persons would be defined as having a basic understanding of their homosexual predilections, perhaps even an occasional gay experience, but finding themselves for whatever reasons too inhibited to acknowledge or accept it.

A closet queen is not merely latent, for at some stage in his life almost any man may be said to have latent tendencies. The textbook example of this is found in prisons. There the most flagrantly hetero types often temporarily substitute sex with other inmates and then revert to women when released.

Some closet queens, it's true, are so latent they go through life manifesting their fantasies through nothing more than masturbation while looking at physique magazines. For purposes of definition, however, it is assumed that a closet queen at least once in awhile scurries out for a quickie sexual encounter and then primly gathers up his skirts, flits back to the closet and slams the door shut.

Of those closet queens who are married, there are two categories. First, the swingers. Technically labeled bi-sexual, these men may be said to be too cowardly to quit straddling the fence or to enjoy the best of both possible worlds, depending on the labeler's prejudice. Many contend there is no such thing as a bi-sexual, that tucked away in the libido is a definite preference for men. This seems particularly true of closet queens who are anally oriented. For unless they can get their wives to play Myra Breckenridge, they are doomed to dissatisfaction—or candles!

The greatest boon for closetish swingers who are married has been the advent of the underground press with its hot-cha-cha classified ads. "She: 28, voluptuous and understanding; he: 32, well hung and AC-DC. Want groovy guy for fun and games."

Very chic, no doubt, but watch out. One Californian reported that when he answered such an ad, the wife was nowhere to be found. So he proceeded to have anal intercourse with the husband, distracted only by a mysterious clicking sound. When they were finished, voila!, out from the closet stepped 28-voluptuous-and-understanding where she had been taking photographs. Talk about closet queens, it seems the little wifey got her jollies by looking at Polaroids of hubby taking it up the old whazoo!

Most married closet queens experience much less kinky sex. They may or may not have sex with their wives; frequently their homosexual adventures carry overtones of guilt and hurried expediency. If any sort of personal attachment develops between *(Continued on page 42)*



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