numbly at them as they went off to change, wondering, suddenly, if they were lesbians.

Had everything changed today or nothing? Was any of it going to make any difference? Would they all just go on as they were, hiding behind themselves and from one another? God, he felt empty.

Bert laughed. "It's another world out here, isn't it, man?"

What else could he do but nod?

FANTASEX

(Continued from page 6)

vital impulse, or, as Matthew Arnold describes it "the *not ourselves* which is in us and all around us, moving us to express ourselves in ways for which we cannot account." It was in responding to instinct that our young friend Tom discovered the creative world of fantasex.

Because most of us are city-dwellers and cannot tune in to the world of nature, and because some cannot presently conjure visions that excite, QQ reveals some suggestions that many have found effective in engaging the senses to make the act of self-sex thrilling, rewarding and fulfilling.

THE SEX OF THE SENSE OF SIGHT

Quite likely you are familiar with *The Young Physique,* a physique pictorial now lamentably no longer published. It was the progenitor of the large magazines which were so very popular before the frontal-nude publications came on the scene. The feeling of the idyllic pervaded the magazine, yet it made admirable efforts to portray the beauty, charm and sex-appeal of many types of the male physique. One of its many innovations was its centerfold pullout in color. The bigness, 'realness' and nearness of the model created a special rapport with the viewer and one wonders how many fantasexual careers began in bed with those wonderful pictures. Beautiful, subtle, understated . . . it was indeed 'the stuff that dreams are made on'.

Today the full frontal nude magazine is in vogue and little creative fantasy is required. It's all there—overstated. All you need are two eyes and one hand. Also available, particularly along New York's 42nd Street, and by mail from many gay publishers, are giant posters of the frontal nude. Blown up to actual life size—and beyond—these posters adorn many a gay guy's wall and completely satisfy his sense of sight.

Others, however, cannot relate to pictures. Some kind of live contact, however vicarious, is a must. Thus it is quite usual to find someone fantasexing under water in a YMCA swimming pool while handsome athletes disport their nude bodies around poolside. Still another may be moved by group models, and one often sees him having self-sex while 'group therapy' takes place nearby. This is a daily occurrence in male sauna baths . . . the cruising ground for fantasexualists of this persuasion.

Fantasy through the sense of sight is, to some, more intensely related to psychedelic lights. Many gay guys are going in for strobelighted images in the dark. And still another—and relatively new idea—is to rip up the wooden floor of the bedroom and replace it with lucite panels. Under this translucent flooring are inserted either small psychedelic strobes, or mobile and/or stationary lights in esoteric patterns and colors. The latter technique is the more popular because newer and perhaps even more erotic patterns can be programmed whenever a change is desired. And if your walls are mirrored—(maybe even your ceiling . . . *celestial!*)—the effect can be absolutely mind-blowing.

Fantasexing nude on the luxurious lucite the feeling is eerie. Bathed in light and color you're tripping on the mountain top with the Valkyries . . . you're a fiery planet in outer space. Time no longer exists. Along the way your mind whirls kaleidoscopically as it creates such fantasies and discovers such beauties, and you just may never return! (This new 'infinity pad' should make an interesting addition to our *Variations On A Sexual Theme* which appeared in the Winter issue of QQ. Do you have it? You should, and you can. Turn to the 'back issues' advertisement in this issue. It can make your present sex life obsolete!)

Lucite floors must, of course, be installed by an expert craftsman, but strobelights are available from any theatrical-lighting company, and often from many ordinary lighting stores. If you live in or near New York shop the stores of the East Village. 'Trippier' patterns there ain't! You can get mobile and stationary lights even from your neighborhood electrical shop. And there are even portable light boxes.

The wildest is the *Light Organ* which costs about $100 in the audio department of many stores. It is a portable box with a lucite front, behind which are lights in many colors and patterns. Hang it on your bedroom wall or place it on a table or dresser near your sexual arena. Plug it into your hi-fi or phonograph, because the lights grow and recede in intensity as the music ebbs and flows. For instance, if you put on a record of Ravel's *Bolero* the lights are low during the quiet beginning, and as the drums roll and the music grows in volume, so do the lights increase in intensity. As the music's climax is reached, so is yours!

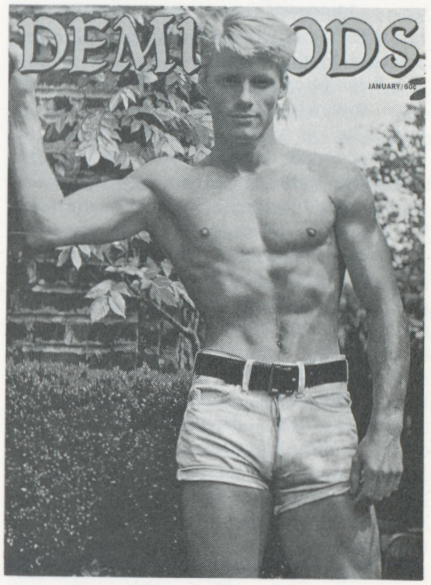
THE SEX-APPEAL OF THE HUMAN VOICE

Remember Jim Stryker? Just a few years ago he was the golden boy of the physique-pictorial world. His handsome face, haloed by a thatch of hair like ripened wheat—and his excitingly muscular body—were seen month after month on covers of *The Young Physique* and *Demi-Gods.*

Because of his fantastic popularity it was decided to make a recording of Jim's voice. And so this advertisement appeared: JIM STRYKER CUTS 45 RPM DISC. *Now, for the first time, hear as well as see your favorite model. Jim will speak where and when you want him in his own warm, intimate and friendly voice.* Along with an autographed photograph in ravishing color this created a furor in the iconosexual world . . . and here is why:

Supposedly cut in Jim's bedroom and bathroom while he showered, it is probably the sexiest monologue on record, not because of *what* was said, but because of the vibrant sex-appeal of Jim's voice. Never the slightest allusion to sex . . . no hint of anything 'suggestive'. But though pure as the driven you-know-what his sexy baritone created an instant rapport with the listener.

The quality of this young idol's voice was such that had he only recited the multiplication tables it would send hackles up the back of the most jaded fantasexual. What dreams came to auto-erotic reality when he spoke. One wonders how much wilder the effect would have been had strobes and lucite floors been in vogue at the time!



The human voice is often more exciting when heard divorced from its source. Thus a telephone conversation with someone unseen can be more titillating than a meeting *vis-a-vis.*

Music is also stimulating, and in this case it is the human voice which is groovier. In dual sex it is 'voiceless' music that excites more because the human voice acts as an intruder. But the fantasexualist needs just this kind of 'intrusion'. And so a record by your favorite singer played during your private orgy may drive you up the wall! In addition to records of your choice you might like to try some of those we recommended in *Music To Sex Up The Dawn With* which appeared in our Fall 1969 issue.

OF TOUCH AND SMELL

A few years ago a noted Russian dancer began to gain even greater fame in the West as partner to an aging ballerina. Extraordinarily handsome, with real star presence, he attracts attention wherever he goes. His beautiful and original clothes make the headlines almost as much as his ballet and extra-ballet exploits.

For gay guys he is a real joy, not just because of his art, but because of the unique and thoughtful gifts he presents his lovers. After fierce and feral sex with the largest phallus in Europe (much 'Moscow Roll')—and if you pleased him very much—you will receive a package bright and early next morning. In it will be the silk jockey-shorts he wore the night before, still suggestive of the delightful cologne he wears, and redolent of the animalistic wetness of his mad sex drive. What a memento for fantasex-x-x-ing!

Other intimate garments and accoutrements intrigue the fantasexualist who responds to both the senses of touch and smell . . . a sweaty leather belt is overpower-

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